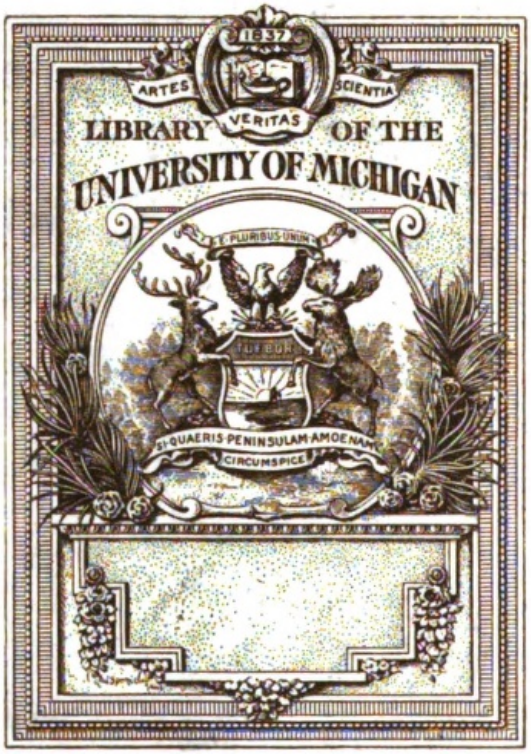
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"THEN SUDDENLY HE HAULED SOMETHING IN AS A FISHERMAN LANDS A FISH."

(*See page* 4.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1915.
Vol. xlix. No. 289.

The VALLEY of FEAR

A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

By

A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by FRANK WILES

PART I.

THE TRAGEDY OF BIRLSTONE

The opening chapters of this new and thrilling adventure of Sherlock Holmes described the receipt by Holmes of a cipher message, from which he deduces that some devilry is intended against a man named Douglas, a rich country gentleman living at the Manor House, Birlstone, in Sussex, and that the danger is a pressing one. Almost as soon as he has deciphered the message he is visited by Inspector MacDonald, of Scotland Yard, who brings the news that Mr. Douglas has been murdered that morning.

Holmes, Dr. Watson, and the inspector proceed to the scene of the tragedy, where they are met by Mr. White Mason, the chief Sussex detective. The murdered man had been horribly injured, while lying across his chest was a curious weapon—a shot-gun with the barrel sawn off a foot in front of the triggers. Near him was found a card with the initials "V. V." and the number "341" scrawled on it in ink, and about half-way up the forearm was a curious design—a branded triangle inside a circle. His wedding-ring had been removed and the ring above it replaced.

There is no clue to the murderer except a bloody footprint on the window-sill, and he had apparently made his escape by wading across the moat. Holmes is much struck by the fact that one of Douglas's dumb-bells is missing.

Cecil Barker, Douglas's most intimate friend, is considerably flustered while being cross-examined by the detectives, and confesses that Douglas had been jealous on account of his attentions to Mrs. Douglas. Holmes ascertains from Ames, the butler, that on the previous evening Barker was wearing a pair of

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bedroom slippers which were stained with blood, and, on comparing them with the footprints on the window-sill, finds that they correspond.

Holmes gives Watson his reasons for believing that Mrs. Douglas and Barker know all about the murder. He advises the other detectives to abandon the case and asks them to meet him that same evening, when he promises they shall share everything he knows. The last instalment ends with the dispatch, at Holmes's suggestion, of the following letter to Barker:—

"It has struck me that it is our duty to drain the moat, in the hope that we may find something which may bear upon our investigation. I have made arrangements, and the workmen will be at work early to-morrow morning diverting the stream, so I thought it best to explain matters beforehand."

CHAPTER VII. (*continued*).

EVENING was drawing in when we reassembled. Holmes was very serious in his manner, myself curious, and the detectives obviously critical and annoyed.

"Well, gentlemen," said my friend, gravely, "I am asking you now to put everything to the test with me, and you will judge for yourselves whether the observations which I have made justify the conclusions to which I have come. It is a chill evening, and I do not know how long our expedition may last, so I beg that you will wear your warmest coats. It is of the first importance that we should be in our places before it grows dark, so, with your permission, we will get started at once."

We passed along the outer bounds of the Manor House park until we came to a place where there was a gap in the rails which fenced it. Through this we slipped, and then, in the gathering gloom, we followed Holmes until we had reached a shrubbery which lies nearly opposite to the main door and the drawbridge. The latter had not been raised. Holmes crouched down behind the screen of laurels, and we all three followed his example.

"Well, what are we to do now?" asked MacDonald, with some gruffness.

"Possess our souls in patience and make as little noise as possible," Holmes answered.

"What are we here for at all? I really think that you might treat us with more frankness."

Holmes laughed.

"Watson insists that I am the dramatist in real life," said he. "Some touch of the artist wells up within me and calls insistently for a well-staged performance. Surely our profession, Mr. Mac, would be a drab and sordid one if we did not sometimes set the scene so as to glorify our results. The blunt accusation, the brutal tap upon the shoulder—what can one make of such a *dénouement?* But the quick inference, the subtle trap, the clever forecast of coming events, the triumphant vindication of bold theories—are these not the pride and the justification of our life's work? At the present moment you thrill with the glamour of the situation and the anticipation of the hunter. Where would be that thrill if I had been as definite as a time-table? I only ask a little patience, Mr. Mac, and all will be clear to you."

"Well, I hope the pride and justification and the rest of it will come before we all get our death of cold," said the London detective, with comic resignation.

We all had good reason to join in the aspiration, for our vigil was a long and bitter one. Slowly the shadows darkened over the long, sombre face of the old house. A cold, damp reek from the moat chilled us to the bones and set our teeth chattering. There was a single lamp over the gateway and a steady globe of light in the fatal study. Everything else was dark and still.

"How long is this to last?" asked the inspector, suddenly. "And what is it we are watching for?"

"I have no more notion than you how long it is to last," Holmes answered with some asperity. "If criminals would always schedule their movements like railway trains it would certainly be more convenient for all of us. As to what it is we—— Well, *that's* what we are watching for."

As he spoke the bright yellow light in the study was obscured by somebody passing to and fro before it. The laurels among which we lay were immediately opposite the window and not more than a hundred feet from it. Presently it was thrown open with a whining of hinges, and we could dimly see the dark outline of a man's head and shoulders looking out into the gloom. For some minutes he peered forth, in a furtive, stealthy fashion, as one who wishes to be assured that he is unobserved. Then he leaned forward, and in the intense silence we were aware of the soft lapping of agitated water. He seemed to be stirring up the moat with something which he held in his hand. Then suddenly he hauled something in as a fisherman lands a fish—some large round object which obscured the light as it was dragged through the open casement.

"Now!" cried Holmes. "Now!"

We were all upon our feet, staggering after him with our stiffened limbs, whilst he, with one of those outflames of nervous energy

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which could make him on occasion both the most active and the strongest man that I have ever known, ran swiftly across the bridge and rang violently at the bell. There was the rasping of bolts from the other side, and the amazed Ames stood in the entrance. Holmes brushed him aside without a word and, followed by all of us, rushed into the room which had been occupied by the man whom we had been watching.

The oil lamp on the table represented the glow which we had seen from outside. It was now in the hand of Cecil Barker, who held it towards us as we entered. Its light shone upon his strong, resolute, clean-shaven face and his menacing eyes.

"What the devil is the meaning of all this?" he cried. "What are you after, anyhow?"

Holmes took a swift glance round and then pounced upon a sodden bundle tied together with cord which lay where it had been thrust under the writing-table.

"This is what we are after, Mr. Barker. This bundle, weighted with a dumb-bell, which you have just raised from the bottom of the moat."

Barker stared at Holmes with amazement in his face.

"How in thunder came you to know anything about it?" he asked.

"Simply that I put it there."

"You put it there! You!"

"Perhaps I should have said 'replaced it there,'" said Holmes. "You will remember, Inspector MacDonald, that I was somewhat struck by the absence of a dumb-bell. I drew your attention to it, but with the pressure of other events you had hardly the time to give it the consideration which would have enabled you to draw deductions from it. When water is near and a weight is missing it is not a very far-fetched supposition that something has been sunk in the water. The idea was at least worth testing, so with the help of Ames, who admitted me to the room, and the crook of Dr. Watson's umbrella, I was able last night to fish up and inspect this bundle. It was of the first importance, however, that we should be able to prove who placed it there. This we accomplished by the very obvious device of announcing that the moat would be dried to-morrow, which had, of course, the effect that whoever had hidden the bundle would most certainly withdraw it the moment that darkness enabled him to do so. We have no fewer than four witnesses as to who it was who took advantage of the opportunity, and so, Mr. Barker, I think the word lies now with you."

Sherlock Holmes put the sopping bundle upon the table beside the lamp and undid the cord which bound it. From within he extracted a dumb-bell, which he tossed down to its fellow in the corner. Next he drew forth a pair of boots. "American, as you perceive," he remarked, pointing to the toes. Then he laid upon the table a long, deadly, sheathed knife. Finally he unravelled a bundle of clothing, comprising a complete set of underclothes, socks, a grey tweed suit, and a short yellow overcoat.

"The clothes are commonplace," remarked Holmes, "save only the overcoat, which is full of suggestive touches." He held it tenderly towards the light, whilst his long, thin fingers flickered over it. "Here, as you perceive, is the inner pocket prolonged into the lining in such a fashion as to give ample space for the truncated fowling-piece. The tailor's tab is on the neck—Neale, Outfitter, Vermissa, U.S.A. I have spent an instructive afternoon in the rector's library, and have enlarged my knowledge by adding the fact that Vermissa is a flourishing little town at the head of one of the best-known coal and iron valleys in the United States. I have some recollection, Mr. Barker, that you associated the coal districts with Mr. Douglas's first wife, and it would surely not be too far-fetched an inference that the V.V. upon the card by the dead body might stand for Vermissa Valley, or that this very valley, which sends forth emissaries of murder, may be that Valley of Fear of which we have heard. So much is fairly clear. And now, Mr. Barker, I seem to be standing rather in the way of your explanation."

It was a sight to see Cecil Barker's expressive face during this exposition of the great detective. Anger, amazement, consternation, and indecision swept over it in turn. Finally he took refuge in a somewhat acid irony.

"You know such a lot, Mr. Holmes, perhaps you had better tell us some more," he sneered.

"I have no doubt that I could tell you a great deal more, Mr. Barker, but it would come with a better grace from you."

"Oh, you think so, do you? Well, all I can say is that if there's any secret here it is not my secret, and I am not the man to give it away."

"Well, if you take that line, Mr. Barker," said the inspector, quietly, "we must just keep you in sight until we have the warrant and can hold you."

"You can do what you damn please about that," said Barker, defiantly.

The proceedings seemed to have come to a

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"MRS. DOUGLAS TURNED, AND IN AN INSTANT HER ARMS WERE ROUND HIM. BARKER HAD SEIZED HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND."

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definite end so far as he was concerned, for one had only to look at that granite face to realize that no *peine forte et dure* would ever force him to plead against his will. The deadlock was broken, however, by a woman's voice. Mrs. Douglas had been standing listening at the half-opened door, and now she entered the room.

"You have done enough for us, Cecil," said she. "Whatever comes of it in the future, you have done enough."

"Enough and more than enough," remarked Sherlock Holmes, gravely. "I have every sympathy with you, madam, and I should strongly urge you to have some confidence in the common sense of our jurisdiction and to take the police voluntarily into your complete confidence. It may be that I am myself at fault for not following up the hint which you conveyed to me through my friend, Dr. Watson, but at that time I had every reason to believe that you were directly concerned in the crime. Now I am assured that this is not so. At the same time, there is much that is unexplained, and I should strongly recommend that you ask *Mr. Douglas* to tell us his own story."

Mrs. Douglas gave a cry of astonishment at Holmes's words. The detectives and I must have echoed it, when we were aware of a man who seemed to have emerged from the wall, and who advanced now from the gloom of the corner in which he had appeared. Mrs. Douglas turned, and in an instant her arms were round him. Barker had seized his outstretched hand.

"It's best this way, Jack," his wife repeated. "I am sure that it is best."

"Indeed yes, Mr. Douglas," said Sherlock Holmes. "I am sure that you will find it best."

The man stood blinking at us with the dazed look of one who comes from the dark into the light. It was a remarkable face—bold grey eyes, a strong, short-clipped, grizzled moustache, a square, projecting chin, and a humorous mouth. He took a good look at us all, and then, to my amazement, he advanced to me and handed me a bundle of paper.

"I've heard of you," said he, in a voice which was not quite English and not quite American, but was altogether mellow and pleasing. "You are the historian of this bunch. Well, Dr. Watson, you've never had such a story as that pass through your hands before, and I'd lay my last dollar on that. Tell it your own way, but there are the facts, and you can't miss the public so long as you have those. I've been cooped up two days, and I've spent the daylight hours—as much daylight as I could get in that rat-trap—in putting the thing into words. You're welcome to them—you and your public. There's the story of the Valley of Fear."

"That's the past, Mr. Douglas," said Sherlock Holmes, quietly. "What we desire now is to hear your story of the present."

"You'll have it, sir," said Douglas. "Can I smoke as I talk? Well, thank you, Mr. Holmes; you're a smoker yourself, if I remember right, and you'll guess what it is to be sitting for two days with tobacco in your pocket and afraid that the smell will give you away." He leaned against the mantelpiece and sucked at the cigar which Holmes had handed him. "I've heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I never guessed that I would meet you. But before you are through with that"—he nodded at my papers—"you will say I've brought you something fresh."

Inspector MacDonald had been staring at the new-comer with the greatest amazement.

"Well, this fairly beats me!" he cried at last. "If you are Mr. John Douglas, of Birlstone Manor, then whose death have we been investigating for these two days, and where in the world have you sprung from now? You seemed to me to come out of the floor like a Jack-in-a-box."

"Ah, Mr. Mac," said Holmes, shaking a reproving forefinger, "you would not read that excellent local compilation which described the concealment of King Charles. People did not hide in those days without reliable hiding-places, and the hiding-place that has once been used may be again. I had persuaded myself that we should find Mr. Douglas under this roof."

"And how long have you been playing this trick upon us, Mr. Holmes?" said the inspector, angrily. "How long have you allowed us to waste ourselves upon a search that you knew to be an absurd one?"

"Not one instant, my dear Mr. Mac. Only last night did I form my views of the case. As they could not be put to the proof until this evening, I invited you and your colleague to take a holiday for the day. Pray, what more could I do? When I found the suit of clothes in the moat it at once became apparent to me that the body we had found could not have been the body of Mr. John Douglas at all, but must be that of the bicyclist from Tunbridge Wells. No other conclusion was possible. Therefore I had to determine where Mr. John Douglas himself could be, and the balance of probability was that, with the connivance of his wife and his friend, he was concealed in a house which had

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such conveniences for a fugitive, and awaiting quieter times, when he could make his final escape."

"Well, you figured it out about right," said Mr. Douglas, approvingly. "I thought I'd dodge your British law, for I was not sure how I stood under it, and also I saw my chance to throw these hounds once for all off my track. Mind you, from first to last I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing that I would not do again, but you'll judge that for yourselves when I tell you my story. Never mind warning me, inspector; I'm ready to stand pat upon the truth.

"I'm not going to begin at the beginning. That's all there"—he indicated my bundle of papers—"and a mighty queer yarn you'll find it. It all comes down to this: that there are some men that have good cause to hate me and would give their last dollar to know that they had got me. So long as I am alive and they are alive, there is no safety in this world for me. They hunted me from Chicago to California; then they chased me out of America; but when I married and settled down in this quiet spot I thought my last years were going to be peaceable. I never explained to my wife how things were. Why should I pull her into it? She would never have a quiet moment again, but would be always imagining trouble. I fancy she knew something, for I may have dropped a word here or a word there—but until yesterday, after you gentlemen had seen her, she never knew the rights of the matter. She told you all she knew, and so did Barker here, for on the night when this thing happened there was mighty little time for explanations. She knows everything now, and I would have been a wiser man if I had told her sooner. But it was a hard question, dear"—he took her hand for an instant in his own—"and I acted for the best.

"Well, gentlemen, the day before these happenings I was over in Tunbridge Wells and I got a glimpse of a man in the street. It was only a glimpse, but I have a quick eye for these things, and I never doubted who it was. It was the worst enemy I had among them all—one who has been after me like a hungry wolf after a caribou all these years. I knew there was trouble coming, and I came home and made ready for it. I guessed I'd fight through it all right on my own. There was a time when my luck was the talk of the whole United States. I never doubted that it would be with me still.

"I was on my guard all that next day and never went out into the park. It's as well, or he'd have had the drop on me with that buck-shot gun of his before ever I could draw on him. After the bridge was up—my mind was always more restful when that bridge was up in the evenings—I put the thing clear out of my head. I never figured on his getting into the house and waiting for me. But when I made my round in my dressing-gown, as my habit was, I had no sooner entered the study than I scented danger. I guess when a man has had dangers in his life—and I've had more than most in my time—there is a kind of sixth sense that waves the red flag. I saw the signal clear enough, and yet I couldn't tell you why. Next instant I spotted a boot under the window curtain, and then I saw why plain enough.

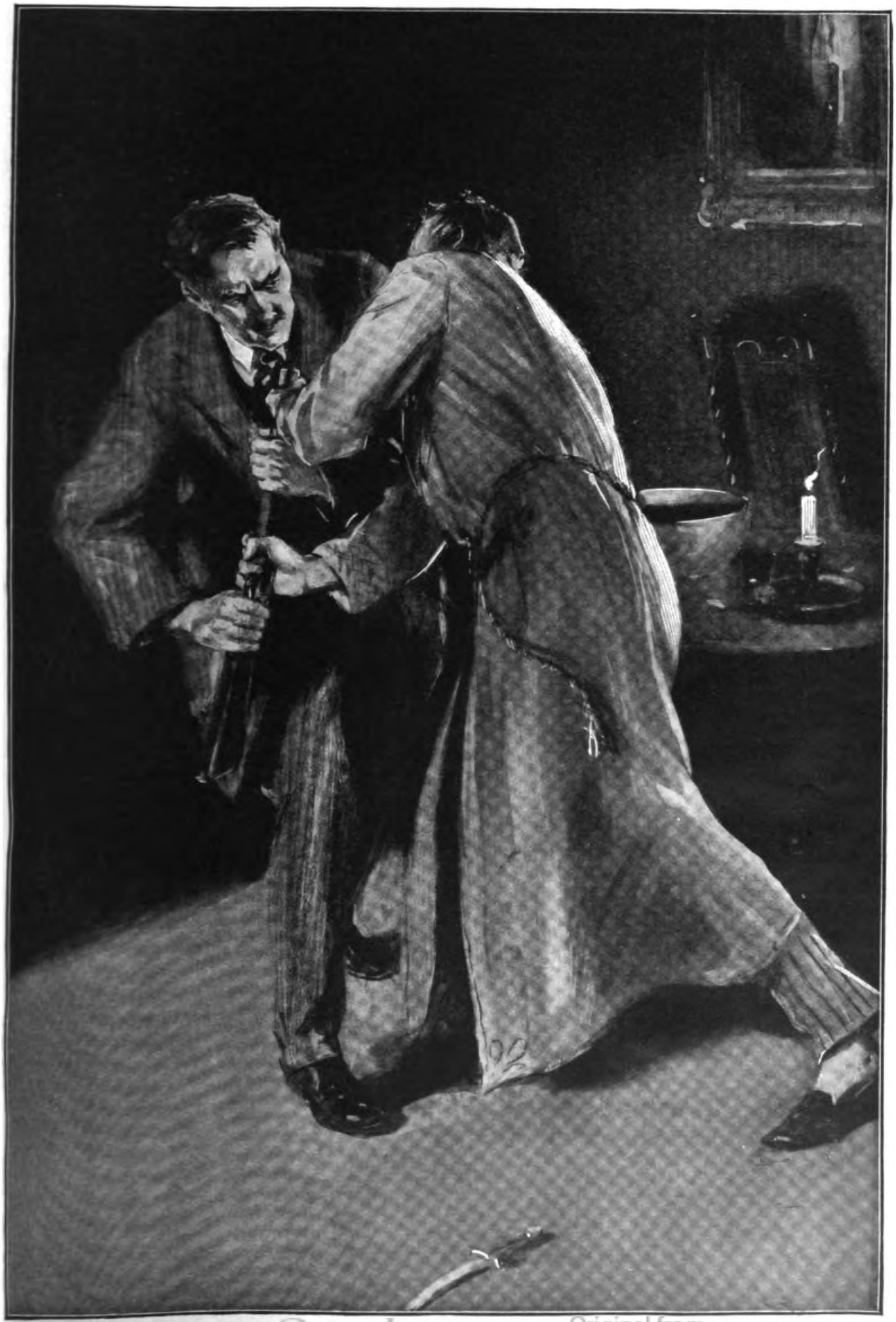
"I'd just the one candle that was in my hand, but there was a good light from the hall lamp through the open door. I put down the candle and jumped for a hammer that I'd left on the mantel. At the same moment he sprang at me. I saw the glint of a knife and I lashed at him with the hammer. I got him somewhere, for the knife tinkled down on the floor. He dodged round the table as quick as an eel, and a moment later he'd got his gun from under his coat. I heard him cock it, but I had got hold of it before he could fire. I had it by the barrel, and we wrestled for it all ends up for a minute or more. It was death to the man that lost his grip. He never lost his grip, but he got it butt downwards for a moment too long. Maybe it was I that pulled the trigger. Maybe we just jolted it off between us. Anyhow, he got both barrels in the face, and there I was, staring down at all that was left of Ted Baldwin. I'd recognized him in the township and again when he sprang for me, but his own mother wouldn't recognize him as I saw him then. I'm used to rough work, but I fairly turned sick at the sight of him.

"I was hanging on to the side of the table when Barker came hurrying down. I heard my wife coming, and I ran to the door and stopped her. It was no sight for a woman. I promised I'd come to her soon. I said a word or two to Barker—he took it all in at a glance—and we waited for the rest to come along. But there was no sight of them. Then we understood that they could hear nothing, and that all that had happened was only known to ourselves.

"It was at that instant that the idea came to me. I was fairly dazzled by the brilliancy of it. The man's sleeve had slipped up and there was the branded mark of the Lodge upon his forearm. See here."

The man whom we knew as Douglas turned up his own coat and cuff to show a

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"I HEARD HIM COCK THE GUN, BUT I HAD GOT HOLD OF IT BEFORE HE COULD FIRE."

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brown triangle within a circle exactly like that which we had seen upon the dead man.

"It was the sight of that which started me on to it. I seemed to see it all clear at a glance. There was his height and hair and figure about the same as my own. No one could swear to his face, poor devil! I brought down this suit of clothes, and in a quarter of an hour Barker and I had put my dressing-gown on him and he lay as you found him. We tied all his things into a bundle, and I weighted them with the only weight I could find and slung them through the window. The card he had meant to lay upon my body was lying beside his own. My rings were put on his finger, but when it came to the wedding-ring" —he held out his muscular hand—"you can see for yourselves that I had struck my limit. I have not moved it since the day I was married, and it would have taken a file to get it off. I don't know, anyhow, that I would have cared to part with it, but if I had wanted to I couldn't. So we just had to leave that detail to take care of itself. On the other hand, I brought a bit of plaster down and put it where I am wearing one myself at this instant. You slipped up there, Mr. Holmes, clever as you are, for if you had chanced to take off that plaster you would have found no cut underneath it.

"Well, that was the situation. If I could lie low for a while and then get away where I would be joined by my wife, we would have a chance at last of living at peace for the rest of our lives. These devils would give me no rest so long as I was above-ground, but if they saw in the papers that Baldwin had got his man there would be an end of all my troubles. I hadn't much time to make it clear to Barker and to my wife, but they understood enough to be able to help me. I knew all about this hiding-place, so did Ames, but it never entered his head to connect it with the matter. I retired into it, and it was up to Barker to do the rest.

"I guess you can fill in for yourselves what he did. He opened the window and made the mark on the sill to give an idea of how the murderer escaped. It was a tall order, that, but as the bridge was up there was no other way. Then, when everything was fixed, he rang the bell for all he was worth. What happened afterwards you know—and so, gentlemen, you can do what you please, but I've told you the truth and the whole truth, so help me, God! What I ask you now is, how do I stand by the English law?"

There was a silence, which was broken by Sherlock Holmes.

"The English law is, in the main, a just law. You will get no worse than your deserts from it. But I would ask you how did this man know that you lived here, or how to get into your house, or where to hide to get you?"

"I know nothing of this."

Holmes's face was very white and grave.

"The story is not over yet, I fear," said he. "You may find worse dangers than the English law, or even than your enemies from America. I see trouble before you, Mr. Douglas. You'll take my advice and still be on your guard."

And now, my long-suffering readers, I will ask you to come away with me for a time, far from the Sussex Manor House of Birlstone, and far also from the year of grace in which we made our eventful journey which ended with the strange story of the man who had been known as John Douglas. I wish you to journey back some twenty years in time, and westward some thousands of miles in space, that I may lay before you a singular and a terrible narrative—so singular and so terrible that you may find it hard to believe that, even as I tell it, even so did it occur. Do not think that I intrude one story before another is finished. As you read on you will find that this is not so. And when I have detailed those distant events and you have solved this mystery of the past we shall meet once more in those rooms in Baker Street where this, like so many other wonderful happenings, will find its end.

PART II.

THE SCOWRERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN.

IT was the fourth of February in the year 1875. It had been a severe winter, and the snow lay deep in the gorges of the Gilmerton Mountains. The steam plough had, however, kept the rail-track open, and the evening train which connects the long line of coal-mining and iron-working settlements was slowly groaning its way up the steep gradients which lead from Stagville on the plain to Vermissa, the central township which lies at the head of the Vermissa Valley. From this point the track sweeps downwards to Barton's Crossing, Helmdale, and the purely agricultural county of Merton. It was

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a single-track railroad, but at every siding, and they were numerous, long lines of trucks piled with coal and with iron ore told of the hidden wealth which had brought a rude population and a bustling life to this most desolate corner of the United States of America.

For desolate it was. Little could the first pioneer who had traversed it have ever imagined that the fairest prairies and the most lush water-pastures were valueless compared with this gloomy land of black crag and tangled forest. Above the dark and often scarcely penetrable woods upon their sides, the high, bare crowns of the mountains, white snow and jagged rock, towered upon either flank, leaving a long, winding, tortuous valley in the centre. Up this the little train was slowly crawling.

The oil lamps had just been lit in the leading passenger-car, a long, bare carriage in which some twenty or thirty people were seated. The greater number of these were workmen returning from their day's toil in the lower portion of the valley. At least a dozen, by their grimed faces and the safety lanterns which they carried, proclaimed themselves as miners. These sat smoking in a group, and conversed in low voices, glancing occasionally at two men on the opposite side of the car, whose uniform and badges showed them to be policemen. Several women of the labouring class, and one or two travellers who might have been small local storekeepers, made up the rest of the company, with the exception of one young man in a corner by himself. It is with this man that we are concerned. Take a good look at him, for he is worth it.

He is a fresh-complexioned, middle-sized young man, not far, one would guess, from his thirtieth year. He has large, shrewd, humorous grey eyes which twinkle inquiringly from time to time as he looks round through his spectacles at the people about him. It is easy to see that he is of a sociable and possibly simple disposition, anxious to be friendly to all men. Anyone could pick him at once as gregarious in his habits and communicative in his nature, with a quick wit and a ready smile. And yet the man who studied him more closely might discern a certain firmness of jaw and grim tightness about the lips which would warn him that there were depths beyond, and that this pleasant, brown-haired young Irishman might conceivably leave his mark for good or evil upon any society to which he was introduced.

Having made one or two tentative remarks to the nearest miner, and received only short gruff replies, the traveller resigned himself to uncongenial silence, staring moodily out of the window at the fading landscape. It was not a cheering prospect. Through the growing gloom there pulsed the red glow of the furnaces on the sides of the hills. Great heaps of slag and dumps of cinders loomed up on each side, with the high shafts of the collieries towering above them. Huddled groups of mean wooden houses, the windows of which were beginning to outline themselves in light, were scattered here and there along the line, and the frequent halting-places were crowded with their swarthy inhabitants. The iron and coal valleys of the Vermissa district were no resorts for the leisured or the cultured. Everywhere there were stern signs of the crudest battle of life, the rude work to be done, and the rude, strong workers who did it.

The young traveller gazed out into this dismal country with a face of mingled repulsion and interest, which showed that the scene was new to him. At intervals he drew from his pocket a bulky letter to which he referred, and on the margins of which he scribbled some notes. Once from the back of his waist he produced something which one would hardly have expected to find in the possession of so mild-mannered a man. It was a navy revolver of the largest size. As he turned it slantwise to the light, the glint upon the rims of the copper shells within the drum showed that it was fully loaded. He quickly restored it to his secret pocket, but not before it had been observed by a working man who had seated himself upon the adjoining bench.

"Halloa, mate!" said he. "You seem heeled and ready."

The young man smiled with an air of embarrassment.

"Yes," said he; "we need them sometimes in the place I come from."

"And where may that be?"

"I'm last from Chicago."

"A stranger in these parts?"

"Yes."

"You may find you need it here," said the workman.

"Ah! Is that so?" The young man seemed interested.

"Have you heard nothing of doings hereabouts?"

"Nothing out of the way."

"Why, I thought the country was full of it. You'll hear quick enough. What made you come here?"

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"I heard there was always work for a willing man."

"Are you one of the Labour Union?"

"Sure."

"Then you'll get your job, I guess. Have you any friends?"

"Not yet, but I have the means of making them."

"How's that, then?"

"I am one of the Ancient Order of Freemen. There's no town without a lodge, and where there is a lodge I'll find my friends."

The remark had a singular effect upon his companion. He glanced round suspiciously at the others in the car. The miners were still whispering among themselves. The two police officers were dozing. He came across, seated himself close to the young traveller, and held out his hand.

"Put it there," he said.

A hand-grip passed between the two.

"I see you speak the truth. But it's well to make certain."

He raised his right hand to his right eyebrow. The traveller at once raised his left hand to his left eyebrow.

"Dark nights are unpleasant," said the workman.

"Yes, for strangers to travel," the other answered.

"That's good enough. I'm Brother Scanlan, Lodge 341, Vermissa Valley. Glad to see you in these parts."

"Thank you. I'm Brother John McMurdo, Lodge 29, Chicago. Bodymaster, J. H. Scott. But I am in luck to meet a brother so early."

"Well, there are plenty of us about. You won't find the Order more flourishing anywhere in the States than right here in Vermissa Valley. But we could do with some lads like you. I can't understand a spry man of the Labour Union finding no work to do in Chicago."

"I found plenty of work to do," said McMurdo.

"Then why did you leave?"

McMurdo nodded towards the policemen and smiled.

"I guess those chaps would be glad to know," he said.

Scanlan groaned sympathetically.

"In trouble?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Deep."

"A penitentiary job?"

"And the rest."

"Not a killing?"

"It's early days to talk of such things," said McMurdo, with the air of a man who had been surprised into saying more than he intended. "I've my own good reason for leaving Chicago, and let that be enough for you. Who are you that you should take it on yourself to ask such things?"

His grey eyes gleamed with sudden and dangerous anger from behind his glasses.

"All right, mate. No offence meant. The boys will think none the worse of you whatever you may have done. Where are you bound for now?"

"To Vermissa."

"That's the third halt down the line. Where are you staying?"

McMurdo took out an envelope and held it close to the murky oil lamp.

"Here is the address—Jacob Shafter, Sheridan Street. It's a boarding-house that was recommended by a man I knew in Chicago."

"Well, I don't know it, but Vermissa is out of my beat. I live at Hobson's Patch, and that's here where we are drawing up. But, say, there's one bit of advice I'll give you before we part. If you're in trouble in Vermissa, go straight to the Union House and see Boss McGinty. He is the bodymaster of Vermissa Lodge, and nothing can happen in these parts unless Black Jack McGinty wants it. So long, mate. Maybe we'll meet in lodge one of these evenings. But mind my words; if you are in trouble go to Boss McGinty."

Scanlan descended, and McMurdo was left once again to his thoughts. Night had now fallen, and the flames of the frequent furnaces were roaring and leaping in the darkness. Against their lurid background dark figures were bending and straining, twisting and turning, with the motion of winch or of windlass, to the rhythm of an eternal clank and roar.

"I guess hell must look something like that," said a voice.

McMurdo turned and saw that one of the policemen had shifted in his seat and was staring out into the fiery waste.

"For that matter," said the other policeman, "I allow that hell must *be* something like that. If there are worse devils down yonder than some we could name, it's more than I'd expect. I guess you are new to this part, young man?"

"Well, what if I am?" McMurdo answered, in a surly voice.

"Just this, mister; that I should advise you to be careful in choosing your friends. I don't think I'd begin with Mike Scanlan or his gang if I were you."

"What in thunder is it to you who are my friends?" roared McMurdo, in a voice which brought every head in the carriage round to

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"'HUSH, ON YOUR LIFE!' CRIED THE MINER, STANDING STILL IN HIS ALARM, AND GAZING IN AMAZEMENT AT HIS COMPANION."

witness the altercation. "Did I ask you for your advice, or did you think me such a sucker that I couldn't move without it? You speak when you are spoken to, and by the Lord you'd have to wait a long time if it was me!"

He thrust out his face, and grinned at the patrolmen like a snarling dog.

The two policemen, heavy, good-natured men, were taken aback by the extraordinary vehemence with which their friendly advances had been rejected.

"No offence, stranger," said one. "It was a warning for your own good, seeing that you are, by your own showing, new to the place."

"I'm new to the place, but I'm not new to you and your kind," cried McMurdo, in a cold fury. "I guess you're the same in all places, shoving your advice in when nobody asks for it."

"Maybe we'll see more of you before very long," said one of the patrolmen, with a grin. "You're a real hand-picked one, if I am a judge."

"I was thinking the same," remarked the other. "I guess we may meet again."

"I'm not afraid of you, and don't you think it," cried McMurdo. "My name's Jack McMurdo—see? If you want me you'll find me at Jacob Shafter's, at Sheridan Street, Vermissa, so I'm not hiding from you, am I? Day or night I dare to look the like of you in the face. Don't make any mistake about that."

There was a murmur of sympathy and admiration from the miners at the dauntless demeanour of the new-comer, while the two policemen shrugged their shoulders and renewed a conversation between themselves. A few minutes later the train ran into the ill-lit depot and there was a general clearing, for Vermissa was far the largest township on the line. McMurdo picked up his leather grip-sack, and was about to start off into the darkness when one of the miners accosted him.

"By gosh, mate, you know how to speak to the cops," he said, in a voice of awe.

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"It was grand to hear you. Let me carry your grip-sack and show you the road. I'm passing Shafter's on the way to my own shack."

There was a chorus of friendly "Good nights" from the other miners as they passed from the platform. Before ever he had set foot in it, McMurdo the turbulent had become a character in Vermissa.

The country had been a place of terror, but the township was in its way even more depressing. Down that long valley there was at least a certain gloomy grandeur in the huge fires and the clouds of drifting smoke, while the strength and industry of man found fitting monuments in the hills which he had spilled by the side of his monstrous excavations. But the town showed a dead level of mean ugliness and squalor. The broad street was churned up by the traffic into a horrible rutted paste of muddy snow. The side-walks were narrow and uneven. The numerous gas-lamps served only to show more clearly a long line of wooden houses, each with its veranda facing the street, unkempt and dirty. As they approached the centre of the town the scene was brightened by a row of well-lit stores, and even more by a cluster of liquor saloons and gaming-houses, in which the miners spent their hard-earned but generous wages.

"That's the Union House," said the guide, pointing to one saloon which rose almost to the dignity of being an hotel. "Jack McGinty is the Boss there."

"What sort of a man is he?" asked McMurdo.

"What! Have you never heard of the Boss?"

"How could I have heard of him when you know that I am a stranger in these parts?"

"Well, I thought his name was known right across the Union. It's been in the papers often enough."

"What for?"

"Well"—the miner lowered his voice—"over the affairs."

"What affairs?"

"Good Lord, mister, you are queer goods, if I may say it without offence. There's only one set of affairs that you'll hear of in these parts, and that's the affairs of the Scowrers."

"Why, I seem to have read of the Scowrers in Chicago. A gang of murderers, are they not?"

"Hush, on your life!" cried the miner, standing still in his alarm, and gazing in amazement at his companion. "Man, you won't live long in these parts if you speak in the open street like that. Many a man has had the life beaten out of him for less."

"Well, I know nothing about them. It's only what I have read."

"And I'm not saying that you have not read the truth." The man looked nervously round him as he spoke, peering into the shadows as if he feared to see some lurking danger. "If killing is murder, then God knows there is murder and to spare. But don't you dare to breathe the name of Jack McGinty in connection with it, stranger, for every whisper goes back to him, and he is not one that is likely to let it pass. Now, that's the house you're after — that one standing back from the street. You'll find old Jacob Shafter that runs it as honest a man as lives in this township."

"I thank you," said McMurdo, and shaking hands with his new acquaintance he plodded, his grip-sack in his hand, up the path which led to the dwelling-house, at the door of which he gave a resounding knock. It was opened at once by someone very different from what he had expected.

It was a woman, young and singularly beautiful. She was of the Swedish type, blonde and fair-haired, with the piquant contrast of a pair of beautiful dark eyes, with which she surveyed the stranger with surprise and a pleasing embarrassment which brought a wave of colour over her pale face. Framed in the bright light of the open doorway, it seemed to McMurdo that he had never seen a more beautiful picture, the more attractive for its contrast with the sordid and gloomy surroundings. A lovely violet growing upon one of those black slag-heaps of the mines would not have seemed more surprising. So entranced was he that he stood staring without a word, and it was she who broke the silence.

"I thought it was father," said she, with a pleasing little touch of a Swedish accent. "Did you come to see him? He is down town. I expect him back every minute."

McMurdo continued to gaze at her in open admiration until her eyes dropped in confusion before this masterful visitor.

"No, miss," he said at last; "I'm in no hurry to see him. But your house was recommended to me for board. I thought it might suit me, and now I know it will."

"You are quick to make up your mind," said she, with a smile.

"Anyone but a blind man could do as much," the other answered.

She laughed at the compliment.

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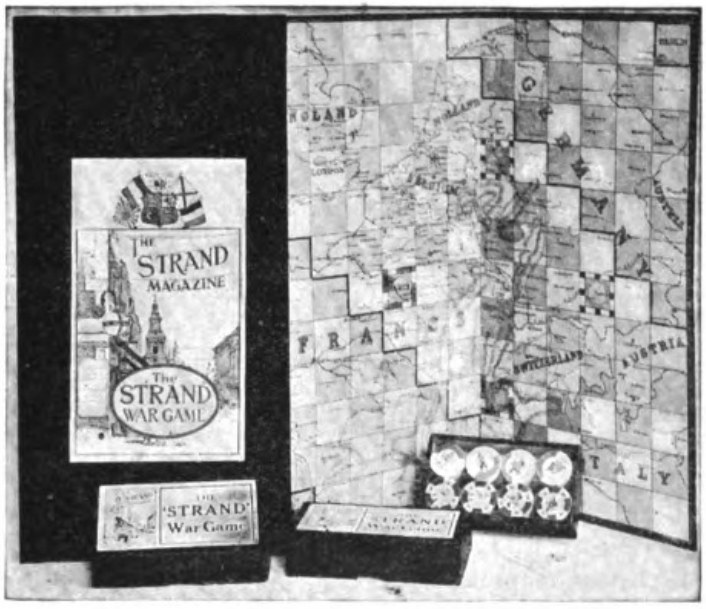
"Come right in, sir," she said. "I'm Miss Ettie Shafter, Mr. Shafter's daughter. My mother's dead, and I run the house. You can sit down by the stove in the front room until father comes along. Ah, here he is; so you can fix things with him right away."

A heavy, elderly man came plodding up the path. In a few words McMurdo explained his business. A man of the name of Murphy had given him the address in Chicago. He in turn had had it from someone else. Old Shafter was quite ready. The stranger made no bones about terms, agreed at once to every condition, and was apparently fairly flush of money. For twelve dollars a week, paid in advance, he was to have board and lodging. So it was that McMurdo, the self-confessed fugitive from justice, took up his abode under the roof of the Shafters, the first step which was to lead to so long and dark a train of events, ending in a far distant land.

(To be continued.)

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The Nation's Heroes.

Where Our Great Sailors and Soldiers Were Born.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

BRITISH patriotism is not a matter of geography, as recent events have so splendidly shown. It flourishes east and west, north and south, throughout the United Kingdom. But the form in which this patriotism has expressed itself—statesmanship, philanthropy, literature, naval and military achievement—has varied much with the social circumstances and characteristics of different parts of the country. With a great war in progress, naval and military achievement must naturally loom largest of all, and at the present moment a singular interest belongs to the comparative record of the different parts of the kingdom in contributing the men who by their valour and genius on the sea and in the field have secured our national safety and progress. We exclude living men from our review, because to select from contemporaries those who will share the laurels of the mighty dead would be too invidious a task. We do not suppose there will be absolute unanimity on the part of our readers as to every one of the hundred and forty-seven sailors and soldiers we have placed upon the roll of honour. There are doubtless those who would omit or add a name here and there. But on the whole the names, it will probably be agreed, are those of our most distinguished sailors and soldiers according to historic records.

Taking first the four countries into which the United Kingdom is divided, we find that England gave birth to no fewer than one hundred of our naval and military heroes.

Wales has apparently been so devoted to the arts of peace since the days when Llewelyn and Glendower so valiantly contested England's power that only two of her sons have won eminence in war—Sir Thomas Picton and Admiral Thomas Mathews. General Picton, Wellington's brilliant lieutenant in the Peninsular campaign, who was killed at Waterloo, was born at the village of Poyston, near Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire. The inclusion of Mathews in our list is a little doubtful perhaps, because after winning renown as captain in several actions with the French (1707-1718) he failed to justify his appointment to the command of the Mediterranean Fleet in 1742, and was relieved of his post. But we have given Wales the benefit of the doubt. It is interesting to note that the county of Carnarvon is credited with the birthplace of the redoubtable Llewelyn, the same county which has produced Wales's greatest political leader in the person of Mr. Lloyd George.

Scotland contributes twenty-four of our greatest soldiers and sailors, and Ireland sixteen. It is very probable that if contemporaries were taken into account, Ireland's contribution would be relatively much larger.

On England's roll of honour there are sixty-four sailors and thirty-six soldiers. These proportions as between the two services are reversed as regards Ireland, whose names include only six sailors as compared with ten soldiers. In Scotland there is an almost equal division—eleven sailors and thirteen soldiers.

It must be added that one of our national heroes first saw the light in the island of Guernsey and two in far-off Ceylon. Admiral Lord de Saumarez, the second in command at the Battle of the Nile and the victor of Algeciras, was born at St. Peter Port, whilst Sir Henry Lawrence, the gallant defender of Lucknow, and Lord Napier of Magdala, the commander-in-chief of the expedition against Abyssinia, happened to first see the light at Colombo. Lord Roberts, too, was born in India—at Cawnpore.

As between the urban and rural communities throughout the kingdom the balance would appear to be much in favour of the latter. Among the great cities only London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Bristol, and Newcastle-on-Tyne appear in our illustrative maps. London has seventeen names, nine

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sailors and eight soldiers, to its credit; Dublin three, all soldiers; Glasgow two, both soldiers; Newcastle two, both sailors; and Bristol one sailor. London's list, it will be seen, includes such great names as Henry V., Napier, and Gordon, with others that do not fill so large a place in the national imagination, but in their day and generation were enthusiastically given the hero's laurels. Dublin can claim the greatest military name of all in Wellington, having worthy companions in those of Nicholson, a hero of the Indian Mutiny, and Wolseley, whose great career so recently ended.

Glasgow can take an equal pride in its two great soldiers, Sir John Moore, the immortal hero of Corunna, and Lord Clyde, perhaps better known as Sir Colin Campbell, who may almost be regarded as the saviour of British rule in India from the danger of the Mutiny. Newcastle-on-Tyne has shown its appreciation of the distinction gained by it as the birthplace of Lord Collingwood by giving the name of the great admiral to one of its principal streets, and there are many of its citizens who would not willingly forget that it was also the birthplace of Admiral Bullen, one of the greatest of Nelson's captains. The fame of Admiral Penn in the world's annals has been eclipsed by that of the Quaker statesman of the same name who founded Pennsylvania. But Bristol, at least, as his birthplace, should be glad to remember that Sir William Penn, apart from his naval services to the Parliament in its struggle with Charles I., gave valuable assistance at three important victories over the Dutch fleet.

Of the English counties, Devon takes the first place with ten names. Two of the number, moreover, Drake and Marlborough, are of the finest lustre. Captain Scott, the most recent addition to Devon's illustrious dead, is well worthy of the company of Drake, Marlborough, Raleigh, and Hawkins. Of the part taken by Sir Redvers Buller in the South African War there will doubtless always be two opinions, but the services he rendered the nation before this event were such as to give unquestioned honour to his native county.

With its long stretch of coast north and south, it is not surprising that seven of

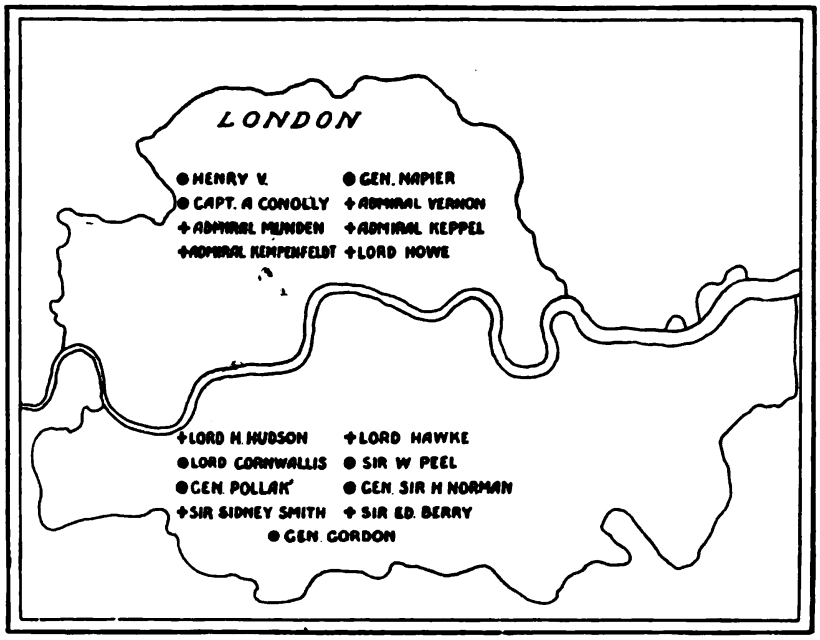


ENGLAND AND WALES HAVE GIVEN BIRTH TO ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR OF OUR NAVAL AND MILITARY HEROES.

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Devon's heroes should be sailors, but what is to be said of the fact that the adjacent county of Cornwall, even more maritime in character, should have produced only three sailors of enduring reputation?—Sir Richard Grenville, whose fame rests on the single exploit, magnificent though it was, which Tennyson has commemorated in his "Ballad of *The Revenge*"; Admiral Boscawen (afterwards Lord Falmouth, in honour of his native place), who won several gallant actions in different parts of the world during the first half of the eighteenth century; and Admiral Sir Thomas Graves, who assisted at victories achieved by Hood and Rodney, and was second in command to Lord Nelson at the Battle of Copenhagen.

Kent comes second to Devon with seven names, and this position is, perhaps, even more remarkable, considering that it is much smaller in area and population. The greatest of these names is unquestionably Wolfe, the hero who fell at Quebec in the moment of victory, who was a native of the little town of Westerham. Sir Philip Sidney, who was born at Penshurst, the ancestral home of his family, accomplished no great military feat, but as a classical example of chivalrous gallantry his name may well be coupled with that of General Wolfe. The deeds of the other five men of Kent—Byng, Harvey, Pellew, Inglefield, and Jeremy Smith—are writ large in the story of the British Navy.



LONDON IS REPRESENTED BY SEVENTEEN NAMES—NINE SAILORS AND EIGHT SOLDIERS.

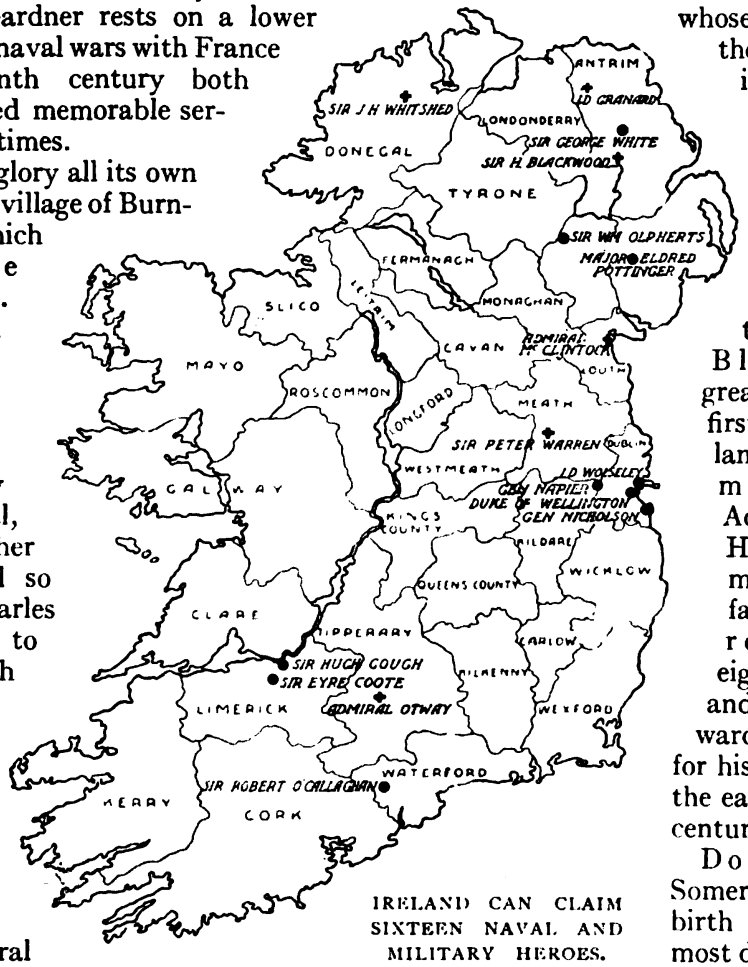
Sussex and Essex, the maritime counties adjoining Kent, have but one name apiece, the former a soldier, General Sir W. Lennox, born at Goodwood, who won distinction in the Indian Mutiny, and the latter a sailor, Admiral Nicholas Haddock, born at Leigh, who distinguished himself as a captain in several brilliant engagements, and at the time of his death, in 1746, was commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Squadron. Surrey, with no coast-line, produced one of the most successful seamen in Lord Rodney, who was born at Walton-on-Thames, and two other admirals of distinction in Sir John Balchen and Sir John T. Duckworth. Its neighbour, Hampshire, on the other hand, notwithstanding the great traditions embodied in Portsmouth as its largest town, would be a blank as regards the Navy but for the circumstance that the Isle of Wight is attached to it as a geographical unit. Admiral Sir Thomas Hopson, who won fame at the Battle of Beachy Head in 1690, is said to have been born on the Island, although we have been unable to locate his birthplace. Of the three soldiers whose names adorn Hampshire on the map, Lord Cardigan will always be remembered as the leader of the Balaclava Charge, whilst Sir Herbert Stewart should not be soon forgotten for his services in the Egyptian War.

Shropshire takes third place, after Devon and Kent, with five names, one of which, Lord Clive, the creator of British India, occupies one of the highest positions in our military annals. Viscount Hill, who shared with Wellington the glories of Vittoria, Almarez, and Waterloo, and Sir Herbert Edwards, who, although nominally a Civil servant, proved himself one of the ablest soldiers India has ever seen, complete a military trio of which Shropshire has every reason to be proud. Admiral Benbow, whose valour at Beachy Head, Barfleur, and La Hogue, forms a thrilling page in our naval history, and Admiral Jennings, the hero of several fine exploits in the Mediterranean, are names scarcely less remarkable as being associated with an inland county.

Shropshire's record in this latter respect, however, is outdone by another inland county, Staffordshire, which produced three seamen of varying distinction in Lord St.

Vincent, Lord Anson, and Lord Alan Gardner. John Jervis, Earl of St. Vincent, who was born at the Staffordshire village of Meaford, belongs, of course, to the same small and glorious company as Nelson, Drake, Collingwood, Blake, and Rodney. The fame of Anson and Gardner rests on a lower plane, but in our naval wars with France in the eighteenth century both admirals rendered memorable services at critical times.

Norfolk has a glory all its own in possessing the village of Burnham Thorpe, which produced the matchless Nelson. The eastern county was also the birthplace of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, William I.'s brilliantly successful admiral, and Sir Christopher Myngs, who did so much during Charles II.'s Dutch War to maintain British naval prestige at a time when it was at its lowest ebb. Of its two neighbours, Lincolnshire and Suffolk, the former can claim Admiral Sir John Franklin, the dauntless Arctic explorer, and Sir George Ayscue, one of Cromwell's "generals of the fleet," whilst the latter has only the name of Sir John Harman, a gallant colleague of Sir Christopher Myngs, to cherish. The little county of Huntingdon can vie with Norfolk in having been the birthplace of Cromwell, whose military genius, no less than his statesman-like power, eventually secured, not merely the triumph of a party, but also the greatness of the nation. It is a far cry from Cromwell to the Earl of Sandwich, Huntingdon's second name, and Sir Harry Smith, the only name contributed to our list by Cambridgeshire, the remaining eastern county. But Lord Sandwich served both Parliament and King upon the sea with equal gallantry, while Sir Harry Smith, as a soldier, rendered services in South Africa a generation ago, which are gratefully commemorated in the name of one of its towns.



IRELAND CAN CLAIM SIXTEEN NAVAL AND MILITARY HEROES.

Of the Western counties not already referred to Gloucestershire can claim, besides Admiral Penn as a native of Bristol, Lord Raglan, the commander-in-chief during the greater part of the Crimean War, and Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, whose useful career in the Navy culminated in the Battle of Navarino, when he commanded the Allied Fleets against the Turks. Somerset has a more distinguished trio of names in Blake, Cromwell's greatest admiral, who first gained for England the decisive command of the sea, Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, one of several members of a naval family who gained renown in the eighteenth century, and Admiral Sir Edward Parry, celebrated for his Arctic voyages in the early part of the last century.

Dorsetshire rivals Somerset in having given birth to the other two most distinguished members of the Hood family, and also to Sir Thomas Hardy, the captain of the *Victory* and Nelson's companion in the hour of his death. To Oxfordshire belongs the honour of having produced two Royal personages whose prowess in the field has become almost proverbial—Edward the Black Prince (Woodstock) and Richard I. (Oxford).

Passing to the Midlands, we find that Worcestershire is associated with the name of the Earl of Warwick, Henry V.'s gallant lieutenant in his conquest of France, and Sir Hyde Parker, who was second in command to Rodney in actions with the French fleet. Derbyshire has General Sir James Outram, another member of the heroic band whom the Indian Mutiny produced, and Admiral John Gell, whose services during the struggle with Napoleon are perhaps not so well remembered as they ought to be. Nottinghamshire can claim two sailors of widely different character, Sir Hugh Willoughby, the pioneer in Polar

expeditions, and Admiral Sir J. B. Warren, a very successful naval commander during the Napoleonic wars.

Of the Northern counties, pre-eminence must be given to Yorkshire with the names of four distinguished seamen. Frobisher, who shares with Drake and Hawkins the glory of the victory over the Spanish Armada, was born at Doncaster, whilst Captain Cook is commemorated by a statue at Whitby, in a village near which seaport the discoverer of Australia was born. Sir Hugh Palliser, who was conspicuous in the naval war with France during the latter half of the eighteenth century, had Kirk Dighton, in the West Riding, as his native place, while Sir John Lawson, who won naval fights for both Cromwell and Charles II., was born and bred in the bracing air of Scarborough.



SCOTLAND HAS BEEN THE BIRTHPLACE OF TWENTY-FOUR OF OUR GREATEST SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The rival county of Lancashire can claim but two names—Admiral Hornby and Admiral Sir John Norris, the latter called by the seamen of his time, early in the eighteenth century, "Foul-weather Jack," in recognition of the fact that the worse the elements were the readier he was to undertake any dangerous duty assigned to him. Of Northumberland's contribution of Collingwood and Bullen we have already spoken as natives of Newcastle-on-Tyne. To Durham the country owes the great soldier, Sir Henry Havelock, who was born at Bishop's Wearmouth.

Proceeding to Scotland, we find that the county of Lanark has been most fertile in martial genius. Sir John Moore and Lord Clyde, as natives of Glasgow, have already been spoken of. Of the other two, Lord Dundonald, otherwise known as Admiral Cochrane, has been honoured more by posterity than by his own generation, which, owing to the machinations of political and personal spite, most unjustly requited the brilliant seamanship and dauntless bravery he showed on more than one occasion.

The neighbouring county of Renfrew claims the patriotic leader, William Wallace, and to Dumfries belongs the honour of having produced an even greater hero in Robert Bruce.

Of the Irish counties, Dublin shares with Down an equal distinction on our map, although if the names are weighed as well as counted, the palm must be unhesitatingly given to the former. Of the sixteen names in all Ireland, it will be seen, six belong to the province of Ulster.

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Sam Briggs Becomes a Soldier.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Charles Pears.

UNTIL lately I didn't know that there was anything military about me—no, not a morsel. And as for foreign politics, how many young fellows do bother themselves about them? When I heard that Austria was picking a quarrel with Servia I asked for the latest scores. When my mind, so to speak, was more filled with cricket than anything else, things began tumbling over each other in a style which took your breath away.

I had taken Dora Wilkinson out for a little treat overnight; the next morning it began. Austria declared war on Servia; then Russia declared war on Austria; then Germany said, according to the papers, that if Russia didn't back out they would fight them themselves. Then France chipped in.

"If you people in Germany," somebody in France said, standing, I understood, for the French nation, "quarrel with Russia you quarrel with us."

That's what did happen. In less than no time, according to my paper, Germany was declaring war on France. Then the Germans said that in order to get at France they would have to march through Belgium, which they had no more right to do than nothing at all. Then that put our backs up.

"You touch our little friend Belgium if you dare!"

On that Germany, who, from what I could gather, was out to bully everyone, announced that if we ventured to try to prevent their doing what they liked, and keep them from trampling on a good friend of ours who they believed to be helpless, they would teach us a lesson.

My word! When I read in the newspapers that they talked about us like that, as if Great Britain were a small boy whom they could take by the scruff of his neck and kick, didn't something happen to me which I thought never would have done! It set me tingling all over, so that I was hardly fit to talk to. Then came a burst. Germany started taking liberties with Belgium, as if nothing we had said was worth noticing; so that unless we wished to show that what they thought of us was about right there was nothing left but for us to take our coats off. That meant that we should have to own ourselves in the wrong when we were in the right, and take a whipping without striking a blow. When it was understood that that was what it did mean, every man in England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, took his coat off. I know I did mine. We are not military, but when we are pushed into a fight, we're not the sort to take it lying down. No! And no one can say that Great Britain ever was that sort.

Of course, I don't pretend that I have told the story of how the row began as well as a chap who is good at that sort of thing would tell it, but so long as you've got the facts of the case what else matters? And I'll bet twopence that I've got them as near as need be.

My feelings when it was known that we were at war!—with Germany, a country which I had always understood was full of soldiers, whose only pleasure in life was fighting. It seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of the world; everything seemed to have gone all wrong. I was off my food to start with. I might have kept my money in my pocket for all the lunch I ate. Someone went shouting through the streets, "Great naval engagement in the North Sea! German warships sunk!" Everyone rushed out of the office to buy papers. They were charging a penny for halfpenny ones. There it was in great big letters. I felt like jumping for joy. Then an hour or so afterwards another paper came out which said the rumour was unfounded; no naval engagement had taken place, no cruisers had been sunk. I held up the paper in which the lie was told.

"If that was invented in the office," I said

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right out, "something ought to be done to the chap who did it."

That was what we all felt. The news which was flying about those first few days! "It's no good buying a paper," I told everyone. "You can't believe a word it says." The remark applied even to my own paper, which I had always thought told the truth. The fact was that everyone, or nearly everyone, had gone off their heads, and they behaved accordingly. It was not strange; in less than a week the whole face of the world was changed. One Saturday I was living the sort of life I always had lived—prospects bright, happy and contented as a king; the next week it did not look as if there was any life left to lead—nothing, anyhow, that was worth living—nothing anywhere but battle, murder, and sudden death! I say it was not strange if people, even newspaper people, went off their heads.

It was a pretty state of things at home. In less than no time I could see that there was going to be trouble there. I never saw a man change as my governor did. It had always been his boast that he had never had trouble with anyone. A more peaceable party never breathed, and except for occasional arguments with my mother—the most quiet-living men have to hold up their own ends against their wives—I believe that had been the case. But directly war was declared you would have thought he'd been going about all his life cutting people's throats.

"I was reading the other day," my father said—he reads some queer books now and then—"a fairy tale about a sword which cut off a hundred heads every time you gave it a swing. Wouldn't I like to get hold of it for about a fortnight, and talk to the Germans, who are killing peaceful people for trying to defend themselves in Belgium."

The papers were full of the mobilization of the Navy and the Army and the Territorials, and I don't know what besides. We knew several people who had been called back to the colours, some of them not so young as they had been once.

"I call it wicked," said my mother, one morning at breakfast. "Here's Mr. Watkins got to leave at once. He's got a wife and three children, and she's expecting her fourth. Surely he's old enough to be left alone in peace."

"Peace!" echoed my governor. "Would you call that peace—to lose a chance of being able to fight for his King and country? I'd like to change with him. I sent in my application yesterday, but they wouldn't have me. What wouldn't I give to have his chance?"

"You sent in your what?" asked my mother, very cool and very calm. "Would you be so good as to explain what you mean?"

"There isn't much to explain," the governor said. He always does turn a little pale when the mater speaks to him like that. "There are papers stuck up in our office asking men who want to volunteer for active service to send in their names at once; so I sent mine."

"Oh, you did, did you? What sort of active service did you volunteer for?"

"What does it matter? They wouldn't have me; they said I was too old—for any sort of service. And here's Watkins, who's not so very much younger than I am—they ask him to go, just because he's been with the colours before. And I, who could do a day's fighting with any man, I'm put upon the shelf. It isn't fair."

"You talk like a foolish man," was all my mother said. Perhaps that was because she could see how hard the governor was hit. But I could hear her say when she went outside to help him into his coat, "You shouldn't talk like that, not before the boy. Think of the bad example you're showing him."

The mater talking like that made me think. What did she mean by "the bad example" which the governor was showing me? Her words were in my mind all day. Somehow they steadied me. Up to then I had not been quite master of myself, a little all over the shop, as it were. I felt as if I should like to pick up the first coal-hammer, or poker, or whatever it might be, and give the next German I met one over the head, and do this, mark you, as if it were an ordinary sort of occupation which I found amusing. But when the mater talked about the governor showing me a bad example because he wanted to join one of the Services, that set my thoughts off on a different line.

I have never set up to be a fighting man. No, it has been generally rather the other way—I didn't know there was a fight in me. I do not need to be told that I have not the figure of a soldier. Taken as a whole, they run more to the leg than I do. I am too short, and, so to speak, too plump. I should not have minded this in a general way, but at that time, whenever I looked at myself in a big mirror—which was at every chance I got—I felt that things were rather hard on me. I gave myself a good stare in a mirror which was in the window of a tailor's shop in the Borough Road. The window was

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practically all looking-glass, about a quarter of a mile of it. I compared myself with Sergeant Twentyman, who is an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and walks out with a young lady who lives across the road. A magnificent picture of a man he is, who as a husband would do any lady credit.

"No," I was obliged to admit to myself, "it won't do, it really won't; it isn't reasonable to expect it. Who's going to have you for a soldier when there are men like Twentyman? Go home, my lad, go home; you're one of the degenerate young Englishmen of to-day, a mere pigmy, that's what you are."

As a rule I should not have minded. I never have objected to being what I am; I never have had the slightest wish to be mistook for Twentyman. But it did depress me then, things being what they were. There was a big advertisement appearing in all the papers, "Your King and Country Need You. A Call to Arms!"

It went on to say that an additional hundred thousand men were wanted in His Majesty's Regular Army. Wanted, were they? Well, so far as I was concerned, it seemed that they'd have to be wanted; but a comfortless point of view it seemed to be. I met Bill Edwards going out to lunch. He was in such a cockadoodle state that you'd have thought he had grown two inches. I was in such a state of depression myself that I wanted to walk straight past him without speaking. I could see he was much too full of beans for the mood I was in. But he wouldn't let me pass.

"Halloa, Sam, old man! What do you think? This is something like, this is. What do you think? I'm off!"

"Off?" I said. "Off where? Do you mean you're going for a week-end to Margate, or is it Clacton?"

"Margate—Clacton!" You should have seen him sniff. I had known the time when he would have been glad enough to have the chance of going for a week-end to either.

"I'm going to the front, that's where I'm going—or as near the front as I can get. I've joined the Territorials, and I start by train to-night—Tidworth my quarters are to be at."

Bill Edwards made me tired. Once started you could not stop him. And who was he, I should like to know, to rub it into me? And he did rub it in.

"Everyone," he declared, right out loud in the open street, "ought to be going somewhere and doing something. I was told by a man who knows that the Germans are going to land at Harwich. That's where I want them to send me. If a German sets his foot on English ground as an invader—I shall have learned something by then of what a soldier ought to do—I'll show him. If he keeps it there it will be because I'm dead. It's nearly a thousand years since England was invaded, and it makes my blood boil to think of it happening now."

To listen to him you would have thought that he was the only one whose blood could boil—I should very much like to know what else mine was doing all the time. I could have cried with rage, to think of a thing like that happening, and me doing nothing to stop it.

At Dora's there was her brother Tom and her mother. They were having supper. I sat down and had a snack. In those days no one talked of anything but the war; cricket and that sort of thing was nowhere. I found I had interrupted a conversation on the usual theme, in which Tom was holding forth in a way which took me rather aback. He's a level-headed chap, is Tom Wilkinson, cool and cautious, one of those fellows who like to make sure on which side their bread is buttered. He had an evening paper in his hand, open at the advertisement, "Your King and Country Need You. A Call to Arms!"

"I take that advertisement to be addressed especially to me, as it is to you, Sam, or any other young chap."

"It's not addressed especially to Sam," said Dora. "Nothing of the kind. Don't you go putting such ideas into his head."

"Well, we'll leave Sam out. I do know it's addressed especially to me."

His mother cut in. She's a woman who has known a good deal of trouble, is Mrs. Wilkinson. Somehow I always do feel sorry for her.

"Tom, you really didn't ought to talk like that. You're the only son of your mother, and she's a widow. Those are not the young men who are called to arms."

"That's where it is, mother—aren't they? You see, this is an appeal to a man to serve his country. The question is, will he serve her better by going out to fight, or by staying at home? That's where it is. I can't make up my mind. Before long they'll be pointing their fingers at the chaps who haven't volunteered. If anyone pointed his finger at me I should have to hit him; anyhow, I should try to. You don't want your son to be held up to execration as a shirker."

"Tom, don't—you mustn't talk like that. If you only knew how it hurts. No one would ever dare to call you a shirker—no one."

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"Shall I dare to call myself a shirker, that's the point. That's what bothers me. Let me explain. Someone will have to stay at home. If no one does the country will go to pieces in a week. So far as I'm concerned I'm working for three people—for you, for Dora, for myself. Dora earns what she can——"

"Which is not as much as she'd like, by a very long way."

This was Dora. Tom went on.

"The machine has got to be kept going. If it weren't for me it would stop."

His mother, white-faced, sat staring at him with troubled eyes.

"It certainly would, Tom; it is you that keeps a roof above our heads. I suppose I should have to go to the workhouse if you didn't. I don't see how the country would gain by my doing that."

"I doubt if it would; it would probably lose. It's an open question how much my services as a soldier would be worth. If I could account for four or five Germans it might be different; but could I? Then there's the question of duty. I owe a duty to my country; the consciousness of that keeps me awake at night. And the duty I owe to my mother? Where does that come in?"

"Tom, if there comes a time when England is in such trouble that she needs every strong arm to strike a blow for her I shall say, 'Strike it!' But that time is not yet; pray God it will never come. Until it does I believe you will be serving England better by keeping the machine from stopping."

"I believe so too, mother. It's easier to go as a soldier and see life——"

"And death, Dora."

"Yes, Tom, and death. It is easier to go as a soldier and see life, and death, and do things, than to stay at home and work and wait, and do nothing. I'd love to be in the fighting line. Look at Sam! I've noticed the change which has taken place in him during the last few days. He's so full of fidgets that he can't keep still. Now, Sam, aren't you?"

"They say that Germany is putting a million more men in the field. We haven't half that number all told. Every man is wanted. If he isn't wanted to fight now he will be very shortly."

"I see, Sam. That's what's in your head, is it? I thought so."

"I can't help it, Dora. I just simply can't. Suppose the Germans were to try to invade England, and I wasn't there to help to stop them, I should never be able to hold up my head again."

"Wouldn't you, Sam? What would you do to help to stop them? You've never had a gun in your hand all your life."

"Not an Army rifle, Dora; but I've handled guns at fairs and that sort of thing. I never met anyone who could aim better. I've broken bottles and egg-shells, and hit corks and running mice with anyone. More than one proprietor of a shooting-gallery has told me that I'm a natural shot. You've seen me shoot, haven't you, Tom?"

"I have. I shouldn't wonder if Sam's right—if he is what you call a natural shot. I remember at Barnet Fair our standing him at the farthest point at which the rifle was supposed to carry, and starting him shooting at bottles. There were half-a-dozen of us; we agreed to pay for his shots between us until he missed one. I don't know how many bottles he broke, but I know he never missed one till a long time after we'd had enough of paying. Don't you remember, Sam?"

I did—and what a hot day it was, and how, somehow, my eye was in so that it seemed that I couldn't miss. I liked to feel that, after all, it might turn out that there was one thing I could do. I tried to explain to them what had been going on inside me during the last few days.

"It's funny, but you mustn't laugh; I'm getting to a state that I don't know where I am. The idea of me turning out to fight is too ridiculous; I know that. But, Dora, suppose I've got to?"

"What do you mean by suppose you've got to?"

"I'm not much of a chap at imagining things, but all the while, day and night, I seem to hear three words: 'The bugle sounds.' That's all—'The bugle sounds'—a call to me. I've only got to listen a moment, and sometimes I haven't got even to do that. There! Don't you hear it now? That's the bugle sounding." I felt they were staring at me as if they thought I had gone mad. "I know it's funny—I told you it was funny. I know it's only imagination—but I can hear it all the same. 'The bugle sounds'—a call to me. If I buy a paper and read about the fighting, about the chaps getting ready to go out, about the trouble everywhere, about preparations which are being made for a great battle, all the while I am reading, 'The bugle sounds.' I don't know where. Sometimes it is quite close, sometimes it is a long way off. It comes in the middle of my reading the paper—I can't escape it. 'The bugle sounds'—a call for me. It will keep on calling until I go."

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Tom looked as if he could not make me out at all, and I daresay he couldn't. I couldn't make myself out.

"Look here, Sam," he said, "what's gone wrong with you? If I were you I should take something for it. When you talk and look like that I feel as if something had happened to my Sam."

"That's just it—something has happened. I've got to go!"

"Where have you got to go, Sam?" asked Dora.

"That's just it, Dora; I don't quite know. I've got to go where they send me—to where the other chaps are fighting."

"Do you mean you want to go as a soldier?"

"I don't want to go. You know, Dora, that I'm no soldier. I'm all for peace, I am. I don't hold with fighting—never did and never shall. I know it's all rot, but can you hear anything?"

"I can hear you talking."

"Yes, that's just what it is—that shows it's rot. I don't suppose I really hear anything either. I keep on telling myself that I don't. It must be indigestion or something. I don't know what I've eaten, but it must be; it stands to reason. All the same, I seem to hear it as clearly as I heard your voice just now. 'The bugle sounds'—a call for me. First I hear those three words pronounced, sometimes softly, sometimes loudly, sometimes they seem to be roared. Then I hear the notes of the bugle—so clearly. I don't know anything about bugles; I've only heard one in my life, and that was in the barrack-ground in St. James's Park when they were drilling some recruits. I don't know what the notes mean—all I do know is that they're calling to me. I've got to go and find out where they come from; I've got to, Dora, as sure as you and I are here."

"I thought, Sam, that you were talking about marrying next month?"

"So I was. I've got my eye upon a home and the furniture, and maybe we may still make it next month, if the war is over."

"If it isn't over—what then?"

"That's just it—what then? If it isn't over I shall have to keep on fighting. Not that I shall be any good at that—I shall have to do my best, that's all. I suppose a soldier is like any other chap—he has to put up the best fight he can. He can't do more."

Tom cut in: "Sam, you talk like a kid! Do you think a chap's going to be turned into a soldier in a month? A good soldier is a machine; a perfect soldier is a perfect machine—according to the Germans. He has to be turned into another man before he can even begin to be a soldier. That takes more than a month—more like a year."

"I understand they can't afford to spend a year on any chap; men are wanted in a hurry. I shall have to do the best I can. I shall be all right at the shooting with a little practice, though I don't suppose I shall ever get beyond a certain point. But it won't take a year to get me there—a fortnight, more like. So soon as I get used to the feel of an Army rifle I shouldn't wonder if I were pretty quick at learning how to use it. I should like to have a rifle to try."

Mrs. Wilkinson looked at Dora as if she were not quite able to make me out.

"What does he mean, Dora? Does he want to be a soldier?"

"It seems, mother, as if he did. It's got into his blood—the idea of being a soldier has. I daresay he'll make a good one."

"And how about your marriage? All your things are nearly made."

"I shall have to put my marriage off till the war is over." She came and sat down in a chair next to mine, putting her arms round my neck and her soft cheek against my face.

"Sam," she whispered, "you're going to be a soldier. You can't think how proud I shall be when I know that you're fighting."

"I don't know what there will be to be proud of in that, Dora—honest, I don't! I sha'n't be fighting because I want to, but just because I can't help it. There's nothing to be proud of in doing what you can't help doing."

"That's right, Sam. Don't think I don't understand, because I do."

What she meant I didn't understand. If you'll believe me, those two women made quite a fuss—all of a sudden, because of nothing at all; at least, nothing I could see. Funny things, women are! Having once got the idea into their heads, it seemed to me that what they wanted me to do was to start off and turn myself into a soldier then and there. How they thought I was going to do it at that time of night I couldn't make out.

Then they started arguing as to what sort of a soldier I was to be. From what I could make out, Mrs. Wilkinson would have liked me to go in the cavalry; she seemed to see me galloping across a tented field. She had a cousin who was in the cavalry; a fine figure of a man he was on a horse; it didn't

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seem to occur to her to stop and think that I shouldn't be. I won't say that I had never been on a horse, because in a manner of speaking I had; but never once haven't I been more willing to get off than I was to get on. Dora thought the Territorials would be more in my line. They were, so to speak, guarding all Battersea at that very time. She had a friend who was guarding Harwich. If the Germans were to try to land he and his friends would teach them a lesson—and quite right, too! Dora was of opinion that guarding Harwich would suit me very well. Perhaps it might; but somehow it was a job which didn't appeal to me. Nothing would suit me which didn't give me a chance of fighting for England abroad. I wanted to have a shot at the enemy before they could come and have a shot at me. And I was going to have it, too.

I strolled home with Tom. I won't say we strolled straight home, because we did not. That was why, when we did get home, we found that Mrs. Wilkinson and Dora had got there before us. There they were, all five of them—the pater, the mater, my sister Louisa, Dora, and Mrs. W.—sitting round the table in the parlour, waiting for me to come. The pater began at me at once.

"My boy," he said—it isn't often he goes in for the heavy-father sort of line, but when he does I somehow don't know whether to laugh or take him seriously—"it warms the cockles of my heart to learn that in my son's veins is patriotic blood."

What could I do when he said a thing like that except look at Tom to give him warning that if he so much as smiled I should punch his head? Louisa said the same sort of thing which I fancy sisters mostly do say to their brothers. I won't say that I'd never had a shot at her, because there are times when I simply can't help doing it; but she has never lost a chance of snubbing me—that I do assert.

"Sam, whatever makes you want to be so silly? The idea of your going fighting! It's ridiculous!"

It was no good my carrying on a conversation with her on those lines, so I sat still—especially as Dora was quite ready to do my share of the talking.

"I don't know why you talk like that to your own brother, Louisa. I'm certain Sam will be a good soldier. I shouldn't be surprised if he was an officer before long—or something."

"I'm sure that he will be, dear." Louisa spoke sweetly. I knew her. "Somehow he doesn't seem to have quite the cut of an officer about him to me."

"Louisa," struck in my mother, "you're always making fun of your brother. He's your own flesh and blood, and you've no right to do it. No, feeling about soldiers as I do, I've always been grateful that he's got the figure he has." She turned to the pater. "This is your fault. When you were talking about volunteering the other day you unsettled the boy's mind. He's got a good situation, and now he'll lose it—because of the silly stuff his father talks!"

The pater defended himself on lines of his own.

"Messrs. Blagden and Cook, who appreciate the services of a valuable employé, will no doubt keep the situation open until the war is over."

"Much good would that do, if in the war he's shot dead. I saw only yesterday that some regiment has been decimated. Suppose they decimate his? What will he want with a situation then? And he the only son of his mother!"

The mater put her handkerchief up to her eyes. I say it's a trick she has, which makes her wild.

"Nineteen out of every twenty soldiers who go to a war come back uninjured," I told her plainly. "The twentieth perhaps gets scratched. What soldiers mostly do get is enough fighting to last for the rest of their lives."

"When," asked my father, "do you propose, my boy, to offer your services to your King and Country?"

"The very first chance I get, that's all I know."

"Since they're not likely to be accepted, there won't be much harm done—will there, Sam?" This was Louisa.

But I did offer them. I made up my mind that they should be accepted or I'd never show my face again. And they were; though, mind you, I admit that in a certain sense it was a narrow squeak. The next morning I put two or three things together in a bag and sneaked out of the house without saying a word to anyone. Our place is at Walham Green, but I went to a recruiting office over at Camberwell, because I did not want to offer myself at a place where there were people who knew me who might laugh if I did not happen to be accepted. Not that I meant to be rejected, because my intention was to offer myself at every recruiting station in London—and, if need be, in England—until I was accepted. But, all the same, I did not mean

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to begin by perhaps being turned down in my own district.

It was pretty early when I got to Camberwell, but I wasn't the first there by a long way. The recruiting station was at some kind of a drill-hall made of corrugated iron, used by the Territorials. There were several chaps there when I arrived, sitting on forms, waiting their turns. Seated at a table were some officers. A young fellow was offering himself as I came in. He was a big chap, quite six feet high, with a great, broad chest. He made up for his size by being without brains. Very stupid he was at answering the questions which were put to him. The officer who was asking most of them seemed to wonder if he wasn't half-witted. I saw him make a note upon a sheet of paper and whisper something as he gave it to a sergeant. From the way in which the sergeant glanced at the candidate I dare bet sixpence that the note on the paper was a hint to the



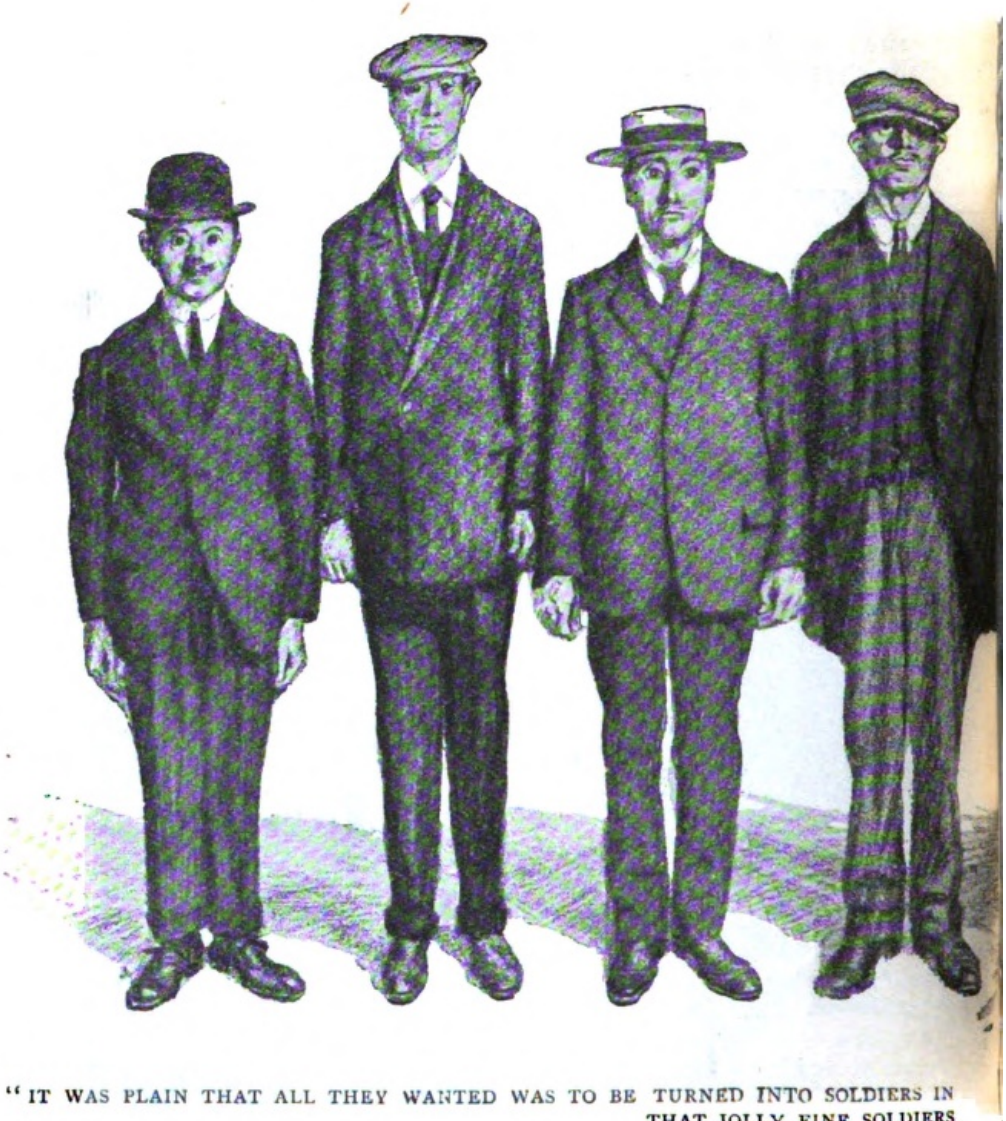
"'ARE YOU AWARE, SIR,' HE ASKED, 'WHAT IS THE MINIMUM HEIGHT REQUIRED FOR A CANDIDATE FOR THE ARMY?'"

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doctor to make sure that the chap was all right in the upper storey.

There seemed to be no difficulty about any of the others. They walked up to the table, answered the questions, signed their names, and were sent off to another room to pass the medical examination—that was the part I was afraid of, the medical examination.

I had noticed when I came into the room that people looked at me and sniggered. I knew what they were sniggering at; it made me mad! I had known all along what I might expect—the only thing I could do was to put up with it. When my turn came and I started to go to the table, someone smiled right out. Several others had arrived after me; the room was pretty full. I could not very well look round to see who had smiled; I should have been an idiot if I had! As I went forward I felt that there was more than one. I tried to hold my head up straight, but the way in which the officer asked the very first question nearly took the stiffening right out of me.



"IT WAS PLAIN THAT ALL THEY WANTED WAS TO BE TURNED INTO SOLDIERS IN THAT JOLLY FINE SOLDIERS

"Well, sir, what do you want?" He looked at me as if he wondered what business I could possibly have there. I had my hat in my right hand. I held myself upright and looked him straight in the face. And all the time I felt that any attempt to carry myself off as if I were someone would be a failure. I tried to answer as if I didn't care for anything.

"If you please, sir, I've come to enlist."

"To enlist? Oh! What might your name be, at any rate?"

He put an accent on the way in which he said "Oh!" which started everyone in the room tittering. I told him what my name was.

"Are you aware, sir," he asked, "what is the minimum height required for a candidate for the Army?"

"That's in time of peace, sir. I don't see that it matters what height he is in time of war. I'm not tall, but I'm healthy and strong. I don't tire; I could walk most of those chaps that are sniggering to a standstill any day! For my height my chest measurement is a good deal better than many of theirs. And I can shoot; I'll shoot anyone in this room with revolver, gun, or rifle. What's wanted in the man behind the gun is not inches, but the knack of knowing how to hit the target. Never mind about my height, sir; if I pass

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THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE SPACE OF TIME. AND I WAS WILLING TO BET A TRIFLE THEY WOULD MAKE."

the doctor you can give me a chance. If after I've joined a month it's seen that I'm not likely to do any good, chuck me out; only give me a chance."

Of course I knew I was an ass to talk like that, but I feel pretty sure that if I'd let them go on sniggering without saying a word I should never have been passed at Camberwell Green. The officer seemed as if he did not know what to make of me. He referred to the sergeant.

"You hear what this young gentleman says, sergeant? How many inches is he under regulation height?"

"I should say about two. It seems to me as if he were like a little bantam cock, and bantams aren't such bad birds, sir—they're not wanting for pluck. If he can shoot as he says he can——"

"What proof have you, my lad, that you can shoot?"

"You take me somewhere and give me a gun or a rifle; I'll back myself against anyone in the room."

No one need tell me that it was mere gas for me to talk like that; I never had had any real practice with a gun or a revolver in my life. Most of my shooting had been at shooting galleries—"Penny a shot"—and that sort of thing. But, all the same, I felt it in my bones that if anyone did accept my challenge I should best him. As a rule, I haven't the pluck of a mouse, but just then I would have backed myself to do anything. Everything was hanging in the balance; in the staring line I gave the officer as good as he sent. He did not seem to mind.

"We'll take his particulars, sergeant, and leave the doctor to turn him down."

The doctor did not turn me down. When he saw me he grinned all over his face. He looked at my paper and made me mad at the very first question he asked.

"Have you ever been in a show, Briggs?"

"Show, sir? Why should I have been in a show? Do you mean as one of the audience?"

Something in my tone caught his ear. He glanced up; eyed me steadily; his own tone changed. He spoke dryly.

"I can't quite tell you what was in my mind, but I presume you have not been. Are you aware what is the minimum height for the Army?"

"Yes, sir. I am. Where do you measure

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us, sir?" He pointed to a metal rule with a movable head which stood against the wall. I went up to it. "I see, sir. If you'll allow me to measure myself I think I may prove that I'm up to the regulation height."

"Thank you, Briggs. Your offer to save trouble by measuring yourself is a good one. If you're pretty certain you're right, we'll enter you. As to your other measurements, I'm afraid I shall have to take those myself."

He did—I was glad of it; everything was all right there. I passed with flying colours. As the doctor put it:—

"If you were two or three inches taller you'd be a well-proportioned man, Briggs. Your chest measurement, lungs, heart, and that sort of thing are all right; if anything, you're above the average of a man of five-foot-six. Your sight seems curiously good. I've a notion that it won't be long before you're proving it. Promising young men are badly wanted. You'll be fighting for King and Country before you know it."

My word! It bucked me up to hear him talk like that. I wanted to say, "Thank you," but thought I'd better not. They took my measurements for my kit and I went to my first drill that very morning.

"Regulation uniform will want a little altering for you, my lad," said the man who was in the tailor's shop. "All our clothes are made to certain stock sizes; none of them will fit you—you're both too small and too big. However, if they've made up their minds at head-quarters which regiment you're going to be drafted into, I have no doubt we can turn your lordship out to your entire satisfaction in less than no time."

We were a funny crowd in the drill-ground. It reminded me of some of those troupes you see at music-halls—beginning with me at five-foot-nothing, and going up to a chap of six-foot-ten.

This I will say—take it on the whole, those chaps were as bright as needles—and as sharp—yes, and as keen. It was plain that all they wanted was to be turned into soldiers in the shortest possible space of time. And I was willing to bet a trifle that jolly fine soldiers they would make. I don't want to say a word against the chap who's forced into the Army against his will and hating it; according to what we hear sometimes, he makes a good soldier too. But don't tell me that your raw hand, who is eager to fight for his country in her time of need, will not make a good soldier too—and perhaps in a shorter time than the other chap.

They had got a temporary building at Camberwell; till orders came to send us on to the regiments to which we were to be attached they gave me a shake-down there. Time was so precious that none of it was wasted. We not only had field drill to go through, but other drills. You would be surprised if you knew how much there was to be learned.

We were at liberty after a certain hour, and when that first day I got to the gates, there was Dora waiting. There was quite a small crowd of girls, all waiting for their fellows. I can't tell you how proud I felt as I walked home with Dora—a bit beyond myself, I was, and more.

"So they've accepted you?" asked Dora. I knew from the way she looked at me that she was reckoning me up. The way she did it so confused me that I daresay I put on more swank than I should have done had I been more master of myself.

"Accepted? Rather! Didn't you think I should be accepted? I'm going to be a corporal next week—if not sooner."

"Sam! No, are you really?" The serious way she took me was a bit of a facer. I laughed.

"Well, perhaps not quite next week. I don't think they give even first-rate soldiers their stripes quite as soon as that." She had brought me an evening paper. There were no definite news in it, but it was full of blood and thunder. Men were fighting everywhere. English, French, and Belgians were standing shoulder to shoulder, bent on keeping the German peril back. "I tell you what, Dora," I added. "If I'm not exactly a corporal next week, very soon——" I paused and I looked up at the darkening sky. Something seemed to catch me in the throat. "I'll be fighting for King and Country."

She looked at me. I caught her putting up her handkerchief to her eyes, as my mother did; only her handkerchief was a great deal smaller than the mater's.

"Dora," I asked, "what is the matter? Why are you doing that?"

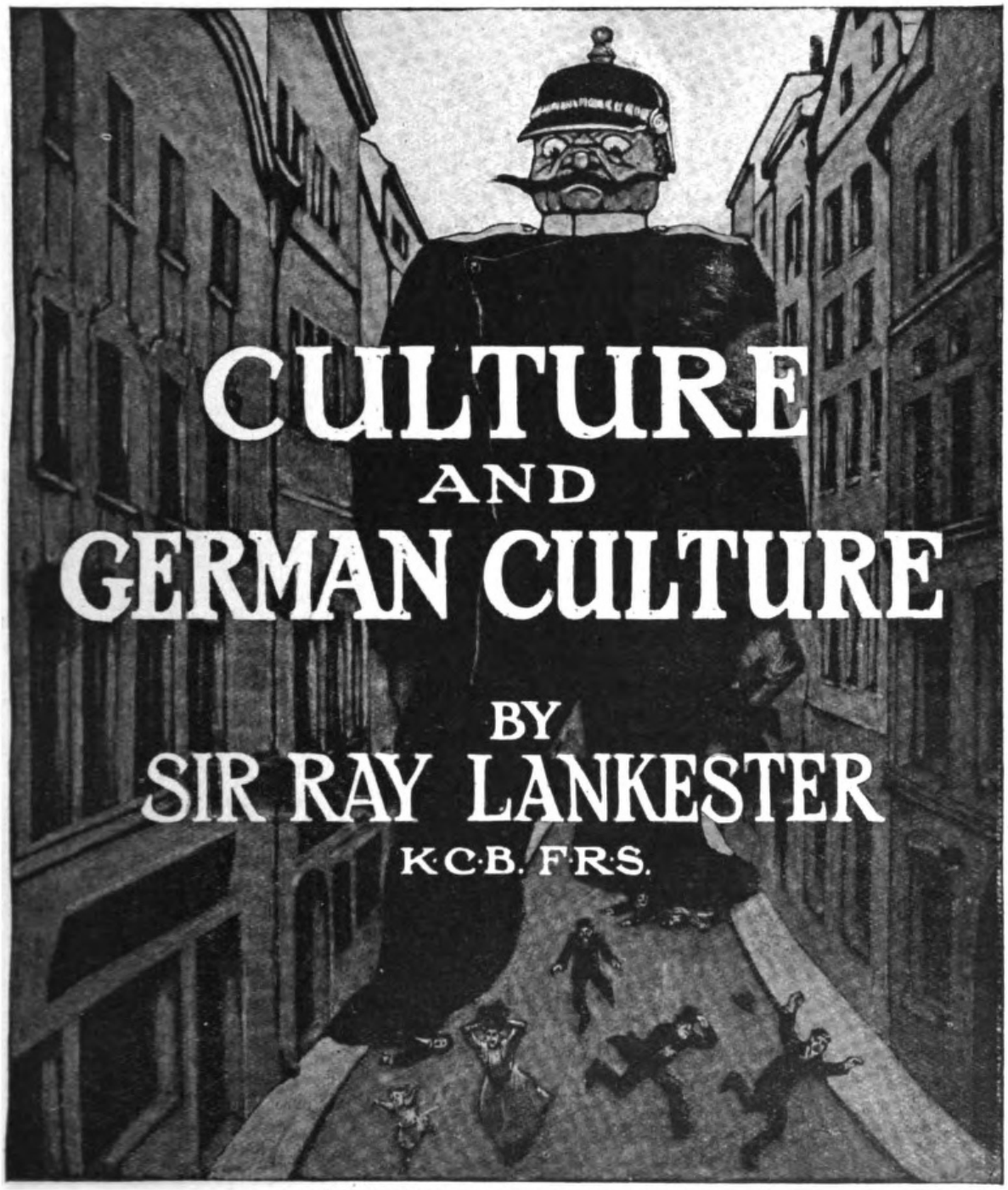
"It's only—Sam, it's only because I'm glad."

There was something in her voice which made me wonder.

"Put your arm in mine," I told her. She did. We walked homewards arm-in-arm—more silent, somehow, than I had meant to be.

[*Further experiences of Sam Briggs as a soldier will appear next month.*]

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CULTURE AND GERMAN CULTURE

BY SIR RAY LANKESTER

K.C.B. F.R.S.

"THROUGH DARKEST GERMANY."
From "Simplicissimus."

THE GERMANS' CLAIM FOR THEIR CULTURE.

THE civilized world has been shocked by the reiterated statement of German leading men, who undoubtedly represent the conviction of the large majority of those Germans capable of considering such a matter at all, that the war now raging in Europe has been deliberately planned and is being carried on by them for the arrogant purpose of establishing "German culture" and imposing it upon all the nations of the earth—for their good.

The circular, issued since the war began, by a number of University professors, sought to excuse the steady preparation by Kaiser Wilhelm for the murder of his neighbours—whilst professing friendship for them and devotion to peace—on the ground of the importance to mankind of what they called "our cultural achievements." On the same

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ground the world was asked to condone the even viler crime of attacking and ravaging innocent Belgium, a country which the German Government was formally bound by solemn contract ("a scrap of paper") to protect.

These German professors actually propose that the murderous greed and contemptible treachery which have, during two centuries, marked the steady growth of the Hohenzollerns' power should be regarded as non-existent because they have been accompanied by astuteness and ability in organizing both the intellectual and military resources of the subjugated German people. They appear to think that, if you profess to be acting in the service of a mumbo-jumbo culture, murder becomes no crime and robbery an act of philanthropy. The murderous seizure of Slesvig-Holstein, of Alsace-Lorraine, of Hanover, Brunswick, and other territories in the past, and the contemplated murder of Frenchmen and Englishmen with a view to plundering and destroying their cities by fire and sword cease, according to these preposterous professors, to be crimes when effected in the name of German culture, and become deeds of beauty and virtue. Even at the moment when the civilized world stood aghast at the treachery of the German attack on Belgium, the brutality of their soldiery, and the barbarity of their destruction of great cities and historical monuments, the President of the Prussian Diet declared, in an address to that body delivered on October 22nd, 1914, that the German armies were engaged in the fulfilment of "the great Kultur-mission of the German people among the nations of the earth."

Such unctuous professions can only be regarded as inflated nonsense, the utterance of minds disordered by conceit and debauched by Prussian tyranny. The Germans' happy dream of brotherhood and a united fatherland with which, as it existed years ago, we all sympathized, has been transformed by the malign influence of the Prussian military party into a hideous obsession of murder and brigandage.

To English-speaking people the attempt to justify the infamy of Germany by the pretence that through its operation German culture is being spread, appears to be either a shameless jest or else the result of a national illusion which is of the nature of "collective dementia"—a mental disease not unknown to students of such matters. One is reminded by it of the brutal enforcement of Christianity—the religion of love, of peace, and good-will among men—by the Spanish conquerors of South America, who used for that purpose what we to-day know as "German methods."

Meaning of the Word "Culture."

There is, however, underlying this impression a misconception. The word "culture" has in our own language a variety of meanings, of which the one most readily suggested by the recent German talk of "German Kultur" is that which we owe to Matthew Arnold, by whose followers it was made into a shibboleth. "Culture," wrote Matthew Arnold in his "Literature and Dogma," "is the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world." In fact, Arnold availed himself of the well-known rhetorical form called "hyperbolé" and created confusion and misconception by its use. He meant by "culture" what *he* considered to be the best kind of mental culture, and the only kind worthy of the name—namely, a well-directed training in literature and history.

It is not in this sense (as English people are liable to suppose) that the Germans are now using the word "Kultur"—but in a wider sense which we can best appreciate by considering the original meaning of the word "culture." The Latin word *cultura* is connected with the verb *colere*—to plough, and simply means tillage—the preparation of the earth for the reception of seed. It has long been applied by both French and English writers to the training of the mind—the youthful mind being thus fancifully regarded as "unfurrowed soil" or "an unweeded garden." Hobbes, in his "Leviathan," published in 1651, says: "The education of children is a culture of their minds"; and Sir Thomas More writes of "the culture and profit of their myndes."

Just as every crop of the earth may be the object of a special and appropriate "culture," so may each crop or activity of the human mind and body, and so may the characteristic activities of each group of humanity, whether class, race, people, or nation. "Culture" is thus seen to become naturally and logically a term of biological science applicable to the control and direction by humanity of the growth, development, and activities of living things, including, as by far its more important part, the control and direction of the growth, development, and activities — mental as well as corporeal, national as well as individual—of humanity itself.

It is in this sense that the word has gradually advanced into use of late years. Already in

1876 Freeman wrote in his "Norman Conquest" of those who had to deal with "a language and culture which was wholly alien to them." Tylor, the anthropologist, wrote of "Primitive Culture" when discussing the early state of mankind.

The best example which I can find of the use of the word "culture" in this sense (which is that in which it is now employed by the German apologists of Prussian infamy and its "Kultur-mission") is in a well-known book published at Göttingen in 1857—several years before Matthew Arnold's unfortunate misappropriation of the word. This book is Hermann's "Culturgeschichte der Griechen und Romer." In his preface the author says: "Culture is for a people what education is for an individual, provided that we use the word 'education' not in its narrow pedagogic sense, but as comprising all those influences to which both the intellectual and material condition and development are subjected in the course of life."

The name "Culturkampf," or "Culture-struggle," was invented by Karl Blind, in 1872, for the struggle in Prussia between the "Freisinnige," or Secularists, and the Catholic Church for the support of the State. It was a struggle, not for the triumph of "culture" in the Arnoldian sense, but about the influence to be accorded to or withheld from the Catholic Church in the Prussian State over "culture," in the wide sense explained above.

German Culture Becomes Kaiserism.

The "culture-struggle" assumed a new character when William II., the present Kaiser, came to the throne. He took German culture into his own hands, and completely altered its previous features. He made it his business—not only by his own speeches, but by the aid of inventors of history such as Treischke—to appeal to the inflammable imagination of the German people, especially the University students, as a romantic figure, the descendant and present embodiment of mediæval heroes, the war-lord and arbiter of their destinies, the repository of all knowledge, art, and true religion, himself the head and leader of the culture of the Teutonic world. He presented himself as a demi-god clad in shining armour, perpetually defying the enemies of the Father-land, and ready with his mailed fist to punish foreign aggressors. On the other hand, he appealed to the German world as the father of his people, ready to help them in all true progress, in all social amelioration, in all commercial enterprise, but—demanding as his right their implicit obedience, the dedication of their youth to drastic military discipline, and, if he should so decree, the sacrifice of their lives in war without question or thought as to its origin or purpose.

The Emperor, in fact, successfully imposed military absolutism, and himself as its exponent, upon German culture—in other words, as Hermann says, upon "all those influences to which both the intellectual and material condition and development of the German people are subject." Henceforth German culture became Kaiserism. The great "Kultur-mission" of the German people among the nations of the earth, of which German leaders tell us, is nothing more nor less than the attempt to realize the infamous purpose of the Hohenzollerns—namely, that of seizing, by the use of murder, secret cunning, and barbarous cruelty, the property and persons of the other nations of the earth for the gross material profit of Germans and their Prussian masters. Hence it is not really a misuse of terms when Germans claim that "the higher interests of German Kultur" justify and ennoble the burning of Louvain and Malines, the bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims, and the torture and slaughter of Belgian women, children, and old men. Their claim is not a mock nor an excuse. These methods of "frightfulness" and barbarism are approved by the Kaiser, and are, in fact, an integral part of the culture with which the German people now are saturated. It should perhaps be called "Hohenzollern Kultur" rather than "German Kultur," for it has been created by the Hohenzollerns, and will cease when they are obliterated.

The Emperor William II.

It is a truly marvellous thing that this man, who suffers from a morbid condition of both body and brain, whom most Englishmen have regarded as a megalomaniac, should have been able to infect the whole German people with his insane audacity and his infamous lack of honour and morality. It implies great and exceptional understanding, vast patience, and histrionic capacity on his part. It is obvious that concurrently there must have been a childish receptivity, a dullness of mind, and a helpless subservience widely spread among the German people, who have been hypnotized by the Kaiser and used by him for his mad projects. Before the war of 1870-71 comparatively few of the Germans had been converted by the Prussians, whom, as a rule, they hated. They were an easygoing, sentimental, hard-working, fairly honest people whom no one disliked. Their complete change

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of attitude and action under the present Kaiser is like nothing so much as the sudden transformation which we have seen in this country of large numbers of hitherto decent, well-behaved, and harmless women into mad viragoes, burning houses and breaking windows, and shouting "Votes for women!" There is more than a mere superficial resemblance between these mad women and the deluded German people who burn and ravage their neighbours' lands, shouting, "Kultur!" and "Deutschland über alles!" Just as we find the leading suffragettes declaring the superiority of women to men in morals and intelligence, so do we find leading Germans, such as Dr. Adorf Lasson, Privy Councillor and Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin, deliberately and solemnly proclaiming "the immeasurable superiority of Germany and the Germans in morals and intelligence to all the other nations and peoples of the world." An American writer in the *New York Times* of October 30th observes that the letter in which Professor Lasson makes this claim on behalf of Germany "goes to the furthest conceivable limits of vanity, arrogance, and bad manners." He discusses the question of Lasson's sanity.

Kaiserism, the German "culture" of to-day, is, of course, the sequel of the great victory over France in 1870-71. It is based on the conviction of invincibility, which was carefully nurtured in the German mind after the war, and has been favoured by the demoralizing effect of the enormous commercial prosperity which too rapidly followed. The enjoyment of the plunder brought into German hands by the robbery of France led to the dishonest craving for more, which, it seemed, was ready, in Belgium, France, and England, to the hand of a well-armed and unscrupulous thief.

The Kaiser has appreciated and taken full advantage of the sudden convulsion of German thought and feeling due to the portentous victories of 1870-71. His special talent has consisted in throwing a mixed glamour of old German romance, of Lutheran godliness, of military and professorial omniscience around a purpose so sordid and bloodthirsty that the majority of the German people could not have tolerated it had they not been befooled and had they not, in addition to that, been held down by an irresistible military organization. Such is the German Kultur of to-day and its mission.

THE GERMANS' PLACE IN ART AND IN SCIENCE.

Apart from the consideration of the characteristics and significance of the present phase of German culture with which we have, so far, been concerned, it is interesting to examine, however briefly, the special "culture" in the different branches of Art and of Science which existed in Germany in the last century, both before and since the blight of Prussian Kaiserism descended on her. Racial qualities, together with political and social conditions and the influences of past history, determine the relative excellence and fecundity of different nationalities in different branches of artistic creation and scientific discovery. Taking them all into consideration it is the fact that the Germans have not been, as a people, more generally productive in these matters than their neighbours in other European lands, but, so far as quality rather than quantity is in question, rather less so. Probably the restriction of capacity to a gifted few among the population, contrasted with a vast majority incapable of either production or appreciation, is more marked in Germany than in Italy, France, or Britain. The distinctive excellence in the nineteenth century of Germany, including German Austria, has been in music. If we were to attempt to estimate closely the influence of actual "race" in these matters we should become hopelessly involved, for our modern nationalities are mixtures of many races, of which one may be predominant in number and another in influence. Beethoven, the greatest of all composers of music, was of Flemish descent; other great German musicians were of Jewish race, others Slavonic, others Hungarian. The ethnological questions must be left aside in estimating the value of the contributions of a people to art or to science. The important fact is that it was under German conditions of life, among German people—in fact, as results of the "German culture" of their day, that Bach, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Brahms, and Wagner (not to mention others) existed and accomplished their work. No present aberration of German culture can remove the glory of these great creators from the German name. Such *was* Germany. It is noted by those most competent to make such an observation that Germany has produced no great composers to compare with these since the war of 1870-71 and the establishment of the Hohenzollern Kultur. In the nineteenth century both Italy and France also produced great musical composers whose works possess a charm distinct from that of the Germans. It is in Russia that the further development of music is now proceeding.

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THE GIANT UNMASKS.

THIS PICTURE, FROM THE GERMAN COMIC PAPER "JUGEND," THOUGH INTENDED FOR AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PURPOSE, MAY WELL PASS AS A FINE ALLEGORICAL ILLUSTRATION OF WHAT REALLY LIES BEHIND THE MASK OF GERMAN CULTURE.

Whilst the Germans have been the greatest of the nations in music they have been almost negligible in painting and sculpture for more than a hundred years. Also in the pure art of literary expression—putting aside lyrical and dramatic poetry—Germany has no distinction, no recognition beyond her own borders. Goethe, who belongs rather to the eighteenth than the nineteenth century, not only was the author of delightful songs, but a great dramatist and prose-writer. He was singularly unlike the modern German in his

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wide range of study in both art and science, and in his want of interest in war and patriotic struggles. Heine, the only great German lyric poet of the nineteenth century, was a delightful and keen-witted Jew. He was a bitter enemy of the Prussian tyranny and had to suffer exile in France in order to escape Prussian vengeance.

In the study of history, philology, and the natural sciences the Germans have attained great reputation and distinction during the past century, but this distinction does not arise from the occurrence among them of men of great original and creative gift such as are their musicians, but rather from a remarkable tendency to laborious and patient accumulation of detailed knowledge which has been cultivated and organized by the German University system. The large number of persons thus employed by the State in scientific research has led to a large output, but not to originality.

It is true that the Germans have, more than other peoples, a tendency to mysticism and a gift for the speculations of metaphysics, in which their University professors have a very high reputation among those who value such efforts of ingenuity. But in the field of scientific research, whether directed to human "history" and development or to the sciences known as biology, geology, chemistry, physics, and astronomy, the Germans, in the past century, have not produced first-class discoverers or pioneers in any marked proportion. Scientific discovery may be divided into two kinds—first, that which is the result of bold, independent speculation confirmed by ingenious experiment or observation, and secondly, that which consists in applying the result of such original discovery and theory due to others—to additional instances, extending its application and correcting and establishing it in detail. A large army of trained workers devoid of any special insight or talent, but steadily working under professorial direction, is conducive to this second and inferior kind of discovery. Such an army is provided by the organization of the laboratories in German Universities. Thus we get a voluminous output of useful scientific work from Germany, but proportionately little or no discovery of great importance. Such workers are often less effective than they might be when, as is largely the case in Germany, they are specialists ignorant of subjects having important bearings on that to which they devote themselves. They thus fail to make real progress in discovery and often fall into ludicrous blunders and misconceptions through ignorance.

The nineteenth century, inheriting the great achievements of earlier Italian and English discoverers, was a period of extraordinarily abundant discovery in all branches of science and of the formulation of great generalizations which changed man's conception of his own nature and history and of that of the universe around him. The Germans have not borne a large part—certainly not so large a share as either France or England—in the making of these discoveries. Their present leaders and publicists are so filled with conceit and illusion that they foolishly and ignorantly boast, and would lead their followers to imagine, that all science, all knowledge, all progress has been made by Germans. The reverse of this is the truth. Comparatively few discoveries of great importance in science have been made by Germans or in German laboratories, though Germans have worked up and followed out the discoveries made by other peoples.

The most important scientific discovery made in Germany in the nineteenth century, and one which is truly brilliant in the results which have followed from it in many different directions, is that of "spectrum analysis"—the detection and recognition of the chemical elements by means of the bright lines which are characteristic of the spectrum of the light given off by each when in the incandescent state, and the identification of these bright lines with the innumerable dark lines of the solar spectrum. That is the discovery of Kirschoff and Bunsen in 1860, following up the earlier observations of another German—Frauenhoffer.

Spectrum analysis at once gave us what the philosopher Comte had selected as an example of a thing which was conceivable and yet impossible—namely, the knowledge of the chemical elements existing in the sun. In the hands of English astronomers it has led to other most unexpected knowledge.

With this exception the Germans of the nineteenth century have not made fundamental discoveries in physics or chemistry, such as those due to Humphry Davy, Oersted, Faraday, Dalton (the atomic theory), Avogadro, Joule (the mechanical theory of heat), Thomas Graham (osmosis and the colloid state), Stokes (fluorescence), and the French investigators, Gay Lussac, Regnault, Fizeau, and Foucault (velocity of light).

On the other hand, they have produced many contributors to chemical science of considerable merit, such as Wohler, Liebig, Bunsen,

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HOLOFERNES.
THIS STUDY OF THE ASSYRIAN WARRIOR, BY A GERMAN ARTIST, HAS A STRIKING MODERN APPLICATION.
From "Jugend."

and Hoffman, who stand side by side with Laurent and Gerhardt, Marcellin Berthelot, Frankland, and others of non-German nationality. In physics the most distinguished German investigator and writer of the later half of the past century was Helmholtz. He occupies a worthy place alongside the remarkable Cambridge filiation of physicists, Stokes, Kelvin, Maxwell, Rayleigh, and J. J. Thomson, but his work does not equal in importance that of any one of the latter. When we come to the Kaiser Wilhelm period (the last five-and-twenty years) it is distinctly the fact that in the great fields of chemistry and physics the number of contributions made by Germans of really original discovery, in

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proportion to those made by other nationalities, has diminished rather than increased. And I gather from competent critics that this is true also of philological and historical investigation. It is noticeable that German investigators have had little or no share in the epoch-making discovery of radio-activity, or of radium itself, and its astonishing properties, which is due firstly to the French *savants*, Henri Becquerel (1896) and Curie (1898), and in its later stages to the Englishmen, Rutherford, Ramsay, and Soddy. The new gaseous element, argon, a constituent of the atmosphere, was discovered by Rayleigh and Ramsay, and other new gaseous elements by the latter. The Germans have had no part in these fundamental discoveries, made in quite recent years.

Though credit is due and is given to the German, Röntgen, for the discovery of the penetrating X-rays of light, it is yet the fact that it was the investigations and discoveries of Sir William Crookes (to whom we also owe the discovery of a new metallic element, thallium) which immediately led Röntgen to the study of the special and useful X-rays. In the Kaiser period we have had no work in the great science of chemistry from the Germans approaching in importance to the theoretical consideration of the serial relations of the elements as indicated by their atomic weights, published in the same period by the Russian Mendeléeff; nor such fine investigation of pure scientific interest as that of the French chemist Moissan, on the element fluorine, and on the artificial production of diamonds. The German chemists of the empire have, it is true, been very busy, and have done interesting and ingenious work in what is called the synthesis of chemical substances of organic origin—that is to say, the building up in the laboratory from available commercial materials of elaborate compounds ordinarily built up in the course of the life of plants. Such, for instance, are the colouring matter of madder and of indigo. The fact that the success of these syntheses is a matter of vast commercial profit and of only minor scientific significance, because involving no new conceptions or methods, is characteristic of modern German work.

When we inquire as to the original and path-breaking discoveries of the nineteenth century in other sciences, such as geology, zoology, botany, and physiology, we find that the Germans took a fair and useful share in some of them before 1870, but that since then a decline in the scientific interest attaching to their work is observable. Geology in the earlier part of the century was put on a sound footing by the Scotsman, Charles Lyell, and has never been much advanced by German workers. The discovery of the former extension of glaciers and of the recent existence of a glacial period in the northern hemisphere is due to the Swiss naturalist, Louis Agassiz. It was Cuvier, the great French zoologist, who made the first discoveries in palæontology, the history of life on the earth, and of the ancestral forms of living animals and plants. Its most striking later developments have been due to English, French, and American naturalists. The most revolutionary of all such discoveries as to life on the earth in past geologic ages are those by which it has been established that man has existed for at least half a million years on this planet, and has left his flint implements and other works of art and handicraft in cave deposits and gravels of vast age. The convincing evidence on this subject collected by the French antiquary, Boucher de Perthes, was accepted by the scientific world in 1859, and since then the French have pursued the subject with splendid results. English contributions have also been important, but nothing of any originality has been made by a German.

In the exploration of the deep sea and of distant lands, the pioneer work in the last hundred years has been done by the English and the French. The Germans have, as usual, failed to show any initiative.

The theory of the origin of species is an outcome of such exploration and is due to the Englishmen, Darwin and Wallace. Great as is, and has been, its influence on all lines of thought, the Germans have had little or nothing to do with it beyond accepting it with enthusiasm at first, and then misunderstanding and misrepresenting it. Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, built himself up on it, and so did August Weissman, of Freiburg.

There are in the last century great German names in the study of the comparative anatomy of animals, those of Johannes Müller and Carl Gegenbaur, and in botany there are those of De Bary and Cohn, standing among the very first. These great teachers perhaps surpass any of their contemporaries in other countries in the importance of their work and their influence on the pupils who worked in their laboratories and became in their turn great teachers. But the Germans have produced no man with so great an originality and importance in biological discovery as Charles Darwin, nor one who has had so great an influence on the thought of the whole civilized world. Nor have they had a

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discoverer and great public teacher of such accomplishment, of so lucid and arresting an appeal, and of so richly stored and so cultured a mind as Huxley. No German discovery in zoology has been so important in its influence on all subsequent work as that of the Russian, Kowalewsky, in 1866, as to the essential identity of the growth from the egg of the Ascidian with that of the vertebrate Lancelet.

In botany, though the Germans have led (not far in front of the French) in the last century, in regard to the discovery of the minute structure of plants and of the life histories of the microscopic moulds and algæ, they have no one who can be placed alongside of Joseph Hooker, the traveller-botanist, the discoverer of great principles arising from the geographical distribution of the earth's flora, and the organizer and director of the apparatus necessary for botanical investigations—namely, the workshops, herbarium, and living collections of the Royal Gardens at Kew, the most perfect botanical institution in the world, and the envy of all nations.

In physiology and the study of the activities of the various organs of the animal body in disease as well as in health, the importance given in the numerous German Universities to the organization of the making of new knowledge by the professors and their pupils has led to an abundant and valuable output. Johannes Müller, the greatest of his day, was professor of human anatomy, comparative anatomy, and of physiology in Berlin from 1833 to 1858. His pupils, Du Bois Reymond and Karl Ludwig, have been the leaders of physiological research. Another, Theodore Schwann, is renowned for his cell-theory of organic structure, and was the first to show that putrescence is due to the living chemical activity of bacteria.

The Germans did not appreciate and pursue the discovery of their compatriot Schwann, and consequently the chief merit in the saving of humanity from the ravages of bacterial disease belongs to Pasteur. Lister, by conclusive experiment, showed that Pasteur's conclusions must be applied to the explanation of the deadly suppuration of wounds, and introduced the antiseptic system of surgery by which microbes are prevented from gaining access to wounded surfaces. The greatest recent advances in the germ-theory of disease and immunity have been made in the Institut Pasteur in Paris by Metschnikoff, the discoverer of the part played by those corpuscles of the blood and tissues known as "phagocytes."

PERSONAL.

Whilst I have endeavoured to point out in this article the deplorable change which has taken place in "German culture" in the last forty years, and the baselessness of the assertions made by the reckless and arrogant trumpeters of Berlin as to the superiority of Germany in Art and in Science over other nations — a claim which, by its mere audacity and insolence, is apt to impose on the general public — I cannot put down my pen without recording my affectionate regard for the Germans of a past generation with whom I studied in the old days, and my debt to the examples in thoroughness of work and in organization of scientific investigation by which I benefited in German laboratories at a time when there were few or no laboratories in England. I worked with Stricker in Vienna in the winter of 1869-70, with Ludwig in Leipzig in the winter of 1871, and in Jena, with Haeckel and Gegenbaur, in the spring of 1871. The old traditional "culture" of the Germans was then still flourishing. Simplicity of life, love of music, and thoroughness, industry, and unbounded patience in intellectual work were its leading characteristics. I remember that shortly after the German empire had been proclaimed at Versailles my venerated teacher, Professor Karl Ludwig—in whose laboratory I was carrying on researches in experimental physiology, together with my life-long friend, H. P. Bowditch (afterwards professor at Harvard, Mass.), and others since known to fame — asked me to take a country walk with him. As we strolled along he said: "Now, dear friend, your fellow-countrymen will no longer say, as they did of Prince Albert, the Consort of your Queen, 'He is only a German.'" I assured the professor that I and my friends had no such feeling as was suggested by the words "only a German," but, on the contrary, a great admiration for German thoroughness and German intelligence. In the course of the following years I saw the legitimate satisfaction at being no longer "only a German," as expressed by Ludwig, developed in a younger generation into ill-mannered self-assertion and aggressive conduct in various walks of life. In my student days the Prussians were hated in Vienna and Jena, and even in Saxony. They seem to have taken possession of the later generations and to have completely perverted, not only the manners, but the moral sense of the German people.

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WAS HE MAD?



From the Russian of LEONIDAS ANDREEV.

Illustrated by Gerald Leake, R.B.A.

Leonidas Andreev and Maxim Gorky are the most illustrious representatives of the Russian literature of to-day. Gorky's works have become widely known in this country, but Andreev, a man of far greater power, has yet to be made familiar to readers of our language.

Andreev was born in 1871 at Orel, of middle-class parents, and lost his father while he was still at college. His family was reduced to poverty, and Andreev attempted to solve the difficult problem of pursuing his studies and of gaining his living by giving lessons at a miserably small price. "I knew black poverty," he says, "during my first years at the University of St. Petersburg. I was often hungry, and it has happened to me that I had nothing whatever to eat for two days at a time."

His first attempts at writing had no success, and he was reduced to such extremities that, weary of life, he attempted to commit suicide. "In January, 1894," he states, "I fired a revolver at my head, but without success. I did not succeed in killing myself, and during my recovery I made fresh attempts at writing, but still without success. I did better with painting, which I had been fond of since my childhood. I painted a few portraits for five to ten roubles apiece." Finally, in 1897 he was called to the Bar at Moscow, but, not succeeding in obtaining any clients, he passed some time in reporting law cases for the newspapers.

At last, however, his work began to attract the notice of editors, and a year later he published the following story, "Was He Mad?" which proved for him to be the last of his days of privation and the beginning of his fame.

This tale is a "problem story," which, in its grimness, is quite worthy of Edgar Allan Poe. This strange work received the honour of a special sitting by the Institute of Brain-Specialists of St. Petersburg, and these experts held a long discussion on the state of mind of the chief character in the story. The opinions of the leading members of the medical world were much divided. The newspapers and reviews then took up the discussion, which—very much as in the case of Hamlet— created a wide interest. The story is here translated into English for the first time.

ON December 11th, 1900, Dr. Antony Ignatievitch Kerjentzef, a physician, committed a murder. The circumstances of the crime, together with certain occurrences which had preceded it, seemed to point to some abnormality in the mental condition of the murderer.

Kerjentzef was taken to the Elizabeth Psychological Establishment for examination. There he was subjected to the strictest

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observation of several experienced brain-specialists, amongst whom was the late Professor Djemnitsky.

A month after his admission to the hospital Dr. Kerjentzef presented the specialists with a memorandum in which he gave explanations of what had happened. We print here some extracts from this document, which, added to information from other sources, formed the basis of the medico-legal report. It is addressed to the brain-specialists of St. Petersburg.

I.

UNTIL this moment, gentlemen, I have withheld the truth, but now I feel compelled to reveal it. When you know it, you will understand that this affair is not so simple as it may appear to the superficial observer. It is not merely one of those acts which lead to the strait-jacket and the chain. It has an element of something infinitely more serious, which, I venture to think, will interest you.

The man whom I killed, Alexis Constantinovitch Savielof, had been my chum at school and at the university, although our studies were not the same; for, as you are aware, I am a physician, while *he* qualified himself for the law. It can scarcely be said that I disliked him; I found him always sympathetic, and I never had a more intimate friend. Yet, in spite of all his amiable characteristics, he was not a person capable of inspiring me with respect. The sweetness and amazing humility of his nature, his strange inconstancy of ideas and sentiments, the extreme violence of his ever-versatile opinions, compelled me to regard him as a child or a woman. Persons closely associated with him suffered often by reason of his temperament. At the same time—so illogical is human nature!—they loved him greatly, and tried to find an excuse for his faults and for their attachment to him by labelling him "artistic." Such was the potency of this vague word that for some time I myself

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shared the general opinion, and willingly condoned the little faults of Alexis. "Little," I say advisedly; for he was incapable of anything great, even in the way of faults. In proof of this I need only cite his literary productions, all of which are paltry and banal, however much they may be praised by certain short-sighted critics, ever on the look-out for new talent. They are beautiful nonentities, just as their author was always a beautiful nonentity.

Alexis, at the time of his death, was thirty-one years of age; that is to say, about a year and a half younger than myself.

Alexis was married. If you have seen his wife only as a widow, you can form no idea of what she formerly was, for she has lost much. Her cheeks are grey, and the skin of her face has become lined and wrinkled like a worn-out glove. She loved her husband so much! Her eyes, too, do not sparkle now; they no longer laugh, whereas formerly they were always laughing. I saw her only for a moment, by chance, at the police-court, and I was struck by the change in her. She had not even the spirit to fling a furious glance at me. Poor woman!

Three persons only—Alexis, I, and Tatiana—knew that five years ago (two years before the marriage of Alexis) I had proposed to Tatiana, and had been rejected. But that is a stupid thing to say—that there were only three. Tatiana has, no doubt, a circle of friends, male and female, all of whom are perfectly well acquainted with the fact that Dr. Kerjentzef once desired to marry her, and that he suffered the humiliation of a refusal.

I wonder if she remembers having laughed at that moment? She had then so many occasions for laughter! But remind her of this—*on the fifth of September she laughed.* If she denies it—and deny it she will—remind her again that she *laughed.* I, the strong man, who had never shed tears, who had never known fear, stood trembling before her. And as I stood and trembled I saw her bite her lip. I stretched out my arms to embrace her; she raised her eyes, and those eyes laughed. My arms dropped. She began to laugh, and laughed for a long time—as long as it pleased her to do so. Then, however, she apologized.

"Pray pardon me!" she said, and her eyes laughed still. I, too, smiled, and if I could have forgiven her for laughing, never could I have forgiven myself for that smile!

This happened on the fifth of September, at six o'clock in the evening by St. Petersburg time. I say "St. Petersburg time," because we were at that moment on the platform of the station, and I still see distinctly the great white dial of the clock and the position of its black hands; one above, the other below. Moreover, Alexis was killed at six o'clock precisely. It is a singular coincidence, but one which suggests many things to a discerning man.

One of the reasons assigned for my internment here is the lack of motive for the crime. Do you now admit the existence of a motive? Obviously it was not jealousy. *That* presupposes an ardent temperament, not that of a cold-natured and reasonable man such as I am. Revenge? Yes, that is more like it, if one must needs employ an old word to define a new and unknown feeling. It is necessary to say that Tatiana for the second time proved me in the wrong—a thing which has always angered me. Knowing Alexis so well, I felt sure that Tatiana, married to him, would be very unhappy, and would regret her refusal of me. For this reason I had done all in my power to forward her marriage with Alexis, who at the time of my proposal was already in love with her. Only a month before his tragic death he had said to me:—

"I owe my happiness to you. Is it not so, Tania?" he added, turning towards his wife.

She looked at me and murmured, "Yes." Her eyes smiled. I smiled also. We all laughed as Alexis embraced Tatiana—for they had no shyness or restraint before me.

"Yes, my friend," said Alexis, "you lost the game."

This jest, so out of place, and so utterly tactless, shortened his life by a week at least. I had at first decided not to kill him until December the eighteenth.

Yes, married life was sweet to those two. Tatiana, especially, was very happy. Alexis did not love her passionately; he was, indeed, incapable of any deep affection. His "hobby" was literature, with which he occupied himself to the partial exclusion of domesticities. But she! She loved only him, and lived for him alone. Then, too, he was not in good health. He had frequent headaches; he suffered from insomnia, and this evidently worried him. But to nurse him in his illnesses and to satisfy his caprices was blessedness supreme for Tatiana. Because, when a woman loves, her personality is completely submerged.

Thus every day I saw her smiling face—young, beautiful, care-free. And I thought, "It is *I* who am the cause of this. I willed to chain her to an unworthy husband in

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order that she might realize what she had lost by rejecting *me*, and, instead of that, I have given her the man whom she loved!" You will understand the singularity of my position. She was more intellectual than her husband. She liked to talk with me, and after we had conversed together she would quite happily leave me for her husband's arms.

I cannot recollect when the idea of killing Alexis first entered my head; I only know that it became at once as familiar as though it had been born with me. I know that I had a strong desire to inflict suffering upon Tatiana, and that at first I considered many other means of achieving my object—means less dangerous for Alexis. I have always been opposed to needless cruelty.

Concerning the taking of a man's life I had no scruples. I knew that this was a crime severely punished by the law. But then nearly all our actions are crimes of one sort or another.

I had no fear of myself, and that is the great thing. For the murderer, the criminal, the supreme terror is not that of the police, the judge, or the sentence. It is *himself* that he has to fear—his nerves, the powerful protestation of his whole being, reared, as it has been, in conformity with certain traditions. I have pondered long upon this subject. I have minutely studied it, recalling my own experiences after the murder.

I do not say that I arrived at an absolute certainty of my own calmness and stability—such an assurance could scarcely come to a thoughtful man who has regard to all possibilities. But after carefully collecting and weighing all the data supplied by my past, and taking into account my will-power, the perfect steadiness of my nerves, my profound and sincere contempt for current moral values, I felt that I could reckon with comparative certainty upon the success of my enterprise.

And now that my purpose has been accomplished, does my conscience reproach me? Have I any remorse, any feeling of repentance? Absolutely none.

I feel pain—indeed, horrible pain—such as no other man in the world has ever experienced, and my hair is turning grey. But that is another thing. *Quite* another thing. Something terrible, unexpected, incredible in its horrible simplicity.

II.

This was the problem which I had to solve. I had to kill Alexis. I wished Tatiana to know that it was I who had killed her husband. At the same time, I desired to avoid the legal penalty of my act. To say nothing of the fact that my punishment would afford needless satisfaction to Tatiana, I had (like most other people) a decided disinclination to go to prison. I have a great love of life.

I love to see the golden wine sparkling in the delicately-wrought glass; I love to stretch my weary limbs on a soft bed; I love to breathe the pure air of spring, to contemplate glorious sunsets, to read interesting and intelligently-written books. I love *myself*—the strength of my muscles, the clearness and accuracy of my thought. I love to realize my *aloneness*, to know that no curious eye can penetrate the depths of my soul—the black gulfs on whose brink the brain reels. I have never understood or experienced the thing which people call the "weariness" of life.

Moreover, it should have been easy for me to escape punishment. There are thousands of ways in which you can secretly and imperceptibly kill a man, especially if you are a doctor, as I am. Amongst other plans which I considered and rejected, there was one which I dwelt upon for a long time. I thought that I would inoculate Alexis with an incurable and repulsive disease. But the inconveniences of this plan were obvious. Not to mention the prolonged agony of the victim, there would have been something inartistic and coarse in the employment of such a means as this. It was not intellectual enough. And then, after all, Tatiana would still have enjoyed a certain amount of happiness, even in the illness of her husband. What greatly complicated my problem was the absolute necessity that she should know whose hand had struck the blow. But only cowards fear obstacles; to souls of my stamp they are a spur.

Chance, that great ally of the wise, came to my aid. And here, gentlemen, I would call your attention particularly to one detail. *It was just chance*—that is, an exterior thing independent of my will—which served me as a foundation, and furnished me with the idea for the events which followed. I read in a newspaper of a cashier or *employé* of some sort (the paper is probably still in my house, unless the magistrate has it) who pretended an epileptic fit, during which, according to his own account, he had lost the money which in reality he had stolen. The man was a coward; he confessed his deed, and even told where he had hidden the money. But the idea, in itself, was neither a bad nor an impracticable one. To sham madness, to kill Alexis in a fit of mental aberration, then to

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recover my reason—such was the plan which, when I read this story, sprang instantly into my mind. At this period I—like every other physician who has not made a speciality of it—had a mere superficial knowledge of psychology. I spent a year in reading and considering all publications bearing on this subject. By the end of that time I had arrived at the conclusion that my plan was perfectly feasible.

The first thing to which experts should direct their attention is the influence of heredity, and, to my great joy, my heredity obligingly accommodated itself to my wishes. My father was addicted to alcohol, one of my uncles died in a lunatic asylum, and my only sister Anna, whom I had lost, was afflicted with epilepsy.

It seemed to me not very difficult to play the part of a maniac. Some indispensable information I had already gleaned from books; this I should have to supplement with inventions of my own, as is the practice of every good actor in each of his *rôles*.

Already, while my scheme was as yet in its earliest stage, a thought came to me which certainly would never have entered the mind of a maniac. *I thought of the terrible danger of my experiments.* You will understand my meaning. Insanity is a fire with which it is perilous to play. Even were you to kindle a flame in a cave filled with gunpowder, you would be in far greater safety than when the slightest fear of madness slips into your brain. And I knew it! I knew it! But what signifies danger to the courageous man?

III.

You now understand the nature of the alarming fit of madness which seized me at a dinner-party given by the Karguanofs. This, my first experiment, succeeded beyond my expectation. One would have said that all the persons present knew beforehand what was going to happen. They behaved as if the sudden dementia of an apparently healthy man were a quite natural and ordinary occurrence—just what you might expect! Nobody seemed surprised; all played into my hand, colouring my acting according to their own fancy. Seldom has a "star" been surrounded with such an excellent galaxy as was for me this assembly of naive, foolish, credulous people. Have they told you that I was frightfully pale, and that my forehead was bathed in a cold sweat? And how the fire of madness blazed in my black eyes? When, afterwards, they described to me all their observations, I assumed a gloomy and dejected expression, but my soul quivered with pride, joy, and scorn.

Tatiana and her husband were not present at the party. I do not know whether you have remarked this circumstance. It was not by chance that I chose this occasion for my little performance. I was afraid of alarming Tatiana, or—what would have been still worse—of arousing her suspicions. For if in the whole world there existed a human being capable of detecting me, undoubtedly it was she—she alone.

Nothing, in fact, was left to chance. On the contrary, every detail—even the most insignificant—had been most carefully studied. I chose the dinner-time for my "attack," because then all the guests would be assembled and also because they would then be excited by wine. I placed myself at the end of the table farthest from the lighted chandeliers, for I wished neither to cause a conflagration nor to burn my nose.

I got Pavel Petrovitch Pospielof to sit beside me. I had long had a strong desire to annoy this fat and disgusting creature, who is particularly repulsive when he eats. When for the first time I saw him engaged in this occupation, it occurred to me that the act of eating *could* be an immorality. My plan worked smoothly; all went off well. And probably no one noticed that the plate smashed by my fist had been covered with a napkin that I might avoid cutting my hand.

The farce, in short, was extremely crude, stupid even; but it was just this quality upon which I had relied. A more refined play would not have been understood. I began by waving my arms about, and talking with "excitation" to Pavel Petrovitch, who in his amazement opened his little eyes as widely as possible. Then I subsided into a "concentrated melancholy."

"What is the matter with you, Antony?" inquired Irene Pavlovna, affably. "Why are you so gloomy?"

When all eyes were turned on me I smiled a tragic smile.

"Are you not well?"

"Not very well. I feel dizzy; my head swims. But pray do not disquiet yourself! It will pass off."

My hostess was reassured, but Pavel Petrovitch eyed me sideways with suspicion and disapproval. A moment later, as with an air of beatitude he was raising a glass of wine to his lips, I smashed the glass right under his nose, then brought down my fist with a bang upon my plate. The fragments

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"I DRAGGED OFF THE TABLE-CLOTH, WITH ALL THAT WAS ON IT."

flew about. Pavel Petrovitch, grumbling and grunting, fussed around. The ladies squealed, and I, clenching my teeth, dragged off the table-cloth, with all that was on it. It was a scene of broad comedy, I assure you! Yes! Then they flocked round me. They caught hold of my arms, they brought water, they seated me in an arm-chair, whi I growled viciously (like a tiger in the Zoolo cal Gardens) and rolled my eyes. And it w all so ridiculous, and those who surround me were so stupid, that I felt seriously tempt

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to avail myself of the privileges which my present position afforded me and to strike out and hit them on the nose. Naturally, however, I restrained myself.

Then followed my gradual "return to consciousness," to the accompaniment of deeply-drawn breaths, attacks of faintness, the grinding of teeth, and, finally, a feeble voice asking such questions as these :—

"Where am I? What has happened?"

Even that insipid stock phrase, "Where am I?" hit the mark with such people as these, and three, at least, of the idiots took upon themselves to enlighten me.

"At the Karguanofs'," they said. Then, in a coaxing tone: "Dear doctor, you know who Irene Pavlovna Karguanof is?"

Positively they were unworthy to assist at the performance of my excellent comedy!

My second fit of insanity took place a month after the first. This one had not been so well studied; it was, moreover, superfluous, seeing that I had a general plan. I had had no intention of giving another rehearsal that evening, but when circumstances were so favourable it would have been sheer stupidity not to take advantage of them. I recollect very well everything that took place. Again I was spending the evening at the house of an acquaintance. We were all seated in the drawing-room, engaged in general conversation, when I suddenly felt very sad. I saw with perfect clearness—as one seldom does see—my own position. I was a stranger to all these people. I was quite alone in the world, shut up for ever in the prison of my own consciousness. My next sensation was that of repugnance for those about me. Fury seized me, and I began to strike out with my fists, and to shout exceedingly impolite words. With what joy I saw the faces of the company whiten with terror!

"Wretches!" I cried. "Wretches! Creatures impure yet self-satisfied! Tainted souls! I detest you!"

And in grim earnest I fought, at first with the guests, afterwards with their footmen and coachmen. Candidly, I confess that I enjoyed hitting them and telling them to their faces what they were. Is, then, he who proclaims the truth a maniac? I assure you, gentlemen, that I was conscious of everything, that I felt under my hands living bodies to which I was causing pain. That night, alone in my own home, I laughed to myself as I thought, "What a marvellous actor I am!" Then I went to bed, and during the night I read a book. I can even give you the author's name—Guy de Maupassant. As always, he gave me pleasure, and after finishing the tale I slept like a child. Do madmen read books, gentlemen? Do they take pleasure in them? And, after reading them, do they sleep like children?

Mad people do not sleep. They suffer, and all is trouble in their brain. Yes, all becomes troubled, clouded, reels and falls. They want to yell, to scratch, to gnaw their hands. They want to go down on all-fours and crawl softly, softly, and then to spring up suddenly and cry, "Ha! ha!"

And to laugh. And to yell. To raise the head thus, and to howl for a long, long time, plaintively, plaintively.

Yes, yes.

And I slept like a child. Do madmen sleep like children?

IV.

After my second seizure people began to be afraid of me. They ceased to invite me to their houses. When by chance I met any of my acquaintances they screwed up their faces, smiled a sickly smile, and said, in a significant tone :—

"Well, my friend, how are you?"

At that time I could have perpetrated any sort of iniquity without being blamed for it. But I still desired to receive an official absolution for past and a permission for future sins; in other words, a medical and scientific pronouncement upon my condition.

Here also I resolved to await the concurrence of circumstances which might make my consultation of a mental specialist appear a mere matter of chance, or even of humouring a friend. Though this, perhaps, was a needless refinement, the fact that it was Tatiana and her husband who sent me to the doctor gave, to my thinking, an artistic finishing touch to my plot.

"I implore you to go to the doctor, dear Antony!" said Tatiana. Never before had she called me "dear"; I had to pass for a maniac in order to be thus favoured!

"Very well, dear Tatiana; I will go," I replied, submissively. We three—Tatiana, Alexis, and I—were in the study which was to be the scene of the murder.

"Yes, Antony, you must go without fail," said Alexis, authoritatively, "or Heaven knows what you will do next!"

"But what *could* I do?" I asked, in a meek, timid tone, seeking to exonerate myself in the eyes of my severe friend.

"Who knows? You might break somebody's head."

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I was turning about in my hands a heavy paper-weight of bronze. I looked at Alexis, then at the paper-weight, as I said :—

" Somebody's head ? You say the *head ?* "

" Why, yes, the head ! You will take up some such object as that, and the deed will be done ! "

This was becoming interesting. *It was that very head which I proposed to break with that very " object " ; and now that same head had imagined the thing exactly as it was shortly to come to pass.* The owner of the head voiced its thought with a careless smile. And yet there are people who believe in presentiments ! What folly !

" One could scarcely do much mischief with this object," I said. " It is too light."

" What do you say ? Too light ? " exclaimed Alexis, somewhat excitedly.

He took the paper-weight from me, and, holding it by its small handle, he waved it to and fro several times. " Try it ! " he said to me.

" But I see quite well," said I.

" No. Do it yourself, and then you will see."

With a bad grace, and yet with a smile, I took the heavy paper-weight from him. But then Tatiana interfered. Pale, with trembling lips, she said, or rather cried out :—

" Alexis, stop that ! Alexis, stop that ! "

" Why, what is the matter, Tania ? " he asked, in astonishment.

" Stop doing that ! You know that I dislike jests of that kind."

Then we all laughed, and the paper-weight was put back on the table.

My visit to Professor T—— was just what I had expected it to be. He was very cautious and chose discreet expressions, but he was extremely grave and serious. He inquired whether I had relatives who could take care of me ; he advised me to rest at home and to keep quiet. Using the privilege of my profession, I argued a little with him, and if hitherto he had had any doubts concerning my condition, they were assuredly set at rest when I had the audacity to disagree with him. From that moment I was, in his opinion, hopelessly insane. I venture to hope, gentlemen, that you will not attach too much importance to this harmless farce played at the expense of one of your own class. As a scholar and scientist, Professor T—— is undoubtedly deserving of the greatest respect.

From the moment that the life of Alexis lay, as it were, in my hands I was most anxious about his health. Although not strong, he was unpardonably careless of himself. He would not wear flannel ; he went out in the wettest of weather without goloshes. Fortunately Tatiana allayed my anxiety. She took the trouble to climb my stairs in order to inform me that Alexis was in good health, and had even slept well—an unusual thing for him. I, delighted, asked Tatiana to take a book from me to her husband. It was a rare book, and one which he had long desired to have. Perhaps the making of this gift was an error on my part (I might have been accused of trying to put people on the wrong scent), but so strong was my wish to give pleasure to Alexis that I decided to run the small risk.

During this interview with Tatiana I behaved very naturally and amiably, thus producing a favourable impression. Neither she nor Alexis had witnessed either of my fits, and it would have been difficult—impossible even—for them to think of me as a maniac.

" Come to see us," said Tatiana, as she took leave of me.

" I cannot," I said, smiling ; " the doctor has forbidden me to do so."

" What nonsense ! You can come to *us*. It is the same thing as being at home, and Alexis is dying to see you ! "

So I promised to go, and never have I made a promise with such absolute certainty of keeping it !

The bronze paper-weight was in its place when, on December 11th, at five o'clock in the evening, I entered the study of Alexis. At this time, before dinner—they dined at seven—Alexis and Tatiana were at leisure. They were very glad to see me.

" Thank you for the book, my friend," said Alexis, pressing my hand. " I should have come to see you myself, if Tatiana had not assured me that you had completely recovered. We are going to the theatre to-night. Will you accompany us ? "

Then we drifted into general conversation. I spoke with exactitude and precision, in clearly-cut sentences. Yet all the time I kept my eye on the short hand of the clock, thinking that when it reached the figure six I should be a murderer !

It wanted but seven minutes to the hour when Alexis rose lazily from the sofa, stretched himself, and went out of the room, saying :—

" I will return in a moment."

Not wishing to meet the eyes of Tatiana, I went to the window, parted the curtains, and stood there as though looking out. Without seeing her, I *felt* Tatiana swiftly cross the room and come close to my side.

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I could hear her breathing, and knew that she was looking at *me* and not at the window. I kept silence.

"How brightly the snow sparkles!" remarked Tatiana. But I made no reply.

"Antony!" she said, then stopped short.

And still I was silent.

"Antony!" she repeated, in trembling tones. I *looked at her*. She tottered and almost fell, as though struck by the terrific force that flashed upon her from my eyes. Then she sprang to the side of her husband, who at that instant re-entered the room.

"Alexis!" she murmured. "Alexis! He——"

"What is it?"

Without a smile, but weakening my pleasantry by the inflection of my voice, I said:—

"She believes that I wish to kill you with this thing."

And I, very calm, boldly and openly took up the paper-weight and quietly approached Alexis. He gazed at me fixedly with his pale eyes as he repeated:—

"She believes——"

"Yes, she believes!"

Slowly, with a sweeping gesture, I raised my arm, and Alexis as slowly began to raise his, while his eyes never left my face.

"*Stop!*" I cried, sternly.

His arm dropped. His eyes remained fixed on me, and a wan, doubtful smile played upon his lips only. Tatiana cried out something in a terrible voice, but it was too late! With the sharp edge of the paper-weight I struck Alexis on the temple, nearer the eyebrow than the eye. The magistrate told me that I had struck many blows, for the head was shattered. That is not true. I struck Alexis *three times* in all; once when he was standing, twice as he lay on the floor.

It is true that the blows were very violent ones, but there were *only three* of them. I recollect that perfectly. He had *three blows*.

V.

PRAY do not give yourselves the trouble of deciphering the note at the foot of my fourth sheet, and do not attach any excessive importance to my blots and erasures. Do not regard them as indications of a deranged mind. In the strange position wherein I stand, it behoves me to be extremely minute and circumstantial. I wish to be candid and open; you will understand that very well.

The darkness of night always powerfully affects a fatigued nervous system; that is why terrifying thoughts so often come to us at that time. During the dark hours which followed my crime my nerves were naturally a prey to an extraordinary excitement. Great indeed is the need of absolute self-control for one in my circumstances; to kill a man is no joke!

At tea-time, after I had put my person in order, cleaned my nails, and changed my clothes, I called my housekeeper, Maria Vassilievna, to keep me company. And it was this silly woman who dealt me the first blow.

"Come and kiss me," I said to her.

She smiled foolishly and remained in her place.

"Well!"

She trembled; her face reddened; into her eyes there came an expression of terror. She leaned towards me across the table in a supplicating attitude.

"Antony Ignatievitch, my friend," she said, "do go to the doctor!"

"What, that again?" I exclaimed, furiously.

"Oh, don't cry out in that way! You frighten me! Oh, I am afraid of you, my friend!"

And yet she knew nothing of my mad fits, or of the murder, and to her I had always shown myself even-tempered and kind.

"There is, then, something in me that is not in other men—something that makes people afraid!" Such was the thought that came to me, and, though I dismissed it at once, it left me with a strange sensation of cold in my legs and back. I told myself that no doubt Maria had heard of my indisposition in the town or from the servants. Or she might have noticed the torn clothes which I had taken off, and this would be a natural explanation of her fear.

"Go away!" I ordered.

When she had gone I stretched myself on the divan in my library. I felt disinclined to read. My whole body was exhausted—fatigued. I felt, in short, like an actor after a brilliant performance of his *rôle*.

My eyelids grew heavy, I wanted to sleep, when a new thought penetrated my brain. Like the others, it glided in quietly and idly, and it had all the qualities that distinguish *my* thought—namely, clearness, precision, and simplicity. It came without haste, and it *remained*. I give it to you literally, in the third person, as—I know not wherefore—it formed itself in me.

"*It is very possible that Dr. Kerjentzef is actually mad. He thought that he feigned insanity, but he is in reality mad. At this very moment he is mad.*"

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"SLOWLY, WITH A SWEEPING GESTURE, I RAISED MY ARM, AND ALEXIS AS SLOWLY BEGAN TO RAISE HIS, WHILE HIS EYES NEVER LEFT MY FACE."

This thought repeated itself three or four times in my brain. I continued to smile, for I did not understand.

"*He thought that he was feigning insanity, but he is really mad. Now, even, he is mad.*"

I fancied at first that these words had been spoken by Maria, for it seemed to me that they had found a voice, and that this voice resembled hers. Then I thought it was that of Alexis. Yes, the voice of the dead man, Alexis. Finally I realized that it was I myself who had thought this thing, and the

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idea was horrible. I grabbed at my hair, I sprang up, and, standing—why, I cannot tell—in the middle of the room, I said :—

"It *is* so! All is over! That which I feared has come to pass. I have ventured too near the boundary, and now the future holds for me but one thing—madness!"

When they came to arrest me, I was, it appears, in a frightful state. My white, wild face was terrifying to see; my clothes were torn to shreds. But, by Heaven, to pass through such a time as I passed through that evening without going mad—does not that prove that I possess an absolutely indestructible brain? However, I did nothing worse than tearing my clothes and smashing the glasses. And apropos of glasses, permit me to give you a word of advice. If at any time one of you should have to endure what I endured that night, be sure you veil the mirrors of the room in which you are. Cover them as you cover them when there is a death in the house. Cover them well!

After that I remember nothing until the arrival of the police. I inquired what the time was. "Nine o'clock," they replied. I could scarcely believe that only three hours had passed since the death of Alexis.

But *one* thing I recollect distinctly: *my Thought*, or *the Voice*. That, at least, was real.

"*Dr. Kerjentzef thought that he simulated madness, and he was in reality mad.*"

I have just felt my pulse—one hundred and eighty. The mere recollection of that voice has sufficed to agitate me thus.

VI.

WELL, gentlemen of science, it is to you that I must look for an answer. Am I mad or am I not mad? Naturally you will be divided in your opinion. Half of you will say one thing, half the other; but, gentlemen, I promise to believe all of you! Only give me your opinion! And here I will relate to you yet another trifling but very interesting incident, something which may prove of assistance to your enlightened minds.

One calm, peaceful evening, here, within these white walls, I observed that the nurse, Macha, was looking frightened and upset, as though cowed by some awful force. She left me, and I remained seated upon the bed, thinking of all the things that I would like to do. And it seemed to me that I wanted to do some very queer things. I, Dr. Kerjentzef, wanted to *howl!* Not merely to cry out, but to *howl*—as the others do. I wanted to tear my clothes and to scratch myself. I wanted to take my shirt by the collar, to finger it at first gently, then suddenly to rend it from top to bottom. And I wanted—I, Dr. Kerjentzef—to go down on hands and knees and *crawl!* Around me all was quiet. The snow-flakes glistened on the window-panes, and not far off Macha was praying silently. I spent a long time in making up my mind what to do. If I howled that would make a noise and cause a scandal. If I tore my shirt I should be found out the next day. Then, quite rationally, I chose to gratify my third wish—the wish to crawl. Nobody would hear me, and if anyone came in and saw me, I would say that I was looking for a lost button.

But then I thought :—

"Why do I wish to crawl? Am I really mad?"

I was seized with terror and with a sudden desire to do three things at the same time—to howl, to crawl, to scratch myself. I became angry.

"You wish to crawl?" I asked myself.

There was no reply. The wish had died down.

"You wish to crawl?" I persisted.

Again there was no reply.

"Then *crawl!*" I said.

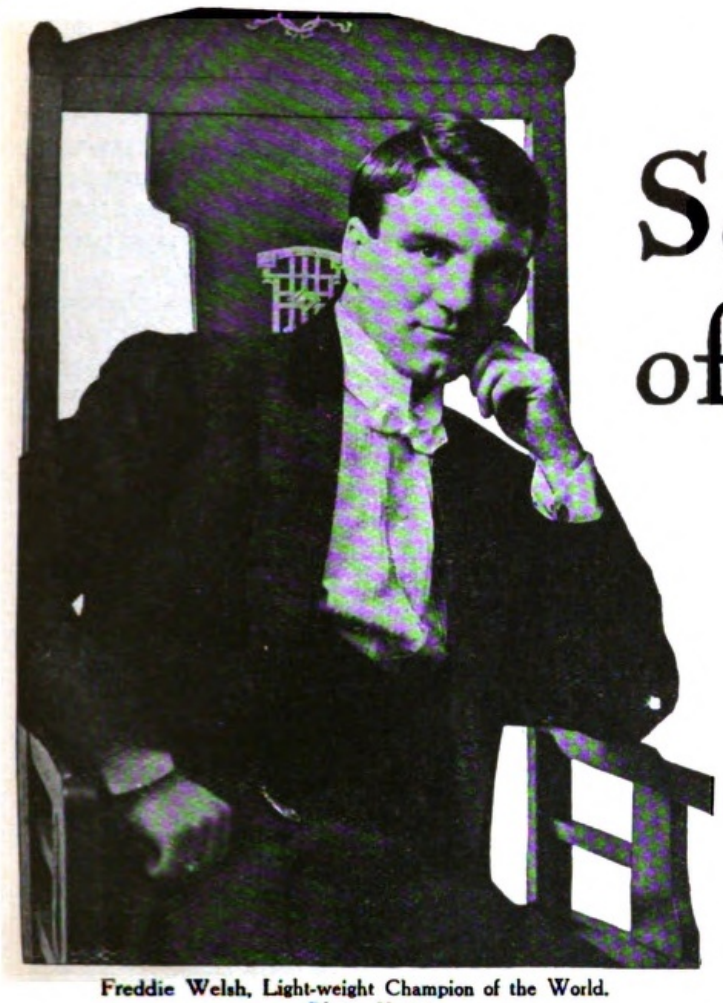
After turning up my sleeves I went down on all-fours and crawled. And when I had in this way traversed about half the length of the room, I was so immensely tickled by my own folly that I sat down on the floor just where I happened to be and began to laugh, laugh, laugh.

As I still retained my habitual belief that we can by research attain to a measure of knowledge, I set myself to discover the source of my senseless desires. Clearly they (the wish to crawl and the rest of them) were the product of auto-suggestion. The fixed idea of my pretended insanity had called forth these insane longings, and as soon as they had been gratified I found that I no longer had them, and that I was not mad. My reasoning, you perceive, is very simple and logical, but——

But all the same I have crawled; I have crawled. What am I? A madman who excuses himself, or a sane man of intellect who is in process of becoming mad?

Come to my succour, gentlemen, you men of science. Let the weight of your authority incline the scale one way or the other. Solve for me this terrible, this cruel problem. Ah, how anxiously I await your verdict! Am I mad?

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Freddie Welsh, Light-weight Champion of the World.
Photo. Hana.

The Sensations of a Boxer.

By
FREDDIE WELSH

(LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD).

With Blows Specially Photographed by the Alfieri Picture Series.

There is, perhaps, nothing in the world which gives rise to such a variety of opinions as a glove-fight. Some people can see nothing in it but a spectacle of two men knocking one another about like savages for money. Others see in it a contest demanding in the highest degree the qualities of pluck, endurance, skill, and self-control. But how do the boxers themselves regard it? That is a question of interest to everybody, and the following article, written by a man so eminently qualified to answer it, will appeal to readers of every shade of opinion.

THE brutality of boxing! I suppose there can be no revival of any sport unless there are critics ready to pull it to pieces—critics, too, who in the majority of instances display a colossal ignorance of their subjects. To many of these, modern boxing means but the survival of the old prize-ring, when men stood up and battered one another beyond recognition, and when the crowd round the ropes were equal to anything in the crooked way.

But I wish these critics who decry boxing would attend one of the big contests of to-day. If they could be induced to do this, I feel certain they would recognize the fact that they were in the wrong. They would see, not brutality, but two perfectly-trained athletes, men who must of necessity live clean lives, just battling for the mastery. In contest after contest not a drop of blood is spilt; it is a scientific struggle, with not a trace of anger introduced from the start to the finish.

Remember, in the first place, that to-day we find the boxer wearing gloves of a recognized weight and pattern, and just soft bandages underneath. Soft bandages, mind you, and the referee takes special care to see that there is nothing in them that can inflict any injury upon an opponent. If he is doubtful, he orders them to be removed and others substituted. And if a boxer thinks he

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can wind yard after yard of bandages round his hands he quickly discovers his mistake. He is ordered to remove as much as will reduce them to ordinary dimensions; they are just to protect the wearer's hands, and that is all.

Just as, in fencing, we use foils with buttons on the points, and the more skilful fencer is the man who wins on the hits he may register—he cannot injure an opponent; the button prevents that—so by putting gloves on our hands the possibility of inflicting any lasting hurt upon a man you are boxing with is reduced to a negligible quantity. Brutality is absolutely impossible.

One of the duties of the referee is to see that neither man is badly punished. He has the power vested in him to stop the contest at any time he thinks fit. Both men have to pass a searching medical examination before they go into the ring; they have to be in the very best physical condition, and, should either be outclassed, then the contest is stopped and the victory awarded to the other man.

This fact cannot be denied; we read of its happening again and again during the boxing season. Yet the boxer who loses is never satisfied that he is beaten. He always feels that he wishes to go on, that he thinks he can beat his opponent, and that he isn't being hurt. Can any sane man say after this that boxing is by any means brutality personified?

With the bare knuckles, now happily placed under the ban of the ruling authorities, brutality was possible. Indeed, I would go still further, and say that the old prize-fights were brutal beyond question.

But the boxer of to-day is not the beetle-browed and scarred veteran of the past. He must, if he hopes to approach championship class, be a man possessed of brains, a man with a capacity for thinking all the while a contest is in progress. He must be cool and level-headed. Once he loses the command of his temper all is lost. He becomes wild and erratic, he loses touch with the finer points of the sport altogether, he becomes just a target for the gloves of his opponent. They tap him from all quarters with irritating frequency, the points are scored up against him at a lightning rate, and, although he may be strong and well at the end of the final round, he is the loser.

Take any of the modern champions, and what do we find? Just that they have come out of their contests practically unmarked. Speaking for myself, during my career in the ring I have taken part in one hundred and thirteen contests. My photograph speaks for itself. Do I look a battered veteran? I know I would not win any prize beauty championship, but I am just driving home the point that a man need not carry the marks of the fray about with him. In nearly ten years of boxing with one hundred and thirteen opponents and a thousand sparring partners I have never yet had a black eye.

Take other champions and ex-champions, such as Willie Ritchie, Packy McFarland, Jimmy Britt, J. J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Bombardier Wells, and Georges Carpentier. Indeed, I could lengthen my list almost indefinitely. They are practically unmarked; if the ordinary man was not told that they were boxers, he certainly would not guess their profession from their personal appearance. The manual worker can be identified by the contour of his hands, the boxer might be anything—a man about town, or just an ordinary athlete.

Now it may be argued that I have simply said there is no brutality about modern boxing, but that I haven't proved my case. I fancy I hear someone saying, "Of course, Freddie Welsh won't admit boxing is brutal. He's a boxer himself." So let me tell you all about the sensations of boxing, of how a man feels in the ring, and what actually happens when he is knocked out.

I have been boxing now for nearly ten years, and I have never been knocked out in my life. But I've been near enough to it to know exactly what it feels like. Only one knock-out blow is really painful, and that is when you are struck on the body just below the chest. That's painful for the moment, but it's no worse than being knocked out, temporarily winded, while playing football.

Before going into the details of the knock-out blow, however, I should like to say something about the photographs which illustrate this article. They were specially taken, and each illustrates a blow I used when I beat Willie Ritchie for the world's title. They are potential knock-outs, but I would also like to point out that both Ritchie and myself were quite fresh when we had finished boxing our twenty rounds. We were unmarked, and I had won—easily, so the papers said—on points. Skill and science, mind you, not brutality.

This little explanation made, let me get on with what it feels like to box, especially as compared with other violent forms of exercise, such as rowing, cycling, and running. There is no need for me to take any other than these three sports. I have taken part

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in all of them, and I know how I've felt. I also know how other fellows, friends of mine, have felt, while even walking is much more punishing in its effects than boxing.

A world's champion in long-distance walking, Mr. T. E. Hammond, once described his sensations. He said he wouldn't have minded if a motor-car had come along and run over him. All he knew was that he had to keep on walking, and that if he had been killed he would have known that his agony and struggle against physical exhaustion would have been over. Now, I've never felt like that when I've been boxing, so walking, if you want to argue, must be more brutal than using the gloves.

At Henley a sculler has fainted and fallen out of his boat before now. In the University Boatrace between Putney and Mortlake on the Thames, members of both crews have been in a collapsed state at the finish of a hard-rowed race. They have been photographed lying about in all positions, dead to the world for the time being.

Within a few minutes of a boxing contest being finished the men have been rubbed down, they are dressed, and they are as fit as possible. It's very different with other branches of athletics, though, and a glance at the photographs of men who have run a hard race, a hundred yards, a quarter of a mile, a mile, and so on, will prove how they have been punished. Their faces are drawn and distorted with agony. Nothing of this is to be seen on the face of a boxer in the most strenuous contest. It is perfectly easy to verify my statements in this respect. Go to any cinema reproduction of a boxing contest, or look at any illustrated paper publishing photographs of a contest, and what do you see? The men are frequently smiling broadly, and even if they are serious it is over what is after all a serious business. There is no look of phvsical agony about them, at all events.

Now let me take what happens after the finish of a hard run. More frequently than not a man gets to the tape and he falls flat on the turf by the side of the cinders. He is "out" to the last ounce, and I have known them to be in the dressing-room in a collapsed condition for a very long while after they have been carried or assisted off the track. At the end of a twenty-round boxing contest, however, the men walk to their corners unassisted and sit down on their chairs for a couple of minutes, the winner trots across the ring and shakes hands with his opponent, they duck through the ropes, and stroll away to the dressing-room none the worse for their exertions.

And just take this from me. Don't imagine that because a boxer goes down on the floor of the ring and provides an imitation of a contortion act that he is always badly hurt and suffering pain. There are boxers who may not relish their task, you know, and if they think they can persuade the referee that they have been fouled they take that chance. Occasionally, of course, a boxer is fouled, but you don't find that with the boxers in championship class, as a rule. In the whole of my career, for instance, I have won only a couple of times on fouls, and I am proud to be able to say that I have never lost a fight on a foul. Accidents *may* happen, certainly, but a champion boxer should not give them any chance of happening.

The six days' cycle races may be dismissed in a very few words. The men suffer more agony in one of these contests than a boxer does in all his career, yet they are not stigmatized as being brutal. No, I am afraid there are those who allow their feelings to run away with their judgment. If this is not so, then I cannot understand the attitude which has been taken up by just a section of the public.

Let me start here with the sensations of a boxer when he gets into the ring. Pictures play a very big part in all the championship contests now, at home and abroad, and to secure these pictures for the cinema and the newspapers a strong, steady light is an absolute necessity. When I boxed Ritchie, for instance, we were under lights that were equal to one hundred and sixty thousand candle-power. The effect of this was to throw the ring out as a big patch of gleaming white, while the rest of Olympia was shrouded in velvety blackness.

You are sitting in your corner waiting for the word to begin. There is a confused murmur from the packed house, with perhaps a sudden cry stabbing out of the partial stillness. As I was sitting waiting for Ritchie this was all I could hear, until at last came the voices of my supporters, who had come up from Wales in their hundreds. It was like a crowd at a football match, and I am not ashamed to admit the tears sprang to my eyes as "The Land of My Fathers" boomed out. We Welshmen are emotional people—it's in our Celtic temperament—and you would be really surprised to know the effect this great vocal demonstration had upon me. I rose and bowed my thanks, but had I been asked to have returned a word of thanks just then

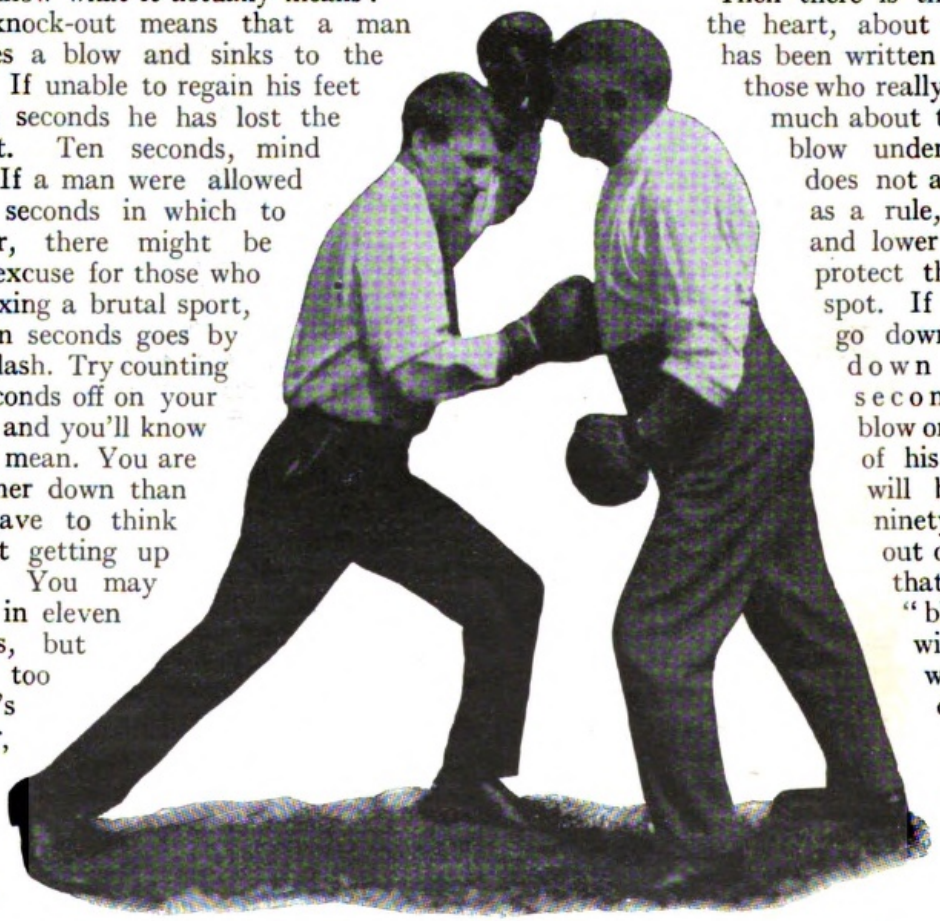
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my heart would have been too full. Boxers are only human after all. I wish some of our detractors would only think of this sometimes.

This was before the contest commenced, but when he is boxing seriously a man has no ears or attention for anything outside the ring. He has to concentrate all his attention upon the business in hand; he has to think of what his opponent is about to do, and the best method by which to checkmate him. It's like a player in a football match. The crowd on the touch-line and in the stands may be yelling itself hoarse, but the players hear very little of what is going on. They are attending to the game. So are the boxers.

Now we come to the knock-out, that so-called terrible blow which has been called all kinds of names. But I wonder if many of those who talk so glibly about the knock-out blow know what it actually means?

A knock-out means that a man receives a blow and sinks to the floor. If unable to regain his feet in ten seconds he has lost the contest. Ten seconds, mind you. If a man were allowed thirty seconds in which to recover, there might be some excuse for those who call boxing a brutal sport, but ten seconds goes by like a flash. Try counting ten seconds off on your watch, and you'll know what I mean. You are no sooner down than you have to think about getting up again. You may be up in eleven seconds, but that's too late. It's all over, and your opponent has won.



Stepping in and delivering a right to the stomach. This is known as the "Solar plexus" punch, which Bob Fitzsimmons made famous.

The most painful blow a boxer can receive is one on the body, just on that soft spot below the breast-bone. I am taking this first, for the ordinary knock-out on the chin doesn't hurt you one little tiny bit. A "blow in the wind," as they say in football, hurts a bit, but not nearly so much if you get it from a gloved hand as if you get it from the head or foot of a player. You read of footballers being "temporarily winded," but they go off in the touch-line for a couple of minutes and then come back and resume play again.

Trying to collar a man running with the ball in Rugby football frequently ends in your being knocked out. I know, for I was a football player while at school. But there's no shriek about football being a brutal game, is there? Yet men don't wear gloves on their feet or their heads, and I'd rather get a blow from a gloved hand than the other variety any day in the week. You get a kick in the chest when playing Association football, and out you go for minutes. And in boxing, if you don't get up in ten seconds you are finished. Now, I ask any fair-minded man or woman, which is the more brutal? Not boxing, certainly.

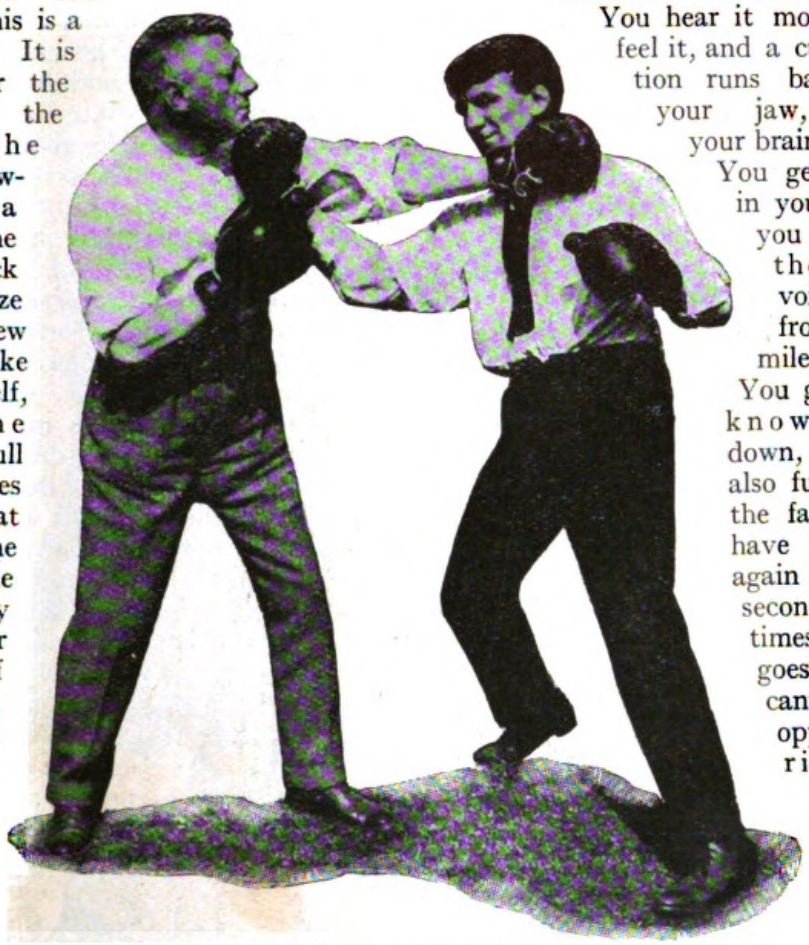
Then there is the blow under the heart, about which a lot has been written and said by those who really do not know much about the game. A blow under the heart does not affect a man, as a rule, for the ribs and lower chest-muscle protect that particular spot. If a man does go down, and stops down for ten seconds, from a blow on that portion of his anatomy, it will be found, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, that it is really a "blow in the wind" that has worked the damage.

And now we will get on to the blows on the chin and jaw, blows which really count as knock-outs, but which leave no ill-effects in their wake. In this case there is no incentive to brutality on the part of a boxer. A very light tap indeed, put on the proper spot, is all that is necessary. A sledge-hammer blow is not called for; the

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assertion of scientific force is all that is necessary.

There is absolutely no pain attaching to a knock-out blow delivered on the jaw or the end of the chin. The explanation of this is a very simple one. It is that the jaw or the chin, with all the leverage of the length of the jaw-bone, just sends a slight shock to the brain. This shock is sufficient to daze a man for a few seconds, to make him lose himself, and when he recovers the full use of his faculties he discovers that he has to take the loser's end of the purse. He may be as fit as ever at the end of fifteen seconds, but he has been just five seconds too long in pulling himself together. That's all.



Welsh sidestepping a left lead and countering with a powerful right upper cut. This blow is more effective owing to the added impetus of an opponent stepping in to lead.

The weight put behind a blow to the chin has very little to do with the knock-out as a rule. You can coax a man to get his chin into the position you want it in if you are skilful. He turns it until he can turn it no farther, and then the slightest tap will do all that is required. A little bit of extra leverage is introduced, and it does the business. That's why I am always careful to carry my chin well on my chest when I am boxing. The best of us can be knocked out, don't forget that; but if we keep the chin well down, your opponent's glove cannot get you on a vital spot.

Getting your chin down as I have just described also has another effect. The neck is arched, the muscles are brought up, and you are in a far better position to withstand the jar of a hit on the cheek or high up on the jaw should your opponent get home. So to all my boxing readers I say, "Keep your chin well down and protected."

As I have already said, I have never been knocked out in my life, but I have very nearly had that experience, so I know exactly what the sensations are like. First of all comes the thud of the blow on the jaw. You hear it more than you feel it, and a curious sensation runs back and up your jaw, paralyzing your brain for a time. You get a buzzing in your head, and you dimly hear thousands of voices shouting fromapparently miles away.

You go down, you know you are down, and you also fully recognize the fact that you have to get up again inside of ten seconds. Sometimes everything goes dark, you cannot see your opponent, the ring, or the timekeeper. But you have that subconsciousness that tells you the latter is counting the seconds off, and you know if you hesitate you are lost.

You feel that you would like to lie where you fell, or sit still on the floor of the ring, until your senses clear, but you know you have no time to lose. The seconds are galloping away with the speed of lightning, and you *must* get up. So you pull yourself up on one knee, with both gloves resting on the floor and supporting you.

I never wait myself until the nine seconds are called. I have always got up at seven when I have been knocked down, for you can actually "fall up" from one knee by pushing up from the floor with your gloves, and if you do go down again you are entitled to another count. Meanwhile your brain is clearing, and when you do get up you have recovered from the little mishap that has befallen you. That, at least, has been my experience.

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No matter how dazed you may feel, don't sit down on the floor of the ring and stop there. Get on one knee as I have described. If you try to get up at the end of a count from a sitting position the chances are that you will fall back, and so be counted out, although you may be really recovering. Take as much of the counts as you can with safety, but don't cut things too fine.

You may be dazed, but you are able to think. This is proved by the fact that boxers frequently shake their heads in order to clear their brains. I have even seen some of them slap their faces with their gloves in order to wake themselves up. They have been down, but they have still been capable of using their brains.

That a boxer, although down, is thinking hard all the while can also be supported in other ways. Sometimes a blow on the jaw exercises a curious numbing sensation in the legs. The brain may be clear, but the legs may refuse to do their duty. I have seen boxers get hold of their ankles and pull their feet and legs under them in order to be able to rise in the stipulated time; on other occasions they have had sense enough to roll over and over until they have reached the edge of the ring, and then they have pulled themselves up into an erect position by the aid of the ropes.

Once on their feet again they have been all right, but the numbness is a curious feature. Brain clear, eyesight good, but legs useless; that's how it works out. Then when you are up, and if you feel it necessary to take things as easily as possible, cover up, hang on, or keep away from your opponent, whichever you think best. You may need a few seconds in which to recover yourself, and that is the manner in which to secure them.

Let me tell you about the one occasion when I was almost knocked out myself, and how I felt at the time. It was when I met Packy McFarland at Los Angeles. First of all, though, I would like to mention that the aim of every star boxer is to escape the knock-out. He may go down, but he battles on grimly. He knows he will recover if he gets the opportunity to "stall" for time, and, although he may lose on points, he has the proud satisfaction of knowing that his opponent has not succeeded in putting him away. He is on his feet at the finish, and he can still say that he has never been knocked out.

To get back to this meeting of mine with Packy, however. He dropped me in the last round, and so earned a draw, although I must confess I thought I was well ahead on points. Still, the referee is the man who carries the verdict with him.

Packy, as I was saying, put me down, and I admit I knew all about it. Everything went black for a few seconds, but I never lost my head. I staggered up inside the ten seconds, and as I was getting to my feet I was thinking what I would do in order to get time enough to pull myself together again.



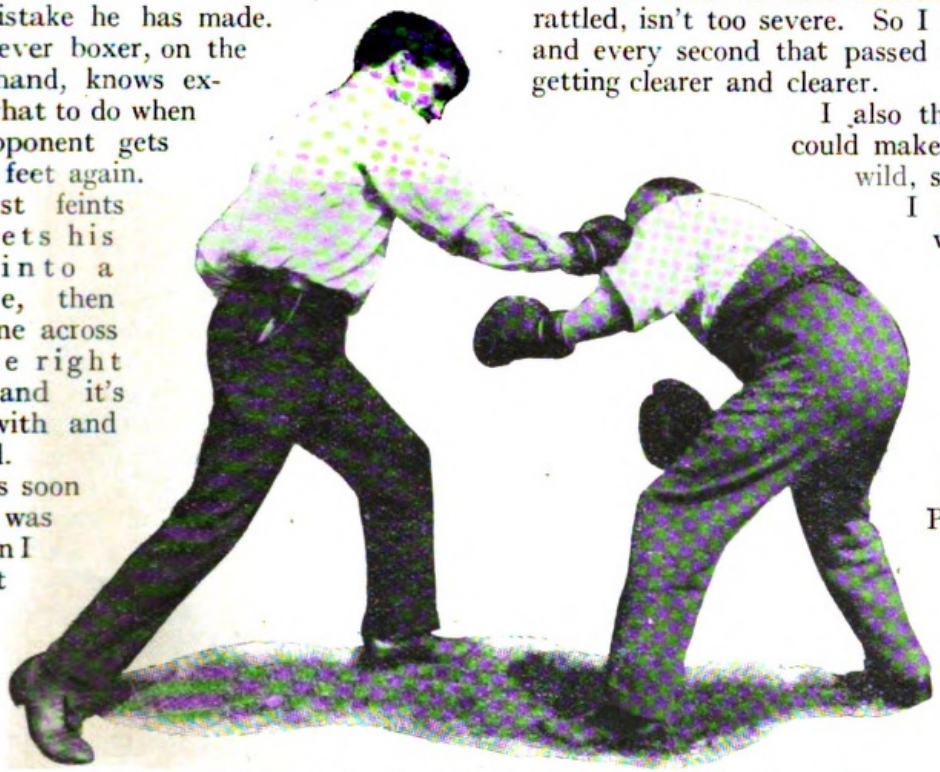
Welsh's fast straight left lead with which he practically "jabbed" the Light-weight crown from Willie Ritchie's head.

The majority of novices make a huge mistake when they succeed in putting their man down. They rush at him like a bull when he gets up, they swing and pummel without any idea of doing anything but hitting, and the

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result is that the other fellow, if he knows anything, covers up and weathers the storm. The erstwhile winner, getting tired, beats himself by his own exertions, and he discovers, when it is too late, the mistake he has made. The clever boxer, on the other hand, knows exactly what to do when his opponent gets on his feet again. He just feints and gets his man into a tangle, then pops one across on the right spot, and it's done with and finished.

So as soon as I was up again I thought out what I should do if I had been in Packy's shoes. He is a clever boy, and I could just about calculate what he would do. I couldn't see him, but I knew he would feint with his left, and then, if I stepped in to clinch, bring his right across. So I waited until I "sensed" that he had feinted, but instead of going in I went back. The result was that his right whizzed past my chin, and then I did go in and hold.



A downward right drive to the chin, delivered while an opponent is in a low crouch. This is the exact position that Carpentier and "Gunboat" Smith were in when the former put his opponent down with his powerful right, in the fourth round of the contest at Olympia.

My! I put a real Rugby tackle on him, and you ought to have heard the ten thousand people present yell when they saw I had got out of my difficulty. It's the first time I really heard a crowd shout for a man who was holding, but they had seen what I was trying to do, and how I had succeeded. A referee, too, if he sees a good game fellow holding a bit in order to save himself when badly rattled, isn't too severe. So I kept close in, and every second that passed my head was getting clearer and clearer.

I also thought how I could make Packy a bit wild, so as soon as I got close I whispered, "If that's all the punching ability you possess you couldn't knock a man's hat off, young man." Packy couldn't see the joke somehow, and he got wild in his boxing for a bit. He threw me away and off him, to the floor, to be exact, so I had the chance of taking another count. I did so; it was all the time I wanted, and I finished up strongly.

But if I had been so badly knocked about as some people would like to make out, I should not have possessed the capacity of being able to think. So I am giving you my word that a punch on the jaw does not always knock all the senses out of you, and that, if a man is in good physical condition, the effects last only a very few minutes.

This is my last word: Boxing is no more brutal than any other sport, and it is less brutal than many.

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THE IMPRISONED VOICE.

By VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ.

Illustrated by Stanley Davis.

MARY SHELTON told no one of the discovery she had made when going through the old house with the agent. Your grown-up dreamer is as secretive as any child, and a secluded girlhood, followed by an opportunity to teach in her own college, had left the star-dust and prism-lights of Mary's dreams still thick about her.

Besides, this cloistered life had shut out those experiences which her lovely face and her quick warmth of nature would otherwise have made inevitable. She looked as young as the girls to whom she lectured on psychology, yet they never thought of introducing their men friends to her; and they could have given her points on feminine psychology which would have set her star-dust vapours spinning.

She told her friends she had taken the house because she had fallen in love with it, and because she needed just such a quiet retreat for summer vacations; but beneath the reasons she gave was the reason she alone knew. It stirred her with exquisite excitement. She felt that she had come to the perfect, secret flowering of her life. The course of an adventure cannot be charted beforehand, but Mary felt sure that the one she had embarked upon would carry her far from all the common highways of life.

The day she went to take possession of the old house was a June day of wind and sunshine. She walked from the station by the beach path because the bus was crowded, and because she wanted to come to the house by way of the sea. She knew just where she would get her first glimpse of the chimney-tops. She took the cliff path jauntily, her eyes bright and her hair whipped by the wind. She looked and walked like a girl of twenty.

From the top of the cliff she was to see her chimneys, and there also she saw John Brooks's fine new cottage. It sprawled over the rocks and burst into peaks and gables. It was hideous; and John Brooks was the owner of the old house she had taken! Suddenly she smiled. Her landlord's taste for this had left her *that*. She had found her chimneys, solid and red, amid feathery tree-tops.

On one side of her were the flimsy structures that sheltered the summer colony; on the other, the primitive cottages and beach shanties; and down the road that led from the sea was the old Brooks place, its dignity and charm enhanced by comparison. It had an air of withdrawing itself, an air of waiting.

It was waiting, Mary felt, for her. As she approached it she saw neither the pleasant marsh to left and right nor the hills farther away. She was living over again her visit to the house with the agent.

From the moment they entered she had felt—something. At first it was only the teasing glimmer of an impression, darkening before she could make it out. But by degrees, as they went through the rooms, it grew clearer and brighter. She forgot to listen to the agent, forgot about the facts she had come to note. She saw only the things that brightening impression illumined for her: the old violin on the piano, the grouped photographs in the library, the little study with the old desk.

Then she made her discovery, and everything the house had been trying to tell her became clear. The attic had been turned into a studio, the agent told her, for Rodman Brooks, John's brother. He'd been a kind of artist. John tried to get him into the shoe business, but it was no use. Then at last John sent him to Paris, and there he died. The pictures he'd left were in the attic.

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"SHE LOOKED AS YOUNG AS THE GIRLS TO WHOM SHE LECTURED ON PSYCHOLOGY."

The attic door was locked, but Mary said she could not take the house without seeing the studio; so the agent left her and went for the key. She waited for him in the little study, looked over the books, and sat down at the desk. She began to feel well acquainted with Rodman Brooks. It was as if she had come upon a tenant in the tenantless house. Then, opening the desk, she found the note-book.

Its pages were covered with a strong, youthful handwriting. She read here and there, and before she thought to question her right she had been carried far beyond such questioning. Her fellow-tenant had found a voice. He was speaking to her, and she was listening, or, rather, her thought sprang to meet his. Never in all her life had she felt a sense of such perfect, satisfying comradeship. An exquisite happiness rose within her.

The agent came back with the key, and she put the book away. She followed him up to the studio; but when he opened the door she stood still on the threshold. She was looking into the face of her new friend; his eyes and hers had met.

"He painted it himself, looking in the glass. He never did a stroke of work, Rod didn't, only his painting, and none too much of that."

Thus spoke the agent. And John Brooks—John Brooks, who was building the fine new cottage on the cliff—had tried to force his brother into a shoe factory! Mary looked a moment longer into the eager young face, the restless eyes; then she turned away, her hand at her throat.

That sudden ache in her throat brought her back to the present moment. She was almost at her own gate, and there was Hannah peering anxiously up and down. Hannah had served in the Brooks family for years, and was now to take care of her. She exclaimed in relief at sight of Miss Shelton:—

"When the bus went by I almost thought you hadn't come."

"I am so glad to be here, and so glad *you* are here to take care of me!"

It was Mary's way to flash out like that, now a warm, near delight, now a distant star. Hannah was captured, of course, but she held fast to old loyalties.

"I wouldn't be here if Mr. John's new house was finished; I'd have gone."

But already Mary was a distant star. Hannah felt it, and broke off. Nevertheless, she made Miss Shelton understand that there was time to wash up before supper. This meant to Mary time to rediscover her comrade, to make sure he was still there. She just glanced at the violin and the grouped photographs, then ran up to the old desk.

He *was* there; again they spoke together. But Mary had only a few moments; she must make herself ready to go down to Hannah's supper. If she had been lovely in wind and sunset light, she was lovelier in the glow of the lamplight. Hannah lingered over her serving.

"Did you see Mr. John's new house?" she asked.

Mary nodded. Even such as she must dispose of hot omelette. Then she said:—

"But I'd rather have his old house than his new one."

"That new house of John Brooks's," Hannah reproved her, "is the finest anywhere about here."

"Yes, but this one is so homelike."

"It ain't homelike to Mr. John since his brother died."

"He cared so much?"

It was not in Hannah to resist that voice.

"He was just set on him. He'd have made him a partner in the business, but Rod kept on talking about how he must go to Paris. So at last Mr. John sent him there, and there he died. He got his way, but it didn't do him much good."

"Perhaps"—Mary's voice was still soft—"perhaps if he'd gone sooner, before he was tired out with fretting about it, he would have lived and been famous."

"Well, he never did much *but* fretting to tire him. Mr. John never wasted his time fretting. He *worked*. And now he's got those factories across the river, full of men earning good wages; and Rodman—he left a few pictures up in the attic."

Mary rose from the table. The fog that shut in Hannah's outlook, John Brooks's, the world's, seemed to be closing about her. She wanted to get away. But at the door she turned, smiling. A clear shaft of light had pierced the murk. What did it matter, the verdict of such as these? Better to know, to live, whatever was left to show for it. In that shaft of light, piercing the outer darkness, she felt that she clasped hands with her comrade.

Before she went to bed that night Mary took her candle and crossed the hall to the little study. Her heart beat strangely. Never had she sought any other friend with such questing eagerness. Her comrade had awaited her there through the years; at her

coming his silence had been broken. When she heard his voice she knew that she, too, had been waiting. What, then, would he have to say to her on this her first night in the old house? She sat down at the desk and took the little book from its place.

If your guide be your inner, your true self, you need have no fear of venturing. That quick, intuitive prompting will be pretty sure to take you out of the beaten track. But what delights, what adventures, await you, what glimpses of things undreamed of!

"What delights, what adventures!" It was strange, this meeting of her own thought. Yet it was not strange; she might have known. She read on; and when she put the book away her face was touched with wondering happiness. She looked precisely fitted to her experience; and, in truth, she felt herself to be so fitted. She went to sleep smiling over the thought that John Brooks owned the house only as he owned the pictures in the attic, the note-book in the desk. He owned mortar and wood, canvas and paper, that was all.

The next day, looking into the face of this prosperous man, all her impressions were confirmed. He had called in his *rôle* of landlord. He meant, thought Mary, to play that part conscientiously. Had he not been a conscientious brother, trying to force the artist into the shoe business, and was he not now a conscientious success, with his fine new cottage and his factories full of working men? Every line of that solidly-knit, comfortably proportioned figure, every tone of that unquickened voice, suggested to Mary the unswerving pursuit, and the realization, of material aims.

She had been with her comrade that morning in the little study, and a phrase he quoted haunted her mind while she talked with John Brooks: "Where there is no vision the people perish!" Clearly, thought Mary, the vision had died out of those eyes through long gazing on money and leather. To be sure, they were kind; but it was easy to be kind after such fashion. John Brooks had been kind when he wished to force his brother into the shoe business.

Mary's landlord, happily unaware of her thoughts, appeared to take pleasure in finding the old place revived by her presence. "Anything you want done, just let me know," he said more than once. Mary was glad when he went into the kitchen to talk to Hannah.

However, she had no intention of letting her landlord mar her happiness. Its golden circle lay bright about her, its centre was the comradeship she had found; but it included Hannah and the old house, the sea, and all the country about, cliff and beach and marsh. But it did not include the summer colony. Mary had chanced upon two or three acquaintances, and knew how to avoid the petty social net spread for her feet. She took long rambles beside the sea and over the hills; she read among the rocks on the beach, went sailing with an old sea-captain, and took her daily swim in the ocean.

She never felt alone. Her comrade seemed always with her, whether she met him in the little study or treasured his words in her thought. She even sought to share his experiences, to be guided by him. She rose sometimes before daybreak, because he had said: "Get out of doors, and see how the day begins. In that vast emptiness, slowly filling with light, in the stir of the air and the colours of dawn, you will see what God means for you."

What Mary actually did see, when she went out into the dawn, was a deer. It stood motionless, stared at her, then bounded off in great leaps. She could hardly believe it had really happened. She felt like a Naiad; like anything wild and near to primitive life. She would have liked to bathe in a pool in the woods, only there was none, and she would not have dared.

On that same day John Brooks stayed to dinner. Hannah slyly begged the invitation, and he, of course, never suspected. Yet Mary Shelton's manner might have deceived the very elect. After all, she could not pay her landlord in rent for letting her have the old house, and he was eager to do everything possible for her comfort.

So she flashed nearer than usual—near enough for a hint of warmth and sweetness. She made him laugh by telling him how, the morning after her arrival, she had asked Hannah whether she knew the name of those bushes with the sweet-smelling leaves, the ones that grew everywhere.

"To be sure, I do," said Hannah.

"Well, what do you call them?"

"Sure," was the answer, "I never called them anything but just 'them bushes.'"

Then John Brooks told her that Hannah had taken care of him and his brother ever since their parents died. "She had no use for poor Rod's painting, though. One day he left a canvas to dry in the kitchen, and she put it in the stove. She *said* she thought he'd thrown it away."

John laughed softly, but something in Mary's heart clicked shut against him.

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Certain words of her comrade came into her mind :—

> Each soul has its own road to take; but if the road is lonely or rough the temptation comes to leave it for companionship and ease. Better stumble every step of the way along the true road, better faint again and again from weariness and pain; for to leave it is to be lost.

Useless to repeat those words to John Brooks, sitting there complacent, successful, aware only of the obvious. But if she could flash their meaning, their truth, into his mind! Mary looked at him a moment, then said, quietly, "It must have been hard for your brother to work in such circumstances."

Instantly the reminiscent laughter died from her companion's face. It was a strong, masculine face; the dark hair about it was already turning grey; the lines ran deep. Now its expression was heavy and unlighted.

"Perhaps," he answered, his eyes on the floor. Then, with a still duller intonation, "Perhaps it was."

The conversation flagged. Mary looked impatiently at the unlighted face opposite. How plainly it betrayed the man's service to the world of things, his lack of dreams and aspirations! That very morning her comrade had told her that "Dreams and aspirations are the motor forces of action." But of course he meant of noble action. No dreams and aspirations were needed for the building of factories and a hideous new cottage.

Meantime, Mary's guest presented a stolid front to the winged thoughts that hovered between them. Yet he lingered. He was clearly content with the silences that fell—content to sit there in the old parlour, with the sea-breezes blowing through the window, and Mary sitting where his eyes could rest upon her.

They rested upon her quite unaware; he seemed to have forgotten himself. And Mary grew increasingly impatient with his quiet satisfaction. Her presence, she felt, simply lent the touch which made those familiar surroundings once more cheerful and homelike. But Hannah, coming in with some iced lemonade, and also with a woman's eyes in her head, took that look of John Brooks as she might have taken a stitch in the side—with a sharp breath and a change of colour. For she had seen not only the look in the man's eyes; she had seen also the utter detachment of Miss Shelton. And, though she loved the girl, she felt against her a quick, burning resentment.

But neither noticed Hannah, and Mary was glad when at last John Brooks said he must be going. He meant well. Perhaps when he was young—— But Mary could not picture John Brooks when he was young.

For refreshment she went, as always, to her friend. To turn the pages of the note-book and find the thought that awaited her was to Mary a more intimate communion than would have been possible through speech. It was looking into the mind, the very soul. It was a contact so intimate and vital that she often felt that sense of merged personality, that losing of self which is really an exquisite finding.

And now, clearing the murk from her spirit, came this: "The only poverty we need fear is poverty of the inner man. For that to go hungry and cold and unsheltered is the great tragedy."

Now, Mary Shelton was not so unread as to suppose that this thought had never been expressed before. But, as always, she found in her friend's words something far more precious than literary or philosophic merit. She found the clear reflection of a spirit; in all that he said she found *him*.

To the portrait in the attic studio, however, she seldom went. She would have said that it made her sad. She saw in it the restlessness, the painful yearning, of the artist's struggle for development and expression. And the canvases he had left offered no comfort. They were ambitious, but crude, and mostly unfinished. How sorely he had needed to get away, to breathe a freer atmosphere, to feel the touch of kindred spirits!

Oddly enough, the note-book, that perfect reflection, gave no hint of thwarted aspiration, spoke no word of the cherished art. But Mary read between the lines; here clearly the man had escaped from all the fetters that bound him, even from the disappointment and struggle associated with his art.

Never in all her life had Mary Shelton been so beautiful as when, alone in the little study, she pored over the dim pages of the note-book. As she read, within her always quickened that delicate excitement, that wonder and delight of recognition. To be sure, when she emerged, she had to be retuned to the every-day contacts of life—to Hannah, inquiring about dinner, to John Brooks, dropping in more and more often on his way to the new cottage. They, good souls, never know how jarringly they touched on the delicately-strung Miss Shelton.

Yet, by so admirably playing their humble parts of housekeeper and landlord, these two

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made it possible for Mary to taste the perfect savour of her adventure. As the season waned she began to realize this. She lingered oftener in the kitchen, a pleasant place, and she felt less impatient with John Brooks. There was so little time left! She sometimes even flashed near in that quick way of hers — sweet fire instead of a distant star.

She thought of asking him to give her the note-book. Of course, to leave it behind would not be to leave her comrade. She might even copy the contents; and so she would if her landlord wished to keep it. But why should he? Forgotten for years in that dusty drawer, it had awaited her coming. If she hadn't been a true daughter of her Puritan forebears, she would simply have taken it.

One day, when John Brooks was sitting at peace on the veranda, she made her request. "There's an old note-book in a desk upstairs. I'm going to ask you to give it to me."

He looked at her out of puzzled eyes. He would have given her anything in the house, and she asked for an old note-book!

"I'll bring it down," Mary volunteered. "I've—I've been reading it. And I should like to keep it."

She turned away hastily, the blood in her cheeks. She had suddenly realized that her reading of the note-book might not seem—well. exactly the right thing. And when John Brooks discovered it to be a record of his brother's thoughts, he might think her request a strange one. She actually lingered in the little study, half afraid to go down again. Then she braced herself against the man's complacent, material stolidity. He could not, of course, realize her spiritual ownership of this book. If she told him that through its pages she had met her predestined comrade, he would not even know what she meant.

While Mary went after her crystalline reflection of a spirit, John Brooks, a very palpable figure of a man, sat looking towards his factories over the river. Mary caught him at it when she came back. He probably enjoyed seeing their smoke sully the blue of the sky. A swift rush of impatience drove away all her hesitation. As he turned towards her she handed him the note-book.

Then she sat down and looked resolutely at the sea. But she heard the precious leaves turning. Oh, he wouldn't understand a word he read! Still, the handwriting might revive a certain sentiment.

"Upon my word, this fellow has Friend Emerson beaten to a standstill!"

John Brooks was chuckling — chuckling in heavy, stupid amusement. Mary, looking at him, flashed fire; but he didn't see. His eyes were on the written page. Then he said:—

"Listen to this: 'Every soul must carry its own torch; but the lighted soul may kindle the unlighted.'"

"Don't! Oh, please, please don't!"

John Brooks looked at her in surprise.

"I can't bear to hear you mock at it," Mary faltered. A sense of the futility of trying to explain checked further speech.

John Brooks gave his attention again to the page before him. He turned it, read, then read another. Gradually his face quickened.

"He knows now," thought Mary. Her breath caught in her throat. The man had loved his brother, though in a dull, uncomprehending way. Perhaps he would not care to give her the book, perhaps he would feel disturbed at her calling it to his attention.

Again that chuckling laugh broke in upon her delicate perturbations. Mary longed to snatch the book from him; flashes of indignation scorched her. But under her burning eyes John Brooks laughed on. He was no longer reading; he was looking to her to share his amusement.

"Well," he exclaimed, "it's like seeing a fellow get up out of his grave!"

Mary shuddered. She had not thought him so callous as that. Her eyes glowed with a sort of anger as she watched him.

But John Brooks was lost again in his reading, and as he read his face changed. The deep lines softened, the mouth relaxed and grew tender. Little by little, layer by layer, the mask of the years seemed to be thinning, as if some divine hand were stripping it away. And now the light was shining through.

To Mary it was all a tribute to her comrade. It was his spirit that was stirring and awaking the torpid spirit of his brother. It was no longer futile to speak, to explain. She leaned eagerly forward.

"I want to tell you what that book has meant to me."

The man raised his head. Under the stress of her emotion, Mary's voice had taken an exquisite, resonant note. Her eyes, starry with tears, looked straight into the eyes of John Brooks.

"It gave me," she went on, "what I have never had before in all my life—a true comrade. When I read in it, I am talking with him; when I lay it away, he is still with

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"DON'T!' HE SAID, HUSKILY. 'IT ALL COMES BACK. I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT; EVEN THE HANDWRITING WAS UNFAMILIAR.'"

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me. Our thoughts always meet; he has awakened me to new life. In finding him I have found myself—oh, I think you will understand! As I watched you reading I felt you would understand."

She broke off. John Brooks seemed struggling to speak. The heaviness, the stolidity, was stripped from his face now. It was sharp with feeling, tense with pain.

"Don't!" he said, huskily. "It all comes back. I'd forgotten about it; even the handwriting was unfamiliar. Those ideas used to come into my head; I'd write them out at the old desk upstairs in my little study. Then I'd come down and play on my violin. It's in there on the piano now. I haven't touched it for years.

"I used to think I was going to write books! Well, I made shoes instead. I had to do something of that sort. Rod couldn't—at least, it wouldn't have been right to force it on him. And I got too busy to write those things down, too busy even to think them, I'm afraid."

He did not look at Mary, but at that smoke from his factories which stained the sky. And she sat quite still. Nothing was clear to her. She vibrated to some unbelievable shock—a shock that had changed the world. And through all the chaos of reconstruction two figures took shape; she saw John Brooks bending over the desk upstairs, his young face alight; then she saw him toiling through the years, bearing the burden for himself and his brother.

The other figure was that of his brother. His portrait came to her as clearly as if she stood before it in the attic studio, and it seemed that a veil had been drawn away from the face. She saw it weak, selfish, dissatisfied. And then the canvases showed themselves: mute witnesses of wavering purpose and flagging zeal.

"He never did a stroke of work, Rod didn't, only his painting; and none too much of that."

The agent's forgotten words had flashed into Mary's mind, and they were followed by Hannah's unheeded testimony: "He never did much *but* fretting to tire him. Mr. John never wasted his time fretting. He *worked*."

Mary hid her face in her hands. So suddenly had those vapours of star-dust and prism-lights been swept away that she could scarcely bear the frank, uncompromising revelation. It was the man before her whose presence she had felt when she first entered the house, whose voice had spoken to her when she found the note-book.

Lifting her face, she leaned suddenly forward. She laid a hand on John Brooks's arm.

"I didn't know," she said. "I have been so blind! I didn't know."

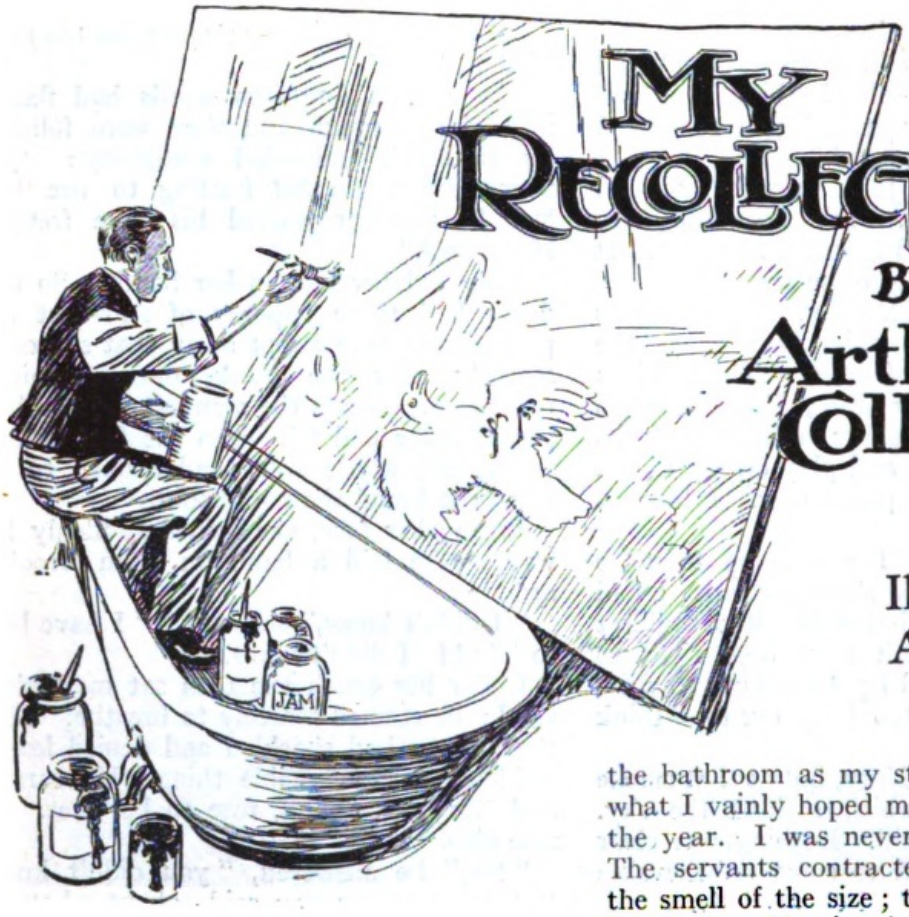
Under her touch the man sat motionless, rigid; he seemed scarcely to breathe. Then the love he had shackled and denied leaped suddenly free, a visible thing. He turned, and Mary, trembling, rose to her feet. He rose also.

"No," he answered, "you didn't know. But those things you said—about what the book has meant to you—I'll never forget them! They've given something back to me. If I ever feel I'm losing it, I'll say them over and over. Oh, I know to you it's as if you had said them about another man——"

He stopped, gripped by the anguish of it; and Mary made a little involuntary movement. His pain hurt her intolerably. But with the hurt was something else, something overmastering and strange and sweet. She struggled against it, then put her hands out blindly.

"No," she whispered—"no. It was not another man. It was you!"

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MY RECOLLECTIONS BY Arthur Collins

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

IT has come upon me something in the nature of a shock that I have become that fearsome thing, "a record in the annals of Drury Lane Theatre." Last year conferred upon me the unique distinction of having held the reins of government at Drury Lane Theatre for a longer period than either of my predecessors. And by the end of the present pantomime season I shall have completed eighteen years as a manager.

I dread to think how the years have flown since at my earnest entreaties my father, in whose footsteps I had failed to follow as an architect, apprenticed me to Henry Emden, the scenic artist at Drury Lane.

My sojourn in the paint-room seems now to have been all hard work for very little pay, but I do not regret the long hours I devoted to this labour, for I still love to paint scenes. In my youthful enthusiasm for the art I attempted once to execute a masterpiece. When I was living with my parents I took home a huge stretch of canvas, innumerable earthenware pots, and any amount of colours and size. The subject of the picture was, I believe, an attempt to illustrate an incident in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." I used the bathroom as my studio, and started on what I vainly hoped might be the picture of the year. I was never allowed to finish it. The servants contracted sore throats from the smell of the size; the house reeked of it for weeks. My sister's pet kitten died from sampling the colours; my younger brothers fairly wallowed up to their eyes in paint, and nobody could use the bath because it held my paint-pots. Ultimately an irate parent destroyed the canvas and confiscated all my materials. Thus, perhaps the work of an artistic genius has been lost to posterity for ever.

As an actor I never really shone. There is one incident in my early career, however, which has left an everlasting impression. A well-known manager wrote and asked me to call at his London office with a view to arranging an engagement to play a small part in a piece which he had out on tour. Exceedingly proud at receiving this request, I arrayed myself in all my best clothes, and, cutting what I thought was a remarkably dashing, handsome figure, I called at the office. The manager was away, but I was received by his lady secretary. She gave me one swift glance, and said, "How remarkable! Why, you are *it*."

I was very nervous, and stuttered, "Do you mean I—I—shall suit the part?"

"Yes," she replied; "you are made for it."

"What is the part?" I asked, anxiously.

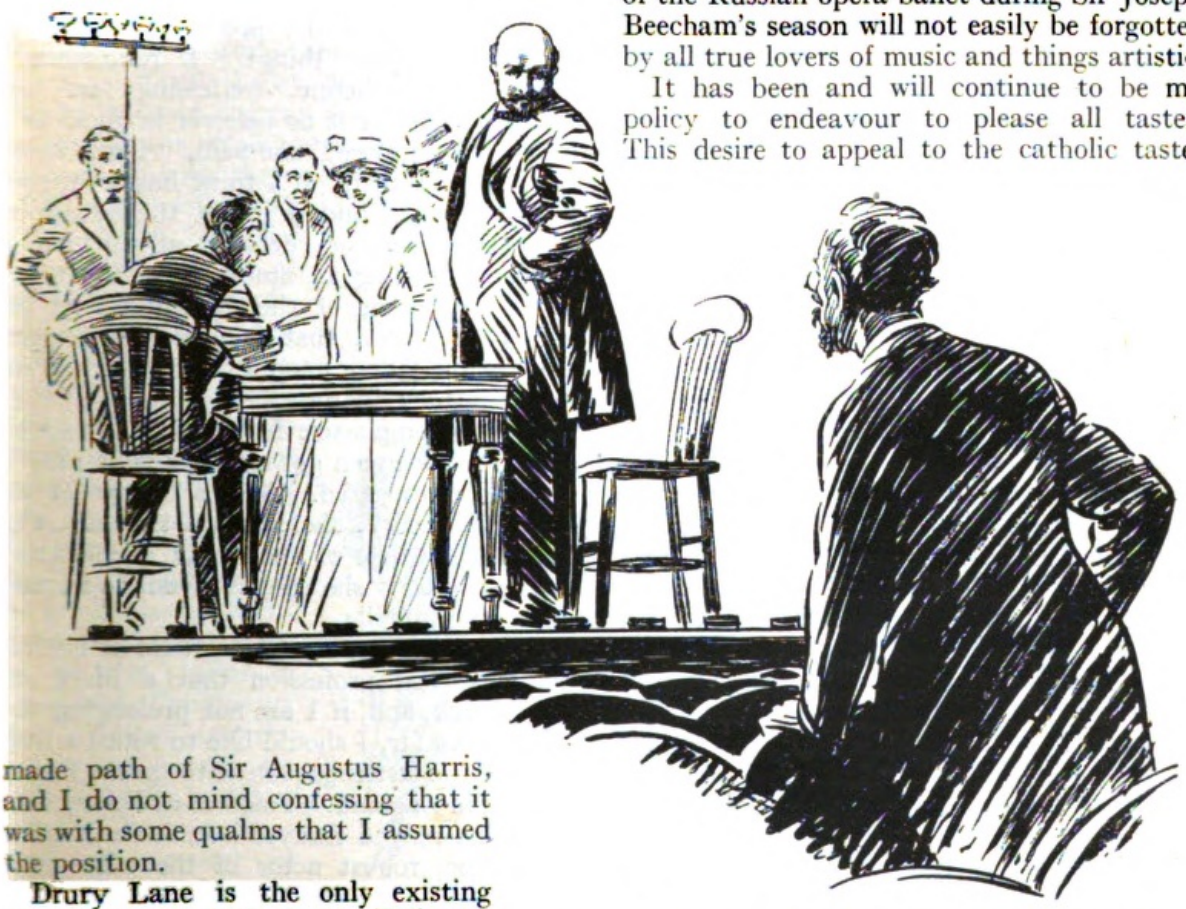
"It will be sent to you by post to-night," she said, smilingly.

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I was highly delighted, rushed home, and eagerly waited for the script. Eventually the precious packet arrived, but imagine my disgust when I read the author's description of the character, "Enter Joe Adams, a hooligan of the most repulsive and aggressive type, a loathsome creature."

The secretary—or so I presume by her remarks—meant to be kind, and did not want to damp my youthful ardour.

However, finding myself "a record," I may perhaps be forgiven for looking back with some feeling of gratification and pride to the day when I first ventured into management. It was no light matter to follow in the well-made path of Sir Augustus Harris, and I do not mind confessing that it was with some qualms that I assumed the position.



"SIR AUGUSTUS, SIR AUGUSTUS, WILL YOU PLEASE REMEMBER THAT THIS IS A DRAMA IN THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH?"

Drury Lane is the only existing theatre about which there still lingers a great historical atmosphere. Its stage has been trodden by every great exponent of the English drama, amongst whose names may be mentioned Elliston, Dowton, Bannister, Wallack, Mrs. Glover, the Kembles, the Keans, Grimaldi, Braham, Young, Mrs. Nisbett, Storace, Harley, Keeley, Mme. Vestris, Helen Faucit, Ellen Tree, Macready, and many others.

Perhaps better known to the present generation will be the names of some of the popular favourites who have appeared during my management. These include Mrs. John Wood, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, Sir George Alexander, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Fanny Brough, H. B. Irving, Henry Ainley, and many other notable actors and actresses.

Amongst the many modern famous authors whose works have been produced at Drury Lane, I might mention the names of Sir Francis Burnand, Hall Caine, George Bernard Shaw, Stephen Phillips, and George R. Sims. The domain of music has not been neglected during my *régime*. English opera was successfully produced in 1902 by the Moody-Manners Company and Italian opera in 1909, and, last but not least, the beautiful performances of the Russian opera ballet during Sir Joseph Beecham's season will not easily be forgotten by all true lovers of music and things artistic.

It has been and will continue to be my policy to endeavour to please all tastes. This desire to appeal to the catholic tastes of the public recalls an amusing story concerning my predecessor, Sir Augustus Harris. We were rehearsing an Elizabethan drama, and Harris, in the opinion of the author, was taking liberties with the period as regards certain effects, taking full advantage of what we term dramatic license. The author writhed under the ordeal, and at last, unable to control himself, rose in his seat and shouted, angrily, "Sir Augustus, Sir Augustus, will you please

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remember that this is a drama in the time of Queen Elizabeth?"

Harris looked scornfully at him and retorted, "Will you please recollect, sir, that this is Drury Lane under Gus Harris?"

It is necessary sometimes to sacrifice historical accuracy in details for the sake of obtaining a good dramatic effect. Breadth of treatment on a stage of the magnitude of Drury Lane is the first essential. Harris knew his public thoroughly, and he was right.

Harris, I am afraid, however, was somewhat ruthless when dealing with the work of dramatic authors, and it was Henry Hamilton who once christened him "the literary Jack the Ripper," for whenever the manager of the National Theatre thought a play too long his custom was to ask for a pin and, taking a dozen pages at random, stick them together and say, "They're out; now go on."

It is an extraordinary fact that he firmly believed in the existence of the "Evil Eye," and I shall never forget one opera season at Covent Garden when he expressed his earnest conviction that the leading baritone in the company was the possessor of that unlucky influence, and the "great Gus" became more firmly convinced on this point when one night, as the singer made his entrance on to the stage, a scene fell down into the orchestra, frightening seriously, if it did not injure severely, the *prima donna*.

"I knew something would happen—I knew something would happen!" repeated Sir Augustus, excitedly, and as he did so the chair on which he sat broke down beneath him. That finished it. "Go and give that man a month's salary in advance!" he thundered. "And make it a condition of his getting it that he shall never again come into this theatre, at either the front or the back."

The unlucky baritone took his salary, and from that day to this I have heard nothing more of him.

Believers in the supernatural, of course, will at once see in the dismissal of this baritone the beginning of Harris's success, but there is another story which will interest them even more. It is solemnly affirmed that the ghost of Sir Augustus used to walk the stage regularly every night on the stroke of twelve. This is no invention on my part, for I have met people who claim to have actually seen the ghost. Indeed, at one time it was the talk of the night watchman, and the whole place rang with the matter. The tale went that "Druriolanus" came nightly in spirit form to conduct a ghostly rehearsal, and was to be seen pacing the stage, waving his arms and gesticulating in the old familiar manner.

I remember that Dan Leno was so impressed with the story that he resolved to watch one night to ascertain if fate would favour him with another view of the "dear old governor." But Dan either got tired or fell asleep, for I never heard any result of the project.

But superstition, of course, is associated with the stage in a very marked degree. Indeed, I know of no calling in which there are so many queer beliefs. Occasionally one comes across a prominent actor or actress who defies superstition and, in the eyes of other members of the profession, does the most outrageous things. I remember a popular comedienne confessing on one occasion that she is no believer in good or ill luck. "I suppose," she said, "I am something of a fatalist. If a thing has to happen it will happen, and it is not the avoidance of green gowns or curtains, of thirteen at table, of opening an umbrella on the stage, or of any other of the thousand and one old wives' tales, that is going to prevent any trouble falling upon a person marked out for an attack by fate."

As if to emphasize her opinion, she wore a brand-new green gown in the next play in which she appeared. And *à propos* of the umbrella theory, she recalled the fact that during the whole of the run of a celebrated musical comedy she sang a favourite number under an umbrella.

It is, of course, a settled article of faith in the theatrical profession that a black cat brings luck, and, if I am not prolonging this subject too far, I should like to retail a little story of the last engagement the great Ristori fulfilled in England. This was at Drury Lane when she played Lady Macbeth in English. That fine, robust actor of the old school, William Rignold, had just marched on in his character of the guilty Thane, and was apostrophizing the "secret black and midnight hags" in vigorous fashion, when there entered a character unknown to the prompt-book or to the bard—the theatre cat, to wit. Rignold gazed at the spectre



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with wrath, which presently developed in the following fashion :—

"Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more—h'sh, h'sh !—say from whence you owe this strange intelligence—h'sh, h'sh !—why upon this blasted heath—h'sh, h'sh !—you stop our way—h'sh, h'sh !—with this prophetic greeting—h'sh, h'sh !"

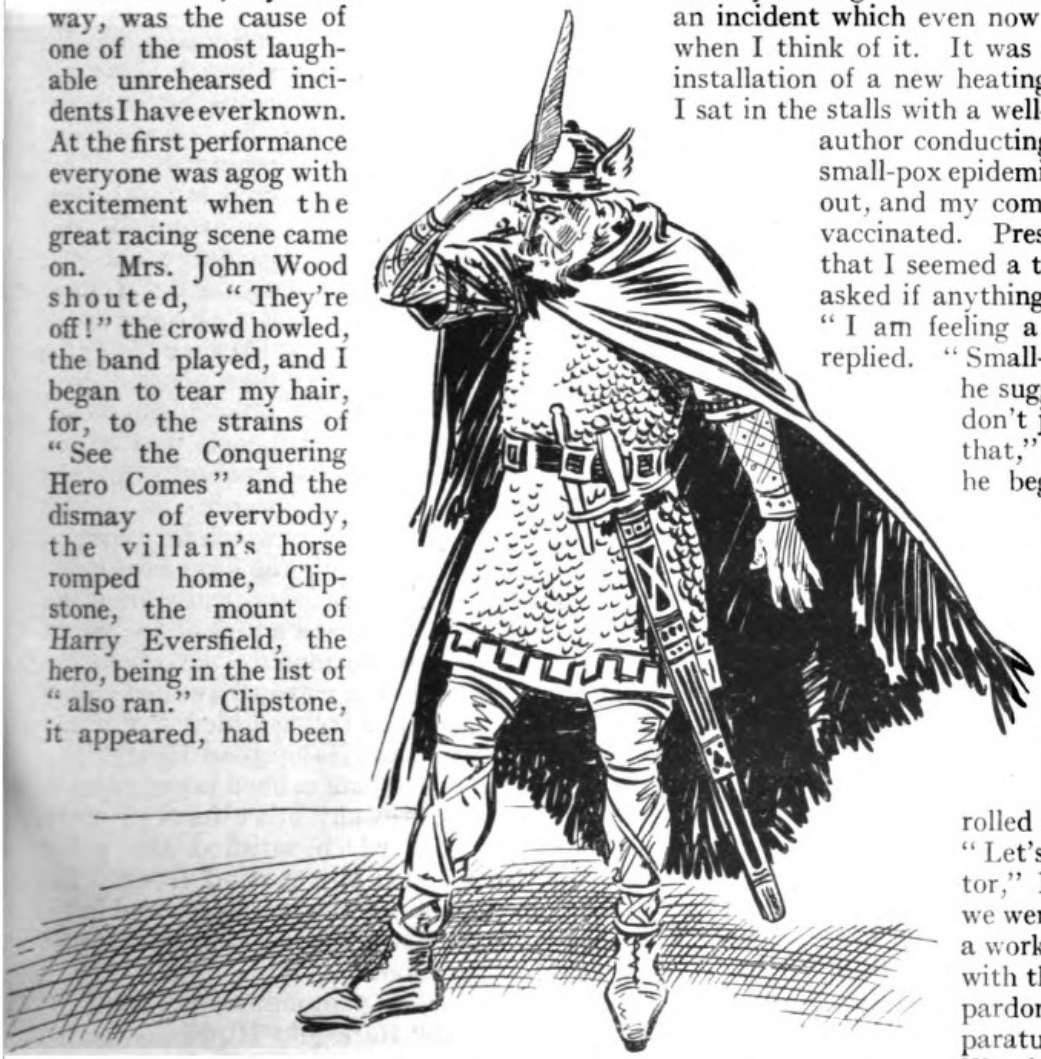
For a few moments Pickles, the theatre grimalkin, replied to Rignold's glare with a cool, steady look, and then coolly turned its back on him and walked majestically off the stage. Of course, the audience roared, and one was only thankful that Ristori herself was not in that scene.

My inclinations have always been in the direction of creating and producing large effects, and my belief in this policy has, I feel sure, had a great deal to do with the success of the productions at Drury Lane, particularly with the series of dramas which commenced with "The Derby Winner."

The latter, by the way, was the cause of one of the most laughable unrehearsed incidents I have ever known. At the first performance everyone was agog with excitement when the great racing scene came on. Mrs. John Wood shouted, "They're off!" the crowd howled, the band played, and I began to tear my hair, for, to the strains of "See the Conquering Hero Comes" and the dismay of everybody, the villain's horse romped home, Clipstone, the mount of Harry Eversfield, the hero, being in the list of "also ran." Clipstone, it appeared, had been "pulled" in the most audacious manner by a jockey that Gardener Hales, the animal provider, had supplied to Drury Lane, and whose duty it was, on this particular occasion, to hold the horse. Whether he had done it purposely because he was not allowed to ride, Harry Eversfield being the actual jockey, or whether it was an accident, I don't know ; but anyhow, "Druriolanus" was equal to the occasion.

Walking down to the footlights, he said, when the laughter had subsided a little, "Ladies and gentlemen, I know what you are laughing at"—huge derisive laughter and cheers—"but you must remember that the winning-post is half a mile farther down the course, and I was standing there at the finish of the race, and I give you my word that Clipstone, the Derby winner, was first past the post." The sally took, and the audience seemed quite satisfied.

It was during a rehearsal of another drama some years ago that I was the victim of an incident which even now makes me smile when I think of it. It was shortly after the installation of a new heating apparatus, and I sat in the stalls with a well-known dramatic author conducting a rehearsal. A small-pox epidemic had just broken out, and my companion had been vaccinated. Presently he noticed that I seemed a trifle restless, and asked if anything was the matter. "I am feeling a bit feverish," I replied. "Small-pox, old chap," he suggested. "Please don't joke about it like that," I protested. Then he began to mop his brow. "I don't feel at all well myself," he volunteered ; "I'm getting feverish, too." A few minutes later things grew serious all round, and perspiration rolled down his cheeks. "Let's go and see a doctor," I gasped, and, as we were about to leave, a workman approached with the remark, "Beg pardon, sir; 'eating happaratus satisfactory?" We had been sitting over a heating valve!



"THE CAT COOLLY TURNED ITS BACK ON HIM AND WALKED MAJESTICALLY OFF THE STAGE."

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In the large crowd which is constantly employed at Drury Lane one comes across all phases of human nature. The besetting sin is vanity; everybody wants to keep well in the limelight, and it sometimes becomes annoying to the manager who has to do his best to make everybody occupy his proper place in the picture. An instance of supreme vanity occurred during the House of Commons scene in "The Price of Peace." The part of Speaker was assigned to one of the walking-on gentlemen, who was evidently disappointed at not having anything to say. The chief situation in the scene, and the one which brought the curtain down, was the sudden death of the Prime Minister, and after every rehearsal the "Speaker" would weary me persistently about inserting some lines to be spoken by him after the tragedy. And he usually made this request when I was very busy discussing details with the authors.



"BEG PARDON, SIR; 'EATING HAPPARATUS SATISFACTORY?"

One day an old scene-shifter, overhearing the inevitable interruption, "Can't I say something here, Mr. Collins?" chipped in with the remark, "Why don't yer get up and say, 'Wot abaht a shillin' subscription for a wreath?'" A roar of laughter greeted this sally, and effectually silenced my tormentor.

One of the pleasantest recollections of my later managerial days was my association with Sir Henry Irving, and I much appreciated the honour he did me by accepting the hospitality of Drury Lane Theatre. His seasons, both in 1903 and 1905, were brilliant successes, and it is a source of pride to record that Drury Lane was the last London theatre in which he played before his death. More interesting still, perhaps, is the fact that it was during his first season—to be exact, July 14th, 1903—that he made his last appearance with Miss Ellen Terry.

It was always a pleasure to work with Sir Henry Irving. He had such a keen sense of humour that any troubles which appeared ended in a smile. A story will illustrate the dry humour of the great actor. He allowed his stage manager to take the preliminary rehearsals of his crowds, and then he attended and gave the finishing touches. During a rehearsal of "Dante," the manager had carefully drilled his people, and waited anxiously for the words of praise which he expected to fall from the lips of the chief. Irving gazed critically for a long time at the antics of the crowd and murmured, "Excellent, my boy; excellent." The manager swelled visibly with pride, and then Irving added, "But, my boy, this is Hell, not Hampstead Heath."

I suppose more changes have taken place in pantomime than in any other form of entertainment. That which satisfied the public a few years ago is now a dead letter. The old-fashioned pantomime which existed in the days gone by would not be accepted by the present generation.

A criticism of pantomime produced in 1852, entitled, "Harlequin Hudibras, or Old Dame Durden and the Droll Days of the Merry Monarch," reads: "Much expense has

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been evidently lavished. Hudibras and Squire Ralph were all that masks could make them, and Dame Durden and Charles II., with Antiquity and Improvement, contribute to the business of the scene. At the bidding of the last lady it changes to the Sydenham Crystal Palace by moonlight." Can you imagine an audience of to-day, which requires everything on a most magnificent scale, with all the leading lights of the variety and musical-comedy stage, sitting this out? The places of the principal boy and girl must be taken by high-class operatic singers; the red-nosed knockabout comedians of a decade ago have given way to men like that past-master in the art of gagging, Mr. George Graves, and that inimitable character-artist, Mr. Will Evans. The word pantomime as applied to the present-day production at Drury Lane is almost a misnomer. It is really a blend of comic opera, fairy tale, and topical revue, designed to appeal alike to children and grown-ups.

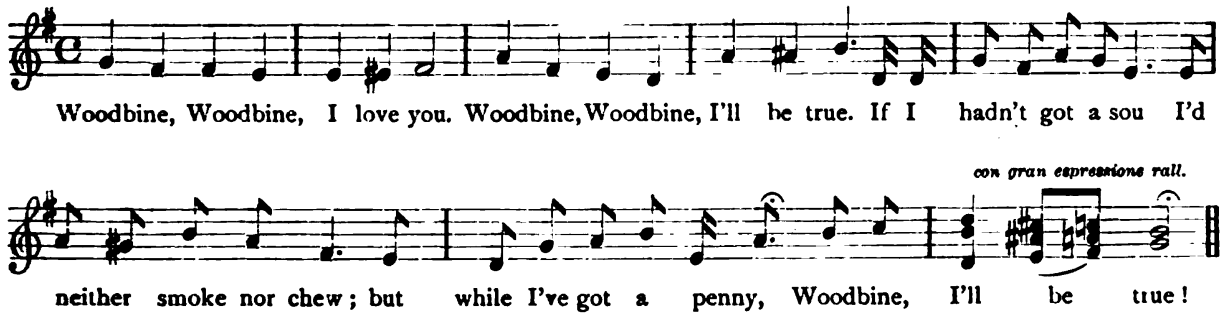
These pantomime recollections remind me of one sad incident in my busy life. I refer to the untimely death of Dan Leno. A greater comedian never lived. He was a genius if ever there was one. Give him an idea with the faintest semblance of a funny situation, and he could make more out of it than any man I ever knew. I remember when he was playing the part of a baroness I arranged a scene for him—the kitchen of his palace—and suggested he should go through the tradesmen's books with Harry Randall. Well, Dan Leno did wonders with that idea. He built upon it and built upon it. By instinct, somehow, he hit off all the idiosyncrasies of a suburban housewife, and the vast audience, recognizing the comic side of the tribulations of housekeeping as portrayed by Dan Leno, rocked with laughter. His fun, though exaggerated, possessed verisimilitude to an extraordinary degree, and was always clean. I owe a great debt of gratitude to Dan Leno, for we achieved some of our finest financial successes in pantomime whilst he was with us.

I am pleased to have an opportunity of paying even this slight tribute to the memory of a man who in his lifetime I held in great esteem. He was a prince of jesters, a man of infinite variety and resource.

I suppose, however, that pantomime brings me more worries than any other type of production at Drury Lane, and if anyone were to ask me what was one of the greatest nuisances of my life I could truthfully reply the person who writes to me suggesting ideas for pantomimes. One lady who wrote to me, I remember, said she had had no experience of pantomime work, but having made a great success of Christmas-card designing, she thought, as she would like a change, she could prove very useful to me in the matter of arranging pantomimes at Drury Lane.

Then there is the inquisitive person who wants to know whether the "principal boy" pads her legs, or whether they are her own, and I remember when Miss Marie George was appearing at the Lane an inquisitive person wrote, "I should be very much obliged if you could discover for me Miss Marie George's recollections of her first time in trousers—in other words, when she first played a boy's part, and any humorous details about the occasion." I believe the latter query was referred to Miss George's husband, who laughingly replied that he did not know when she first donned them, but that she was still "wearing the breeches."

Although we all work hard during the rehearsals of pantomime, I may mention that we find time for a little relaxation during the luncheon hour. At Drury Lane my company regales me sometimes with impromptu glee singing, the following being a sample of their vocal efforts:—



Sometimes I may sigh for the peace and quiet of my beautiful garden at Weybridge, and long to escape from the whirl and turmoil of theatrical production, but I am afraid if I followed out such spasmodic inclinations I should be far from content, for after all the true enjoyment of life lies in the work one finds most congenial.

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The Romance of an Ugly Policeman.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

CROSSING the Thames by Chelsea Bridge the wanderer through London finds himself in pleasant Battersea. Rounding the Park, where the female of the species wanders with its young by the ornamental water where the wildfowl are, he comes upon a vast road. One side of this is given up to Nature, the other to Intellect. On the right, green trees stretch into the middle distance; on the left, endless blocks of residential flats. It is Prince of Wales Road, the home of the cliff-dwellers.

Police-constable Plimmer's beat embraced the first quarter of a mile of the cliffs. It was his duty to pace, in the measured fashion of the London policeman, along the front of them, turn to the right, turn to the left, and come back along the road which ran behind them. In this way he was enabled to keep the King's peace over no fewer than four blocks of mansions.

It did not require a deal of keeping. Battersea may have its tough citizens, but they do not live in Prince of Wales Road. Prince of Wales Road's speciality is Brain, not Crime. Authors, musicians, newspaper men, actors, and artists are the inhabitants of these mansions. A child could control them. They assault and batter nothing but pianos; they steal nothing but ideas, they murder nobody except Chopin and Beethoven. Not through these shall an ambitious young constable achieve promotion.

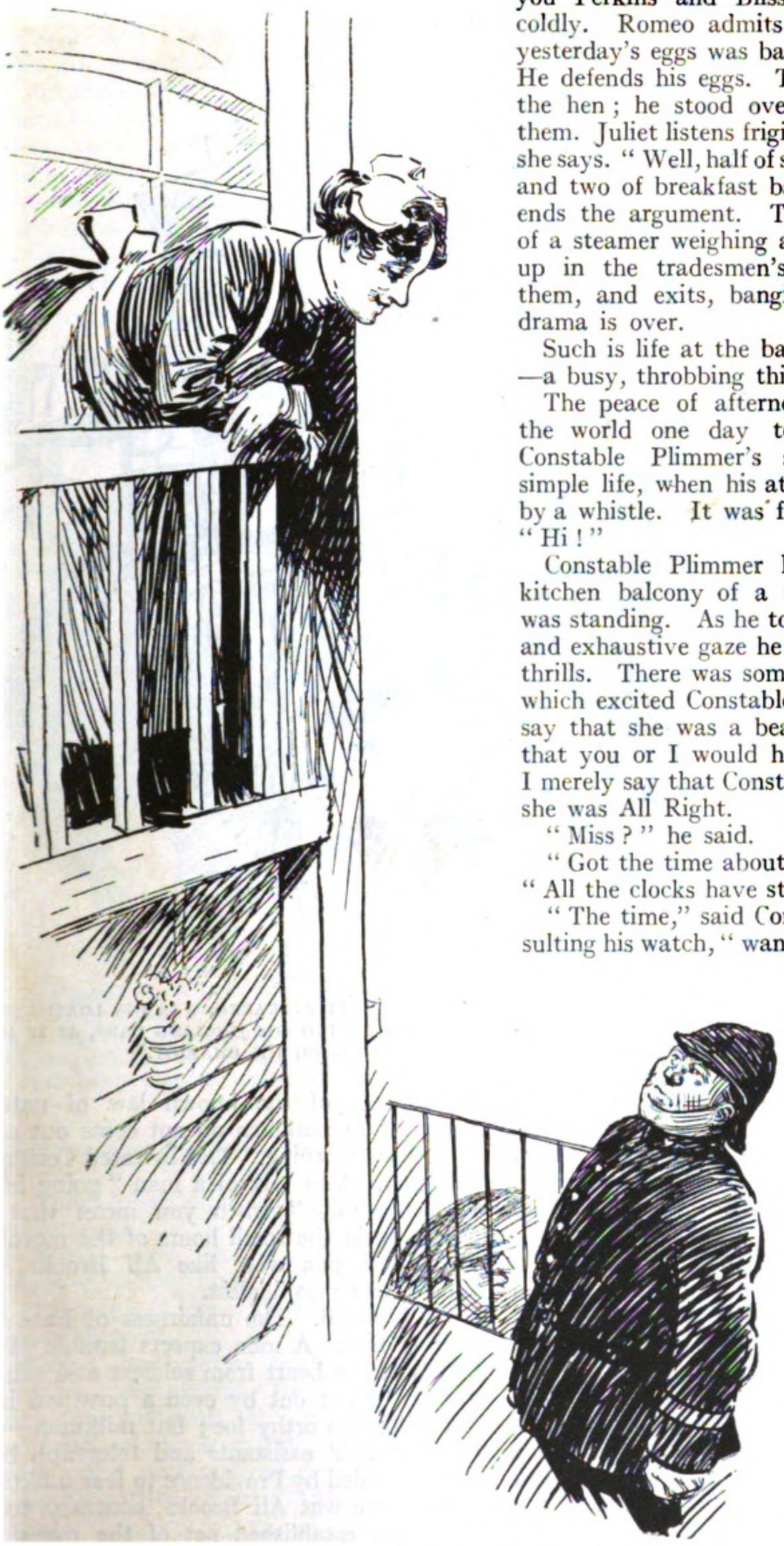
At this conclusion Edward Plimmer arrived within forty-eight hours of his installation. He recognized the flats for what they were—just so many layers of big-brained blamelessness. And there was not even the chance of a burglary. No burglar wastes his time burgling authors. Constable Plimmer reconciled his mind to the fact that his term in Battersea must be looked on as something in the nature of a vacation.

He was not altogether sorry. At first, indeed, he found the new atmosphere soothing. His last beat had been in the heart of tempestuous Whitechapel, where his arms had ached from the incessant hauling of wiry inebriates to the station, and his shins had revolted at the kicks showered upon them by haughty spirits impatient of restraint. Also, one Saturday night, three friends of a gentleman whom he was trying to induce not to murder his wife had so wrought upon him that, when he came out of hospital, his already homely appearance was further marred by a nose which resembled the gnarled root of a tree. All these things had taken from the charm of Whitechapel, and the cloistral peace of the Prince of Wales Road was grateful and comforting.

And just when the unbroken calm had begun to lose its attraction, and dreams of action were once more troubling him, a new interest entered his life, and with its coming he ceased to wish to be removed from Battersea. He fell in love.

It happened at the back of York Mansions. Anything that ever happened, happened there; for it is at the back of these blocks of flats that the real life is. At the front you never see anything, except an occasional tousle-headed young man smoking a pipe; but at the back, where the cooks come out to parley with the tradesmen, there is at certain hours of the day quite a respectable activity. Pointed dialogues about yesterday's eggs, and the toughness of Saturday's meat, are conducted *fortissimo* between cheerful youths in the road and satirical young women in print dresses who come out of their kitchen doors on to little balconies. The whole thing has a pleasing Romeo and Juliet touch. Romeo rattles up in his cart. "Sixty-four!" he cries. "Sixty-fower, sixty-fower, sixty-fow——" The kitchen door opens, and Juliet emerges. She eyes Romeo without any great show of affection. "Are

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"'GOT THE TIME ABOUT YOU?' SAID THE GIRL."

you Perkins and Blissett?" she inquires, coldly. Romeo admits it. "Two of them yesterday's eggs was bad." Romeo protests. He defends his eggs. They were fresh from the hen; he stood over her while she laid them. Juliet listens frigidly. "I *don't* think," she says. "Well, half of sugar, one marmalade, and two of breakfast bacon," she adds, and ends the argument. There is a rattling as of a steamer weighing anchor; the goods go up in the tradesmen's lift, Juliet collects them, and exits, banging door. The little drama is over.

Such is life at the back of York Mansions—a busy, throbbing thing.

The peace of afternoon had fallen upon the world one day towards the end of Constable Plimmer's second week of the simple life, when his attention was attracted by a whistle. It was followed by a musical "Hi!"

Constable Plimmer looked up. On the kitchen balcony of a first-floor flat a girl was standing. As he took her in with a slow and exhaustive gaze he was aware of strange thrills. There was something about this girl which excited Constable Plimmer. I do not say that she was a beauty; I do not claim that you or I would have raved about her. I merely say that Constable Plimmer thought she was All Right.

"Miss?" he said.

"Got the time about you?" said the girl. "All the clocks have stopped."

"The time," said Constable Plimmer, consulting his watch, "wants exactly ten minutes of four."

"Thanks."

"Not at all, miss."

The girl was inclined for conversation. It was that gracious hour of the day when you have cleared lunch and haven't got to think of dinner yet, and have a bit of time to draw a breath or two. She leaned over the balcony and smiled pleasantly.

"'If you want to know the time, ask a pleeceman,'" she said. "You been on this beat long?"

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"Just short of two weeks, miss."

"I been here three days."

"I hope you like it, miss?"

"So-so. The milkman's a nice boy."

Constable Plimmer did not reply. He was busy silently hating the milkman. He knew him—one of those good-looking blighters — one of those oiled and curled perishers —one of those blooming fascinators who go about the world making things hard for ugly, honest men with loving hearts. Oh, yes, he knew the milkman.

"He's a rare one with his jokes," said the girl.

Constable Plimmer went on not replying. He was perfectly aware that the milkman was a rare one with his jokes. He had heard him. The way girls admired anyone with the gift of the gab — that was what embittered Constable Plimmer.

"He"— she giggled— "he calls me 'Little Pansy Face.'"

"If you'll excuse me, miss," said Constable Plimmer, coldly, "I'll have to be getting along on my beat."



"THIS MILKMAN—ALF BROOKS, IT APPEARED, WAS HIS LOATHSOME NAME — CAME RATTLING PAST WITH HIS JINGLING CANS, AS IF HE WERE APOLLO DRIVING HIS CHARIOT."

Little Pansy Face! And you couldn't arrest him for it! What a world! Constable Plimmer paced upon his way, a blue-clad volcano.

It is a terrible thing to be obsessed by a milkman. To Constable Plimmer's disordered imagination it seemed that, dating from this interview, the world became one solid milkman. Wherever he went, he seemed to run into this milkman. If he was in the front road this milkman—Alf Brooks, it appeared, was his loathsome name—came rattling past with his jingling cans, as if he were Apollo driving his chariot. If he was round at the back, there was Alf, his confounded tenor doing duets with the balconies. And all this in defiance of the known law of natural history that milkmen do not come out after five in the morning. This irritated Constable Plimmer. You talk of a man "going home with the milk" when you mean that he sneaks in in the small hours of the morning. If all milkmen were like Alf Brooks, the phrase was meaningless.

He brooded. The unfairness of Fate was souring him. A man expects trouble in his affairs of the heart from soldiers and sailors, and to be cut out by even a postman is to fall before a worthy foe; but milkmen—no! Only grocers' assistants and telegraph boys were intended by Providence to fear milkmen.

Yet here was Alf Brooks, contrary to all rules, the established pet of the mansions. Bright eyes shone from balconies when his

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"Milk-oo-oo" sounded. Golden voices giggled delightedly at his bellowed chaff. And Ellen Brown, whom he called "Little Pansy Face," was definitely in love with him.

They were keeping company. They were walking out. This crushing truth Edward Plimmer learned from Ellen herself.

She had slipped out to post a letter at the pillar-box at the corner, and she reached it just as the policeman arrived there in the course of his patrol.



"CAN'T ONE WRITE TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN ONE'S KEEPING COMPANY WITH WITHOUT HAVING TO GET PERMISSION FROM EVERY GREAT, UGLY, RED-FACED COPPER WITH BIG FEET AND BROKEN NOSES IN LONDON?"

Nervousness impelled Constable Plimmer to be arch.

"'Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo!" he said. "Posting love-letters?"

"What—me? This is to the Police Commissioner, telling him you're no good."

"I'll give it to him. Him and me are taking supper to-night."

Nature had never intended Constable Plimmer to be playful. He was at his worst when he rollicked. He snatched at the letter with what was meant to be a debonair gaiety, and only succeeded in looking like an angry gorilla. The girl uttered a startled squeak.

The letter was addressed to "Mr. A. Brooks."

Playfulness after this was at a discount. The girl was frightened and angry, and he was scowling with mingled jealousy and dismay.

"Ho!" he said. "Ho! 'Mr. A. Brooks.'"

Ellen Brown was a nice girl, but she had a temper, and there were moments when her manners lacked rather noticeably the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

"Well, what about it?" she cried. "Can't one write to the young gentleman one's keeping company with without having to get permission from every——" She paused, to marshal her forces for the assault. "Without having to get permission from every great, ugly, red-faced copper with big feet and broken noses in London?"

Constable Plimmer's wrath faded into a dull unhappiness. Yes, she was right. That was the correct description. That was how an impartial Scotland Yard would be compelled to describe him, if ever he got lost. "Missing.—A great, ugly, red-faced copper, with big feet and a broken nose." They would never find him otherwise.

"Perhaps you object to my walking out with Alf? Perhaps you've got something against him? I suppose you're jealous."

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She threw in the last suggestion entirely in a sporting spirit. She loved battle, and she had a feeling that this one was going to finish far too quickly. To prolong it she gave him this opening. There were a dozen ways in which he might answer, each more insulting than the last, and then, when he had finished, she could begin again. These little encounters, she held, sharpened the wits, stimulated the circulation, and kept one out in the open air.

"Yes," said Constable Plimmer.

It was the one reply she was not expecting. For direct abuse, for sarcasm, for dignity, for almost any speech beginning "What, jealous of *you?* Why——" she was prepared. But this was incredible. It disabled her, as the wild thrust of an unskilled fencer will disable a master of the rapier. She searched in her mind, and found that she had nothing to say.

There was a tense moment in which she found him, looking her in the eyes, strangely less ugly than she had supposed, and then he was gone, rolling along on his beat with that air, which all policemen must achieve, of having no feelings at all, and, as long as it behaves itself, no interest in the human race.

Ellen posted her letter. She dropped it into the box thoughtfully, and thoughtfully returned to the flat. She looked over her shoulder, but Constable Plimmer was out of sight.

Peaceful Battersea began to vex Constable Plimmer. To a man crossed in love action is the one anodyne, and Battersea gave no scope for action. He dreamed now of the old Whitechapel days as a man dreams of the joys of his childhood. He reflected bitterly that a fellow never knows when he is well off in this world. Any one of those myriad drunk and disorderlies would have been as balm to him now. He was like a man who has run through a fortune, and in poverty eats the bread of regret. Amazedly he recollected that in those happy days he had grumbled at his lot. He remembered confiding to a friend in the station-house, as he rubbed with liniment the spot on his right shin where the well-shod foot of a joyous costermonger had got home, that this sort of thing—meaning militant costermongers—was "a bit too thick." A bit too thick! Why, he would pay one to kick him now. And as for the three loyal friends of the would-be wife murderer who had broken his nose, if he saw them coming round the corner he would welcome them as brothers.

And Prince of Wales Road dozed on—calm, intellectual, law-abiding.

A friend of his told him that there had once been a murder in one of these flats. He did not believe it. If any of these white-corpuscled beings ever killed a fly, it was as much as they could do. The thing was ridiculous on the face of it. If they were capable of murder, they would have murdered Alf Brooks.

He stood in the road, and looked up at the placid buildings resentfully.

"Grr-rr-rr!" he growled, and kicked the path.

And even as he spoke, on the balcony of a first-floor flat there appeared a woman, an elderly, sharp-faced woman, who waved her arms and screamed, "Policeman! Officer! Come up here! Come up here at once!"

Up the stone stairs went Constable Plimmer at the run. His mind was alert and questioning. Murder? Hardly murder, perhaps. If it had been that the woman would have said so. She did not look the sort of woman who would be reticent about a thing like that. Well, anyway, it was something, and Edward Plimmer had been long enough in Battersea to be thankful for small favours. An intoxicated husband would be better than nothing. At least he would be something that a fellow could get his hands on to and throw about a bit.

The sharp-faced woman was waiting for him at the door. He followed her into the flat.

"What is it, ma'am?"

"Theft. Our cook has been stealing."

She seemed sufficiently excited about it, but Constable Plimmer felt only depression and disappointment. A stout admirer of the sex, he hated arresting women. Moreover, to a man in the mood to tackle anarchists with bombs, to be confronted with petty theft is galling. But duty was duty. He produced his notebook.

"She is in her room. I locked her in. I know she has taken my brooch. We have missed money. You must search her."

"Can't do that, ma'am. Female searcher at the station."

"Well, you can search her box."

A little, bald, nervous man in spectacles appeared as if out of a trap. As a matter of fact, he had been there all the time, standing by the bookcase, but he was one of those men you do not notice till they move and speak.

"Er—Jane."

"Well, Henry?"

The little man seemed to swallow something.

"I—I think that you may possibly be wronging Ellen. It is just possible, as regards

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the money——" He smiled in a ghastly manner, and turned to the policeman. "Er—officer, I ought to tell you that my wife—ah—holds the purse-strings of our little home, and it is just possible that, in an absent-minded moment, *I* may have——"

"Do you mean to tell me, Henry, that *you* have been taking my money?

"My dear, it is just possible that in an abs——"

"How often?"



"DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME, HENRY, THAT YOU HAVE BEEN TAKING MY MONEY?"

He wavered perceptibly. Conscience was beginning to lose its grip.

"Oh, not often."

"*How* often? More than once?"

Conscience had shot its bolt. The little man gave up the struggle.

"No, no; not more than once. Certainly not more than once."

"You ought not to have done it at all. We will talk about that later. It doesn't alter the fact that Ellen is a thief. I have missed money half-a-dozen times. Besides that, there's the brooch. Step this way, officer."

Constable Plimmer stepped that way, his face a mask. He knew who was waiting for them behind the locked door at the end of the passage. But it was his duty to look as if he were stuffed, and he did so.

She was sitting on her bed, dressed for the street. It was her afternoon out, the sharp-faced woman had informed Constable Plimmer, attributing the fact that she had discovered the loss of the brooch in time to stop her to a direct interposition of Providence. She was pale, and there was a hunted look in her eyes.

"You wicked girl! Where is my brooch?"

She held it out without a word. She had been holding it in her hand.

"You see, officer?"

"I wasn't stealing of it. I 'adn't but borrowed it. I was going to put it back."

"Stuff and nonsense! Borrow it, indeed! What for?"

"I—I wanted to look nice."

The woman gave a short laugh. Constable Plimmer's face was a mere block of wood—expressionless.

"And what about the money I've been missing? I suppose you'll say you only borrowed that?"

"I never took no money."

"Well, it's gone, and money doesn't go

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by itself. Take her to the police-station, officer."

Constable Plimmer raised heavy eyes.

"You make a charge, ma'am?"

"Bless the man! Of course I make a charge. What did you think I asked you to step in for?"

"Will you come along, miss?" said Constable Plimmer.

Out in the street the sun shone gaily down on peaceful Battersea. It was the hour when children walk abroad with their nurses, and from the green depths of the Park came the sound of happy voices. A cat stretched itself in the sunshine, and eyed the two as they passed with lazy content.

They walked in silence. Constable Plimmer was a man with a rigid sense of what was and what was not fitting behaviour in a policeman on duty. He aimed always at a machine-like impersonality. There were times when it came hard, but he did his best. He strode on, his chin up and his eyes averted. And beside him——

Well, she was not crying. That was something.

Round the corner, beautiful in light flannel, gay at both ends with a new straw hat and the yellowest shoes in South-West London, scented, curled, a prince among young men, stood Alf Brooks. He was feeling piqued. When he said three o'clock he meant three o'clock. It was now three-fifteen, and she had not appeared. Alf Brooks swore an impatient oath, and the thought crossed his mind, as it had sometimes crossed it before, that Ellen Brown was not the only girl in the world.

"Give her another five min——"

Ellen Brown, with escort, turned the corner.

Rage was the first emotion which the spectacle aroused in Alf Brooks. Girls who kept a fellow waiting about while they fooled around with policemen were no girls for him. They could understand once and for all that he was a man who could pick and choose.

And then an electric shock set the world dancing mistily before his eyes. This policeman was wearing his armlet; he was on duty. And Ellen's face was not the face of a girl strolling with the Force for pleasure.

His heart stopped, and then began to race. His cheeks flushed a dusky crimson. His jaw fell, and a prickly warmth glowed in the parts about his spine.

"Goo!"

His fingers sought his collar.

"Crumbs!"

He was hot all over.

"Goo' lor'! She's bin pinched!"

He tugged at his collar. It was choking him.

Alf Brooks did not show up well in the first real crisis which Life had forced upon him. That must be admitted. Later, when it was over, and he had leisure for self-examination, he admitted it to himself. But even then he excused himself by asking Space in a blustering manner what else he could 'a' done. And if the question did not bring much balm to his soul at the first time of asking, it proved wonderfully soothing on constant repetition. He repeated it at intervals for the next two days, and by the end of that time his cure was complete. On the third morning his "Milk-oo-oo!" had regained its customary care-free ring, and he was feeling that he had acted, in difficult circumstances, in the only possible manner.

Consider. He was Alf Brooks, well known and respected in the neighbourhood, a singer in the choir on Sundays, owner of a milk walk in the most fashionable part of Battersea, to all practical purposes a public man. Was he to recognize, in broad daylight and in open street, a girl who walked with a policeman because she had to—a malefactor, a girl who had been pinched?

Ellen, Constable Plimmer woodenly at her side, came towards him. She was ten yards off—seven—five—three.

Alf Brooks tilted his hat over his eyes, and walked past her, unseeing, a stranger.

He hurried on. He was conscious of a curious feeling that somebody was just going to kick him, but he dared not look round.

Constable Plimmer eyed the middle distance with an earnest gaze. His face was redder than ever. Beneath his blue tunic strange emotions were at work. Something seemed to be filling his throat. He tried to swallow it.

He stopped in his stride. The girl glanced up at him in a kind of dull, questioning way. Their eyes met for the first time that afternoon, and it seemed to Constable Plimmer that whatever it was that was interfering with the inside of his throat had grown larger and more unmanageable.

There was the misery of the stricken animal in her gaze. He had seen women look like that in Whitechapel. The woman to whom, indirectly, he owed his broken nose had looked like that. As his hand had fallen on the collar of the man who was kicking her to death, he had seen her eyes.

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"WAS HE TO RECOGNIZE, IN BROAD DAYLIGHT AND IN OPEN STREET, A GIRL WHO WALKED WITH A POLICEMAN BECAUSE SHE HAD TO — A MALEFACTOR, A GIRL WHO HAD BEEN PINCHED?"

They were Ellen's eyes, as she stood there now—tortured, crushed, yet uncomplaining.

Constable Plimmer looked at Ellen, and Ellen looked at Constable Plimmer. Down the street some children were playing with a dog. In one of the flats a woman had begun to sing.

"Hop it," said Constable Plimmer.

He spoke gruffly. He found speech difficult.

The girl started.

"What say?"

"Hop it—get along—run away."

"What do you mean?"

Constable Plimmer scowled. His face was scarlet. His jaw protruded like a granite breakwater.

"Go on," he growled. "Hop it. Tell him it was all a joke. I'll explain at the station."

Understanding seemed to come to her slowly.

"Do you mean I'm to go?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean? You aren't going to take me to the station?"

"No."

She stared at him; then suddenly she broke down.

"He wouldn't look at me. He was ashamed of me. He pretended not to see me."

She leaned against the wall, her back shaking.

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"Well, run after him, and tell him it was all——"

"No, no, no!"

Constable Plimmer looked morosely at the path. He kicked it.

She turned. Her eyes were red, but she was not crying. Her chin had a brave tilt.

"I couldn't—not after what he did. Let's go along. I—I don't care."

She looked at him curiously.

"Were you really going to let me go?"

Constable Plimmer nodded. He was aware of her eyes searching his face, but he did not meet them.

"Why?"

He did not answer.

"What would have happened to you if you had have done?"

Constable Plimmer's scowl was of the stuff of which nightmares are made. He kicked the path with an increased viciousness.

"Dismissed the force," he said, curtly.

"And sent to prison, too, I shouldn't wonder."

"Maybe."

He heard her draw a deep breath, and silence fell upon them again.

"Would you have done all that for me?" she said, at last.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I don't think you ever stole that money nor the brooch neither."

"Was that all?"

"What do you mean—all?"

"Was that the only reason?"

He swung round, almost threateningly.

"No," he said, hoarsely. "No, it wasn't, and you know it wasn't. Well, if you want it, you can have it. It was because I love you. There! I've said it, and now you can go on and laugh at me as much as you want."

"I'm not laughing," she said, soberly.

"You think I'm a fool?"

"No, I don't."

"I'm nothing to you. *He's* the fellow you're struck on."

She gave a little shudder.

"No."

"What do you mean?"

"I've changed." She paused. "I think I shall have changed more by the time I come out of prison."

"You're not going to prison."

"Yes, I am."

"I won't take you."

"Yes, you will. Think I'm going to let you get yourself in trouble like that, to get me out of a fix? Not much."

"You hop it, like a good girl."

"Not me."

He stood looking at her like a puzzled bear.

"They can't eat me."

"They'll cut off all of your hair."

"D'you like my hair?"

"Yes."

"Well, it'll grow again."

"Don't stand talking; hop it."

"I won't. Where's the station?"

"Next street."

"Well, come along then."

The blue glass lamp of the police-station came into sight, and for an instant she stopped. Then she was walking on again, her chin tilted. But her voice shook a little as she spoke.

"Nearly there. Next stop Battersea. All change! I say, mister—I don't know your name."

"Plimmer's my name, miss—Edward Plimmer."

"I wonder if—I mean, it'll be pretty lonely where I'm going. I wonder if—— What I mean is, it would be rather a lark, when I come out, if I was to find a pal waiting for me to say, 'Halloa!'"

Constable Plimmer braced his ample feet against the stones, and turned purple.

"Miss," he said, "I'll be there, if I have to sit up all night. The first thing you'll see when they open the doors is a great, ugly, red-faced copper with big feet and a broken nose. And if you'll just say 'Halloa!' to him when he says 'Halloa!' to you, he'll be as pleased as Punch and as proud as a duke. And, miss"—he clenched his hands till the nails hurt the leathern flesh—"and, miss, there's just one thing more I'd like to say. You'll be having a good deal of time to yourself for awhile. You'll be able to do a good bit of thinking without anyone to disturb you, and what I'd like you to give your mind to, if you don't object, is just to think whether you can't forget that narrow-chested, God-forsaken blighter who treated you so mean, and get half-way fond of someone who knows jolly well you're the only girl there is."

She looked past him at the lamp which hung, blue and forbidding, over the station door.

"How long'll I get?" she said. "What will they give me? A month?"

He nodded.

"It won't take me as long as that," she said. "I say, what do people call you—people who are fond of you, I mean? Eddie, or Ted?"

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How I "Broke Into Print."

Being the Personal Statements of certain Well-known Authors explaining why they took to Literature as a Profession and how they first came to make a "Hit" with the Reading Public.

I.

ELINOR GLYN.

"HOW did I come to take up literature as a profession?" asked Mrs. Glyn, the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth," "Three Weeks," and other well-known books. "Well, I dare say I did it in a way similar to many other writers—as a distraction. And yet, possibly, there was a difference. You know, about fifteen or sixteen years ago I became so crippled with rheumatism that I didn't care much whether I lived or died. You may believe how ill I was when I tell you that I had to be carried everywhere—from the house to the lawn when I wanted a change of scene, and back again when I grew weary of the view and ached for bed. And I didn't know what to do to distract my thoughts. Long periods of 'thinking' are not good for anyone, particularly invalids, and I received many scoldings from my doctor. Then one day I began to wonder to myself what a young girl would think and feel during her first round of visits to country houses. When I was a girl I visited many country houses and kept journals of my doings, and I had a sudden longing to see and read them again. So they were looked out, and I had some amusement re-reading



ELINOR GLYN,

WHO WROTE "THE VISITS OF ELIZABETH" TO DISTRACT HER THOUGHTS DURING ILLNESS.

Photo. Claude Harris.

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them. And as I lay in my lounge chair my imagination began to work and, with my own diaries for a foundation, I started to write 'The Visits of Elizabeth.'

"I knew so little about authorship that I perpetrated the fearful crime of writing on both sides of the paper in an ordinary copy-book. And no one pointed out to me the literary misdemeanour that I was guilty of. Then, when my relatives used to come to see how I was, I would read them extracts from 'Elizabeth,' and they appeared so interested that the idea of having the 'Visits' published did not seem so preposterous after all. So we sent them to the London *World*, where they appeared anonymously. And after they had been running a little while friends began to send me copies of the paper, as they thought 'The Visits of Elizabeth' might cheer me up! When they appeared in book form and proved so popular my interest in life revived and my recovery was rapid. That is how I 'broke into print,' and to me it was a very pleasant way of doing so."



MR. and MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON,

AUTHORS OF "THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR" AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS. THE FIRST STORY THEY EVER WROTE TOGETHER APPEARED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

Photo. Lafayette.

Elinor Glyn—or Mrs. Clayton Glyn, to give her her full name—does nearly all her writing at Versailles, and surely no one could have a more ideal spot for inspiration. Her method of work is interesting. She will not accept an "order" for a book, and will not publish anything that does not satisfy her. She does not write a line until the whole story is mapped out in her imagination. And then, before she begins the actual work of writing, she relates the story either to her mother or to her daughter. If they do not approve of the plot, then the story is never written. If they do, then she works at white heat, and the novel is completed in a few weeks. All her characters and settings are based on actual observation, and here the voluminous journals she has kept all her life come in useful, though the disguise of art is naturally thrown over actuality. Mrs. Glyn considers that the best book she ever wrote is "Halcyone," and this opinion is shared by a great many of her critics. "It tells you what I believe," said the authoress, and any book that honestly does that is the best book that a writer can give.

Like most famous novelists, Mrs. Glyn frequently receives requests from would-be writers asking for "advice." And this is the "advice" she gives: "Never put in your story an atom of irrelevant material, and nothing that has not an intimate bearing on the thread. Never be afraid of your own convictions, and never write a word you don't believe."

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

The first story written by Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson was, curiously enough, published in this magazine. Mrs. Williamson herself relates the incident. "Our first story written together was very short, and we called it 'Midnight and the Man.' We were only just married then, and were living in a queer old Surrey farmhouse, with a trapdoor in the floor of the drawing-room, and dark, mysterious woods ringing in the few acres of farmland. We used to feel the influence of that trapdoor, I think, and try to live up to it! Also we used to take long walks on moonlight nights in the woods, and talk over things we should like to do in future, and stories we should like to write. All our thoughts were thoughts of mystery and strange happenings, during those walks; and it was out of a conversation about queer things which might be invented that the story

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of 'Midnight and the Man' was evolved under the Surrey pines.

"At the moment we had no idea of making it into a story; but I lay awake thinking of it. Then finally I could rest no longer, but got up and began scribbling. The whole of the idea was my husband's, and when he saw what I had done with it he was quite amused. Here and there I had been unscientific, and he, knowing everything that any amateur *ought* to know about mechanism, touched these parts up.

"The editor of THE STRAND was a friend of my husband's, and I, too, knew him.

"'I shall go and show that story to THE STRAND editor,' said I.

"'No,' said my husband. 'It's a queer, fantastic sort of thing. He mightn't care for it, but wouldn't like to refuse it, perhaps, if it came from me.'

"However, being an American, I disobeyed my English lord and master. I did take the story myself, and the editor *did* like it—or said that he did. Anyhow, he published it. And after that we wrote together several short stories for THE STRAND before the long series which we called 'The Scarlet Runner'—a name given to many motor-cars since then. I really believe if we hadn't done that little story, 'Midnight and the Man,' written together for THE STRAND, it might never have occurred to us to do 'The Lightning Conductor.'"

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

Horace Annesley Vachell, who within a period of twenty years has given us a dozen or more excellent novels, broke into print very easily and successfully.

"Many years ago," he says, "I went down to hunt in Dorsetshire, and the first evening happened to tell a story of life in a mining camp in Colorado. I had just come back from a big-game expedition in Wyoming. Next day I was down with an appalling cold and quite unable to get on a horse, let alone ride him. My host, as he rode off, said: 'Why don't you write that story you told us and send it to some magazine?' I set to work at once. Miss Frith, daughter of William Powell Frith, the famous painter of 'The Derby Day,' 'Coming of Age in the Olden Days,' and other well-known pictures, read my MS., which I entitled 'Tiny,' and kindly offered to send it to some monthly periodical. Of course I was delighted, and the yarn was sent to Sir Douglas Straight, at that time editor of the *Whitehall Review*. To my immense surprise and pleasure the story was accepted, paid for, and printed. That, I suppose, started the *cacoethes scribendi*. Anyway, it was the beginning; and the end, I trust, is not yet."



HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL,
WHOSE FIRST STORY WAS THE OUTCOME OF A SEVERE COLD.
Photo. Elliott & Fry.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

Before he became a writer of fiction Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole studied medicine at various English hospitals. On his own showing, he was first drawn towards literature by the works of Carlyle and the German metaphysicians and poets. Then he became deeply interested in the French school of writers, and travelled much in France and other countries. For several years he continued his travels and assisted in several deep-sea expeditions, the result of which was a valuable monograph entitled "The Floor of the Sea."

"The first story I ever wrote," he says, "was one called 'Pierrot,' published by John Lane during the 'Yellow Book' era. Aubrey Beardsley did the illustrations and cover design. I remember he was at Dieppe at the time, and *wouldn't* send the drawings in. I had to threaten him, through John Lane, with a shot-gun, and even then they arrived late and

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delayed the publication. The Beardsley figures on the cover and end papers of 'Pierrot' do not represent the characters of the story. They represent Beardsley's mind.

"'Pierrot' sold moderately—very moderately. A couple of years after it was published you could have bought copies exceedingly cheap. To-day you have to pay ten or fifteen times the published price on account of the Beardsley pictures. I have two copies only. If I had known, and laid in two or three hundredweight, I would have done well—but I never was any good as a speculator.

"After publishing 'Pierrot' I wrote 'The Blue Lagoon,' which, though not my first book, was my first successful book. I have seen a great deal of sea life, and I have always, as much as possible, mixed with the men who are the real toilers of the sea—the sailors, stokers, engineers, and deep-sea cable hands.

"I got the chief character of 'The Blue Lagoon' out of the stokehold of a ship. It was south of the Canaries, and I went down to the stokehold to help stoke—for fun—and I met this gentleman, a fellow-Irishman. He believed in fairies.

"You never know what gems you may find in life in the most unexpected places. This person and his fairies presented me, literally, with a certain amount of success, and now I cannot even stand him a drink in return. He was a good fairy to me. It was a good ship, that, for I captured several more people out of it for fictional purposes.

"Sir Herbert Tree is producing 'The Blue Lagoon' as a play, and I think he is looking about for a suitable actor to take the part of the chief character. He could not find a better than my friend of the stokehold, so, if this should meet his eye—etc., etc."



H. DE VERE STACPOOLE,
WHOSE FIRST SUCCESSFUL NOVEL WAS "THE BLUE LAGOON."
Photo. Porter, Ventnor.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler began her literary career as a poetess. "As to my 'breaking into print,'" she says, "I am afraid I was always, so to speak, 'broken.' When I was a small child I wrote stories in 'a big round hand,' but as I grew up I began to dabble in verses, and used to send them to the county journal. The first poem for which I received payment was called 'Lilies,' which was published in the *Sunday Magazine*. This may, perhaps, be fairly called the occasion on which I 'broke into print.' From that time I contributed poems pretty regularly to the *Speaker* and to monthly magazines."

In private life the Hon. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler is Mrs. A. L. Felkin. She is the elder daughter of the first Viscount Wolverhampton, and in 1903 married Mr. Alfred Laurence Felkin. She has, however, retained, for writing purposes, the name under which she made her initial great successes. Mrs. Felkin's first two published volumes consisted of poems—"Verses Grave and Gay," published in 1891, and "Verses Wise or Otherwise," in 1895.

"For a long time," continued Mrs. Felkin, "I wrote and published nothing but verse. My husband (but he was not my husband then, as we were both very young) urged me

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to try my hand at prose, but I assured him that prose was impossible to me, and we had a lovers' quarrel on that point. Finally, however, he prevailed, and I wrote a short story which was all narrative with no dialogue at all. Again Mr. Felkin interfered and urged me to try my hand at dialogue, and again we had a lovers' quarrel because I persisted that the writing of dialogue was the one thing I should never be able to do. But he was a most persistent young man, and would not listen to my reasons for being unable to write what he affirmed I could. And, of course, in the end he prevailed, and now dialogue is considered my strong point!



ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

HER FIRST BOOK WAS "CONCERNING ISABEL CARNABY," WHICH SHE WROTE "TO ORDER."

From a Photograph.

"After I had written and published a few short stories, Sir William Robertson Nicoll called upon me and said that—judging by what he had seen—he was sure I could write a long novel if I tried, and he commissioned me—on behalf of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton—to write a novel combining London society and Methodism, as I knew a good deal about both. I solemnly assured him that it was impossible—I felt no inclination towards writing a novel and believed that my strength lay in the short story. But—like my husband—he prevailed in the end, and left with my promise to 'see what I could do.' The very next day I seriously considered the matter. It seemed to me that I was without an idea, and the mere writing of a hundred thousand words or so appalled me. However, when I began to reason things out, it seemed to me that most short-story writers eventually developed into full-grown novelists, and there was no particular reason why I should not do the same. So I went into my 'den,' took a sheet of paper, and there and then outlined the skeleton of a plot which grew as I became interested, and finally settled down to the framework of a real novel. I worked at it for four months, and then retrieved my promise to Robertson Nicoll by sending him the manuscript of 'Concerning Isabel Carnaby.'

"During the writing of this novel I read aloud each chapter as I wrote it to my family circle and accepted their comments and advice thereon, which were often very helpful to me. My father was especially interested in my work and proud of my success, and my only sister, Mrs. Hamilton, author of my father's life and several novels, was a most valuable critic, while my mother, as is the way of mothers all the world over, praised and encouraged rather than criticized. Now I read my books in their embryo condition to my husband.

"The scene of most of my earlier novels is laid in Staffordshire (which I call Mershire), near Wolverhampton (which I call Silverhampton), my native place. Nearly all my *places* are real, though my *people* are fictitious. Baxendale Hall in 'Fuel of Fire' was really Wrottesley Hall, near Wolverhampton, the seat of Lord Wrottesley, whose daughter married my brother, the present Lord Wolverhampton. It is true that Wrottesley Hall was burnt down three times, but the legend connected with Baxendale Hall was entirely my own invention and had no foundation in fact. The scene of my latest novels—notably 'Her Ladyship's Conscience' and 'The Wisdom of Folly'—is laid in Kent, where my present home is situated. Neither my plots nor my characters are taken from real life, but all my places are. I can invent *people*, but not places. To *me* the last day of Creation would have been the easiest day's work!"

Mrs. Felkin is now hard at work on another novel, which, she says, has more of her real self in it than any since "Isabel Carnaby."

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E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

"I wrote my first novel, 'The Apple of Eden,'" writes Mr. E. Temple Thurston, "when I was seventeen—that is, just nineteen years ago. It shared the fate of most first books—it was refused where most I expected it to be taken, by the only publishing house where I thought I had a friend! I lived in Ireland at the time, and not until I was twenty-one and married did I come to London. There I had no friends at all, and I had started married life on two pounds a week. I was still writing—still with no success. Then, when I was twenty-two, I wrote 'The Apple of Eden' again, not altering the story, but improving the style of it. In the hands of an agent it went from one publisher to another, eventually being published by Chapman and Hall in England and Dodd, Mead, and Co. in America."

JACK LONDON.

How Jack London "broke into print" is a story which has been told before, but which is well worth the telling again. He himself says that ever since he was eight years old he has been on the hunt for his boyhood, and up to date has not found it. At fifteen he was a man and had been a "ranchman" for seven years. True, he had had a few months of schooling at two schools, but never remembers ever learning anything at either.

When he went with his people on a Californian ranch, London found time to read Washington Irving's "Alhambra." He wasn't nine then, and he was so fascinated with the book that he wanted to discuss it with the other "ranchmen." But to his dismay they knew nothing about books, and their ignorance shocked him. The hired men lent him dime novels, and as his work was to watch the bees while sitting under a tree from sunrise till late in the afternoon—waiting for the swarming—he had plenty of time to read and dream. His favourite book was Ouida's "Signa," and he read it over and over again, but never knew the end of the story until he was grown up, for the last chapters were missing.



E. TEMPLE THURSTON,

WHOSE FIRST SUCCESSFUL NOVEL, "THE APPLE OF EDEN," APPEARED WHEN HE WAS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

Photo. Hugh Cecil.

Then Jack London left the ranch and went to Oakland, where he sold newspapers. He was eleven then, and from that age to sixteen he worked at anything that turned up. The number of occupations which at different times attracted Jack London must have run into many hundreds.

"Then," he says, "the adventure-lust was strong within me, and I left home. I didn't run, I just left—went out in the bay, and joined the oyster pirates. The days of the oyster pirates are now past, and if I had got my dues for piracy I would have been given five hundred years in prison. Oddly enough, my next occupation was on a fish patrol, where I was entrusted with the arrest of any violators of the fishing laws.

"But you want to know how I 'broke into print.' Well, in my fitful days I had written the usual compositions which had been praised in the usual way, and when I got a job in a jute mill I still had an occasional try at writing. One day my mother came to me and said that a prize was being offered in the *San Francisco Call* for a descriptive article. She urged me to try for it; she knew that I should win it! And to please her I decided to make an attempt, taking as my subject, 'Typhoon off the Coast of Japan.' I was determined to write something with which I was fairly familiar. But I was working thirteen hours a day in the jute mill, and little time was left for composition. Very tired and sleepy, and knowing I had to be up at half-past five, I began the article at midnight and worked straight on until I had written two thousand words, the limit of the article, but with my ideas only half worked out. The next night, under the same conditions, I continued, adding another two thousand words before I finished, and then the third night I spent in cutting out the excess. The first prize came to me, and the second and third went to students of the Stanford and Berkeley Universities. This

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success seriously turned my thoughts to writing, but my blood was still too hot for a settled routine, so with the exception of a little gush which I sent to the *Call*, and which that journal promptly rejected, I deferred breaking farther into literature until my mind was more fully settled.

"In my nineteenth year I returned to Oakland and entered the High School there. Of course, they had the usual monthly or weekly magazine—I forget which—and I wrote stories for it, consisting mostly of accounts of my sea and tramping experiences. I stopped there for a year, doing janitor work as a means of livelihood, and then left and was my own schoolmaster for three months, cramming hard in order to enter the University of California. To support myself I took a job in a laundry, and while ironing shirts and singeing collars evolved some of the plots which stood me in good stead in future stories.

"Then I left California and went to the Klondyke to prospect for gold. At the end of a year I was obliged to come out owing to an outbreak of scurvy, and on the homeward journey of nineteen hundred miles in an open boat I made the only notes of the trip. It was in the Klondyke that I found myself. There nobody talks. Everybody thinks. You get your true perspective. I got mine. After returning to California I had a bad stroke of luck. Work was scarce and I had nothing to do. Consequently my thoughts turned again to writing, and I wrote a story called 'Down the River,' which was rejected.



JACK LONDON,

WHO RAN A LAUNDRY AND THEN BECAME AN OYSTER PIRATE BEFORE WRITING HIS FAMOUS NOVELS. THIS IS HIS FAVOURITE PORTRAIT.

From a Photograph.

While I was waiting for this rejection I wrote a twenty-thousand-word serial for a news company. This was also rejected. But I wasn't discouraged. Just as soon as a manuscript was dispatched I would buckle to and write something else. I often wondered what an editor looked like. I had never seen one, and never, at that time had come across anyone who had ever published anything. Then a Californian magazine accepted a short story and sent me five dollars. That was my second success in 'breaking into print.' And when I had received forty dollars for another short story I began to think that things were on the mend, and so they were.

"My first book—my real 'break into print'—was published in 1900 under the title of 'The Son of the Wolf.' It was something of a success, and I had many offers of newspaper work. But I had sufficient sense to refuse to be a slave to that man-killing machine, for such I hold a newspaper to a young man in his 'faming' period. Not until I was well on my feet as a magazine writer did I do much work for newspapers. Then it did not matter, for I was not obliged to do more than I cared, and could quit when the spirit moved me to do so. But I do not forget that I first 'broke into print' through a newspaper, and for that reason I have a kindly feeling towards the Press. I suppose I should have 'broken into print' some time or another, but I always think it was my mother's faith in me that turned my attention to literature as a profession."

(To be continued.)

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TIGER WOMEN

BY

JOHN BARNETT

Illustrated by
Thomas Somerfield

AND the strike went on.

It had raged now for months in Lanswik, the grey Dutch city that looks upon the greedy, encroaching sea. It had begun with a whisper and a threat and a fear; it had grown, with the swift growth of noxious weeds, to a pestilence, a savage, devouring blight that held the once thriving city cringing and stagnant. And like a pestilence, hate walked the streets.

It was a hate directed against one man. The struggle had crystallized down to a fight to a finish between the dock labourers and Peter Van Stel.

They knew, very well they knew, that but for him the strike had ended long ago. His brother employers had weakened at the sight of blasted trade and idle ships. They had been ready for compromise, to discuss terms, it was known. But the will of Peter Van Stel had held as granite holds against the flails of the sea.

And so the strikers starved; and so, as the weeks crawled by, it was as though Peter Van Stel walked amid gusts of savage loathing, drew in the breath of hate. The ragged men cursed him vilely as they hung about the streets; the gaunt, haggard women spoke of him with the fury of wild beasts as they waited in their bare stripped rooms, and even the lean children stopped their listless play to fling filth, and words yet more uncleanly, as he went by.

He never hid himself; he never blenched or faltered. He walked to his office as he had always walked, in the teeth of all advice, although he knew well that thousands prayed for his death, that his murderer would be acclaimed the saviour of the town. He had not lacked threats. He knew that he carried his life in his hand whenever he appeared abroad. For, though this world be highly civilized to-day, its veneer can still be pierced by weapons forged from hunger and cold and hopeless waiting. And this story will tell of trappings that were stripped away by naked hate, and, incidentally, of a love that held no littleness.

It is no light thing to stand against thousands, as Peter Van Stel stood. It was no light weight of responsibility that he bore upon his shoulders. To those thousands he loomed as an iron-handed tyrant, an ogre greedy for the gold they earned. They believed with all honesty in their wrongs and in the claims for which they fought. And he knew that they were honest, but, as he believed, he had decided as honestly and with a clearer vision—decided as much in their interests as his own, seeing that if they had their way the works must be shut down and the livelihood of all cut off. They could not know that the thought of their long anguish was as lead upon his heart.

He was a small man, with eyes that brooded and a pale, quiet face. To the careless eye he was insignificant, a man to be tossed aside. Those who believed they knew him best told

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of a brain keen and cold as ice, and of a will that clove. If his charity were princely, it was a secret hid with skill. Perhaps in very truth no one knew the real Van Stel, or even cared to know him. That was suggested by the loneliness of which his eyes just hinted. He had lived for years alone, save for his servants, in his great house. Perhaps he was of those men who walk this earth in solitary fashion, searching for a shadow-woman whom their dreams have fashioned, who, when found at last, shall make of life a rainbow-tinted dream.

It is probable that such men ask too much of life. And life resents their insolence.

If he had always been lonely, his aloofness was now more marked than ever. It was as though the wolfish eyes of starving men and women had set a tragic mark upon him. So it seemed to Anna Krieman on the day that she saw him first. And a swift impulse of pity awoke in her heart, although she had been taught and was prepared to hate this lonely man.

But she stifled that impulse swiftly, although indeed her heart was always apt for pity. She had lately come to Lanswik to live awhile in her brother's house, and since he was prominent among the strikers she was big heart and soul upon their side. And that despite the fact that education had lifted her above the more simple plane of her brother and his starving allies. From the school where she taught she had come in this time of holiday to force her savings upon her brother's wife and to be drawn wholeheartedly into this bitter fight.

She was of those women whose sympathies are ever with those who seem to be ground down beneath the stronger hand. Her heart would ever be stronger than her brain, and the world may thank God that such women still are born. She was a tall girl, and her hair was like ripe wheat and her eyes had the deep, glowing blue of cornflowers in the sun. If those eyes guarded their secret jealously from grown-up folk, it was one that was read with ease by little children. To them she was never a stranger or to be feared. Nature had fashioned her to be a mother-woman. Her bosom was formed to be a deep, soft place of refuge, her hands were long and gentle and most apt for comfort, and her voice could be like music heard at sunset.

It was the suffering of the children in this long struggle which tore at her heart. The men, as she believed, could fend for themselves; the women, despite her sympathy, repelled her at times by their shrill-voiced violence and their savage threats; but the children—the children who had had nothing to do with the quarrel, who grew weak and thin and drooped wearily through those long days of aching want—the sight and thought of them filled her with generous rage. She had come almost to believe that this Peter Van Stel must be Satan himself in the shape of a human man. Only a devil could have the heart to torture helpless children. And from all her world she had heard again and again that this man, and he alone, was the cause of all.

Oddly enough, fate willed in freakish fashion that through a child she should first of all have speech with Peter Van Stel.

She had chanced to see him walking, and, as has been told, she had felt a swift instinct of pity for his loneliness. Then she had remembered, and a fiery wave of anger had risen in her heart. But a moment later she had ceased entirely to think of him.

For a child came stumbling wearily over the cobbles, to fall with a weak cry at her very feet.

She bent above it with a low answering cry. It was a boy of five or six, and it was apparent that he was faint with hunger. His face was white and pinched, and his hands were frail. His clothes were rags, but cleanly rags. As she raised him in her arms she could feel the cruel sharpness of his bones. And while she wondered what she must do, she heard a voice.

"Can I help you, madam?" it said.

It was Peter Van Stel who spoke. He was standing with bared head beside her. And she drew herself up, still with her arms about the child, and in her deep eyes there was contempt and a superb resentment.

"No," she said. "I think it is not for—*you* to help."

His eyes were on her face.

"But I should wish to do so," he said, gently.

"You can help, but you will not," she answered.

The expression of his eyes changed in a subtle fashion as he heard her. Only his eyes; the rest of his face seemed changeless. But even then she wondered. Just for a moment she wondered if indeed this grim, cruel man possessed a heart that felt.

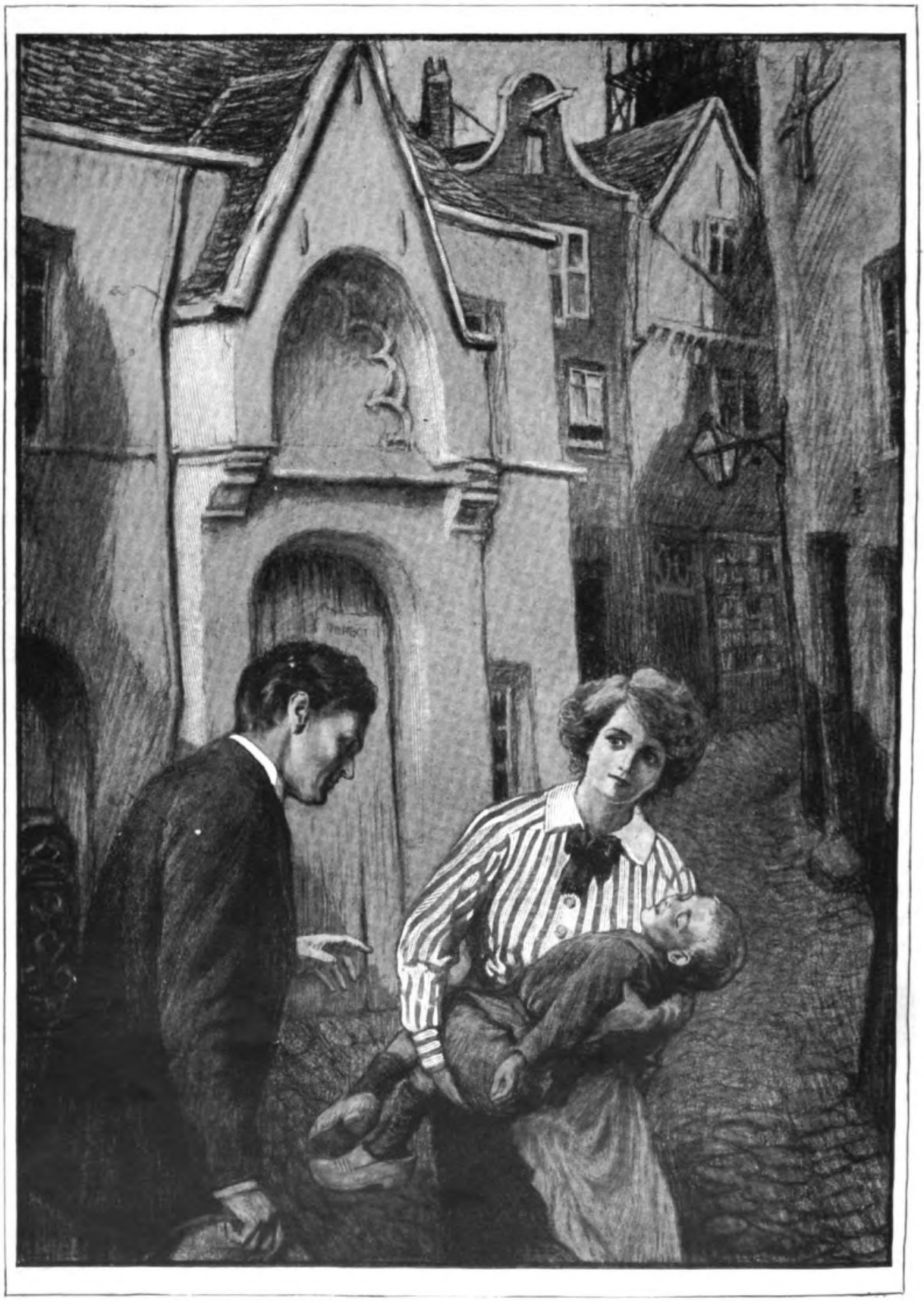
"I see that you know me, madam," he said.

"All the town knows you!" she flashed.

"And hates me," he added, gently.

"Have they not bitter cause?" she asked.

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"'NO,' SHE SAID. 'I THINK IT IS NOT FOR—YOU TO HELP.'"

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He made a faint gesture with his shoulders that was scarcely a shrug.

"God knows," he said. "He knows all, and it is for Him to judge. But the child is ill."

"It is faint with hunger, sir," she said, sternly. "And there are many such in Lanswik."

"I know that but too well," he answered, sombrely. "Do you think that I—take joy from their pain?"

"You can end it when you please!" she retorted.

Into his brooding eyes a smile crept just for a moment, and then was gone.

"You are a good fighter and partisan, madam," he said. "You believe that the right is upon your side alone. And yet—always there are two sides. I am not in this matter with a light heart."

He spoke to her as though she were a child. And that angered her. Yet his manner, with its grave kindliness, influenced her even against her will. She found herself compelled to spur her wrath against this ogre.

"That may be," she said. "But it is very well for you. While you wait in comfort and uphold your theories, children starve!"

"That is true," he said, almost absently. "God knows that that is true."

He drew a gold piece from his pocket.

"I beg you to relieve the needs of this child, madam," he said.

But she took the coin only to let it fall upon the cobbles as though it burnt her. The best of women can seldom resist their melodramatic instincts.

"I will see to the child, sir," she answered, coldly. "And I think that we have spoken enough."

He stooped gravely and retrieved the coin. She felt fierce scorn for him as he pocketed it once more. She might have respected him, a very little, if he had let it lie!

"Yes, see to the child, madam," he said. "No doubt it is better so. But I would have you remember this. We masters depend on the men as they depend on us. We stand or fall together."

"It is they who fall!" she said. "You grudge them a living wage!"

"You have been misinformed," he answered, gravely. "And they have been ill-advised. There is a limit beyond which we cannot go——"

A tall, gaunt woman came clattering over the cobbles and swept up the child in her arms.

"I have been seeking him!" she cried, and then, with a scream of rage, she recognized Peter Van Stel. "You! You! Do not dare to look at my boy, cruel scum and bastard that you are! Your eyes would blast him! You poison the air around you! Why does God permit you to curse this town?"

Her crude violence seemed to leave Peter Van Stel unmoved.

"Such speech serves no good purpose," he said, coldly.

"Aye, there you are right!" she screamed. "We have spoken and waited long enough—too long! The men have been too patient with you, vile devil that you are! Now it is for us women to act! Wait till we get our hands upon you! We will have no pity—none! And it will not be long——"

Again his eyes changed, and the look in them silenced even the maddened woman's stream of foul-tongued violence.

"Peace!" he said, grimly. "You have said enough!"

The woman dropped her eyes and slunk away, bearing the child in her arms and only muttering vile threats.

Peter Van Stel turned to Anna Krieman. It seemed to her that his face, always pale, had whitened.

"It is not good to be hated so," he said. "But I, too, have my beliefs. I leave you now, madam. If ever you will let me serve you, I beg that you will apply to me."

He bowed gravely, and so they parted.

They went their ways, and their thoughts were widely different. To Peter Van Stel it was as though a great thing had happened, a wondrous thing that had changed all his world in one short hour. Soon, or late, to each man who has not soiled his dreams that thing and that hour may come. It seemed to him that he had found at last the shadow-woman for whom he had waited, wanting whom the world had been so lonely. Though she hated him, yet he had found her.

And in the warmth and comfort of that thought he forgot for a little while the aching weight upon his shoulders, forgot the bitter hate that walled him round, that seemed to beat upon and sear his heart. There was a rare brightness in his eyes, a faint tinge of colour in his cheeks. He walked like a man with the sound of fairy music in his ears. He never heeded the fierce, lean faces that glared at him from the corners; he did not even hear the voice, shrill with hate, that yelled:—

"We have warned you long enough, vile

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beast! Look to yourself! Our women shall deal with you now!"

If he had heard he would have shown no fear. Fear and this quiet, steadfast man had little in common. But he would have recognized the meaning of the threat, which might have sounded grotesque to one who did not know the savagery that lies beneath the stolid outer calm of these Dutch women. There is no littleness in them, for good or evil. They know no middle course, they shrink from nothing, when a flame has touched their hearts. It was the women of Holland who heartened the gallant burghers to fling off the yoke of Spain, starving patiently through the long, cruel sieges, fighting shoulder to shoulder with their husbands to hurl back the Spanish veterans from the splintered breaches. And history tells that the women struck with a wilder, more reckless courage than the men.

And to-day these women are unchanged, for good or evil. It is they who make terrible these long conflicts between masters and men. It is they who will not yield. It is they who counsel grim reprisals. And once and again they have intervened with deeds from which their own men shrank appalled, too hideous to be set down in print.

Indeed, it was no light threat that was shrieked at Peter Van Stel that day. But he did not hear it, walking with his dreams for company. And still they were with him when he reached his great, cold house.

But Anna Krieman did not walk with pleasant dreams. He puzzled her, this man. He was not, surely he was not, so vile as they had said? His eyes, those lonely, sombre eyes, surely they held a very human soul? They had been oddly gentle as they met her own. But she would not permit herself to think of him with gentleness. There were the starving children whom he tortured, this man, to be remembered. He must be in the wrong, he must be! She believed in her brother, grim and truculent as he might have grown under the lash of injustice. Time and again he had told her of their claims. A rise of twenty per cent. in wages the men demanded. The cost of food and living had mounted of late years with frightful speed. An increase of ten per cent. was the utmost that Van Stel and the employers would concede.

"It will not do!" her brother Simon said, over and over again. "Now is our time to strike. They cannot replace us now. We will not be fobbed off with ten per cent. Ah! they live in their fine houses, and it is like parting with drops of blood for them to yield a fraction of their profits!"

"But is it certain that they can meet your demands?" she had asked once. "You have said that shipping rates are low."

"What if they are?" Simon had said, grimly. "Let them feel the pinch a little, these rich swine! The day has come for the world when labour demands its more equal share."

Yes, she believed in Simon. At the least, with sheer misery pressing close upon her, with the wails of children in her ears, sharing herself in the actual stress of the fight, how could she fail in sympathy? They were her own blood and kind. And the odds were cruelly against them. And though she was no fool, her heart had ever been stronger than her brain.

In her brother's little house half-a-dozen women were gathered, haggard with famine, grim-eyed with rage long held. They were the wives of the strike leaders, and their babble of fierce speech seemed to be abruptly hushed at Anna's entrance. It was as though they had held a council, of whose import she must not hear. But Anna was too full of her news to heed that sudden ominous hush.

"I have seen him and spoken with him!" she cried.

"With whom?" asked Lisbeth, her brother's wife.

"With Peter Van Stel himself! He offered me money for a starving child, but I would not take it."

The other women looked at each other. In the atmosphere of the little room, heated with human bodies, there was something vaguely menacing and terrible.

"What else did he say, the devil?" Lisbeth asked, and another woman broke in with language that may not be written.

"He asked me to write to him if I needed aid," Anna said. "He—I almost believe that he wished to be kind!"

Lisbeth checked the savage growl that rose. She had the natural ability that lifts a man or woman to leadership above the common herd. Tall and well built, her face would still have been handsome but for the hollows dug by slow starvation. She spoke now with a cunning half veiled in her bright black eyes.

"So; it is well, perhaps. We were speaking of him but now. We wish to have speech with him, we women. Perhaps we may persuade him to reason. You shall write to him, Anna, and ask him to come to you here."

"To come here?" Anna said, doubtfully.

"Yes; he will come. He fears nothing, the devil! Besides, since he has spoken

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with you, Anna, I think that he will trust you."

"He has no fear, I think," Anna said. "But you—what will you do?"

Just for a moment Lisbeth dropped her eyes. When she lifted them their savagery was under leash.

"We shall speak to him, sister-in-law. We shall try to persuade him to agree to our men's terms."

"It is not—a trap?" Anna asked.

Lisbeth laughed shrilly.

"Why should it be a trap, girl? If he will but listen, all may be well. And you—you will have saved us all!"

Anna stood for a minute without speech. Her eyes went round the circle of lowering faces. In that moment she—she *knew* that more than mere speech with the tyrant was intended by these women! That is to be remembered, as she herself was to remember it. And the thought that she was to be used as a decoy was hateful to all that was noble in her nature. But—but—did this man spare others? And yet—and yet——

At the right moment Lisbeth spoke.

"The children are hungry. They should be remembered," she said, quietly.

Anna threw out her hands.

"Yes, the children, the little children! Oh, I will do it! Give me paper. When shall I ask him to come?"

"To-morrow evening at this hour," Lisbeth answered.

Anna bent her head to her task. Her hands were shaking. And Lisbeth, turning from her, looked round at the other women, and in her eyes was gloating, bestial, triumphant hate. That glare was answered with its like. In that hour they were human tigers, those women, maddened by suffering, who crouched in the dim twilight of that room with gleaming eyes.

Anna raised her head. The letter was addressed and sealed. Lisbeth, schooling her eyes, took it from the girl.

"I will post it," she said.

So it was done. And no time was left for doubt or hesitation. And Anna went gropingly to her small, bare bedroom, and threw herself upon the bed and cried very bitterly. It had no bearing on the case, of course, but she was remembering how Peter had wept after his betrayal.

She did not sleep that night. Through the long hours she lay, without motion and forcing back her sobs lest she should disturb the two little nieces who shared her room. She was longing and praying that Peter Van Stel might be prudent, that he might be afraid to meet her in the house of his enemies. Should she warn him, even now, not to come? But that would be betraying her friends. And there were the children to remember. Surely he would not come. Surely any man would view her suggestion with fear and suspicion. And yet—she did not believe that this man would fear. She believed, and dreaded horribly, that he would come.

And he came.

He had read her brief note with a strange keen thrill. He also slept little through the night. He lay in the dark, and yet he walked through moonlit glades and over opal-tinted hills with a shadow-woman who had come from lonely dreams to change his world. Her hair was like ripe wheat, and her eyes were like dark blue cornflowers, and a faint fragrance blown from rose-fields tilled by fairies was in his nostrils as he walked. Always he had hid his delicate dreams from a prying world with jealous care—this man whom the world thought cold and dull and hard.

Just for one brief moment the shadow of a doubt had crossed his mind. There had been many traps. And then he laughed, remembering those frank, brave eyes. She might be cold and scornful for a while, his shadow-woman, but she would have no part in traps.

And so, when the grey, chill twilight was falling, he walked alone through the streets to the house of Simon Krieman.

Alone in the little living-room, stripped of all that could be sold, she was awaiting him, his shadow-woman. And he wondered why her eyes loomed so large and dark from a face that was white as snow, and why her hands were clenched as though she would stay their trembling. Did she fear him, was she actually afraid of him? She would fear no longer if he but dared tell her something of that which was in his heart. Perhaps some day he would dare to tell her.

"You sent for me, madam," he said, in his quiet voice, with its odd note of gentleness.

He saw her moisten her lips before she could answer.

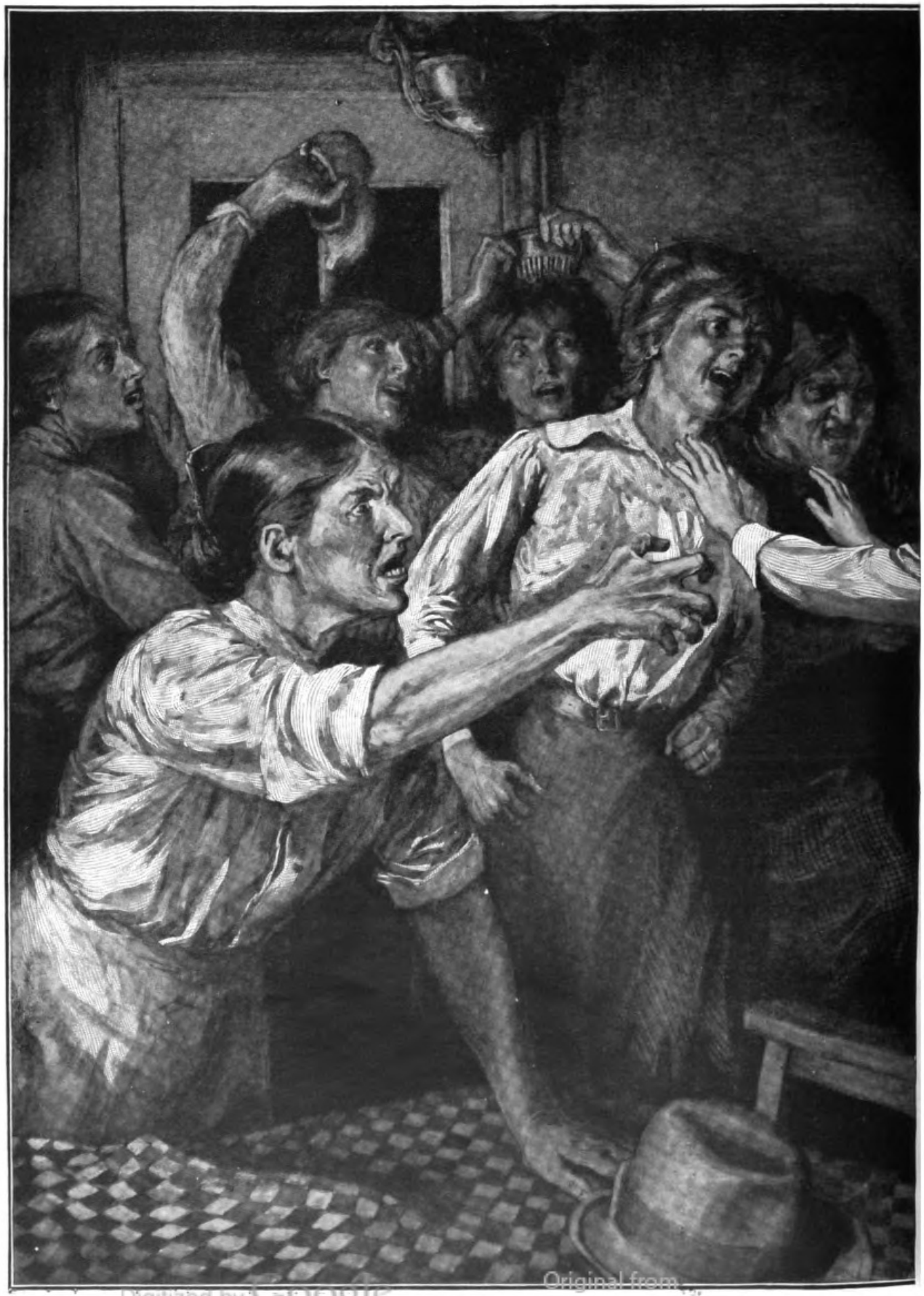
"Yes," she said. "I—I sent for you."

The day was dying fast. The little room seemed to be filled with shadows. She stood among them, and her face was white and pinched and robbed of half its beauty. He caught himself wishing that he might see her in the sunshine among flowers.

"Is there anything——" he began.

And then the door which he had closed

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"NO, NO! I WILL NOT HAVE IT! HE SHALL

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NOT BE HARMED! I BROUGHT HIM HERE——"

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behind him was flung open, and the room was filled with women—with women who had crouched, whimpering with hate, and waited for this moment. There was hate in their wild eyes, and hate in their working mouths, and hate in their clutching hands. Not for nothing had they watched their children starve.

They crashed-to the door behind them, and for a tense moment they hung waiting, poised to spring. Peter Van Stel had swung round to face them. Now he turned and flung one swift glance at the white-faced girl standing with clenched hands beyond the table. And his lips shut close. He had no fear at all. Even in that moment the girl was sure of that, and her heart thrilled at the thought.

"What do you wish with me?" Peter Van Stel asked, addressing Lisbeth Krieman.

"What do we wish?" she answered, shrilly. "One thing, only one thing! You shall promise to end the strike, to give the wages that our men demand! If not—if not——"

"Yes," said Peter Van Stel, quietly. "And if not?"

"We will make you promise!" she shrieked. "We have got you, beast! You are caught and trapped! Promise, or, by the God that shall judge between us, we will force a promise from you!"

"I will not promise," Peter Van Stel said, steadily.

Lisbeth Krieman laughed horribly.

"You will not? Wait till we have tried a little torture——"

Anna sprang forward.

"No, no! I will not have it! He shall not be harmed! I brought him here——"

She was between the women and the man. Just for a moment, as he heard her words, Peter Van Stel smiled. So, in spite of all, he had not misjudged his shadow-woman! But that smile died swiftly. Lisbeth Krieman was beside herself. "Stand back, you ——!" she shrieked. "Ah! would you shield him?"

And she struck the girl across the mouth, with a blow that drew blood and sent her, faint and reeling, across the room. Peter Van Stel had drawn a silver whistle from his pocket. He blew one long call, and then—the women were upon him with the rage of beasts.

He was like a child in the grip of their mad strength. They bore him back upon the table and held him there despite his struggles. They tore off his coat and bared his body to the waist. They had drawn the long combs from their hair, and they held them menacingly before his eyes and above his naked flesh.

"Promise—promise swiftly!" they howled. "If you value eyes and skin, you will make haste to promise! Beast, animal, hog, be swift!"

He had ceased his vain struggles. Their hot breath beat down upon his face. He looked up at them with quiet eyes.

"I will not promise," he said.

And in that moment, it would seem, love came to Anna Krieman. As she leaned there, faint and dizzy, against the wall, as she saw this man at the mercy of these mad fiends, love worked its miracle. For surely it was not only shame and pity which sent her leaping forward with a wailing cry, which gave her strength to tear aside the intervening women, to cast herself above this man as a shield against their tortures?

Only for a moment did that shield avail. They tore her away, they flung her heavily aside, they gave themselves to their work . . .

Upon her hands and knees, slowly, with painful effort, Anna reached the door. She heard one faint groan, and it was as though her own heart was pierced. Moaning like a child, she gained the open air. It was dark, dark, and yet there were wheels of flame before her eyes. God must not let her faint—oh, not yet, not yet! She reeled a few paces, groping with her hands. She heard the patter of running feet, and called upon her flickering strength.

"Help! help! They are killing him—in Krieman's house!" she shrieked; and then, as four men dashed past, she threw out her hands and let the darkness claim her.

For two weeks, through fourteen endless days and nights, she was like one whose brains are drugged. She crouched upon a bed and she did not cry. She knew certain things, since they were told her and she heard them, but they conveyed little to her. She knew that the strike had ended. She knew that the men, the better element among them sickened and horrified, had yielded to the masters' terms. She knew that there was to be no punishment for the torturing of Peter Van Stel. She knew that that had been his order from the bed where he lay, ill and broken, with the sight of one eye dimmed for life. She knew all these things, but her brain was dull and languid, and nothing seemed worth the effort and pain of thought.

Also, somewhere behind the cloud that lay

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upon her mind, was one other matter, dark and shameful, which she dared not face.

And then the cloud lifted and she faced that thing. It was she and none other who had lured Peter Van Stel to torture.

For an hour she lay with twisting hands, confronting that thought. And then she rose and dressed herself, and went out into the streets.

It was night time, and the shops were gay with lights. Somewhere, far above in the shadowy murk, a pallid sickle of a moon was shining. And a few pale stars gleamed down and seemed to mock her pain. Her heart was crying out that she had betrayed this man who had trusted her, and that somehow she must make atonement. Or failing that, at least she must win forgetfulness.

Her vague wanderings led her at last to a little lonely, deserted jetty, beyond whose rotting piles the sluggish water glinted faintly as it swayed beneath the moon.

But suddenly she felt oddly tired and weak. She must rest for just a little while before she trod her path. She had not slept for very long, and soon her head drooped wearily upon her breast, and she fell asleep. It may be that she dreamed of what might have been, for she was smiling very happily as she slept.

And it was there that Peter Van Stel came to her, brought by the men whom he had set to watch and guard her house. He left his carriage and limped slowly along the quay until he stood beside her. And she awoke and saw him standing bareheaded at her side.

Just for a moment her smile endured. Just for a moment it seemed as though her happy dreams were true. And then she remembered, and her eyes filled with horror, and she cowered away from him with a low cry.

"Indeed, indeed, I would not have you afraid," he said, with utter gentleness.

"It was I who did it," she muttered. "It was I who brought you to that room!"

"Yes," he said. "You brought me, but you did not mean that harm should come. No," he went on swiftly, as she would have protested, made confession, "I will not believe it! You were angered against me because your heart was bleeding for the children, but you had no thought of—of what befell. Oh, believe me, I know you better than yourself!"

"You are generous," she whispered. "But you have been ill, and they say—they say that your eyes——" And she shivered as though in pain.

"I am well once more," he said, quietly. "And my eyes will serve my needs."

"I—I do not know what to say to you," she said, very low. "Though you are generous I cannot forget——"

"There is something also that I shall never forget," he said, gravely. "I shall remember that you strove to save me, that you put your own body between harm and me. Until I die I shall remember that!"

She did not speak. The world seemed very silent, save for the slow lapping of the waves. After a little while he said, "You thought that I needed punishment because of the children. It may be that you were right." And he smiled with quiet humour. "You wield great power, Anna. You can punish and you can reward. See, I have known you for but a little while, yet I know that it is in your power to make me happy."

He knelt beside her where she sat, and he put his arms around her.

"I love you, dear," he said. "Is there anything that you can say to me?"

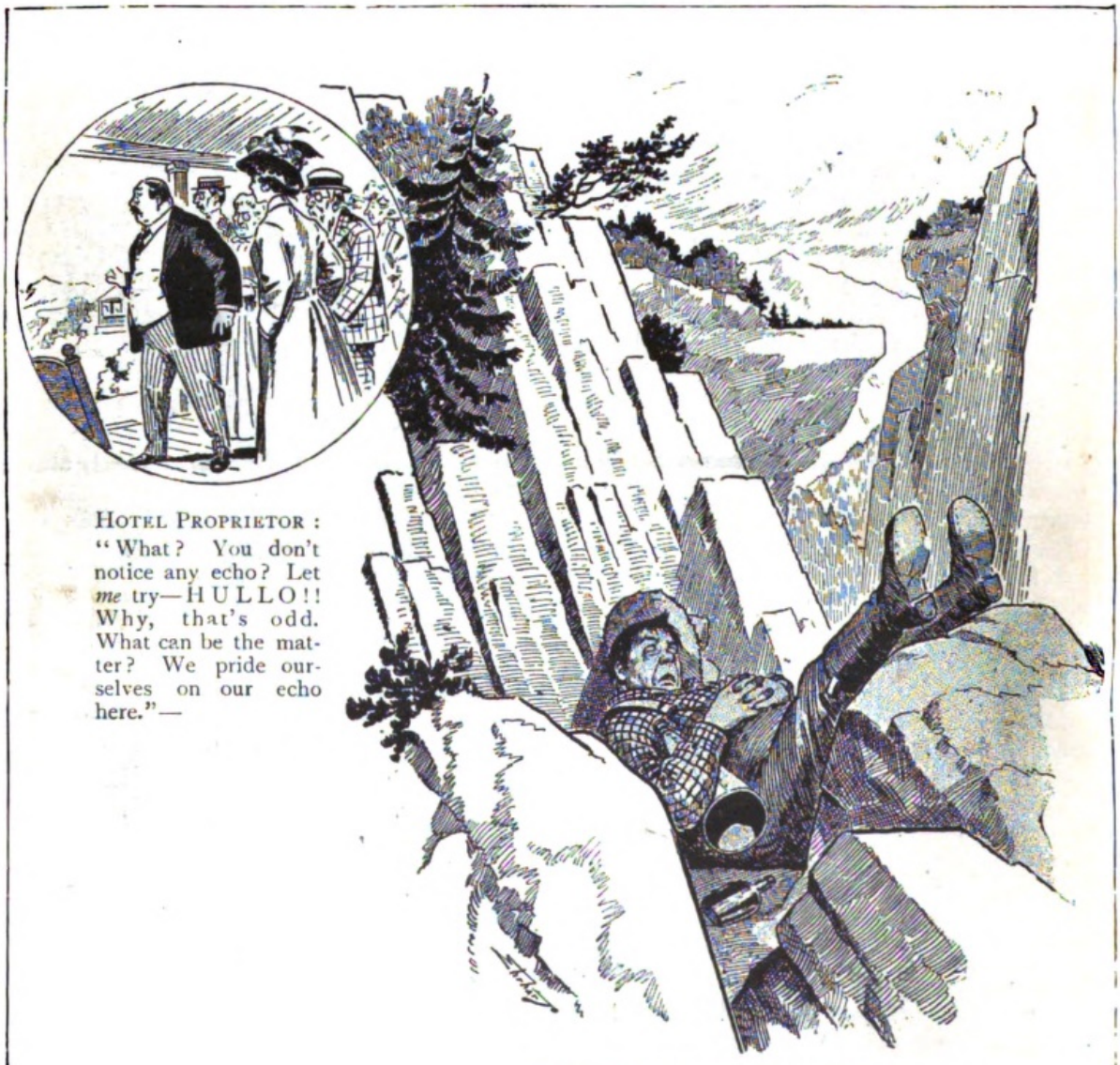
For a moment she waited, and he felt her whole body tremble. Then she drew a little, a very little, away from him, that she might look into his face. Her dark blue eyes were wet, but in them was a light for which—for which any lonely man might count torture a small price to pay.

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"As Funny as They Can."

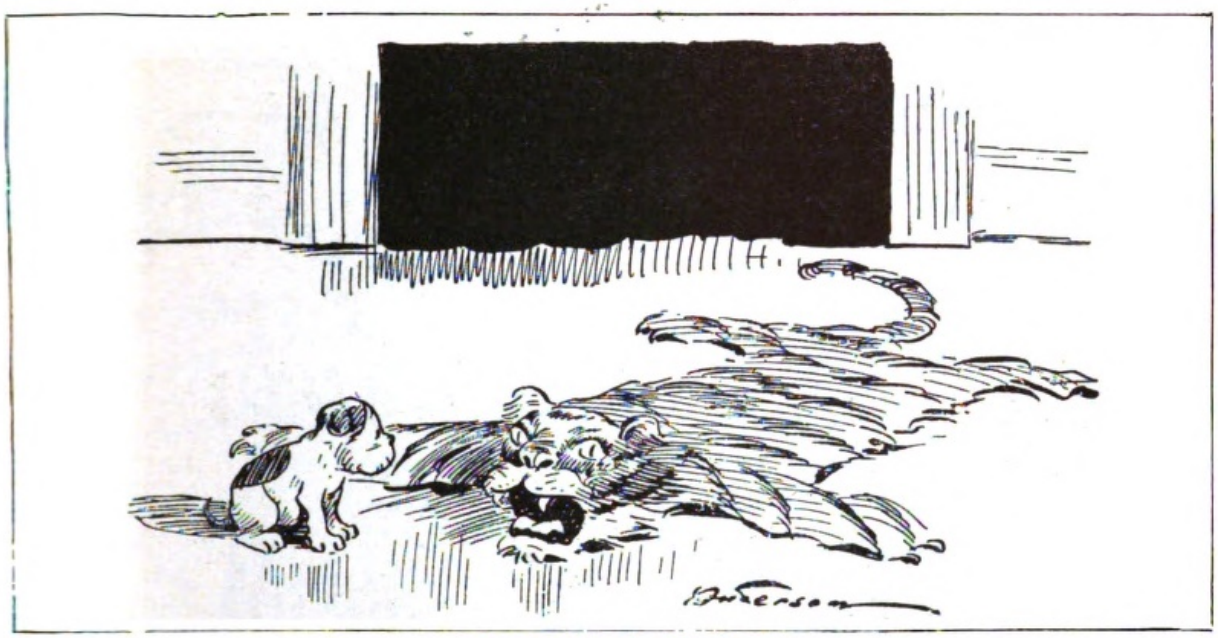
VII.

In the present number we have asked the Editor of "Puck," the well-known American comic paper, to edit this section, and he has selected what he considers to be some of the best pictures contributed to "Puck" in recent years



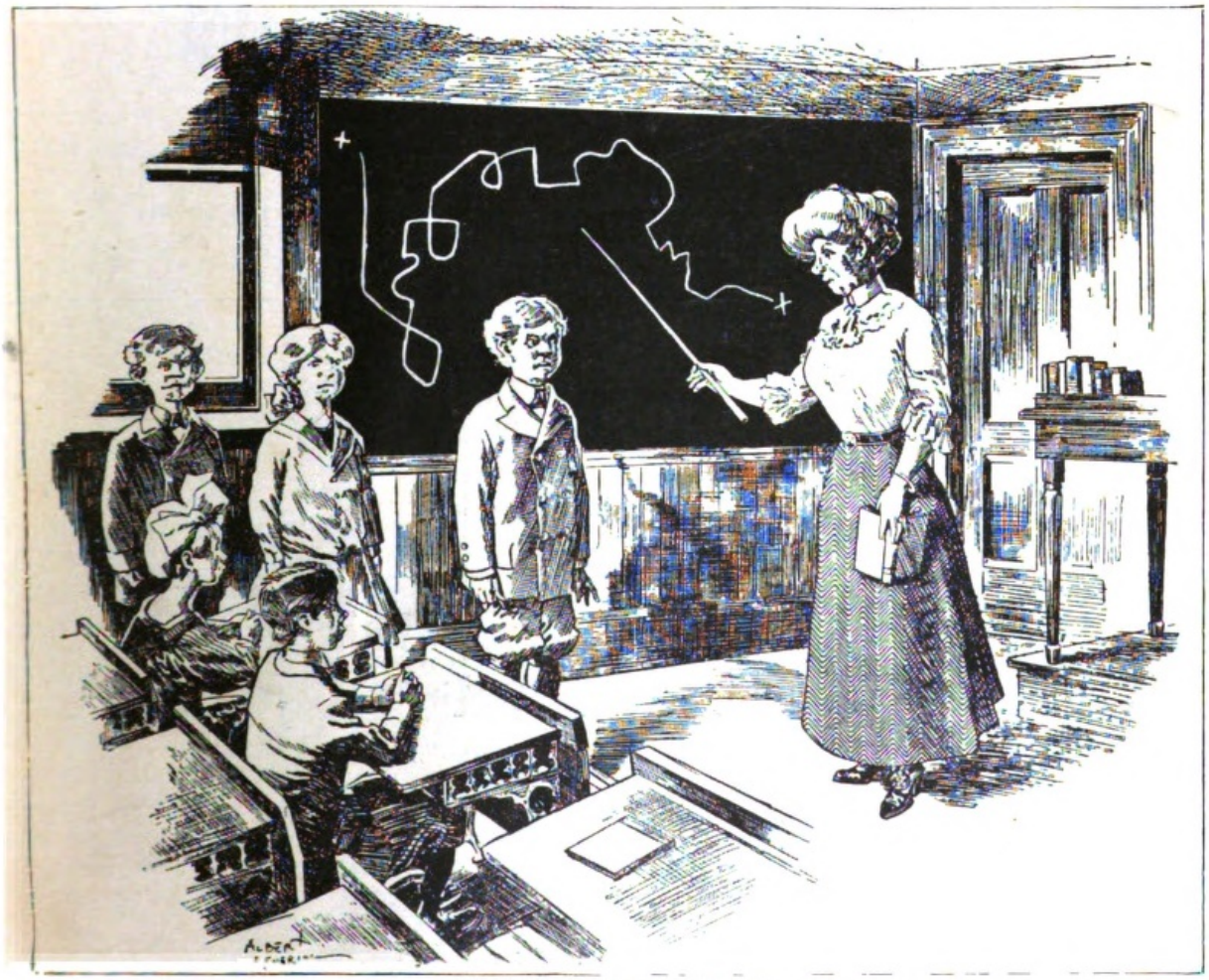
—WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH THE ECHO.

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AN EXCUSABLE BLUNDER.

THE PAMPERED PUP: "No wonder he's thin and cross. Nobody feeds him."

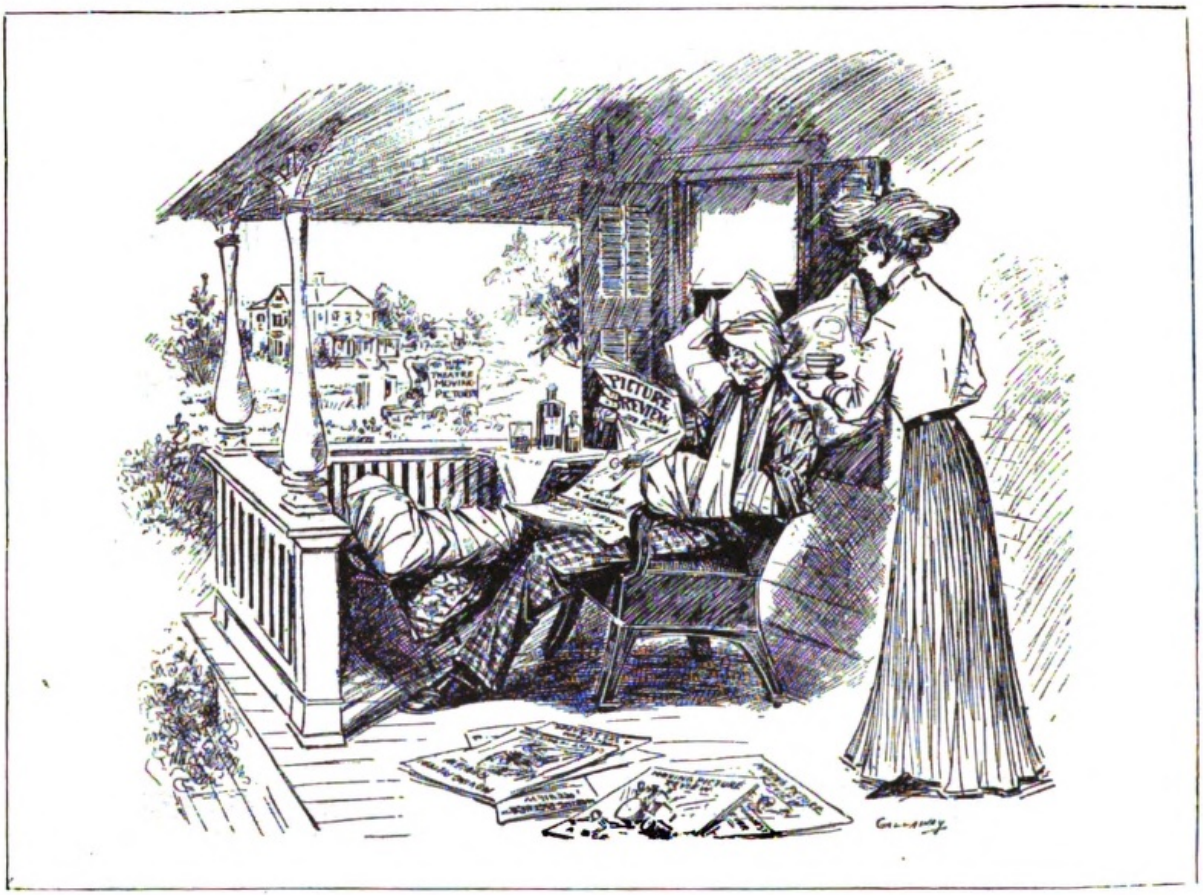


EUCLID NEVER RAN ONE.

TEACHER OF GEOMETRY: "What! Your father told you that *that* was the shortest distance between two points! What *is* your father?"

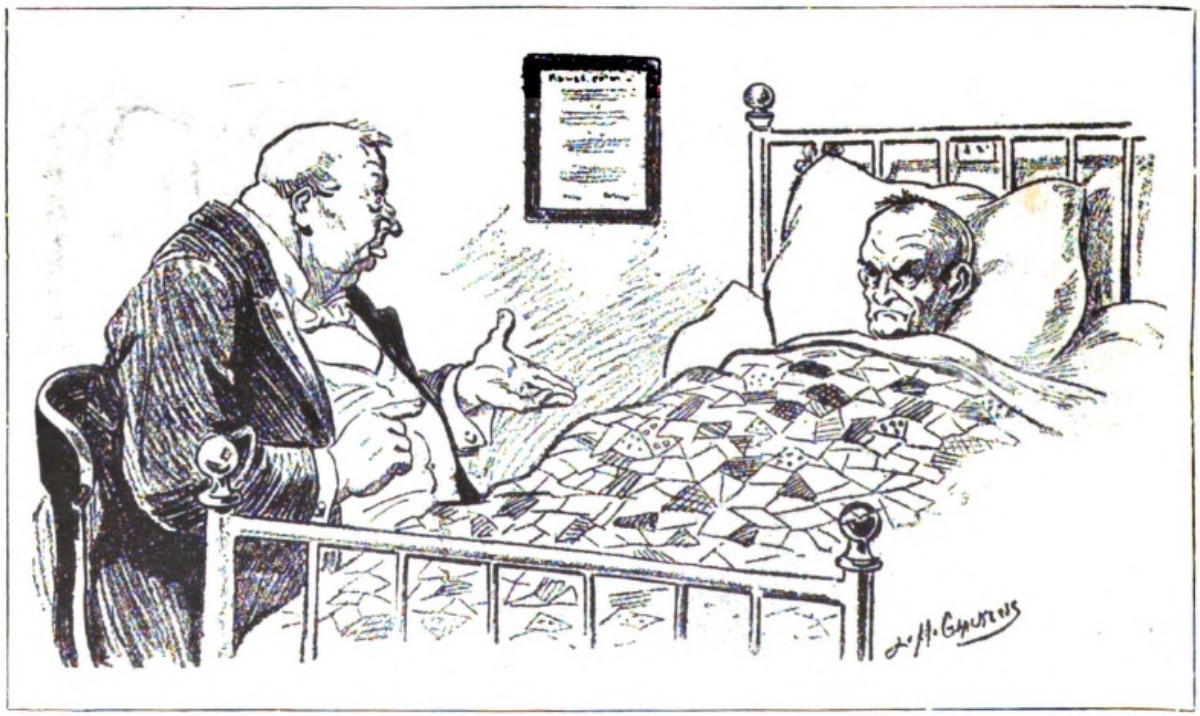
BOY: "He runs a taxicab, ma'am."

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RESTING!

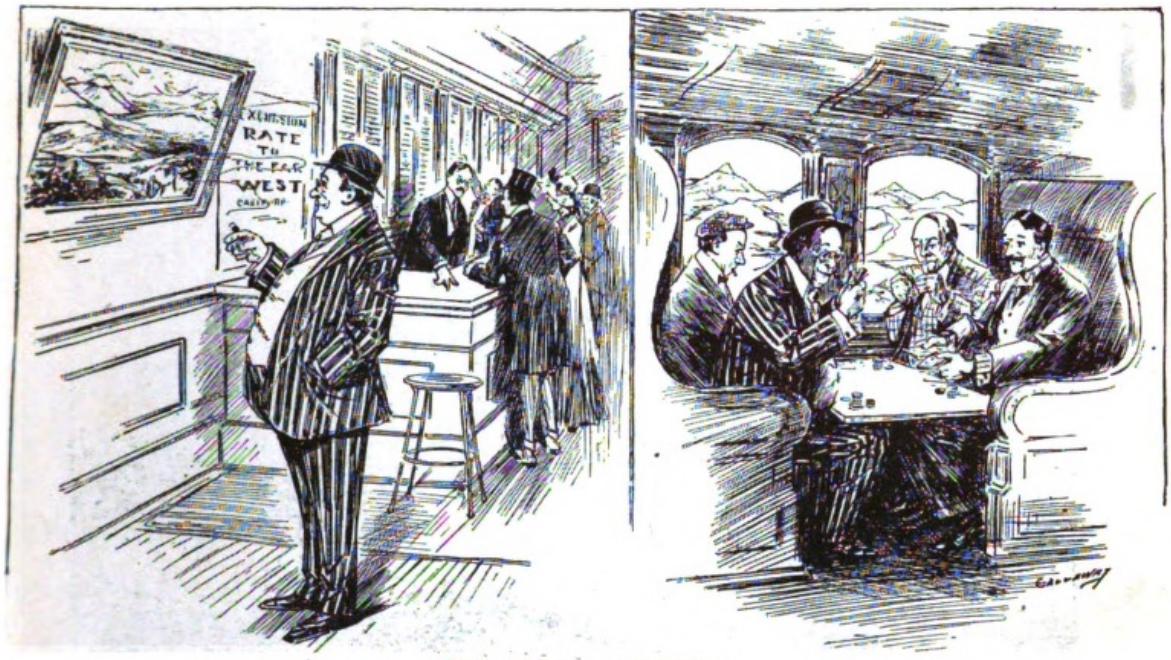
"Yesterday, Mr. James Fitz-Montague created the lead in a new film for the Knockabout Amusement Company."—*Dramatic Item.*



JUST ABOUT DUE.

SURGEON: "Rest assured the operation will be successful. I save at least one case out of five, and I've just lost four in succession!"

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SEEING HIS COUNTRY.

I.

IMPULSIVE CITIZEN: "By Jove, I *will* do it. A man ought to see his own country, sure enough. Just look at that view of the majestic Rockies! I'll buy the tickets at once."

II.

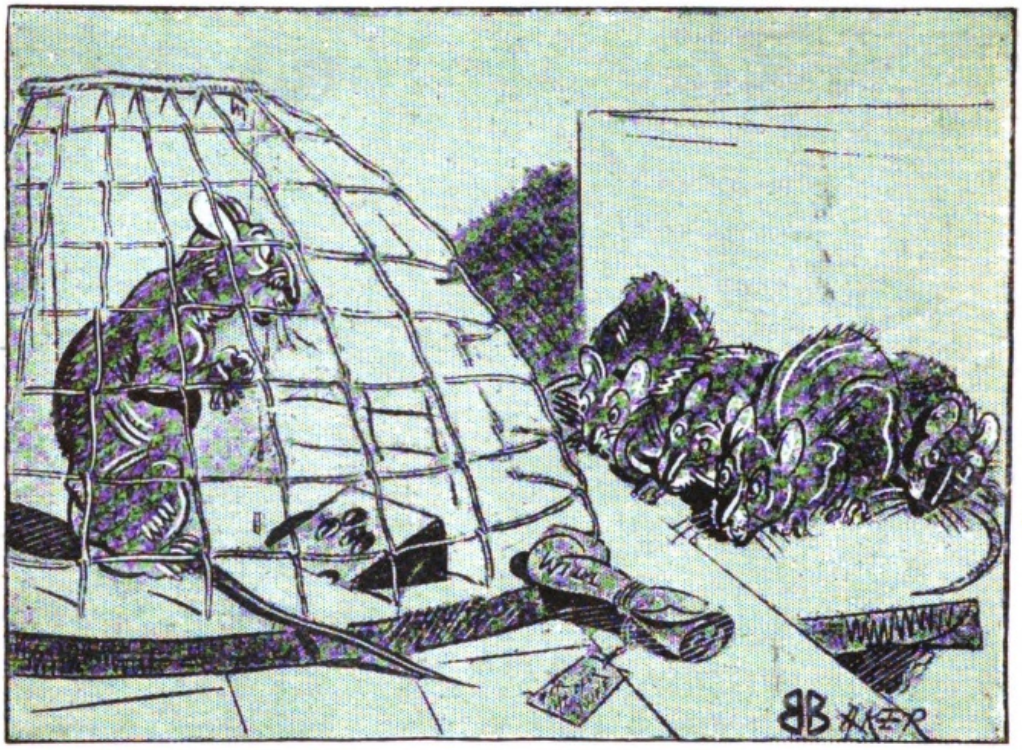
Impulsive Citizen (*passing through the majestic Rockies*): "Gimme two cards!"



"CHEWS THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE BEST."

SOMEHOW THE MONKEY DIDN'T LIKE THE KISSING GAMES AT WILLIE HIPPO'S PARTY.

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FRIENDSHIP.

THE OUTSIDERS: "Say, Bill! If you ain't got no more use for that cheese, you might just shove it out to us!"



IT LOOKED THAT WAY.

THE MONKEY: "Great guns! Roosevelt just gone, and now here comes the Kaiser!"

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Accessories After the Fact.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

DICKSON, the butler, was all against these migrations to the country directly the season was over in town. He disliked the neighbourhood of Dartmoor. There were countless reasons he gave for his objections to leaving town, but the real one, to which he never alluded, was that he could not take his wig to the barber every week.

Like all his sex, Dickson was vain; the vanity of most men being to conceal their vanity if they can, wherefore a man will go to immense trouble and as much expense as any woman to appear quietly turned out. To achieve that appearance of being a well-dressed gentleman who will attract the attention of none but those who know, a man will exhibit as much vanity as any woman in the world. In some manner of speaking, this was the vanity of Dickson.

His master and mistress, Sir Harold and Lady Borthwick, they knew he wore a wig; her ladyship's maid, she knew. The cook knew; indeed, the whole household was aware of it. Yet there was his vanity. He had paid, for him, a considerable sum for that wig. It fitted him, as they say, to a T. Every week in London he took it to an expensive barber's and, while in seclusion in an upper part of the premises, had it carefully combed and one grey hair added to its otherwise chestnut beauty.

"One grey hair a week," he said—this was his vanity in calculation—"that's fifty-two a year. Two hundred and sixty in five years' time. In twenty years I shall be getting white about the head."

Yet the only people in a position to observe these increasing signs of age were those who knew it was a wig. That is like vanity, all over. In their presence he would often raise his hand to his head—quite genteelly, for there is a proper way of doing these things—and scratch certain different places, as though they caused him temporary discomfort.

You may imagine, then, how much Dickson disliked these summer exiles to the country. After three months, when they returned to town, it meant the addition of thirteen grey hairs at once, which, besides being an unlucky number, took at least two days to do, when he was compelled to wear his second best wig, which did not fit him at all. Then the whole world knew, so much of it as saw him—and it was not a great deal. For those two days Dickson was as a sick man confined to his room.

The whole household had been down on Dartmoor for a month, and Dickson was becoming reconciled to the discomfort of injured vanity—vanity injured by the knowledge that his wig had not received all the attention that it required. Sir Harold and his wife dined alone every night, except when there were visitors. The children were always sent to bed. Dickson stood there in the deep shadows of that old dining-room while they solemnly pursued the six courses of a somewhat elaborate dinner, sometimes almost in silence. Dickson had nothing to say against the dullness of this proceeding. He liked those deep shadows.

"Anyone comin' into the room now," he would say to himself as he stood there, "would think to themselves, what a decent 'ead of 'air that chap 'as." Vanity in contemplation draws all eyes upon itself.

Taking the visitor's regard of him for granted, this most likely would have been true. It is far more likely, however, that the attention of anyone entering that old dining-room at such a moment would have been attracted to the four Queen Anne silver candlesticks, with their soft pink shades, in the centre of the small dining-table they used on these occasions. He would have observed the four old silver snuffboxes on the centre of that table, placed there for ornamentation alone. And if he were a connoisseur he would have noticed the spoons and forks, shining their reflections in the polished mahogany surface—all Queen Anne silver—every one of them Queen Anne. This was Sir Harold's hobby.

It was one evening, on an occasion ever to

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be remembered by Dickson, that they sat alone at dinner together, and for the first two courses never spoke a word. It was, he would have told you, as he was serving the entrée, that a sound in the far distance across the moor fell upon all their ears. Dickson paused as he handed the cutlets in aspic to his master. In the whole course of his experience as a butler this was the first time he had known his attention to be distracted from his work. But the sound reaching them was such that, in the silence of that old house, far away on those lonely moors, the mind of any man would have been arrested. They all raised their heads to listen. The silver entrée-dish with the cutlets in aspic was drooping lower and lower in Dickson's hand with this unexpected abstraction of his mind. Another instant and the cutlets would have gracefully dropped to the floor, when Sir Harold said :—

"What's that, Dickson?"

Dickson recovered his equilibrium in time, saving the cutlets, and not a moment too soon.

"It was a gun, sir."

He had no sooner said it than another sound trembled across the silence, faintly shaking the windows in their sashes.

"Is it a convict escaped, Harold?" asked Lady Borthwick.

"Must be," said he. "The devil's got off. I don't know how the deuce they do it when you look at that place. Looks impossible to the outsider that anyone could ever get clear."

"Poor, wretched man!" said Lady Borthwick, beginning slowly upon her cutlet. "One can't help feeling sorry for him."

"It's safe to feel sorry at this distance," replied her husband. "It can't do you any harm, and doesn't do him much good."

"No—but I would help him, if I could."

"You'd help him?" The whole dignity of citizenship took umbrage at that. "But he's a criminal. You can't help a criminal. That's a criminal offence in itself. You'd be an accessory after the fact."

"I don't know what that means," replied Lady Borthwick. "Legal jargon never impresses me; but supposing the man were a friend of one's own, do you mean to say it would be a criminal act to help him when he was in trouble?"

"Of course it would," replied Sir Harold, emphatically.

"Then I think the law's very silly," said she.

"Not nearly so silly, my dear, as your suggestion that he might be a friend. How could a man like that possibly be a friend of ours?"

She was ready enough with her answer. She referred him to Lord William Pentland, the second son of one of the oldest families in the country.

"He's serving his time now," said she, "for that emerald necklace he stole. Willie can't help it. He's a thief by nature. He has that craving for other people's valuables which we've all got. The only difference is, he's more candid about it. He admits it by taking them. You can't call him anything else but a criminal, and he's certainly a friend of ours."

If Sir Harold could have brought himself to deny a friendship with the Pentland family he would have done it then and there. Finding that quite impossible, especially before Dickson, he said nothing.

This was the most interesting discussion Dickson had listened to at that table for some time. He was of the opinion himself that it all depended upon how dangerous the man was. If he was dangerous, Dickson would have helped him to escape, accessory or no accessory. A whole skin, in Dickson's opinion, was well worth having.

"Well—wouldn't you help Lord Willie?" asked Lady Borthwick, pursuing her advantage.

"No," replied Sir Harold. "I'm an English citizen, and, as such, am conscious of the duties incumbent upon me. I hope that I should consider my country and the society in which I live before all such personal matters as friendship."

These were the sentiments of a man comfortably enjoying his dinner. His cutlet in aspic was extremely tender; the cold peas with it were very tasty indeed. A mood of patriotism was their proper accompaniment. All these little luxuries he owed to the fact that he was an Englishman, a knight, and a successful man of business in the capital of that country to which he belonged.

"Then you mean to say," said she, "you wouldn't help him?"

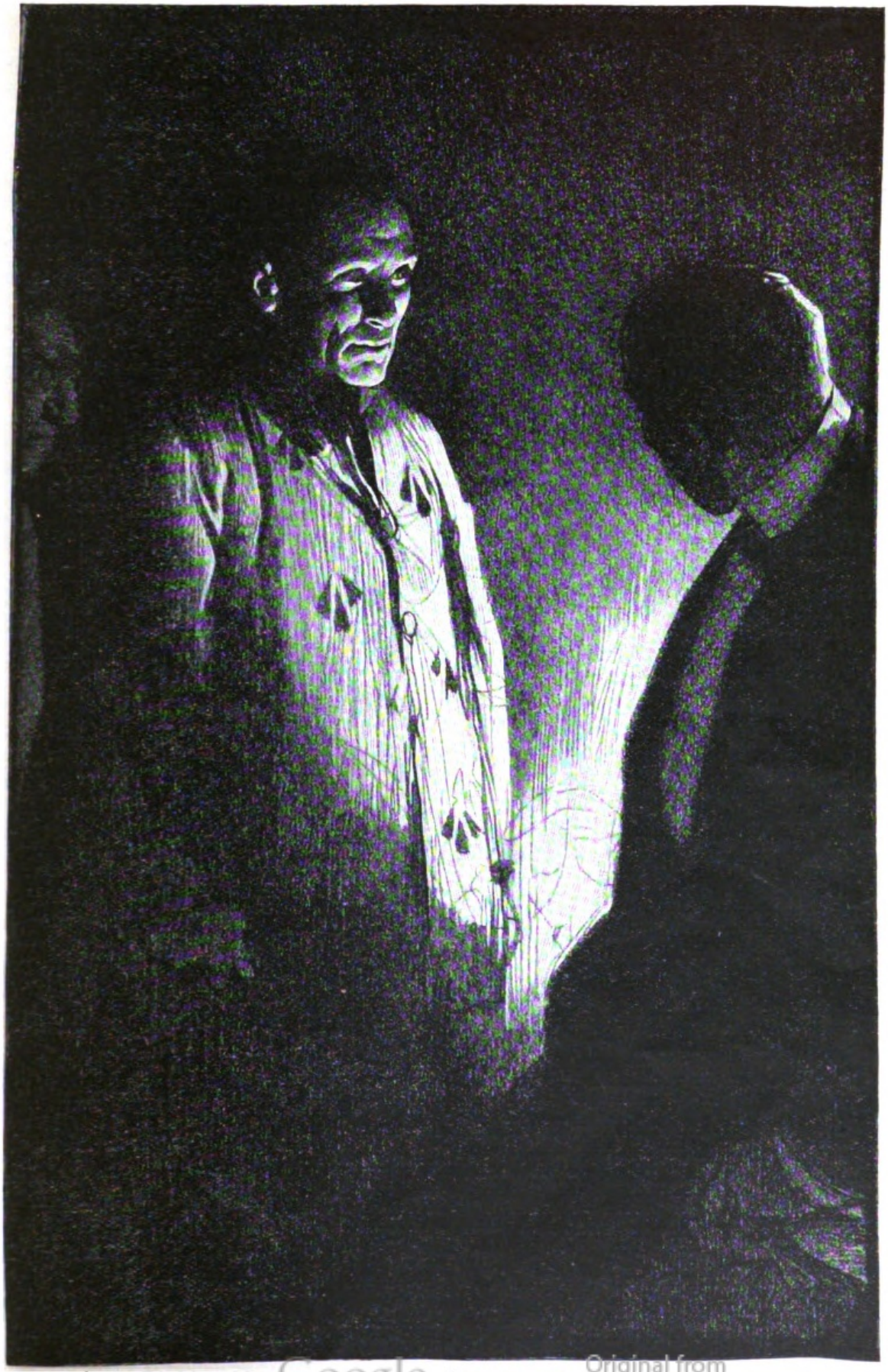
"I should do my duty," he replied, evasively; and at that moment the bell at the hall door rang violently through the silence of the house.

At such a moment, and with such a discussion in progress, it was scarcely to be wondered at that all their hearts—Dickson's as much as anyone's—trembled in their breasts like weights suspended from a slender wire, and then set off to beating each its liveliest tattoo.

"Who can that be?" Sir Harold inquired.

"I don't know, sir."

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"'LORD WILLIE!' HE EXCLAIMED."

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It might be anyone, he thought, and preferred to stay where he was.

"You'd better go and see," said Sir Harold; and as the bell rang out again Dickson, with some reluctance, left the room.

Sir Harold and his wife sat listening for the sounds in the hall. They said nothing. Their heads were turned slightly on one side as they strained to hear the faintest sound which could give them any suggestion of what was taking place outside. For the same thought had come, insistent and importunate, to both their minds. It had something to do with the escape of the convict from Princetown. They felt sure of that. Either it was the warders in pursuit, or, resultant upon their conversation but a few moments before, they imagined it might even be the convict himself. It was known to have happened before. Quiet householders had been disturbed at night by desperate men fleeing from justice. Well—Sir Harold knew what he would do; but he made just such a provision in his mind as Dickson had done. The man must not be too desperate or too dangerous. There were limits to one's sense of duty as a citizen.

Neither of them, however, was prepared for what was to follow; for the door opened revealing Dickson's blanched face and frightened eyes, while behind him they could see the close-cropped head of the escaped convict in all his prison clothes.

Sir Harold rose with a blustering show of English indignation as the man pushed his way into the room. Then he stood back, leaning for support upon the table.

"Lord Willie!" he exclaimed.

"He would come in, sir," said Dickson. "I couldn't stop 'im. Says he knows you."

"Quite correct," said Lord William, affably. Then he bowed to Lady Borthwick.

"Lady Borthwick," said he, "if there were time to apologize, I would. The self-invited guest ought at least to come to the feast decently dressed. Circumstances would not permit that. I'm in a hurry."

"What's happened?" asked Sir Harold.

"Well—I've just left my friends at Princetown, and they like my company, apparently. They want to have me back. They're remarkably hospitable in that way; but I've got other business to transact."

The lightness of his manner suddenly changed.

"What can you do for me, Borthwick? I've got to get out of these clothes. You can lend me a suit—what's it to be? They may be here any minute. They're on my tracks already. They'll have found out I came this way. In a quarter of an hour they may be knocking at the door. Come on, man, come on—you must help me somehow or other. The suit's all right—give me a dress suit if you've got a spare one by you."

"I always keep two suits," said Sir Harold. It was not a promise that he would let him have one; but it was an opportunity of showing Lord Willie that he could afford to do himself well.

"All right, then—but on second thoughts—it had better be an ordinary lounge-suit. I can be having dinner here with you dressed like that, can't I? But it's my cropped head—that's what I'm thinking about. How am I going to get over that?"

He looked desperately at them both, and they, as was only natural, the same thought occurring to both their minds, turned round and looked at Dickson. In nervous apprehension, Dickson's hand went swiftly to his head.

"Can't dine in a hat, can I?" said Lord Willie. "Course I can't—they'd twig that at once. What are you looking at him for? By Jove! You don't mean to say——" He hurried across to Dickson and peered into his head.

"It's not a wig—is it?"

For Dickson's sake they both kept silent. The situation was becoming painful, as well as unpleasant. It was up to Dickson to admit it.

"Lord William is waiting for an answer, Dickson," said Sir Harold, and then the wretched man, so prompted by his master and seeing the look of desperation in Lord William's eyes, confessed the truth.

Lord William turned round with a smile of relief.

"It's a simple matter, then," said he.

"I beg pardon, my lord——" Dickson interposed.

"I said it's a simple matter," Lord William repeated. "Your wig—a suit of clothes—sitting quietly at dinner here. There's not a single one of them who'd believe it possible. I'd never counted on as much luck as this. But come along—we've got to be sharp about it. Just let's try it on now; it ought to fit—well enough, anyhow."

Here Lady Borthwick interposed.

"But he can't!" she exclaimed. "Poor Dickson! it's really——"

This was womanly sympathy. She could imagine how he would feel. The best of woman's vanity is that they can sympathize with the vanity of others; the worst of men's vanity, that they can't.

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Sir Harold pooh-poohed this nonsense about Dickson's feelings.

"When the warders come," said Lord Willie, "he'll feel a good deal more comfortable without his wig than I shall with it."

"Quite so," said Sir Harold. "For the time being he must put up with the discomfort. Everyone in the house knows you've got a wig, Dickson. Come now—take it off and give it to Lord William at once."

Lady Borthwick looked her amazement.

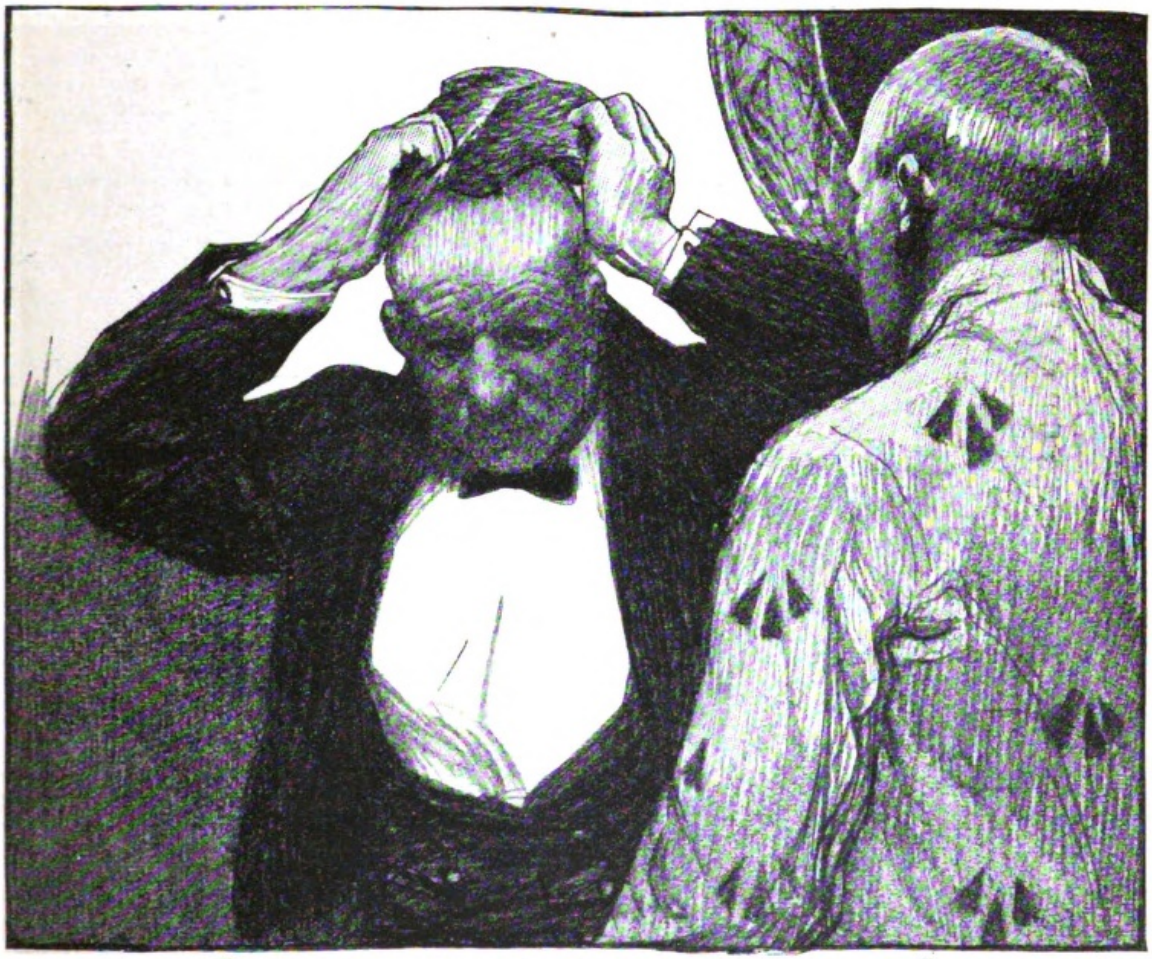
"Well—you surprise me, Harold," said she. "Especially after what we were saying a few moments ago."

Lord Willie regarded her with the most attractive expression in the world. It was everywhere admitted that he was a most fascinating creature when he liked, despite his little failing.

"My dear Lady Borthwick," said he, "believe me, I am suffering a greater inconvenience—in these—than the good Dickson." He spread out his arms, the better to expose his prison garb. "They're not becoming, Lady Borthwick. Our tailor over there doesn't make too well."

Then again his manner changed. Time was slipping by and his was a desperate need. A glance from his eye was enough to convince the timid Dickson that this was not a man to be played with. With infinite care he took the wig from his head, revealing that pathetically bald cranium which none of them in that house had ever seen before.

"I'm not sure," said Lord Willie, as he put it on, "that Dickson doesn't look better without it. Now—isn't that all right?" He turned for them to see.



"WITH INFINITE CARE HE TOOK THE WIG FROM HIS HEAD."

"Not a bad fit at all," replied Sir Harold. "It makes a tremendous difference. Now you'd better go up with Dickson to my room and get that suit. When you've given it to his lordship, Dickson, just come down here as quick as you can and lay another place."

The wretched man was only too glad to disappear from the room. With a graceful bow to Lady Borthwick, begging them to waive ceremony and not wait for him, Lord Willie followed Dickson at once.

"Well!" said Lady Borthwick, as soon as the door had closed. "After all you've said

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—your talk about duty and citizenship, and all that nonsense!"

"What would you have me do?" asked her husband.

"Do? Why, let him find his own way out. You're a whatchermay-call-it after the fact now. You've become a criminal yourself."

"Upon my soul!" retorted Sir Harold. "If anyone's gone back on their word, sure it's yourself. After all your talk about friendship—brave words, I've no doubt—but they don't come to much."

"Well, you don't call a man like that a friend, do you?" said she. "He steals everything that takes his fancy."

"He's the second son of the Earl of Godstow—you must remember that—one of the oldest families in England," replied Sir Harold. "I've no doubt his father will be very grateful to me when he hears."

"Grateful! I should think the old man would much sooner have him out of harm's way in Princetown. It's the right place for him. I think you're acting in a most Quixotic and ridiculous way. We may get into most terrible trouble over this."

"I take it that this is the full value of your friendship," said her husband, hotly.

"I can only suppose," she retaliated, "that this is what you consider to be the duty of a citizen to the community at large."

Here was excellent material for a lively domestic quarrel. There is no knowing what might not have been said, but at that moment Dickson, thoroughly ashamed, thoroughly uncomfortable, entered the room. Their voices fell to silence as he laid another place.

"He'll be recognized," said Lady Borthwick, presently. "And then we shall be in a nice fix. What's the sentence for being a thingummybob after the fact?"

"I don't think he will be recognized, my lady," interposed Dickson. "He's got a moustache with him that he says he's been making—secret, of course—these last few months he's been in—that place over there. He's always contemplated getting off—so he told me."

"Probably the warders won't come here at all," said Sir Harold. "Then he can get away to-morrow in his disguise, and we sha'n't hear anything more about it."

"He won't get away in my wig, sir," said Dickson, firmly. "He won't get away in that."

"Well, Dickson—if it's made worth your while—we shall see. I shall tell the Earl about your generosity myself."

Dickson had many more protestations to make. One's own dignity is more valuable than the gratitude of an earl. He was just about to say as much when the door opened and Lord Willie, another creature, entered the room.

"Mr. Stevenson," said he; "and very pleased indeed, I may tell you, to accept your generous hospitality."

"Upon my soul, it's marvellous!" exclaimed Sir Harold, but said no more. Once again the bell had clanged through the silence of the house. For one instant they all listened to it. Then Lord Willie was the first to act. He took his seat at once at the table.

"Go to the door, Dickson," said he. "Let 'em in if they must come in, and come, as naturally as you can, and tell Sir Harold what it is."

Trembling for the issue, Dickson went. He was no good for this sort of play-acting, he told himself. In the dining-room they would have sat and listened as they did before, but Lord Willie started upon a flow of conversation.

"I've been abroad," said he—"India—in the Civil Service. What's Bond Street like these days? I was forgetting—I haven't seen it for six months."

The door opened. This time it was Dickson who was in the background. His bald head shone out of the darkness. Before him stood one of the Princetown warders in his sombre uniform.

"I'm sorry to intrude at your dinner-hour, Sir Harold," he said; "but I suppose you've heard the guns? One of the convicts has got away. We're scattering all over the moor. I've been round the garden already, but I think I must ask you to let me have a look through the house. There's no knowing where these fellows will hide. They get desperate once they taste freedom. Can I go through the house now?"

Sir Harold rose to his feet. Lord Willie, seated with his back to the door, half turned in his chair, an interested listener.

"I'll take you myself," said Sir Harold. "Of course, he might have got in by one of the windows, though it's hardly likely. They're all locked up at this time. Will you excuse me, Stevenson?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow—certainly," Lord Willie replied, in a deep voice. "Would you like me to come with you?"

"No, no; you go on with your dinner." He turned to the warder. "Will you come this way?"

So little could the man believe that Convict 716 was under his very eyes that he paid no

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"'I'M SORRY TO INTRUDE AT YOUR DINNER-HOUR, SIR HAROLD,' HE SAID, 'BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD THE GUNS? ONE OF THE CONVICTS HAS GOT AWAY.'"

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attention to Sir Harold's guest and followed him out of the room.

The moment they were gone Lord Willie leant back in his chair and laughed.

"Astute fellahs!" said he. "He'll rummage through all your rooms till he's tired."

"He won't go to my bedroom, will he?" said Lady Borthwick.

"Oh, won't he? He'll hunt everywhere."

She jumped to her feet.

"I'm not going to have him rummaging through my bedroom," said she, with righteous indignation. "I'll soon put a stop to that! There is a limit to friendship."

She went to put a stop to it, without a moment's delay.

The instant the door had closed Lord Willie looked across at Dickson, standing there as far in the shadow of the corner as he could.

"Dickson," said he, sharply, "how did that warder come? Was he walking?"

"No, my lord; he was on a bicycle."

"Good!"

He rose quickly to his feet.

"Where did he leave it?"

"Just outside the door, my lord."

"Good again! He's a thoughtful fellah. Now, Dickson, if it's known that your master has been shielding me, he may get into trouble. You might get into trouble, Dickson, for lending me your wig."

"Wouldn't be no fault of mine, my lord," said Dickson, quickly. "I wasn't allowed to do nothing else—not to say allowed."

"Quite so. But the law is peculiar in these matters, Dickson. It has no sentiments. Now, I want to save your master from trouble, and I want to save you. First of all, we'll suppose that while they've been upstairs the escaped convict *has* got into the house—through the window."

"The hall door is still open, my lord."

"Through the hall door, then—excellent! He's a desperate man, Dickson; he wants money, he—yes—he sees this silver on the table." Lord Willie examined it—picked up one of the candles and looked with the eye of one who appreciates at the hall-mark. "Beautiful silver this, Dickson."

"Queen Anne, sir."

"Ah—worth a lot of money. All the better. He takes the silver."

"What am I doing all this time, my lord?" inquired Dickson, who, as the case was only supposititious, presumed that he would be displaying some sort of courage.

"You are covered by a revolver in the convict's hand. You have no option but to do as he tells you."

"How about the other gentleman, my lord?"

"Lord, yes—I'd forgotten him. He must have followed Lady Borthwick upstairs. But that warder took so little notice, Dickson, I think he won't even ask about him. Well, as I said, he takes the silver. He puts the room in darkness—he gets the warder's bicycle, and he's off—with the silver in his pocket. Beautiful silver this is—three-pronged forks."

"All Queen Anne, my lord."

"Beautiful. Now, out with those electric lights. I'll blow out these candles. Then I'll hide the silver under the table. They won't think of looking for it there—or looking for it at all. The warder will be after me. They'll never know the story isn't true, and I shall be out of the country in these clothes by to-morrow morning."

He blew out the candles.

"Now the electric light."

Dickson obeyed—the room was in utter darkness. In that sudden transition of light the butler could see nothing.

Lord Willie still continued his flow of conversation.

"Now I'm hiding the silver under the table," said he; "but as soon as I go and you hear the hall door bang you switch up the lights and call for help. They can't catch me then. I shall have a disguise; I shall have a bicycle; I shall have two minutes' start of 'em." A thought suddenly occurred to him. "Sir Harold hasn't got a car here, has he?"

"Well, he has, my lord, but it's gone to Exeter for repairs. It comes back the day after to-morrow."

"Well—a bicycle's better than nothing."

"But how about my wig, my lord?"

"Dickson—you must take my word for it that you shall have it back by post the moment I'm out of the country. I can't do better than that. Now—I've hidden all the silver. I'm off now, and as soon as you hear the door bang—up with the lights and call for help."

Dickson waited in the darkness. His mind was so confused, he had no time to reason all these things out. It seemed a good scheme to him. The hall door banged; even the windows rattled in their sashes. He switched on the lights, calling "Help! Help!"

Then he looked about him—peered under the table to see that the silver was well hidden away, with no likelihood of discovery.

There was no silver. With the exception of the candlesticks it was gone—snuff-boxes, spoons, and forks—all gone! And his wig!

"Help!" he yelled. "Help!"

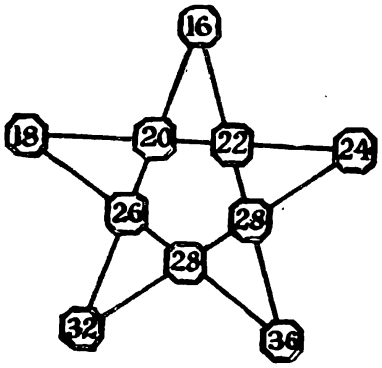
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

225.—THE FORT GARRISONS.

HERE we have a system of fortifications. It will be seen that there are ten forts, connected by lines of outworks, and the numbers represent the strength of the small garrisons. The general wants to dispose these garrisons afresh so that there shall be one hundred men in every one of the five lines of four forts. Can you show how it can be done? The garrisons must be moved bodily; that is to say, you are not allowed to break them up into other numbers. It is quite an entertaining little puzzle with counters, and not very difficult.



226.—THE IRON CHAIN.

TWO pieces of iron chain were picked up in the battlefield after the fighting on the Marne. What purpose they had originally served is not certain and does not immediately concern us. They were formed of circular links (all of the same size) out of metal half an inch thick. One piece of chain was exactly three feet long and the other twenty-two inches in length. Now, as one piece contained six links more than the other, how many links were there in each piece of chain?

227.—THE HUMANE ARAB.

AN Arab came to the river-side
With a donkey bearing an obelisk,
But he did not venture to ford the tide,
For he had too good an *.

So he camped all night by the river-side,
Secure till the tide had ceased to swell,
For he knew that whenever the donkey died,
No other could be its ||.

* Find a word for this.
|| Place a suitable word here.

228.—CHARADE.

WHEN yon fine vessel on the ocean speeds,
Unto my *first* the watchful tar's attending;
And yet my *second* oft employs his thoughts
When at my *whole* his powerful form is bending.

229.—NEW CARD MAGIC SQUARES.

THIS new puzzle employs a complete pack of playing-cards. We call the knave 11, the queen 12, and the king 13, thus giving every card a numerical value. Now, arrange the fifty-two cards on the table so as to form two magic squares, all the rows and columns and two long diagonals in one case summing to 36 and in the other case to 37. There are, of course, many ways of doing it. Can you find one of them?

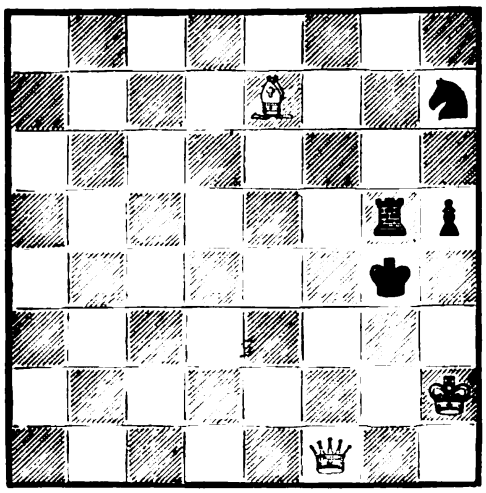
230.—LONGFELLOW'S BEES.

THE poet Longfellow was at one time Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard College. At that period he was considerably interested in mathematics, and used to amuse himself by propounding more or less simple arithmetical puzzles to students. The following is an example that has been preserved. Though it is quite an elementary thing, its source gives it interest. The flowers mentioned are certainly not very familiar to the British floriculturist.

If one-fifth of a hive of bees flew to the ladamba flower, one-third flew to the slandbara, three times the difference of these two numbers flew to an arbour, and one bee continued to fly about, attracted on each side by the fragrant ketaki and the malati, what was the number of bees?

231.—MATE IN THREE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

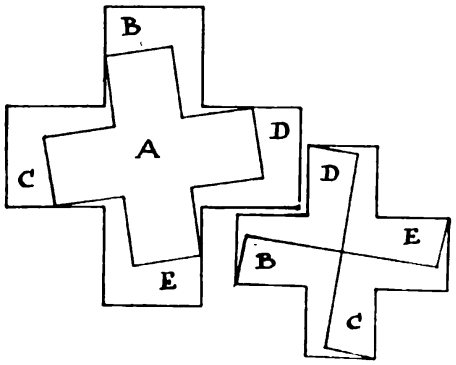
THIS is an interesting little three-mover by the late Sam Loyd, and, like so many of the productions of that master composer of chess problems, it is characterized by pretty and perhaps unexpected strategy. Yet it is not difficult.

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Solutions to "Puzzles at a Village Inn."

THE LOUVAIN HOUSE.—The numbers of the houses on each side will add up alike if the number of the house be 1 and there are no other houses; if the number be 6, with 8 houses in all; if 35, with 49 houses; if 204, with 288 houses; if 1,189, with 1,681 houses; and so on. But it was known that there were more than 50 and fewer than 500 houses, so we are limited to a single case, and the number of the house must have been 204.

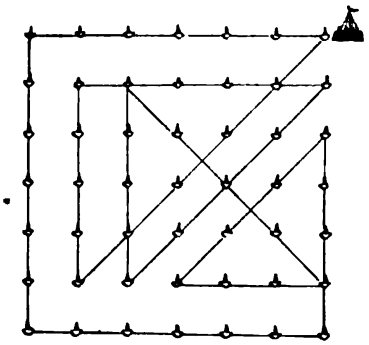
THE RED CROSS PUZZLE.—The illustration shows how to cut the cross into five pieces so as to form two similar crosses, each of the same size. One cross is cut out whole, and the smaller figure shows how the



remaining four pieces should be put together. The pleasant but not very difficult task of finding the direction of the cuts is left to the reader.

THE TWO TURKEYS.—The large turkey weighed 16lb. and was sold at 1s. 6½d. per lb., and the small turkey weighed 4lb. and was sold at 1s. 8½d. per lb.

SINKING THE FISHING BOATS.—The diagram shows how the warship sinks all the forty-nine boats in twelve straight courses, ending at the point from which



she sets out. Follow every line to its end before changing your direction.

MARCHING ON CITY.—The following is the best solution obtainable, every division marching eighty-two miles:—

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K
10	19	24	27	10	8	21	11	22	13
15	10	27	8	15	20	21	13	30	29
32	30	8	16	19	24	8	36	9	8
25	10	11	31	21	8	7	22	21	32
	13	12		17	22	14			
						11			
82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82	82

CLOCK PUZZLE.—There are five intervals between six strokes, the time counting from the first stroke. And there are ten intervals between eleven strokes. Therefore, if the five intervals amount to six seconds, the ten intervals will take *twelve* seconds—not eleven.

THE BEWITCHED WATCH.—The watch would indicate the correct time eleven times in twelve hours. As it was correct at 6 o'clock, it would next be correct at $7\frac{1}{11}$, then at $8\frac{2}{11}$, then at $9\frac{3}{11}$, and so on (that is, every hour and one-eleventh), and, since we are told that it was found correct "less than two hours after" six, the time must have been $7\frac{1}{11}$, or 5 minutes $27\frac{3}{11}$ seconds past 7 o'clock.

Solutions to other Puzzles in our last number.

THREE LITTLE PROBLEMS.

THE answers to the three puzzles published last month under the above title are:—

1. Eleven grooms and fifteen horses.

2. By the conditions there were twelve children in all and each has now nine: then each parent had three children when married, making six arrivals within ten years.

3. The number of shoes equals the number of persons.

"ALLAH KNOWS BEST."

THE following is the solution of the end-game referred to in the chess story entitled "Allah Knows Best," published in our last number:—

1. Q to R sq., Q to B 7; 2. R to Kt 6, ch., K to R 4; 3. R to R 6, ch., K takes R; 4. R to Kt 6, ch., K to R 4; 5. R to R 6, ch., K takes R; 6. Q to B 6, ch., Kt takes Q; 7. Kt to Kt 8, ch., Kt takes Kt; 8. P takes Kt (becoming Kt), ch., K to R 4; 9. Kt to B 6, ch., K to R 3; 10. Kt takes P, ch., K to R 4; 11. Kt to B 6, ch., K to R 3; 12. Kt to Kt 8, ch., K to R 4; 13. P to Kt 4, mate. No other first move than 1. Q to R sq. will win the game for Black. All the moves are the best possible on both sides.

A NEW KIND OF ANAGRAM.

THE solution of the anagram published last month is:—

1. Marine—Remain.
2. Bertha—Breath.
3. Seaside—Disease.
4. Resign—Singer.
5. Dosing—Doings.
6. Recent—Centre.
7. Weather—Whereat.
8. Miles—Smile.
9. Direct—Credit.
10. Milestone—Limestone.
11. Stream—Master.
12. Threads—Hardest.
13. Descent—Scented.
14. Resist—Sister.
15. Tearing—Granite.
16. Below—Elbow.
17. Mountaineer—Enumeration.
18. Limped—Dimple.
19. Models—Seldom.
20. Talent—Latent.
21. Coster—Escort.
22. Hatter—Threat.
23. Alice—Celia.
24. Introduce—Reduction.
25. Night—Thing.
26. Oriental—Relation.
27. Rotter—Retort.
28. Repents—Present.
29. Cautioned—Education.
30. Latter—Rattle.
31. Repartee—Repeater.
32. General—Enlarge.
33. Dilates—Details.
34. Despot—Posted.
35. Stinted—Dentist
36. Please—Elapse.

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ILSANE

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

Translated from the French by E. DYKE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.



ONCE upon a time there lived a very powerful king who had conquered all the other kings and princes in his neighbourhood. Each of these unfortunate royal persons was ordered to send his eldest son to the conqueror's Court, to be his servant for ten years.

One king there was who had been in his youth the bravest of warriors; but when he grew old and his strength began to fail he, like the rest, had to submit to and obey his strong neighbour. Yet how *could* he send a son to the Court? He had no son, only three daughters. So the poor man felt very uneasy, for he greatly feared that the victorious king would punish him for his disobedience by driving him from his throne.

His three daughters, who loved him dearly, noticed his sadness, and asked the reason of it. He did not wish to tell them, but they gave him no peace until he did so.

"Father," then said the eldest girl, "let *me* go to the king's Court, as if I were your son. I will dress myself as a man, and my conduct shall be such as to do you honour."

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"My poor child," replied the king, "that is an impossible plan. You would meet with too many difficulties on the road."

"I promise you, father, that you shall have no cause to blush for me. *Do* let me go!"

And so the king gave in, and let the girl have her way. In the highest spirits she began the preparations for her journey. She danced all over the palace, making a thousand plans, selecting splendid garments and a richly-caparisoned horse, and providing herself with a large sum of money. Then, after receiving her father's blessing, she mounted her horse (which, eager as herself, was quivering with impatience) and rode out of the town.

The king, her father, set out also, but secretly. Taking a "short cut," he outstripped the princess, and arrived first at the frontier of his kingdom. An old fairy, the friend of his parents, had endowed him with the power of changing himself at pleasure into the form of any animal. He had not used this gift for a long time past, but the idea now occurred to him that by its means he might test the courage of his daughter.

The king took the form of a wolf, and crouched under a bridge over which the young princess would have to pass. As soon as she came in sight the wolf, with flaming eyes, bristling hair, and wide-open jaws ready to devour his prey, sprang out upon her. The girl, horribly frightened, fainted. When she recovered her senses the wolf had disappeared. But she had lost her nerve. She gathered up her broken reins, put spurs to her horse, and fled home to her father.

"Did I not tell you so, little one?" said the king, gently. "Go back to your spinning-wheel, and may Heaven protect us!"

The next day the second girl came to her father, beseeching him to let *her* go, vowing that she would not, like her sister, be put to flight by the first obstacle she met.

The king allowed this daughter also to have her way. She, too, set out on horseback in male attire, and everything happened as before. She returned at a gallop, frightened and trembling, with her hair hanging loose about her.

"Well, my child," said the king, "did I not warn you? Go back to your sister and your spinning."

A few days later, as the king and his daughters were sitting at table, Ileane, the youngest of the three, said to her father:—

"I, in my turn, would like to try to help you out of your difficulty. Do, please, let me go!"

"*You*, my little girl!" exclaimed the king, in surprise. "What folly! How can *you* hope to succeed when your elder sisters have failed?"

"For love of you, father dear, I would fling myself into the fire! I have a strong wish to attempt this adventure. If Providence favours me, all will be well, my courage will not fail; if not, at the worst I shall return without dishonour."

The princess had to plead for a long time before she could gain her father's consent. But she got it at last, and felt very happy as she made ready for her journey. She put on a plain suit, then went to the stables to choose a horse. After inspecting the proud chargers, she bethought herself of an old horse which, in her father's more fortunate days, had often borne him to victory. For a long time she looked about for this animal, and discovered him at last lying in a corner on some dirty straw.

"Poor creature!" said Ileane. "I am sorry to find you in such a sad condition."

"My sweet mistress!" said the horse. "What a noble hero your father was, so long as youth and strength were his! To-day, alas! the snow of age covers his head, and I, his old comrade, languish here uncared for, awaiting death. Ah! if only I could have proper attention for ten days, I should recover my former vigour and be stronger than ten thoroughbreds put together!"

"What ought to be done for you?" asked Ileane.

"Every day I should be bathed in fresh water, and should be fed with a bushel of barley boiled in sweet milk."

"I will see to that," said the princess, "and in return you shall teach me how I may succeed in my adventure."

Ileane kept her promise. At the end of the tenth day the horse rose from his straw. His coat was beautifully glossy, his eyes glowed like fire. He seemed stronger and more impetuous than a young colt. Ileane stared at him in glad surprise.

"My dear mistress," he said, "may Heaven reward you for your kindness to me! Now I am lively and strong, as well as ever I was in the old days. Tell me your plans, and what you expect of me."

"I ought," replied Ileane, "to present myself at the Court of a powerful king. I need a faithful counsellor and guide. Do you know of one?"

"If you will take me with you," said the

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horse, "you will have nothing to fear. You will need no other adviser; you will have only to follow my directions."

"Very well, then; the matter is settled. We shall start in three days' time."

"It would be wiser to start to-day," said the horse.

The princess ran into the house, dressed herself as a man, and then went to find the king.

"Good-bye, father!" she said, embracing him.

"Good luck, little one!" said the king.

After watching her until she was out of sight, he went, by a nearer road, to the bridge, where he changed himself into a wolf and waited—not for long.

His daughter arrived almost immediately, but on the way her horse had warned her of the danger, and had told her what she must do. He did not, however, tell her that the wolf would be her father, transformed. So when the beast leaped upon her, with open jaws, Ileane drew her sword and with one blow would have cut off its head had it not saved itself by springing to one side and then running away as fast as it could.

The princess crossed the bridge, delighted with her exploit and feeling prouder than a young hero. The king, too, was pleasantly surprised to find his youngest daughter so brave, but he determined to put her courage to another trial. He changed himself into a lion and hid behind a second bridge. So when the girl came to the place, she found waiting for her a fierce, hungry beast, whose roaring shook the earth and drew terrifying echoes from the mountain.

As before, the princess had been warned by her faithful horse. Brandishing her sword, she rushed gallantly towards the lion, which turned tail and disappeared.

Again the king was pleased, yet he resolved to test the girl's mettle once more. As Ileane approached a third bridge there pounced upon her a dreadful dragon with an immense, horrid, wide-open mouth, from which darted long jets of flame and the venomous tongue of a serpent. At sight of this monster, the poor princess, although forewarned by the horse, trembled all over. Her hair stood on end, her courage almost failed her. Then the horse neighed loudly to remind her of her brave resolutions. He planted her right in front of the dragon. Ileane, overcoming her fear, drew her sword and engaged with her enemy in a desperate combat which lasted over an hour. At last she struck such a violent blow upon the monster's head that he fell, vanquished, at her feet. He pressed his forehead three times on the ground, then rose; and Ileane, to her utter bewilderment, saw her own father standing before her!

"I see, my dear daughter," he said, "that you have a noble and valiant heart. You did wisely in choosing this horse; without his help you would have been by now at home again with your sisters. Now I can, without fear, allow you to proceed, for I know that you will prosper. Follow always the advice of your good horse. His name is 'Shining Sun.' He is my old comrade, and will serve you faithfully."

The princess took a second affectionate farewell of her father, and after a few days arrived without further hindrance at the Court. The king was exceedingly delighted to receive into his service such a graceful and accomplished youth. He took to him at once, and desired to have Ileane always with him. The young princes in the king's service felt very jealous of this new-comer who had so quickly won the favour of their master. They consulted together and formed a plan by which they hoped to get rid of him.

Their new companion, they told the king, had boasted to them that he knew where the Princess Helen (his future wife) was.

When the king heard this he flew into a violent passion with Ileane.

"Wretched boy!" he exclaimed. "You cannot be ignorant of my love for Princess Helen. Everyone knows how distressed I am by her sudden disappearance. And you, to whom I have shown such kindness, know where she is, and have not told me! Go at once and bring her to me! If you return without her I will cut off your head!"

Ileane would have defended herself, but the king refused to hear a word. Sadly she left him, and went to her friend, Shining Sun.

"Do not fret," said the horse, when he had heard her story: "all will be well. *I* know where this princess is. The King of the Sea, who is in love with her, carried her off one evening when she was strolling with her companions along the shore. Ask your king to lend you his most beautiful ship, and tell him that in a few days' time you will bring him the woman he loves."

Ileane attired herself in a princely dress of white cloth embroidered with gold and pearls, and put on boots of soft leather inlaid with precious stones. She then presented herself before the king, who now listened to what she had to say. His face brightened when he

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heard his favourite promising to bring back Princess Helen. He gave orders for the magnificent decoration of his best ship. Ileane and her horse went on board.

Favourable winds carried them towards the shore whereon stood the sea-king's palace. Ileane landed, and paced to and fro on the beach. Presently she met three beautiful slaves, carrying some linen. These were the maids of Princess Helen. Great was their admiration of this resplendent young gentleman, with his costly dress and jewelled boots. They ran to tell their mistress what they had seen, and begged her to go on board the stranger's ship to look at the grand things which he doubtless had there.

The lady, who from her balcony had already seen the handsome youth, readily yielded to the wish of her servants. She came down to the beach, where Ileane was still marching backwards and forwards. He (or, rather, she), in a gentle, coaxing voice, besought the princess to visit the vessel and choose gifts for herself from the jewels and precious stuffs which it contained. Helen accepted the invitation.



"SHE DREW HER SWORD AND ENGAGED WITH HER ENEMY IN A DESPERATE COMBAT WHICH LASTED FOR OVER AN HOUR."

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"HE, IN A GENTLE, COAXING VOICE, BESOUGHT THE PRINCESS TO VISIT THE VESSEL AND CHOOSE GIFTS FOR HERSELF FROM THE JEWELS AND PRECIOUS STUFFS WHICH IT CONTAINED."

While she was examining the ship's treasures Ileane gave the order to sail quickly towards the country of the king, his master. When, after some hours had passed, Princess Helen was about to take leave of her host, how great was her surprise to find herself in the midst of the ocean, miles away from the sea-king's home! She reproached her host for having deceived her, pretending to be very angry with him. At the bottom of her heart, however, she was glad to escape from the King of the Sea, whom she did not love, and who would have forced her to marry him. She admired the beauty and boldness of her new captor; she had, in fact, loved him at first sight, and longed that he would love her in return. She was bitterly disappointed when, at the end of their voyage, Ileane conducted her to the king.

"Sire," he said, "I bring you her whom you love; receive her from the hands of your servant."

The king, overcome with joy, took Helen's hand and, with great pomp, led her to the room which he had caused to be prepared for her.

But Princess Helen was sad at heart. "How unlucky I am!" she said to herself. "Why do I always fall into the power of one whom I cannot love?" Her thoughts were all of the young hero who had rescued her from the sea-king; she had, of course, no idea that the object of her affection was not a prince but a princess.

The day after her arrival the king asked her whether she would consent to be his wife.

"I will do so on one condition," replied Helen. "There is near the River Jordan a

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church which contains a little marble shrine. Get this shrine for me, and I will be your bride."

She thought that it would be impossible for the king to fulfil this condition. But he sent at once for Ileane. Having told her of Princess Helen's wish to possess the shrine, the king commanded her to get it without delay.

Ileane went straight to Shining Sun and asked him what she was to do now.

"It is a difficult errand," said the horse. "Bad luck to the man who sends you on it! But fear nothing; I will pull you through. The casket is on a table in the centre of the church. It is guarded by nuns, who take it in turn to watch all night. Now and then a priest comes in to instruct them, and while they are listening to his discourse *only one* nun is left in charge of the sacred treasure. That will be the most favourable moment for your purpose."

Ileane took leave of the king and, mounted on Shining Sun, started on her journey.

After travelling for a very long time they reached the banks of the Jordan and found themselves in front of the church. Luckily for them, the priest was there, preaching, and all the nuns were listening to him except the one in charge of the precious casket, and she, after watching for some hours, felt very weary. She sat down on a chair to rest, and immediately dropped off to sleep. Then Ileane, seizing her opportunity, stole on tip-toe into the church, took the shrine, and rode away with her booty.

When the nun woke up and missed the treasure she raised such an outcry that her companions came running to see what was the matter; and when she told them what had happened, groans and cries of lamentation were heard in every part of the church. The priest prayed that the thief might be punished. "If the evil-doer be a man," said the priest, "may he be turned into a woman; if a woman, may she become a man."

This curious prayer was instantly answered. Princess Ileane was changed into an elegant young gentleman of martial appearance, whose handsome face was adorned with a fine moustache. Upon his return to the king's Court everyone noticed his changed looks, although none, we may be sure, guessed the reason of the change. He gave the shrine to the king, saying, as he did so:—

"Sire, I have now done you sufficient service, and have earned some repose. May your Majesty be happy!"

The king smiled. "I am very much obliged to you," he said. "Should I have no son, you shall succeed me on the throne."

Princess Helen, however, finding that, contrary to her expectation, the king was able to fulfil the condition on which she had promised to marry him, resolved to rid herself at any price of the lover whom she hated. She could not forgive him for exposing the young prince—who every day gained a stronger hold upon her affections—to so many dangers. On the day before that fixed for the wedding the king ordered that a warm bath should be prepared for him. Princess Helen, having taken this duty upon herself, made up such a fierce furnace under the bath that as soon as he got in the water began to boil, and before he could call for assistance he was scalded to death.

Thus he perished miserably, and nobody was sorry, for he had oppressed the weak and offended the strong.

Ileane, whom the king had named as his successor, ascended the throne. He married Princess Helen, and, beloved by his wife, his numerous children, and all his subjects, was perfectly happy until the end of his life.

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THE CHESS-BOARD OF EUROPE.

By W. H. WATTS.

THE similarity between chess and the great art of war has been remarked upon innumerable occasions. So great is this similarity that a variant on chess has been invented in recent years which goes by the name of "Kriegspiel," or "War Game," to give its nearest English equivalent. This is the game at which German officers are so expert, and which, according to newspaper reports, they play during their brief spells of rest in the present campaign.

But the likeness of chess to war is as marked as that of Kriegspiel, and the extremely lively and entertaining game which follows has been dissected and annotated in a manner which illustrates the similarity. It was played thirty years ago between two very famous English chess-players The Rev. G. A. MacDonnell played the White pieces and H. E. Bird, the Black. We think all who have the remotest knowledge of chess will willingly admit its remarkable likeness to the present great war.

It is understood for the convenience of the comparison that the White pieces are the German forces and the Black are the Allies—Belgians, French, and English.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4

Mobilization having been generally ordered by the various nations interested, all available troops are immediately sent to the frontiers involved.

2. P to K B 4	P takes P

"Frontier incidents" naturally follow at once, owing to the close contact of the opposing forces and their generally excited state.

3. Kt to K B 3	P to K Kt 4
4. P to K R 4	P to Kt 5
5. Kt to K 5	

The Germans attacking in superior force occupy Liége.

5.	P to K R 4
6. B to B 4	Kt to K R 3

The timely arrival of the First British Expeditionary Force counterbalances the German reinforcements being rushed to the front.

7. P to Q 4	P to Q 3
8. Kt to Q 3	

German advance temporarily checked and outposts driven in.

8.	P to B 6

The Allies' left wing commences a harassing attack on the German lines of communication.

9. P to K Kt 3	P to K B 4
10. Kt to Q B 3	P takes P
11. Kt takes P	Kt to B 4

The Allies, less prepared for the war than the Germans, are not yet able to meet the enemy in equal force, but their efficient generalship prevents the Germans from striking a crushing blow, the enveloping movement of the German right being frustrated.

12. K to B 2	B to K 2
13. Kt to B 4	R to R 2

Paris takes no risk and prepares for defence.

14. Kt to Kt 6	

The rapid advance of the German right towards Paris.

14	P to Q 4

The Allies attempt a diversion by an attack in the centre towards Verdun.

15. Kt takes B	P takes Kt
16. Kt to Q 5	B to K 3

Von Kluck's sudden change of front induces a strong counter-attack by the Allies, for which reinforcements are rapidly brought forward.

17. B to K Kt 5	

The Allies having evacuated Antwerp, it is captured by the Germans. The Allies have a definite plan, the nature of which is quite unsuspected by the Germans, who lose valuable time in this useless capture. Meantime, in other parts of the battle front, they suffer serious reverses.

17.	B takes Kt
18. B takes Q	P to K 6, ch.
19. K to Kt sq.	B takes B
20. B to Kt 5	

The fight proceeds with some heavy exchanges, and the Germans have to bring to the front the troops which had been holding Antwerp and other occupied Belgian towns.

20.	P to B 7, ch.
21. K to R 2	P to K 7

The German right wing is now entirely surrounded, and to save its entire loss heavy reinforcements are requisitioned from the Eastern "theatre of war," but despite this the blow is one from which recovery is impossible.

22. Q to Q 2	P to B 8 = Kt, ch.

What appeared to be an unimportant body of infantry was in reality masking a strong detachment of cavalry which soon decides the issue The Allies' plan develops,

23. K R takes Kt	P takes R = Kt, ch.
24. R takes Kt	B takes R

and successfully matures, huge masses of prisoners being taken, the Allies' losses being insignificant.

25. Q to K sq., ch.	Kt to K 2
26. Q takes B	Q Kt to B 3

The arrival of further Colonial forces, *viâ* Marseilles, enables the Allies to quickly conclude the struggle.

27. P to Q 5	

The enfeebled German attack continues to the last

27.	R to B 2
28. Q to Q B 4	Kt to K 4
29. Q takes B P	Kt to B 6, ch.
30. K to Kt 2	

The German retreat commences, the Allies keeping up a relentless attack to the finish.

30.	R to Q B sq.
31. Q to R 5	R takes P, ch.

Capture of another German colony.

32. K to B sq.	Kt takes B, ch.

"Rounding up the Uhlans" and clearing Belgian territory of Germans.

33 K to K sq.	Kt to B 6, ch.
34. K to Q sq.	R to Q 7, ch.

Invasion of German territory commences.

35. K to B sq.	

The hasty retreat of the remaining German forces with the Kaiser at their head develops into a complete rout. They are harried the whole way by strong detachments of the Allies' forces.

35.	Kt takes Q P

Prisoners captured in front of Berlin.

36. P to R 3	

Hurried entrenchments at Potsdam.

36.	R to B 2, ch.

Berlin invested.

37. K to Kt sq.	Kt to B 6, ch.

Storming the fortifications and successfully making a breach in the defences.

38. P takes Kt	R to K 2

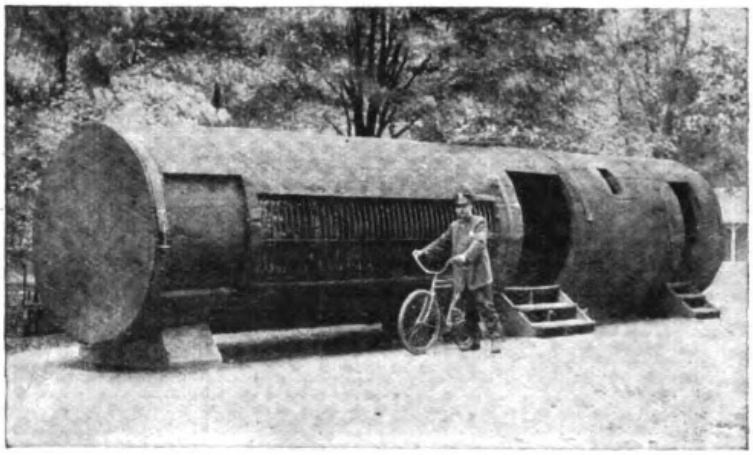
39. Capitulation of Berlin and capture of the Kaiser with the whole of the German Military Headquarters Staff.

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CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

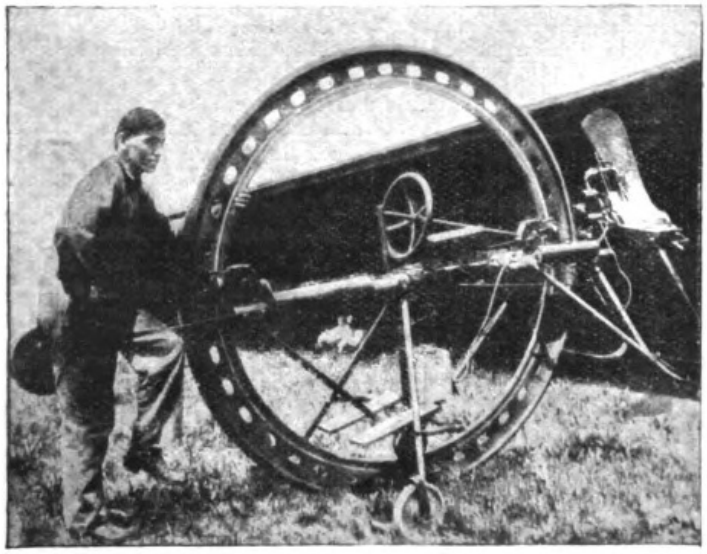
A LOG LARGE ENOUGH TO LIVE IN.



THERE is to be seen at Palmer Park, Detroit, Michigan, an enormous log, the inside of which is hollowed out and contains a chair and table, which were themselves carved from the log. It is large enough for a man to walk through, and the cage end of it was at one time used as a menagerie and contained a lion and tiger. One end of the log measures eight feet six inches, the other end eight feet three inches, while the length is thirty-five feet.—Mr. W. S. Turner, 3,006, Laudis Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

A NOVELTY IN MOTOR VEHICLES.

A NOVEL motor-driven racer is the invention of a St. Louis genius, who has given the name of the "unicycle" to the great hoop. Though a couple of small wheels, or rollers, are attached to the side of the queer craft, they merely serve to steady it when it is still, and are raised when the device is in motion. The motive-power is a gas-engine of the rotary type, with three cylinders, and this drives a propeller, five feet in length, at such speed that the wheel travels at a better rate than a mile a minute—seventy-four miles an hour, to be exact. The frame which carries the engine, propeller, driver, and fuel supply is very ingeniously constructed with a set of rollers that revolve against the inner side of the big wheel. In this manner the frame remains upright while the wheel revolves. The latter is of aluminium and has a diameter of eighty-one inches. Its circumference is protected by a solid rubber tyre.— Mr. C. L. Edholm, 1,353, West 36th Place, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.



A TEAM OF TURTLES.

REX BASSLER, a youngster of six, living at Darien, Wisconsin, U.S.A., has probably the strangest driving team in the world — a team of eight snapping turtles, from fifty to seventy-five years old, weighing about thirty pounds each. Rex has tamed these creatures, which naturally are savage, and they draw him in his express wagon like ponies driven by other children, although they are not likely to shatter any speed records. The youngster learned that turtles could be tamed while watching his father catching turtles for the New York and Philadelphia markets. Persuading his father to give him some of the largest, he finally grouped them for a driving team, and they seem to enjoy the sport as much as Rex likes to ride behind them. These turtles are so old that their backs are covered with moss. The team is kept in line by means of a wire harness, which is run through holes drilled in the edges of the thick shells. —Mr. Robert H. Moulton, Room L, Board of Trade, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.



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"ARTHUR SNOW WAS WASHED FROM THE DECK OF HUGH GLYNN'S VESSEL AND LOST AT SEA."

(*See page* 123.)

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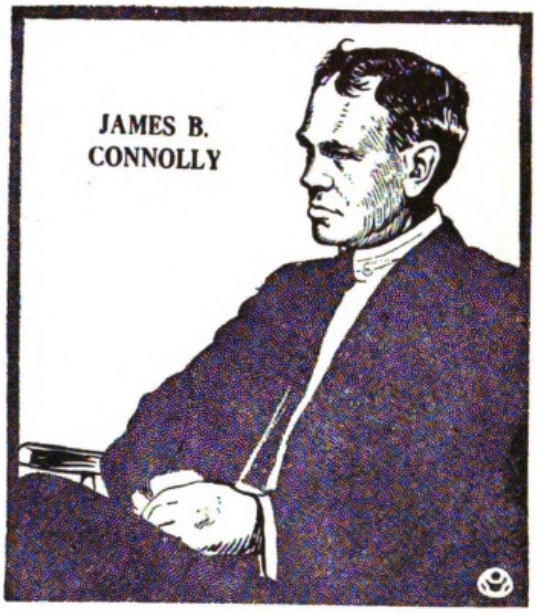
THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

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THE TRAWLER

THE STORY THAT WON A £500 PRIZE

By James B. Connolly



Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

THIS is the story which won the first prize of Five Hundred Pounds offered by "Collier's," the popular American weekly newspaper. The chief judge of this contest was no less a person than ex-President Theodore Roosevelt. He declared that:—

"The Trawler" is far and away the best story. It is literature. In thought, in elevation of sentiment, in rugged knowledge of rugged men, in strength and finish of writing, it is entitled to a place of permanence. To my mind this story is beyond all question entitled to the first prize.

Honours are not unknown to James Brendan Connolly, the Author of "The Trawler." Eighteen years ago he was, perhaps, the most renowned athlete in the world, having just earned the first Olympic Championship of modern times at Athens. A decade of strenuous physical life prepared him for that triumph, notably eight years of service in both the Army and Navy of the United States. At the close of the Spanish War he began seriously to write—chiefly about the people he knows best, the fisher-folk whose market is South Boston, where Mr. Connolly was born, whose lives and fortunes are unending drama.

TO John Snow's home in Gloucester came the tale this night of how Arthur Snow was washed from the deck of Hugh Glynn's vessel and lost at sea, and it was Saul Haverick, his sea-clothes still on him, who brought the word.

"I'm telling you, John Snow," said Saul, and he out of breath almost with the telling. "And others than me will by an' by be telling you what a black night it was, with a high-running sea and wind to blow the last coat o' paint off the vessel, but o' course he

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had to be the first o' the fleet—nothing less would do *him*—to make the market with his big ketch. It was for others, not for him to show the way to take in sail, he said, and not a full hour before it happened that was."

Such was Saul Haverick's ending.

John Snow said nothing, Mrs. Snow said nothing. Saul looked to me, but I gave no sign that I had heard him. Only Mary Snow, looking up from her hands folded in her lap, said, "Surely you must find it painful, Saul Haverick, to ship with such a wicked man and take the big shares of money that fall to his crew?"

"Eh?" said Saul, frightened-like at her. "I'm not denying that he is a great fish killer, Mary Snow, and that we haven't shared some big trips with him, but it is like his religion, I'm telling you, to be able to say how he allowed no man ever he crossed tacks with to work to wind'ard of him. He's that vain that he'd drive vessel, himself, and all hands to the bottom afore he'd let some folks think anything else of him."

"He lost my boy—we'll say no more of him," said John Snow.

"Aye," said Saul Haverick, "we'll speak no more of him. But I was Arthur's dory-mate, John Snow, as you well know, and my heart is sick to think of it. I'll be going now."

And he did go, without sound, and by way of the back door.

And he no more than gone when a knock came to the front door. After a time, the clock on the mantel ticking loud among us, John Snow called out, "Come in!"

I remember how Hugh Glynn stepped within the door of John Snow's kitchen that night, and how he bent his head to step within; and, bending his head, took off his cap, and how he bowed to John Snow, Mrs. Snow, and Mary Snow in turn, and, facing John Snow, made as if to speak; but how his voice would not come, not until he had lifted his head yet higher and cleared his throat. And, beginning again, he took a step nearer the middle of the floor to where the light of the bracket-lamp above the kitchen-table shone full on his face. He was a grand man to look at—not only his face, but the height and build of him, and he was fresh in from sea.

"John Snow—and you, Mrs. Snow—the *Arbiter's* to anchor in the stream and her flag's to half-mast. And knowing that, maybe there's no need to say anything more?"

Mrs. Snow said nothing, Mary Snow said nothing; but I remember how, from under her father's brows, the deep eyes glowed out.

"Go on," said John Snow, at last.

Hugh Glynn went on.

"Well, he was a good boy, your Arthur. Maybe you'd like to be told that, even by me, though, of course, you that was his father, John Snow, and you that was his mother, Mrs. Snow, know better than anybody else what he was. Three nights ago it was, and we to the south'ard of Sable Island in as nasty a breeze as I'd been in for some time. A living gale it was, a November no'wester—you know what that is, John Snow—but I'd all night been telling the gang to be careful, for a sea there was to sweep to eternity whoever it could've caught loose around deck. I could've hove her to and let her lay, but I was never one to heave-to my vessel—not once I'd swung her off for home. And there, God help me, is maybe my weakness.

"She was under her gaff tops'l, but I see she couldn't stand it. 'Boys,' says I, 'clew up that tops'l.' Which they did and put it in gaskets, and your Arthur, I mind, was one of the four men to go aloft to clew it up. Never a lad to shirk was Arthur. Well, a stouter craft of her tonnage than the *Arbiter* maybe never lived, nor no gear any sounder; but there are things o' God's that the things o' man were never meant to hold out against. Her jib flew to ribbons. 'Cut it clear!' I says, and half the crew jumped for'ard. Half-a-dozen of the crew to once, but Arthur—your Arthur, your boy, Mrs. Snow, your son, John Snow—he was quick enough to be among the half-dozen. Among a smart crew he was never left behind. It looked safe for us all then, coming on to morning, but who can ever tell? Fishermen's lives, they're expected to go fast, but they're men's lives for all that, and 'Have a care!' I called to them, myself to the wheel at the time, where, God knows, I was careful. I saw this big fellow coming, a mountain of water, with a snow-white top to it, against the first light o' the morning. And I made to meet it. A better vessel than the *Arbiter* the hand o' man never turned out—all Gloucester knows that—but her best and my best there was no lifting her out of it. Like great pipe organs a-roaring, this sea came, and over we went. Over we went, and I heard myself saying, 'God in heaven! but you great old wagon, are you gone at last?' And said it again when maybe there was ten feet of water over my head. Her quarter was buried that deep and she that long coming up. Slow coming up she was, but up she came at last. But a man was gone."

He had stopped, but he went on.

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MARY SNOW.

"It was Arthur, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow, who was gone. The boy you were expecting to see in this very room by now, he was gone. Little Arthur that ten years ago, when first I saw him, I could've swung with my finger 'most. Little Arthur was gone. Well, 'Over with a dory!' I said. And gale and all we over with a dory, with three of us in it. We looked and looked in that terrible dawn, but no use; no man, short o' the Son o' God Himself, could 'a' stayed afloat, oilskins and red jacks, in that sea. But we had to look, and coming aboard, the dory was stove in—smashed like 'twas a china teacup and not a new banker's double dory, against the rail. And it was cold. Our frost-bitten fingers slipped from her ice-wrapped rail, and the three of us nigh came to joining Arthur, and Lord knows—a sin may be you'll say to think it, John Snow—but I felt then as if I'd just as soon, for it's a hard thing to see a man go down to his death, maybe through my foolishness, and to have the people that love him to face in the telling of it—that's hard, too."

He drew a great breath.

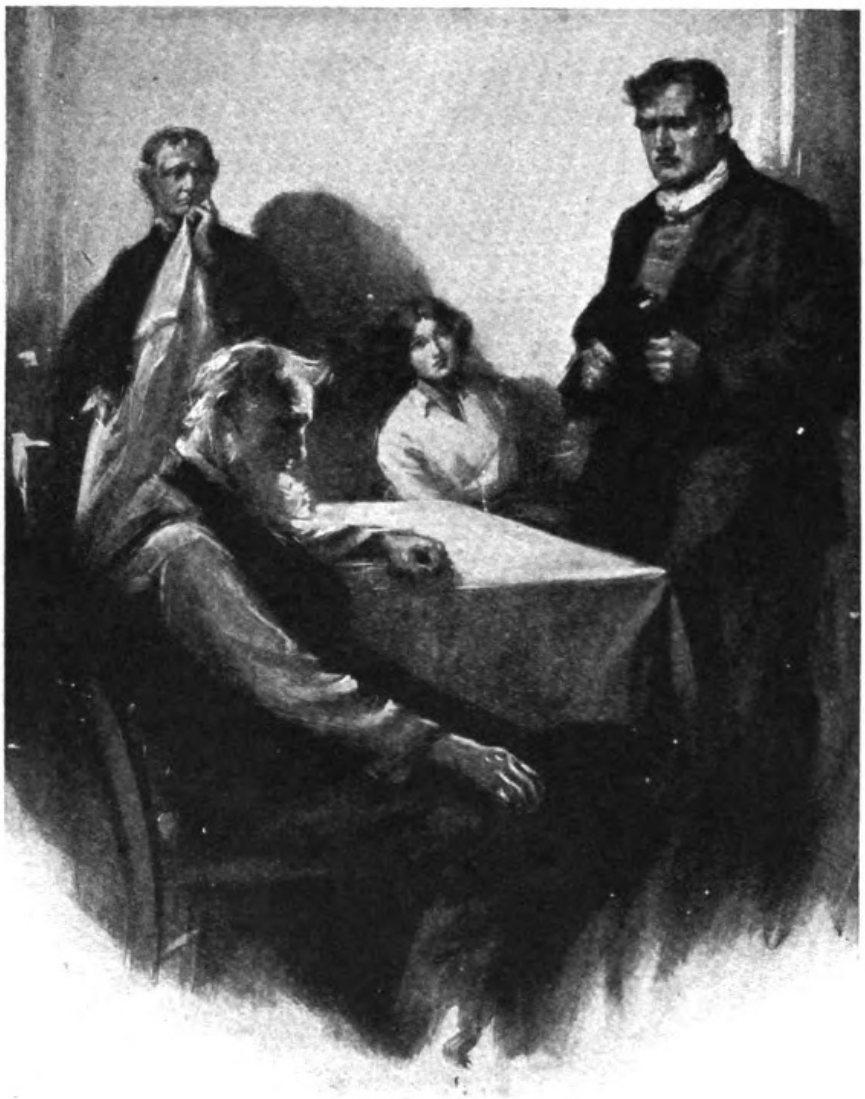
"And"—again a deep breath and a deepened note of pain—"that's what I've come to tell you, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow, how your boy Arthur was lost."

John Snow, at the kitchen-table I remember, one finger still in the pages of the black-lettered Bible he had been reading when Hugh Glynn stepped in, dropped his head on his chest and there let it rest. Mrs. Snow was crying out loud. Mary Snow said nothing nor made a move except to sit in her chair by the window and look to where in the middle of the kitchen Hugh Glynn stood.

There was a long quiet. Hugh Glynn spoke again.

"Twenty years, John Snow, and you, Mrs. Snow—twenty good years I've been fishing out o' Gloucester, and in that time not much this side the Western Ocean I haven't laid a vessel's keel over. From Greenland to Hatteras I've fished, and many smart seamen I've been shipmates with—dory, bunk, and watch mates in days gone by—and many a grand one of 'em I've known to find his grave under the green-white ocean; but never a smarter, never an abler, fisherman than your boy Arthur. Boy and man I knew him, and boy and man he did his work. I thought you might like to hear that from me, John Snow. And not much more than that can

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"THE BOY YOU WERE EXPECTING TO SEE IN THIS VERY ROOM BY NOW, HE WAS GONE."

I say now, except to add maybe that when the Lord calls, John Snow, we must go, all of us. The Lord called and Arthur went. He had a good life before him—if he'd lived. He'd've had his own vessel soon—could've had one before—last summer if he wanted. But, 'No,' he says, 'I'll stay with you yet a while, Captain Hugh.' He loved me and I loved him. 'I'll stay with you yet a while, Captain Hugh,' he says, but staying with me he was lost, and if I was old enough to have a grown son o' my own, if it was that little lad that lived only long enough to teach me what it is to have hope of a fine son, and then to lose him—if 'twas that little lad o' mine grown up, I could hardly feel it more, John Snow."

John Snow let slip his book and stood up, and for the first time looked fair at Hugh Glynn.

"We know, Captain Glynn," John Snow said, "and I'm thanking you now. It's hard on me, hard on us all—our only son, Captain—our only boy. But, doubtless, it had to come. Some goes young and some goes old. It came to him maybe earlier than we ever thought for or he thought for no doubt, but—it came. And what you have told us, Captain, is something for a man to be hearing of his son—and to be hearing it from you. And only this very night, with the word of you come home, my mind was hardening against you, Captain Glynn; for, no denying, I've heard hard things, even as I've heard great things, of you. But now I've met you I know they mixed lies in the telling, Captain Glynn. And as for Arthur——"

John Snow stopped.

"As for Arthur"—'twas something to listen to the voice of Hugh Glynn then, so soft there was almost no believing it. "As for Arthur, John Snow, he went as all of us will have to go if we stop long enough with the fishing."

"Aye, no doubt. As you may go yourself, Captain."

"As I expect to go, John Snow. To be lost at the last—what else should I look forward to?"

"A black outlook, Captain."

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"Maybe, maybe. And yet a man's death at the last."

"So 'tis, Captain, so 'tis."

John Snow and Hugh Glynn gripped hands, looked into each other's eyes, and parted, Hugh Glynn out into the night again, and John Snow, with Mrs. Snow, to their room, from where I could hear her sobbing. I almost wanted to cry myself, but Mary Snow was there. I went over and stood behind her. She was looking after someone through the window.

It was Hugh Glynn, walking down the steep hill. Turning the corner below, I remember how he looked back and up at the window. For a long silence Mary Snow sat there and looked out. When she looked up and noticed me she said, "It's a hard life, the bank fishing, Simon. The long, long nights out to sea, the great gales, and when you come home no face, it may be, at the door to greet you."

"That it is, Mary."

"I saw his wife one day, Simon," said Mary Snow, softly, "and the little boy with her. But a week before they were killed together that was. Six years ago, and he the great tall man striding between them. A wonderful, lovely woman, and a noble couple, I thought. And the grand boy! And I at that heedless age, Simon, it was a rare person, be it man or woman, I ran ahead to see again."

"Come from the window, Mary," I said to that, "and we'll talk of things more cheerful."

"No, no, Simon, don't ask me to talk of light matters to-night."

With that and a "Good night," she left me for her room.

Out into the street I went. John Snow's house stood at the head of a street atop of a steep hill, and I remember how I stood on the steps and looked down the slope of the hill and below the hill to the harbour, and beyond the harbour to clear water. It was a cold winter moonlight, and under the moon the sea heaved and heaved and heaved. There was no break in the surface of that sea that night, but as it heaved, terribly slow and heavy, I thought I could feel the steps beneath me heaving with it.

There is no striving against the strength of the sea, and the strength of Hugh Glynn was the strength of the sea.

All that night I walked the streets and roads of Cape Ann, walking where my eyes would lose no sight of that sea to which I had been born, and thinking, thinking, thinking always to the surge and roar of it, and in the morning I went down to where Hugh Glynn's vessel lay in dock, and Hugh Glynn himself I found standing on the stringpiece, holding by the hand and feeding candy to the little son of one of his crew, the while half-a-dozen men were asking him, one after the other, for what I, too, had come to ask.

My turn came.

"I never met you to speak to before, Captain Glynn," I began, "but I was a friend of Arthur Snow's, and I was hopeful for the chance to ship with you in Arthur's place. My name is Simon Kippen," I went on, when he made no answer. "I was in John Snow's kitchen when you came in last night."

"I know"—he waved the hand that wasn't holding the little boy—"I know. And"—he almost smiled—"you're not afraid to come to sea with me?"

"Why more afraid," I said, "than you to take me with you?"

He had a way of throwing his head back and letting his eyes look out, as from a distance, when he wanted to get the measure of a man. 'Twas so he looked out at me now.

"You were a great friend of Arthur's?" he said.

"A friend to Arthur—and more if I could," I answered.

He looked out at me once more from the eyes far back in his head, and from me he looked to the flag that was still to the half-mast of his vessel for the loss of Arthur Snow.

"He's a hard case of a man, shouldn't you say, Simon Kippen, who would play a shipmate foul?"

I said nothing to that.

"And, master or hand, we're surely all shipmates," he added, to which again I said nothing.

"Will you take Saul Haverick for dory-mate?" he said again.

"I bear Saul Haverick no great love," I said; "but I have never heard he wasn't a good fisherman, and who should ask more than that of his mate in a dory?"

"We might ask something more in a dory-mate at times, but he is a good fisherman," he answered. "A good hand to the wheel of a vessel, too, a cool head in danger, and one of the best judges of weather ever I sailed with. We're sailing in the morning. You can have the chance."

As to what was in my heart when I chose to ship with Hugh Glynn I cannot say. There are those who explain how they can interpret every heartbeat, quick or slow, when aught ails them. I never could. I only know

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that, standing on the steps of Mary Snow's house the night before, all my thought was of Mary Snow sitting at the window and looking down the street after Hugh Glynn. And "God help you, Simon Kippen!" I found myself saying. "It's not you, nor Saul Haverick, nor any other living man will marry Mary Snow while Hugh Glynn lives." But of what lay beyond that in my heart I could not say.

And now I was to sea with Hugh Glynn, and we not four days out of Gloucester when as if but to show me the manner of man he was, he runs clear to the head of Placentia Bay, in Newfoundland, for a baiting on our way to the Banks. And whoever knows Placentia Bay knows what that means, with the steam-cutters of the Crown patrolling and their sleepless watches aloft night and day to trap whoever would try to buy a baiting there against the law.

No harm fell to Hugh Glynn that time. No harm ever fell to him, fishermen said. Before ever the cutters could get sight of him he had sight of them, and his bait stowed below, safe away he came, driving wildlike past the islands of the bay, with never a side-light showing in the night, and not the first time he had done so.

"What d'y' say to that, Simon? Didn't we fool 'em good?" he asked, when once more we were laying a free course for the Western Banks.

"I'm grateful you did not ask me to go in any dory to bring the bait off," I answered.

"Why is that, Simon?" he asked, as one who has no suspicion.

"It was against the law, Captain Glynn."

"But a bad law, Simon."

"Law is law," I answered to that.

He walked from the wheel where I was twice to the break of the vessel and back again, and said in a voice no louder than was needful to be heard above what loose water was splashing over her quarter to my feet, "Don't be put out with me for what I'll tell you now, Simon. You're a good lad, Simon, and come of good people, but of people that for hundreds o' years have thought but one way in the great matters of life. And when men have lived with their minds set in the one way so long, Simon, it comes hard for them to understand any other way. Such unfrequent ones as differed from your people, Simon, them they cast out from among them. I know, I know, Simon, because I come from people something like to them, only I escaped before it was too late to understand that people who split tacks with you in a matter of sailing do not always fetch up on a lee shore."

"And from those other people, no doubt, Captain Glynn, you learned it was right to break a country's laws?"

"It wasn't breaking our country's law, Simon, nor any good man's law, to get a baiting last night. There are a lot of poor fishermen, Simon—as none know better than yourself—in Placentia Bay who have bait to sell, and there is a law which says they must not. But whose law? An American law? No. God's law?. No. The law of those poor people in Placentia Bay? No. Some traders who have the making of the laws? Yes. And there you have it. If the Placentia Bay fishermen aren't allowed to sell bait to me, or the like of me, they will have to sell it to the traders themselves, but have to take their one dollar where we of Gloucester would pay them five, and, paying it, would give some of them and their families a chance to live."

He stood there in his rubber boots to his hips and his long greatcoat to his ankles—he was one who never wore oilskins aboard ship—swinging with the swing of the plunging vessel as if he was built into her, and with his head thrown back and a smile that, it may be, was not a smile at all, and kept looking at me from out of eyes that were changeable as the sea itself.

"Don't you be getting mad with me, Simon, because we don't think alike in some things. To the devil with what people think of you. I've said that often enough, Simon, but not when they're good people. If some people don't like us, Simon, there will come no nourishment to our souls. Some day you're going to come to my way o' thinking, Simon, because we two are alike underneath."

"Alike!" I smiled to myself.

"Aye, alike at heart, Simon. We may look to be sailing wide-apart courses now, but maybe, if our papers were examined, 'twould be found we'd cleared for the same last port of call, Simon."

And no more talk of anything like that between us until the night before we were to leave the fishing grounds for home. In the afternoon we had set our trawls, and, leaving the vessel, the skipper had said, "Our last set, boys. Let 'em lay to-night and in the morning we'll haul." And returning aboard after setting, we had our supper, and were making ready, such as had no watch to stand, to turn in for a good long sleep against the labour of the morrow.

It was an oily sea that evening, a black,

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oily smooth surface, lifting heavy and slow to a long swell. A smooth, oily sea—there is never any good comes out of it, but a beautiful sea notwithstanding, with more curious patterns of shifting colours than a man could count in a year playing atop of it. The colours coming and going and rolling and squirming—no women's shop ashore ever held such colours under the bright night lights as under the low sun we saw this day on the Western Banks. It was a most beautiful and a most wicked sea to stop and look at. And the sun went down that evening on a banking of clouds no less beautiful. It was a copper-red sun, and after 'twas gone, above the horizon, in all the western quarter, were piled the clouds in lovely massy forms and splendid colours.

Such of the crew as stopped to speak of it did not like the look of it, and some stopped beside the skipper to say it, he leaning against the main rigging in the way he had, the while he studied the weather signs ; but he made no answer to the crew to that or any other word they had this evening—only to Saul Haverick when he came up from supper complaining of not feeling well.

He was one could drive his crew till they could not see for very weariness, but he was one could nurse them, too.

" Go below and turn in," was his word to Saul, " and stay there till you feel better. Call me, Simon, if I'm not up," he then said to me. " I'll stand Saul's watch with you if Saul is no better."

It was yet black night when I was called to go on watch, and Saul Haverick still complaining, I went to call the skipper. But he was already up, and had been, the watch before me said, for the better part of the night.

I found him leaning over the gunnel of the wind'ard nest of dories when I went on deck, gazing out on a sea that was no longer oily smooth, though smooth enough too, what was to be seen of it, under the stars of a winter night.

I stood on the break and likewise looked about me. To anchor, and alone, lay the vessel, with but her riding-light to mark her in the dark, alone and quiet, with never a neighbour to hail us, nor a sound from any living thing whatever. The very gulls themselves were asleep ; only the fores'l, swaying to a short sheet, would roll part way to wind-'ard and back to loo'ard, but quiet as could be even then, except for the little tapping noises of the reef points when in and out the belly of the canvas would puff up and let down again to what little wind was stirring.

It was almost a perfect calm night. But no calm day was to follow. " Wicked weather ahead," said Hugh Glynn, and came and stood beside me on the break. " A wicked day coming, but no help for it now till daylight comes to see our trawls to haul 'em."

And seeming to have settled that in his mind, he said no more of it, but from mainm'st to weather rail he paced, and back again, and I took to pacing beside him.

A wonderful time, the night watches at sea, for men to reveal themselves. Night and sky overhead, and the wide ocean to your elbow, it drives men to thought of higher things. The wickedest of men—I have seen them, with all manner of blasphemies befouling their lips by day, to become holy as little children in the watches of the night.

No blasphemer was Hugh Glynn, nor did the night hold terror for him ; only, as we paced the break together, he spoke of matters that only himself and his God could know. It was hard to listen and be patient, though maybe it was as much of wonder as of impatience was taking hold of me as I listened.

" Do you never fear what men might come to think of you, Captain Glynn," I said, " confessing your very soul ? "

" Ho, ho, that's it, is it ? " He came to a sudden stop in our walking. " I should only confess the body—is that it, Simon Kippen ? And, of course, when a man confesses to one thing of his own free will, you know there must be something worse behind ? Is that it, Simon ? "

He chuckled beside me, and, as if only to scandalize me, let his tongue run wilder yet.

His tales were of violations of laws such as it had been my religion to observe since I was a boy, and little except of the comic, ridiculous side of them all. The serious matters of life, judging by what he spoke to me so far this night, had small interest for him. But the queer power of the man ! Had it been light where he could see me, I would have choked before ever I would let him see me smile, but—— He caught me at it, and straightened up, chuckling, and said :—

" Many other things you would smile at too, Simon, if your bringing up would but allow the frost to thaw from your soul."

" And are reckless carryings-on and desperate chancing things to smile at ? "

" Oh, Simon, Simon, what a lucky man you're to be that never expects to see the day when no harbour this side of God's eternal sea will offer you the only safe and quiet mooring."

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Again I saw Mary Snow sitting at the window and looking down the street, and, remembering how she had spoken of his lonely home, I said, "No doubt a man, like a vessel, Captain Glynn, should have always a mooring somewhere. I wonder you never thought of marrying again."

"I have thought of it."

"And with some one woman in mind?"

"It may be."

He answered that, too, without a pause.

"And does she know?"

"It may be she knows. No knowing when they know, Simon. As men best understand the soul, so it is woman's best gift to understand the heart. But no fair play in me to ask her. I've had my great hour and may not have it again with another. To offer such anything less than a great love, it would be to cheat, Simon. No, no, no, it's not the kind of a man I am now, but the kind you are, Simon, should marry."

"It's not my kind that women like best, Captain," I said.

"There are women to like every kind, Simon, and almost any kind of a woman would like your kind, Simon, if you would only learn to be less ashamed of what is no shame. And it is you, already in love, who should——"

"Me—in love!" I was like a vessel luffing to escape a squall, he had come on me so quickly.

"There it is—the upbringing of you that would never own up to what you think only yourself know. Three weeks to sea now you've been with me, and never a gull you've seen skirling to the west'ard that your eyes haven't followed. By no mistake do you watch them flying easterly. And when last evening I said, 'To-morrow, boys, we'll swing her off and drive her to the west'ard—and Gloucester,' the leaping heart in you fair drove the blood to your very eyes. Surely that was not in sorrow, Simon?"

I made no answer.

Back and forth we paced, and talked as we paced, until the stars were dimming in the sky and the darkness fading from the sea. He stopped by the rail and stared, aweary-like I thought, out upon the waters.

"Simon, surely few men but would rather be themselves than anybody else that lives; but surely, too, no man sailing his own wide courses but comes to the day when he wishes he'd been less free in his navigating at times. You are honest and right, Simon. Even when you are wrong you are right, because to do what you think is right, whether you are right or wrong, is to come to be surely right in the end. And it is the like of you, not yet aweary in soul or body, should mate with the women moulded of God to be the great mothers."

"You have done much thinking of some matters, Captain," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"Alone at sea before the dawn is a wonderful hour for a man to cross-question himself, Simon, and not many nights to sea of late years that I haven't seen the first light of dawn creeping up over the edge of the ocean. You marry Mary Snow, Simon."

He knew. What could I say?

"I never thought to talk like this, Captain, to a living man." In the growing light we now stood plain to each other's sight. "I don't understand what made me," I said, and said it, doubtless, with a touch of shame.

"It may be just as well that at your age you don't understand every feeling that drives you on, Simon. Our brains grow with age, but not our hearts. No matter what made you talk to-night, Simon, you marry Mary Snow."

I shook my head, but opened my heart to him nevertheless.

"It will be Saul Haverick between us two, I think."

"Simon, it's my guess to-night that Mary Snow will never marry Saul Haverick. Not that her life would be spoiled altogether if she should marry him. She's too strong a soul to be spoiled of her life by any one man. No matter what man she marries, in her heart will be the image, not of the man her husband is, but of the man she'd wish him to be, and in the image of that man of her fancy will her children be born. Women moulded of God to be the mothers of great men are fashioned that way, Simon. They dream great dreams for their children's sake, and their hearts go out to the man who will make their dreams come true. If I've learned anything of good women in life, Simon, it is that. And, no saying, I may be wrong in that, too, Simon, but so far I've met no man who knows more than I of it to gainsay me. You marry Mary Snow, Simon, and she will bear you children who will bring new light to a darkening world."

The dawn was rolling up to us, and the next on watch was on deck to relieve me; and the cook, too, with his head above the fo'c'sle hatch, was calling that breakfast was ready, and we said no more of that.

"Go for'ard, Simon," said Captain Glynn, "and have your breakfast. After breakfast we'll break out her anchor and out dories,

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"HUGH GLYNN TOOK THE BOW TO DO THE HAULING, AND IT WAS A GRAND SIGHT TO SEE HIM HEAVE IN ON THAT HEAVY GEAR ON THAT DECEMBER MORNING."

and get that gear aboard afore it's too late. I'll go below and see how Saul's getting on."

With that he went into the cabin, but was soon back to take his seat at the breakfast-table; but no word of Saul until we had done eating and he standing to go up on deck. Then he said, "Saul says he is still too sick to go in the dory with you, Simon."

And to that I said, "Well, I've hauled a trawl single-handed before, Captain Glynn, and I can do it again if need be."

He put on his woollen cap, and across the table he looked at me, and I looked hard at him.

"This will be no morning to go single-handed in a dory, Simon. Saul is not too sick, he says, to stand to the wheel and handle the vessel in my place. I will take his place along with you in the dory."

What he was thinking I could not say. His head was thrown back and his eyes looking out and down at me, as from the top of

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a far-away hill, and no more knowing what thoughts lay behind them than what creatures lay under the sea.

It was a red sunrise and a sea that was making when we left the vessel, but nothing to worry over in that. It might grow into a dory-killing day later, but so far it was only what all winter trawlers face more days than they can remember. We picked up our nearest buoy, with its white and black flag floating high to mark it, and as we did to wind'ard of us we could see, for five miles it might be, the twisted lines of the vessel's other dories stretching. Rising to the top of a sea we could see them, sometimes one and sometimes another, lifting and falling, and the vessel lifting and falling to wind'ard of them all.

Hugh Glynn took the bow to do the hauling, and myself the waist for coiling, and it was a grand sight to see him heave in on that heavy gear on that December morning. Many men follow the sea, but not many are born to it. Hugh Glynn was. Over the hurdy-gurdy he hauled the heavy lines, swinging forward his shoulders, first one and then the other, swaying from his waist, and all in time to the heave of the sea beneath him, and singing, as he heaved, the little snatches of songs that I believe he made up himself as he went along.

As he warmed to his work he stopped to draw off the heavy sweater that he wore over his woollen shirt, and made as if to throw it in the bow of the dory.

"But no," he said, "it will get wet there. You put it on you, Simon, and keep it dry for me."

He was a full size bigger than me in every way, and I put it on over my cardigan jacket and under my oil jacket, and it felt fine and comfortable on me. It came time for me to spell him on the hauling, but he waved me back.

"Let be, let be, Simon," he said. "It's fine light exercise for a man of a brisk morning. A long time since I hauled a trawl, and it's making me think I'm a lad again, and reminding me of the day I hauled my first trawl on the Banks. Looking back on it now, Simon, I mind how the bravest sight I thought I ever saw was our string of dories racing afore the tide in the blue sea of a sunny winter's morning, and the vessel, like a mother to her little boats, standing off and on to see that nothing happened the while we hauled and coiled and gaffed inboard the broad-backed halibut. All out of myself with pride I was—me no more than a lad, but hauling halibut trawls with full-grown men on the Grand Banks that morning."

He took to the hauling again, and soon to the singing of it. And he sang:—

My lad comes running down the street,
And what says he to me?
Says he: "Oh, dadda, dadda.
And you're back again from sea!

And did you ketch a great big fish
And bring him home to me?
Oh, dadda, dadda, take me up
And toss me high!" says he.

My love looks out on the stormy morn,
Her thoughts are on the sea.
She says: "'Tis wild upon the Banks,"
And kneels in prayer for me.

"Oh, Father, hold him safe!" she prays,
"And——"

"There's one, Simon," he called.

A bad sea he meant. They had been coming and going, coming and going, rolling under and past us, and so far no harm; but this was one more wicked to look at than its mates. So I dropped the coiling lines, and with the oar already to the becket in the stern whirled the dory's bow head on. The sea carried us high and far, and, passing, left the dory deep with water, but no harm in that so she was still right side up. We stopped to bail.

"A good job, Simon," said Hugh Glynn. "Not too soon and not too late."

That was the first one. More followed in their turn, but always the oar was handy in the becket, and it was but to whirl bow or stern to it with the oar when it came, not too soon to waste time for the hauling, but never, of course, too late to save capsizing, and bailing her out, if need be, when it was by.

Our trawl was in, our fish in the waist of the dory, and we lay to our roding line and second anchor, so we might not drift miles to loo'ard while waiting for the vessel to pick us up. We could see the vessel—to her hull, when to the top of a sea we rose together, but nothing of her at all when into the hollows we fell together.

She had picked up all but the dory next to wind'ard to us. We would be the last, but before long now she would be to us.

"Pick Simon and me up last of all," Hugh Glynn had said to Saul, and I remember how Saul, standing to the wheel, looked down over the taffrail and said, "Simon and you last of all," and nodded his head as our dory fell away in the vessel's wake.

Tide and sea was such that there was no use trying to row against it, or we would not have waited at all; but we waited, and as we waited the wind, which had been southerly, went into the east, and snow fell, but for not more than a half-hour, when it

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cleared. We stood up and looked about us. There was no vessel or other dory in sight.

We said no word to each other of it, but the while we waited further, all the while with a wind'ard eye to the bad little seas, we talked.

"Did you ever think of dying, Simon?" Hugh Glynn said, after a time.

"Can a man follow the winter trawling long and not think of it at times?" I answered.

"And have you fear of it, Simon?"

"I know I have no love for it," I said. "But do you ever think of it—you?"

"I do—often. With the double tides working to draw me to it, it would be queer if now and again I would not think of it."

"And have you fear of it?"

"Of not going properly—I have, Simon." And after a little, "And I've often thought it a pity for a man to go and nothing come of his going. Would you like the sea for a grave, Simon?"

"I would not," I answered.

"Nor me, Simon. A grand, clean grave, the ocean; but the green grave ashore, your own beside you, would feel less lonesome—or so I've often thought, Simon."

"I've often thought so," he went on, his eyes now on watch for the bad seas, and again looking wistful-like at me. "I'd like to lie where my wife and boy lie, she to one side and the lad to the other, and rise with them on Judgment Day. I've a notion, Simon, that with them to bear me up I'd stand afore the Lord with greater courage. For if what some think is true—that it's those we've loved in this world will have the right to plead for us in the next—then, Simon, there will be two to plead for me as few can plead."

He stood up and looked around.

"It is a bad sea now, but worse later, and a strong breeze brewing, Simon." And drew from an inside pocket of his woollen shirt a small leather notebook. He held it up for me to see, with the slim little pencil held by little loops along the edges. "My wife's. I've a pocket put in every woollen shirt I wear to sea so 'twill be close to me. There's things in it she wrote of our little boy. And I'm writing here something I'd like you to be witness to, Simon."

He wrote a few lines.

"There, Simon, I've thought often this trip how 'tis hard on John Snow at his age to have to take to fishing again. If I hadn't lost Arthur he wouldn't have to. I'm willing my vessel to John Snow. Will you witness it, Simon?"

I signed my name below his, and he set the book back in his inside pocket.

"And you think our time is come, skipper?" I tried to speak quietly, too.

"I wouldn't say that, Simon, but foolish not to make ready for it."

I looked about when we rose to the next sea for the vessel. But no vessel. I thought it hard.

"Had you no distrust of Saul Haverick this morning?" I asked.

"I had. And last night, Simon."

"And you trusted him?"

"A hard world if we didn't trust people, Simon. I thought it over again this morning and was ashamed, Simon, to think it in me to distrust him—a shipmate. I wouldn't believed it of any man ever I sailed with. But no use to fool ourselves longer. Make ready. Over with the fish, over with the trawls, over with everything but thirty or forty fathom of that roding line and the sail and one anchor and the two buoys."

It was hard to see that fine fish go that we'd taken hours to set and haul for—hard, too, to heave over the stout gear that had taken hours to rig. But there was no more time to waste; over they went. And we took the two buoys—light-made but sound and tight half-barrels they were—and we lashed them to the risings of the dory.

"And now the sail to her, Simon."

We put the sail to her.

"And stand by to cut clear our anchorage."

I stood by with my bait-knife, and when he called out I cut, and away we went racing before wind and tide, me in the waist on the lashed buoy on the wind'ard side to hold her down, and he on the wind'ard gunnel, too, but aft, with an oar in one hand and the sheet of the sail in the other.

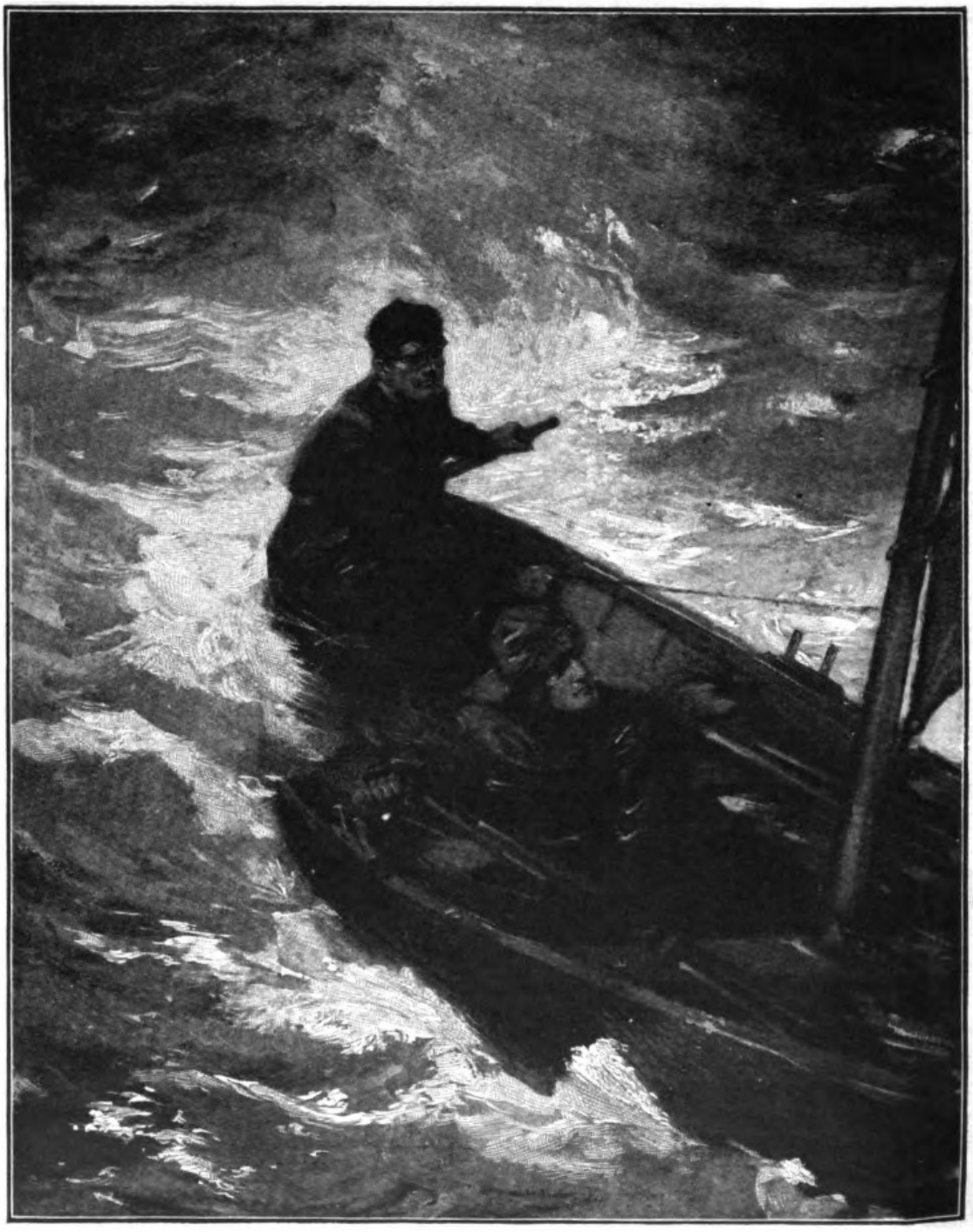
"And where now?" I asked, when the wind would let me.

"The lee of Sable Island lies ahead."

The full gale was on us now—a living gale, and before the gale the sea ran higher than ever, and before the high seas the flying dory. Mountains of slate-blue water rolled down into valleys, and the valleys rolled up into mountains again, and all shifting so fast that no man might point a finger and say, "Here's one, there's one!"—quick and wild as that they were.

From one great hill we would tumble, only to fall into the next great hollow, and never did she make one of her wild plunges but the sea blew wide and high over her; and never did she check herself for even the quickest of breaths, striving the while to breast up the side of a mountain of water, but the sea would

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"AWAY WE WENT RACING BEFORE WIND AND TIDE."

roll over her and I'd say to myself once again, "Now at last we're gone."

We tumbled into the hollows, and a roaring wind drove a boiling foam, white as soapsuds, atop of us; we climbed up the hills, and the roaring wind drove the solid green water atop of us. Wind, sea, and milk-white foam between them—they seemed all of a mind to smother us that day. These things I saw in jumps-like. Lashed to the wind'ard buoy I was by a length of roding line, to my knees in water the better part of the time, and busy enough with the bailing. There was no steady looking to wind'ard, such was the weight of the flying bullets of water which the wild wind drove off the sea crests; but a flying glance now and again kept me in the run of it.

I would have wished to be able to do my share of the steering, but only Hugh Glynn could properly steer that dory that day. The

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dory would have sunk a hundred times only for the buoys in the waist; but she would have capsized more times than that again only for the master-hand in the stern. There he sat, a man of marble, his jaw like a cliff rising above the collar of his woollen shirt, his two eyes like two cold lights looking out from under his cap brim.

We were so terribly beset that one time, in pure fear, "We'll be lost carrying sail like this, Hugh Glynn!" I called back to him.

And he answered, "I could never see much difference, Simon, between being lost carrying sail and being lost hove to."

After that I said no more.

And so, to what must have been the wonder of wind and sea that day, Hugh Glynn drove the little dory far into the night and the lee of Sable Island.

We took in our sail and let go our anchor. Hugh Glynn looked long above and about him.

"A clear night coming," said Hugh Glynn, "and cold, with the wind backing into the no'west. We'll lay here, for big vessels will be running for this same lee to-night, and maybe a chance for us to be picked up with the daylight. Did I do well this day by you, Simon?"

"I'd be a lost man ten hours back but for you," I said. "No man living could do what you did this day, skipper."

"So you don't hold me a reckless, desperate sail carrier, Simon, never mind the rest." His eyes were shining. "But your voice is weary, Simon, and you're hungry, too, I know, after the work of to-day."

I was hungry and worn, terribly worn, after the day, and so told him.

"Then lie down, and 'twill rest you, and for a time make you forget the hunger. And while you're lying down, Simon, I'll stand watch."

And I made ready to lie down when I thought of his sweater I was wearing. I unbuttoned my oil jacket to get at it.

"It's colder already, skipper, and you will be needing it."

"No, it is you will be needing it, Simon. Being on my feet, d'y' see, I can keep warm thrashing around in the dory."

"But will you call me and take it off if it grows too cold, skipper?"

"I'll call you when I want it; lie down now."

"A wonderful calm night. full as quiet as last night, skipper," I said, "only no harm in this night—no gale before us on the morrow."

"No, Simon," he said, "naught but quiet before us. But lie down you, boy."

"And you'll call me, skipper," I said, "when my watch comes?"

"I'll call you after my watch is up. Lie down now."

I lay down, meaning to keep awake. But I fell asleep.

When I awoke it was to the voices of strange men and the hands of strangers rubbing my feet and hands. A voice said, "He's coming around."

I sat up. I was still in the dory, and saw, besides the men working on me, other men looking down from a vessel's side at me. 'Twas naught but ice along the vessel's rail, and the look of ice was all about me.

I was weak with the fire of the pains running through my veins, but, remembering, I tried to stand up.

"Hsh-sh, boy!" they said. "You are all right." And held me down while they rubbed.

I stood up among them, nevertheless, and looked for Hugh Glynn. He was there, curled up in the stern, his arms folded over the gunnel and his forehead resting on his arms.

I stood over him and lifted his head to see his face. All was peace with him.

"Skipper, oh, skipper!" I called out; and again, "Oh, skipper!"

"Come away, boy," said one of the men who had been rubbing my feet. "Only the voice o' God can wake him now."

And so Hugh Glynn died, and so I was saved, and came home to marry Mary Snow, and in the end to father the children which may or may not grow great as he predicted, but great in the eyes of the world they may become, greater than all living men it might be, and yet fall far short in our eyes of the stature of the man who thought that 'twas better for one to live than for two to die, and that one not to be himself.

Desperate he was and law-breaking, for law is law, whosoever it bears hard upon; but the heart was warm within him. And if my children have naught else, and it is for their mother and me to say, the heart to feel for others they will have, and having that, the rest may follow or not, as it will. That would be Hugh Glynn's way of it, too, I think.

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THE VICTORIA CROSS.

ONE OF THE MOST COVETED PERSONAL DECORATIONS IN THE WORLD. A BRONZE MALTESE CROSS 1½ INCHES IN DIAMETER; IN THE CENTRE THE ROYAL CREST, AND BELOW IN SCROLL, "FOR VALOUR." INSTITUTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1856 TO REWARD HEROISM IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY. OFFICERS AND MEN OF BOTH SERVICES ARE EQUALLY ELIGIBLE TO WIN IT.

"FOR VALOUR."

By F. CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

WAR takes a derelict out of a London gutter, sticks him in a trench, and there teaches him to shoot, to be shot at, and to bear his life carelessly as becomes a man. He is transformed unawares. Whatever stuff of human greatness got into him at the making now rises from the depths. He finds his soul, if he has one, and opens it to moments of pure heroism. It is something on the credit side of war.

That sudden, rapturous urge for which the name is valour, once was thought to be peculiar to fine blood. The noble first of all was born. Only he knew how to risk the supreme thing and tweak the very nose of death. For him were orders, knighthood, medals, and all the other glory of living by exception to the self-preserving rule of common human nature. The trade of war was then exclusive. But, alas for such pretensions! war grew democratic. The stupid world began to see that valour was a leaven of mankind.

On the modern battlefield the raw recruit snatched from a city's slums competes on level human terms with an officer of any rank or birth for a priceless decoration—a few pence' worth of moulded metal dangling from a ribbon—which certifies that he who wears it once utterly forgot himself for the sake of something else.

This school of heroism of all present institutions in the world is, or should be, democratic. Great Britain knows that best; as indeed she should, having waged more wars in a hundred years than any other Power. And not only has she utilized beyond any other nation the honorary medal to reward military heroism, but of all the coveted personal decorations conferred for valour, the one most democratic is of British origin.

It is the Victoria Cross, instituted in 1856 at the termination of the Crimean War, by Royal warrant of Queen Victoria, as a reward for individual acts of gallantry and heroism. Cast from cannon taken by the British, intrinsically worth but a few pence, it is regarded

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THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER.

THIS DECORATION, INSTITUTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1886, IS RESERVED FOR COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY, AND WAS CREATED FOR THE PURPOSE OF REWARDING INDIVIDUAL INSTANCES OF MERITORIOUS OR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN WAR.

by a British subject as the proudest decoration a human being can wear. All men of all grades and ranks and branches of the British naval and military service are eligible to win it by "some signal act of valour or devotion to their country performed in the presence of the enemy." So read the regulations.

The Cross is worn suspended from the left breast, by a blue ribbon for the Navy and red for the Army, as well as for civilians who have earned it with the latter service. The decoration entitles its recipient—officers excepted—to an annuity of ten pounds, and a further five pounds for each bar or clasp won by a second distinctive act of valour equal to or more heroic than that for which the Cross was first conferred.

Prior to the beginning of the present war the number won by British valour was five hundred and twenty-two, of which one hundred were won in the Crimean War, one hundred and eighty-two in the Indian Mutiny, seventy-eight in the Boer War, and the remainder in thirty-seven minor wars.

War being a superrational business, we need not be astonished at the paradox that a very large proportion of the total number of Victoria Crosses conferred have rewarded not valour in killing, which is the kind one thinks of first, but instances of valour exhibited on the field in saving life.

In the famous charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaclava seven Victoria Crosses were won, and only one by a commissioned officer. He was a lieutenant who on hearing that one Sergeant Bently, riding a weak mount, had dropped behind into the hands of the Cossacks, went back alone and fairly cut him out of the enemy's maw. On the same field Sergeant Farrell and Sergeant-Major Berryman won each a Cross by taking their wounded captain between them, on a chair formed of their hands, and bearing him through a galling fire to safety.

The deed itself, like the Cross itself, need have no intrinsic value. A common soldier's life intrinsically is worth not very much. A general knows beforehand that it will cost several thousand to take a certain point, and he coolly pays that price in lives; but in the midst of that action an officer may risk his own life to save that of a soldier and win the Victoria Cross, as Lieutenant Cecil Maygar did in South Africa.

He had galloped out where it was very hot to order the retirement of a detached post of cavalry. During the retreat a trooper near the lieutenant went down with his mount, both wounded. The officer dismounted and helped the trooper on to his horse, and they started; but in a piece of marshy going the horse stumbled and threw them both. The

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THE CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

THE DECORATION OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH ORDER CREATED BY NAPOLEON I. IT MAY BE CONFERRED FOR OTHER THAN MILITARY SERVICES, THOUGH THE ORDER IS ESSENTIALLY MILITARY.

double load was too much. Then the officer put the trooper alone on the horse and ordered him to gallop in, he himself taking his chances afoot.

It was not the trooper's life that counted: it was the saving of it.

Surgeon-Captain Martin-Leake in the Boer War went out on the firing-line to assist a wounded man. Then he went to the aid of an officer who had fallen, and to the aid of others, until he was shot three times and himself lay with the wounded. He got a Victoria Cross, as did another surgeon who, during the trouble at Crete, exposed himself to a very hot fire to return for a member of a landing party who had fallen unnoticed in the boat and perhaps was only wounded. He was dead; and the surgeon had to go through the fire again for nothing—that is, nothing but the Victoria Cross.

The nature of the opportunity determines not so much the quality of the act as the interest of it. At Inkermann, in the Crimean War, Private Alfred Ablett was, with hundreds of others, in a trench when the sentry shouted, "Look out, there!" A live shell, unexploded, had fallen into the midst of a pile of ammunition cases. Ablett, instead of running, seized the shell and hurled it out of the trench. As it left his hands it exploded and knocked him flat, but he was unhurt. He was promoted to be corporal, then sergeant, and then he received a silk necktie fashioned by Her Majesty's own hands, who also pinned the Victoria Cross to his breast.

Presence of mind adds greatly to the use of valour. Aboard H.M.S. *Alexandra*, during the bombardment of Alexandria, a live shell, unexploded, fell on the deck and went rolling about. Gunner Israel Harding—hearing the cry, "Shell come aboard!"—came rushing up the hatchway from below, seized the hissing thing, and doused it in a tub of water. Those were very simple measures; they saved the ship and won for Harding the Victoria Cross.

Lord Roberts was the one case of an English soldier possessing two Victoria Crosses. At the Battle of Colenso, on the Modder River, Sir Redvers Buller called for volunteers to rescue the guns, and they were saved, under a withering Boer fire, by a small party of artillerymen under the command of two officers, one of whom was Lieutenant Frederick Roberts, of the King's Royal Rifles, the Field-Marshal's only son.

He was mortally wounded while bringing the guns into the English lines, surviving but a few hours. For this gallant feat young Roberts was nominated for the Victoria Cross, and, although he had been buried on the battlefield of Colenso long before Queen Victoria had time to sanction its bestowal she handed the insignia to the

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THE MÉDAILLE MILITAIRE.

A FRENCH DECORATION INSTITUTED BY NAPOLEON III., AND MORE DESIRED BY SOLDIERS THAN THE MEDAL OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR, AS IT IS CONFERRED ONLY FOR MILITARY HEROISM. IT IS CURIOUSLY CONFINED TO PRIVATES, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND COMMANDING GENERALS.

bereaved father, intimating her wish that he should wear it in addition to the one that he had won as a young subaltern, forty-three years before, in the Indian Mutiny.

A perusal of the accounts of the deeds for which Victoria Crosses have been awarded in the present war, even as told in the cold and unemotional language of the authorities, shows that the British Army and Navy are still animated by the fighting spirit of other days. We have space for no more than two instances, but the whole history of war contains no finer feats. One of the earliest recipients was Private George Wilson, who started life as a newsboy, and only a few months ago was selling newspapers in the streets of his native city of Edinburgh. The deed which gained for him this most coveted of all decorations is thus set forth in the official record :—

" Private George Wilson, 2nd Batt., Highland Light Infantry.—For most conspicuous gallantry on the 14th September, near Verneuil, in attacking a hostile machine gun, accompanied by only one man. When the latter was killed he went on alone, shot the officer and six men working the gun, which he captured."

For coolness and daring few deeds have equalled that of Lieutenant Norman Douglas Holbrook, of the Royal Navy, who was awarded the Cross: " For most conspicuous bravery on December 13th, when in command of the Submarine B 11 he entered the Dardanelles, and, notwithstanding the very difficult current, dived his vessel under five rows of mines and torpedoed the Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh*, which was guarding the mine-field.

" Lieutenant Holbrook succeeded in bringing the B 11 safely back, although assailed by gun-fire and torpedo-boats, having been submerged on one occasion for nine hours."

There are two other British medals for distinguished war services. Unlike the Victoria Cross, which is open to all, the Distinguished Service Order and the new Military Cross are conferred only on certain ranks. The new Cross, it may be added, is to be worn before all decorations and medals except the V.C.

There are two very famous French decorations—that of the Order of the Legion of Honour, created by Napoleon I., and the still more highly-prized Médaille Militaire, instituted nearly half a century later by his nephew, Napoleon III. The Cross of the Legion of Honour is not restricted to army men, but is likewise conferred upon civilians and foreigners for services other than military.

The Médaille Militaire is conferred only for military and naval services in war-time, and is limited to privates, non-commissioned

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THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD.

THIS BELGIAN DECORATION, FOUNDED IN 1808, IS CONFERRED AS A PERSONAL DECORATION FOR MERIT, AND MAY BE WON BY MILITARY VALOUR.

officers, and generals. When it is worn by an officer, it indicates that he has commanded an army in the field, and has rendered services so great that even the highest grade of the Legion of Honour would be an inadequate reward.

It was on these grounds that it was bestowed in September last by the French Government upon King Albert of Belgium.

On the breast of a private or non-commissioned officer of the army, or on that of a sailor, or of a warrant officer of the navy, it means that he has performed some act of exceptional heroism under fire.

Belgium, though it has astonished the world by its valour in arms, has the kind of honorary medal you would most naturally expect. It is of the Order of Leopold, founded in 1808, which is conferred as a personal decoration for merit, and may be won by military valour.

Belgium has been too preoccupied with heroism to think of the symbols for it; but in the meantime the French have bestowed the decoration of the Legion of Honour upon the city of Liége.

Among the most inaccessible of decorations is the Grand Cross of the Russian Order of St. George, founded by Catherine the Great in 1769. In all its history of more than one hundred and fifty years there have been but four Russians to receive the Grand Cross. The first was the Empress Catherine herself, who assumed it *ex officio*.

The late Grand Duke Michael Nicholaievitch, having received the inferior grades in the Crimean and Caucasus wars, was awarded the Grand Cross for his achievements as commander-in-chief of the Russian army in Asia Minor during the war with Turkey in 1877. His brother, Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, was on the same occasion elected a Knight Grand Cross of the Order for his victorious leadership of the Russian forces in Europe to San Stefano, within sight of the walls of Constantinople, while Czar Alexander II. was persuaded by the knights of the Order to don its Grand Cross on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial of its foundation.

Czar Alexander III. possessed only the second class of the Order, which was bestowed upon him while still Czarevitch for his command of the Rustchuk division of the Russian army in the Turkish War of 1877, and Emperors Nicholas I. and Alexander I. declined to accept or wear anything but the insignia of the fourth class of the Order. This was also awarded to the present commander-in-chief of the Russian army—the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, who won it as a young officer of cavalry in the Turkish War of 1877.

The present Czar does not possess the

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THE CROSS OF THE RUSSIAN ORDER OF ST. GEORGE.

THIS DECORATION IS IN FIVE CLASSES. ONLY FOUR RUSSIANS IN ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS HAVE GAINED THE GRAND CROSS OF THE FIRST CLASS, AND ONE OF THESE WAS CATHERINE THE GREAT, WHO FOUNDED THE ORDER IN 1769. CROSSES OF ANY CLASS ARE CONFERRED ONLY FOR VALOUR IN ARMS.

Order, although it may be awarded to him by the Chapter if he takes the field in this war. Until now he has never been under fire.

There are five classes of the St. George Cross. The lower classes, that is, the fourth and fifth, are in theory democratic, so that one may say the St. George decoration is worn with pride alike by grand dukes, nobles, veterans of peasant birth, and non-commissioned officers. But it is by far too exclusive to be a popular decoration.

It has more in common with the Order of Maria Theresa than with the Victoria Cross or the Iron Cross or the French Medal.

The Japanese V.C., which is known as "The Order of the Golden Kite," was instituted by the Mikado some twenty-five years ago to commemorate the two thousand five hundred and fifty-fifth anniversary of the Coronation of Jimmu Tenno, the semi-mythical first Sovereign of Japan. The bird which adorns the front of the medal recalls a Japanese tradition to the effect that one of the early Emperors was enabled to gain a great victory through his troops being guided to the enemy's position by a kite. Another version is that when the Emperor was marching his forces against the enemy, a bird of dazzling brilliance perched upon the point of his bow and, blinding the eyes of the rebels, secured victory to the Imperial troops.

There are seven grades of the decoration, which is suspended from a green and white ribbon, and, like our own Victoria Cross, its bestowal entitles its owner to a pension, which varies according to the grade awarded. Both soldiers and sailors can win it for conspicuous gallantry in the face of the foe, and it is so seldom given that it is one of Japan's most prized decorations. On a few memorable occasions the Order has been personally bestowed upon the recipients by the Mikado in the presence of the Court.

Gallant Serbia, which has played such a memorable part in the war, rewards her heroes with a decoration known as the Medal for Bravery. This decoration, which was created about forty years ago, bears on one side a portrait of Miloch Obilitch, one of the great national heroes, and on the other the words, "For Bravery," in Serbian. It is open to men of all ranks, but, unlike our Victoria Cross, it does not entitle its recipient to a pension.

Another highly-prized decoration is the famous Iron Cross of Prussia, now being conferred in such profusion by the Kaiser as to cause some uneasiness as to its future prestige. It might become too common. It was instituted in 1813 by King Frederick William III. to reward heroism in the War of Liberation. It was revived by the former

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THE JAPANESE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN KITE.

JAPAN'S DECORATION FOR VALOUR WAS INSTITUTED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, AND, LIKE OUR OWN V.C., IS AWARDED BOTH FOR NAVAL AND MILITARY GALLANTRY.

Emperor William in 1870, and again by his grandson at the beginning of the present war last August.

The Iron Cross was the first German military decoration to be conferred irrespective of the rank of the recipient. Privates of peasant birth on numerous occasions received the first class of the Order, while nobles, generals commanding brigades and divisions, and even German Sovereigns, were proud to receive the second and lower classes.

The medal of the first class is conferred only as a promotion from the second class, and no one is supposed to gain the first without having previously won the second, advancement in the Order of the Iron Cross being granted solely for an additional act of heroism. The Cross is peculiarly a symbol of sacrifice. When Frederick William III. issued his call to the people to rise against Napoleon's legions in the great struggle for liberation, and appealed to those who could not bear arms to contribute what they could to the sinews of war, hundreds of thousands of women sent their golden wedding-rings to be melted, declaring that thenceforth until better days they would content themselves with wedding-rings of iron. It was this that gave Frederick William III. the idea of using iron for the decoration to be conferred for heroism in the War of Liberation.

The Kaiser has one other decoration to bestow—that of "Pour le Mérite," founded by Frederick the Great. It is restricted to the reward of naval and military services of commissioned officers.

As Knighthood and Orders, with their medals and jewels and perquisites, have declined in importance and in people's estimation, respect for the honorary medal simply open to merit and valour has risen, and one is tempted to say that it is a measure of the degree in which the world has become democratized. And yet the preference of nobility for the exclusive decoration is strongly inherited. It is more than vanity. It is emotion. Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, feeling no doubt a nervous demand for emotional expression, sent the following message to the Kaiser before the end of August :—

"The splendid victories gained by the German armies under your command over your powerful enemies are due to your iron will. You have sharpened and swung the mighty sword. To the laurels which adorn you as victor I should like to add the highest military honour which it is in my power to confer, by asking you to accept the Grand Cross of Maria Theresa."

This decoration carries with it a large annuity of income, which a king cannot be thought to need, but which to a poor hero

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THE SERBIAN MEDAL FOR BRAVERY.

THIS MUCH-PRIZED DECORATION, WHICH MAY BE WON BY BOTH OFFICERS AND MEN, BEARS THE INSCRIPTION, "FOR BRAVERY."

might be a temptation. But for that, one could say with certainty that hundreds of thousands of valorous men would prefer the Victoria Cross or the Iron Cross or the Médaille Militaire to the Grand Cross of the Order of Maria Theresa, though that is to-day the most exclusive and perhaps the most brilliant of surviving Orders. It was founded by the great Empress of that name in 1757, in honour of the victory of her troops over Frederick the Great at Kolin. Its members are elected by ballot on the part of the Chapter, the Sovereign having no voice in the matter unless he happens to possess the Order, although he is the instrument of its bestowal and the signer of the patent.

In the past hundred years, until last August, only fifty-eight members had been thus admitted to the Order, and at the beginning of the present war there were but three knights left, all of the third and lowest class.

One was the Emperor Francis Joseph, who won the Cross in 1848, on the battlefield of Santa Lucia, against the Italians. The second was the Duke of Cumberland, father of the Sovereign Duke of Brunswick, who received the Cross for gallantry at the Battle of Langensalza, where, as Crown Prince of Hanover, he helped his father, the blind King George, to direct the operations of his troops. The third was Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, claimant to the throne of the Two Sicilies, and popularly known as the Count of Caserta. He won his Cross by the part he played in the superb defence of Gaeta, the last stronghold of the Bourbons.

All three are now old men, and but for the present war, which will doubtless provide opportunities for the election of new knights, the Order would soon have been extinguished.

Its renewal was begun by the bestowal of the first class or Grand Cross of the Order upon the Kaiser. The requirement for this grade is to have commanded in chief a victorious army against tremendous odds.

The second class is reserved for acts of brilliant daring and initiative, which in the event of failure might entail court martial, and possibly sentence of death for disobedience. The last one to possess this grade was old General Baron von Hauser. In the war of 1849, on reaching the town of Volta, he found its situation so favourable for defence that he determined to make a stand there with his regiment, instead of following the remainder of his division, in accordance with the strict instructions received.

It was a flagrant act of disobedience. But so gallant was the defence which he

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THE IRON CROSS.

THE FAMOUS SYMBOL OF VALOUR FOUNDED BY KING FREDERICK WILLIAM III., IN 1813, TO BE CONFERRED UPON HEROES IN THE WAR OF LIBERATION AGAINST NAPOLEON. REVIVED FOR THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR, 1870, AND AGAIN LAST AUGUST. OFFICERS AND MEN ARE EQUALLY ELIGIBLE TO GAIN IT.

made of the little town, and so favourable the strategic location of the place, that with his handful of men he succeeded in keeping the entire Italian army in check for eighteen hours, and turned the tide.

What the medals illustrated are to the English, French, and German, the Congressional Medal is to the American soldier. It is conferred not by the President, nor yet by the Secretary of State for War, but by Act of Congress, on the nomination of the War Department. The number of recipients of the honour is still under two thousand. It dates from the War of the Union, having been instituted by Congress on March 3rd, 1863, and among its possessors are Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, who won it as colonel of the 61st New York Volunteers, in an engagement on May 3rd, 1863, by the bravery which he displayed in holding a line against a vastly superior force of Confederates, and by inspiring his men to successful resistance, after having himself been badly wounded.

General J. Franklin Bell received his Congressional Medal for having on September 8th, 1899, as Colonel of the 36th Volunteer Infantry, at Santa Rita, in the Island of Luzon, galloped far ahead of his men, and attacked, absolutely alone, an outpost party of seven insurgents, consisting of a captain, a lieutenant, and five privates. He cut down the captain and two of the men, and compelled the other four to surrender.

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Concealed Art

By

P·G·WODEHOUSE

Illustrated by
ALFRED LEETE

IF a fellow has lots of money and lots of time and lots of curiosity about other fellows' business, it is astonishing, don't you know, what a lot of strange affairs he can get mixed up in. Now, I have money and curiosity and all the time there is. My name's Pepper—Reggie Pepper. My uncle was the colliery-owner chappie, and he left me the dickens of a pile. And ever since the lawyer slipped the stuff into my hand and closed my fingers over it, whispering, "It's yours!" life seems to have been one thing after another.

For instance, the dashed rummy case of dear old Archie.

I first ran into old Archie when he was studying in Paris, and when he came back to London he looked me up, and we celebrated. He always liked me because I didn't mind listening to his theories of Art. For Archie, you must know, was an artist. Not an ordinary artist, either, but one of those fellows you read about who are several years ahead of the times, and paint the sort of thing that people will be educated up to by about 1999 or thereabouts. What's the word? Futurists—that's it. Dear old Archie was a Futurist, and his trouble was that most of the fellows down Chelsea way, not being educated up to him, used to fling lay-figures and mahl-sticks and things at him when he uncorked his artistic theories, and this rather jarred on the poor old boy, so, whenever he wanted sympathy, he would come and talk to me, and I would sit and say, "Perfectly ripping, old lad!" at intervals, and he would go back to his studio feeling fit for work again. The consequence was that he got very much attached to me, and came to think a frightful lot of my good sense and judgment, which was how I got dragged into the thing I'm going to tell you about.

Mind you, I don't want to give you a wrong idea of old Archie. On every other subject except Art he was as sensible as you could wish. I have sat beside him at the Chelsea Football Ground, and absolutely marvelled at the breadth and vigour of the way he talked of the referee when he didn't like the way he used the whistle, and he could imitate an Irish cook talking to an Italian organ-grinder better than anyone I have ever heard. It was only when he got on to the subject of his pictures that you felt like notifying the Commissioners in Lunacy.

Well, one day as I was sitting in the club, watching the traffic coming up one way and going down the other, and thinking of nothing in particular, in blew the old boy. He was looking rather worried.

"Reggie, I want your advice."

"You shall have it," I said. "State your point, old top."

"It's like this—I'm engaged to be married."

"My dear old scout, a million con——"

"Yes, I know. Thanks very much, and all that, but listen."

"What's the trouble? Don't you like her?"

A kind of rapt expression came over his face.

"Like her! Why, she's the only——"

He gibbered for a spell. When he had calmed down, I said, "Well, then, what's your trouble?"

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"Reggie," he said, "do you think a man is bound to tell his wife all about his past life?"

"Oh, well," I said, "of course, I suppose she's prepared to find that a man has—er—sowed his wild oats, don't you know, and all that sort of thing, and——"

He seemed quite irritated.

"Don't be a chump. It's nothing like that. Listen. When I came back to London and started to try and make a living by painting, I found that people simply wouldn't buy the sort of work I did at any price. Do you know, Reggie, I've been at it three years now, and I haven't sold a single picture."

I whooped in a sort of amazed way, but I should have been far more startled if he'd told me he had sold a picture. I've seen his pictures, and they are like nothing on earth. So far as I can make out what he says, they aren't supposed to be. There's one in particular, called "The Coming of Summer," which I sometimes dream about when I've been hitting it up a shade too vigorously. It's all dots and splashes, with a great eye staring out of the middle of the mess. It looks as if summer, just as it was on the way, had stubbed its toe on a bomb. He tells me it's his masterpiece, and that he will never do anything like it again. I should like to have that in writing.

"Well, artists eat, just the same as other people," he went on, "and personally I like mine often and well cooked. Besides which, my sojourn in that dear Paris gave me a rather nice taste in light wines. The consequence was that I came to the conclusion, after I had been back a few months, that something had to be done. Reggie, do you by any remote chance read a paper called *Funny Slices?*"

"Every week."

He gazed at me with a kind of wistful admiration.

"I envy you, Reggie. Fancy being able to make a statement like that openly and without fear. Then I take it you know the Doughnut family?"

"I should say I did."

His voice sank almost to a whisper, and he looked over his shoulder nervously.

"Reggie, I do them."

"You what?"

"I do them—draw them—paint them. I am the creator of the Doughnut family."

I stared at him, absolutely astounded. I was simply dumb. It was the biggest surprise I had had in my life. Why, dash it, the Doughnut family was the best thing in its line in London. There is Pa Doughnut, Ma Doughnut, Aunt Bella, Cousin Joe, and Mabel, the daughter, and they have all sorts of slap-stick adventures. Pa, Ma, and Aunt Bella are pure gargoyles; Cousin Joe is a little more nearly semi-human, and Mabel is a perfect darling. I had often wondered who did them, for they were unsigned, and I had often thought what a deuced brainy fellow the chap must be. And all the time it was dear old Archie. I stammered as I tried to congratulate him.



"IT'S LIKE THIS—I'M ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED."

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He winced.

"Don't gargle, Reggie, there's a good fellow," he said. "My nerves are all on edge. Well, as I say, I do the Doughnuts. It was that or starvation. I got the idea one night when I had toothache, and next day I took some specimens round to an editor. He rolled in his chair, and told me to start in and go on till further notice. Since then I have done them without a break. Well, there's the position. I must go on drawing these infernal things, or I shall be penniless. The question is, am I to tell her?"

"Tell her? Of course you must tell her."

"Ah, but you don't know her, Reggie. Have you ever heard of Eunice Nugent?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"As she doesn't sprint up and down the joy-way at the Hippodrome, I didn't suppose you would."

I thought this rather uncalled-for, seeing that, as a matter of fact, I scarcely know a dozen of the Hippodrome chorus, but I made allowances for his state of mind.

"She's a poetess," he went on, "and her work has appeared in lots of good magazines. My idea is that she would be utterly horrified if she knew, and could never be quite the same to me again. But I want you to meet her and judge for yourself. It's just possible that I am taking too morbid a view of the matter, and I want an unprejudiced outside opinion. Come and lunch with us at the Piccadilly to-morrow, will you?"

He was absolutely right. One glance at Miss Nugent told me that the poor old boy had got the correct idea. I hardly know how to describe the impression she made on me. On the way to the Pic. Archie had told me that what first attracted him to her was the fact that she was so utterly unlike Mabel Doughnut; but that had not prepared me for what she really was. She was kind of intense, if you know what I mean—kind of spiritual. She was perfectly pleasant, and drew me out about golf and all that sort of thing; but all the time I felt that she considered me an earthy worm whose loftier soul-essence had been carelessly left out of his composition at birth. She made me wish that I had never seen a musical comedy or danced on a supper-table on New Year's Eve. And if that was the impression she made on me, you can understand why poor old Archie jibbed at the idea of bringing her *Funny Slices*, and pointing at the Doughnuts and saying, "Me—I did it!" The notion was absolutely out of the question. The shot wasn't on the board. I told Archie so directly we were alone.

"Old top," I said, "you must keep it dark."

"I'm afraid so. But I hate the thought of deceiving her."

"You must get used to that now you're going to be a married man," I said.

"The trouble is, how am I going to account for the fact that I can do myself pretty well—have most things, in fact, the same as mother used to make it?"

"Why, tell her you have private means, of course. What's your money invested in?"

"Practically all of it in B. and O. P. Rails. It is a devilish good thing. A pal of mine put me on to it."

"Tell her that you have a pile of money in B. and O. P., then. She'll take it for granted it's a legacy. A spiritual girl like Miss Nugent isn't likely to inquire further."

"Reggie, I believe you're right. It cuts both ways, that spiritual gag. I'll do it."

They were married quietly. I held the towel for Archie, and a spectacled girl with a mouth like a rat-trap, who was something to do with the Woman's Movement, saw fair play for Eunice. And then they went off to Scotland for their honeymoon. I wondered how the Doughnuts were going to get on in old Archie's absence, but it seemed that he had buckled down to it and turned out three months' supply in advance. He told me that long practice had enabled him to Doughnut almost without conscious effort. When he came back to London he would give an hour a week to them and do them on his head. Pretty soft! It seemed to me that the marriage was going to be a success.

One gets out of touch with people when they marry. I am not much on the social-call game, and for nearly six months I don't suppose I saw Archie more than twice or three times. When I did, he appeared sound in wind and limb, and reported that married life was all to the velvet, and that he regarded bachelors like myself as so many excrescences on the social system. He compared me, if I remember rightly, to a wart, and advocated drastic treatment.

It was perhaps seven months after he had told Eunice that he endowed her with all his worldly goods—she not suspecting what the parcel contained—that he came to me unexpectedly one afternoon with a face so long and sick-looking that my finger was on the button and I was ordering brandy and soda before he had time to speak.

"Reggie," he said, "an awful thing has

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happened. Have you seen the paper to-day?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Did you read the Stock Exchange news? Did you see that some lunatic has been jumping around with a club and hammering the stuffing out of B. and O. P.? This afternoon they are worth practically nothing."

"By Jove! And all your money was in B. and O. P.! What rotten luck!" Then I spotted the silver lining. "But, after all, it doesn't matter so very much. What I mean is, bang go your little savings and all that sort of thing; but, after all, you're making quite a good income, so why worry?"

He gave me the sort of look a batsman gives the umpire when he gives him out leg-before-wicket.

"I might have known you would miss the point," he said. "Can't you understand the situation? This morning at breakfast Eunice got hold of the paper first. 'Archie,' she said, 'didn't you tell me all your money was in B. and O. P.?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Why?' 'Then we're ruined.' Now do you see? If I had had time to think, I could have said that I had another chunk in something else, but I had committed myself. I have either got to tell her about those infernal Doughnuts, or else conceal the fact that I had money coming in."



"A SPECTACLED GIRL WITH A MOUTH LIKE A RAT-TRAP SAW FAIR PLAY FOR EUNICE."

"Great Scot! What on earth are you going to do?"

"I can't think. We can struggle along in a sort of way, for it appears that she has small private means of her own. The idea at present is that we shall live on them. We're selling the car, and trying to get out of the rest of our lease up at the flat, and then we're going to look about for a cheaper place, probably down Chelsea way, so as to be near my studio. What was that stuff I've been drinking? Ring for another of the same, there's a good fellow. In fact, I think you had better keep your finger permanently on the bell. I shall want all they've got."

The spectacle of a fellow human being up to his neck in the *consommé* is painful, of

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"I HELD THE TOWEL FOR ARCHIE."

course, but there's certainly what the advertisements at the top of magazine stories call a "tense human interest" about it, and I'm bound to say that I saw as much as possible of poor old Archie from now on. His sad case fascinated me. It was rather thrilling to see him wrestling with New Zealand mutton-hash and draught beer down at his Chelsea flat, with all the suppressed anguish of a man who has let himself get accustomed to delicate food and vintage wines, and think that a word from him could send him whizzing back to the old life again whenever he wished. But at what a cost, as they say in the novels. That was the catch. He might hate this new order of things, but his lips were sealed.

He loathed it, poor old lad! He was an independent sort of a chap, and the thought that he was living on his wife's money hit him pretty hard. And the food problem was almost as bad. I had him to lunch as often as he could come, and let him do the ordering, and afterwards, as we smoked and drank our coffee, he would tell me all the things that their cook could do—and did—with a leg of mutton. The way he described how she piloted it through to the fourth day in the shape of mince was one of the most moving things I have ever heard, by Jove it was!

I personally came in for a good deal of quiet esteem for the way in which I stuck to him in his adversity. I don't think Eunice had thought much of me before, but now she seemed to feel that I had formed a corner in golden hearts.

I took advantage of this to try and pave the way for a confession on poor old Archie's part.

"I wonder, Archie, old top," I said one evening after we had dined on mutton-hash and were sitting round trying to forget it, "I wonder you don't try another line in painting. I've heard that some of these fellows who draw for the comic papers——"

Mrs. Archie nipped me in the bud.

"How can you suggest such a thing, Mr. Pepper? A man with Archie's genius! I know the public is not educated up to his work, but it is only a question of time. Archie suffers, like all pioneers, from being ahead of his generation. But, thank Heaven, he need not sully his genius by stooping——"

"No, no," I said. "Sorry. I only suggested it."

After that I gave more time than ever to trying to think of a solution. Sometimes I would lie awake at night, and my manner towards Wilberforce, my man, became so distrait that it almost caused a rift. He asked me one morning which suit I would wear that day, and, by Jove, I said, "Oh, any of them. I don't mind." There was a most frightful silence, and I woke up to find him looking at me with such a dashed wounded expression in his eyes that I had to tip him a couple of quid to bring him round again.

Well, you can't go on straining your brain like that for ever without something breaking

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loose, and one night, just after I had gone to bed, I got it. Yes, by gad, absolutely got it. And I was so excited that I hopped out from under the blankets there and then, and rang up old Archie on the 'phone.

"Archie, old scout," I said, "can the missis hear what I'm saying? Well, then, don't say anything to give the show away. Keep on saying, 'Yes? Halloa?' so that you can tell her it was someone on the wrong wire. I've got it, my boy. All you've got to do to solve the whole problem is to tell her you've sold one of your pictures. Make the price as big as you like. Come and lunch with me to-morrow at the club, and we'll settle the details."

There was a pause, and then Archie's voice said, "Halloa, halloa?" It might have been a bit disappointing, only there was a tremble in it which made me understand how happy I had made the old boy. I went back to bed and slept like a king.

Next day we lunched together, and fixed the thing up. I have never seen anyone so supremely braced. We examined the scheme from every angle, and there wasn't a flaw in it. The only difficulty was to hit on a plausible purchaser. Archie suggested me, but I couldn't see it. I said it would sound fishy. Eventually I had a brain-wave, and suggested J. Bellingwood Brackett, the American millionaire. He lives in London, and you see his name in the papers every day as having bought some painting or statue or something, so why shouldn't he buy Archie's "Coming of Summer"? And Archie said, "Exactly—why shouldn't he? And if he had had any sense in his fat head, he would have done it long ago, dash him!" Which shows you that dear old Archie was bracing up, for I've heard him use much the same language in happier days about a referee.

He went off, crammed to the eyebrows with good food and happiness, to tell Mrs. Archie that all was well, and that the old home was saved, and that Canterbury mutton might now be definitely considered as off the bill of fare.

He told me on the 'phone that night that he had made the price two thousand pounds, because he needed the money, and what was two thousand to a man who had been fleecing the widow and the orphan for forty odd years without a break? I thought the price was a bit high, but I agreed that J. Bellingwood could afford it. And happiness, as you might say, reigned supreme.

Why is it that there is always a catch in these good things? Fellows who know—detectives and people like that—will tell you that nine times out of ten a murderer will go and make some fat-headed bloomer which leads to his being caught on the hop. He either does something, or forgets to take something into his calculations, with the result that, bing! he's copped. Putting up a game on anyone, even from the best motives, is rather like that. You think the whole thing over, and fancy that you've allowed for everything, and all the time you've forgotten to spot something that ought to have been absolutely obvious.

What Archie and I forgot to allow for was the fact that this thing might get into the papers.

But, mind you, even if we had remembered about the papers, I doubt if we should have revised the scheme much. We should have taken it for granted that, if they mentioned it at all, they would just have given it five lines somewhere in the "Items of Interest" column, between the news of the birth of a five-legged kitten in Wales and the announcement of the hundred and first birthday of someone in a Bermondsey workhouse.

Did they? They did not! They ran it on the middle page with illustrations and head-lines.

I don't know when I've had such a nasty jar as I got when Wilberforce brought me the paper in bed, and I languidly opened it and this jumped out and bit at me:—

BELLINGWOOD BRACKETT DISCOVERS ENGLISH GENIUS.

PAYS STUPENDOUS PRICE FOR YOUNG ARTIST'S PICTURE.

HITHERTO UNKNOWN FUTURIST RECEIVES £2,000.

Underneath there was a column, some of it about Archie, the rest about the picture; and scattered over the page were two photographs of old Archie, looking more like Pa Doughnut than anything human, and a smudged reproduction of "The Coming of Summer"; and, believe me, frightful as the original of that weird exhibit looked, the reproduction had it licked to a whisper. It was one of the ghastliest things I have ever seen.

Well, after the first shock I recovered a bit. After all, it was fame for dear old Archie. As soon as I had had lunch I went down to the flat to congratulate him.

He was sitting there with Mrs. Archie. He was looking a bit dazed, but she was simmering with joy. She welcomed me as the faithful friend.

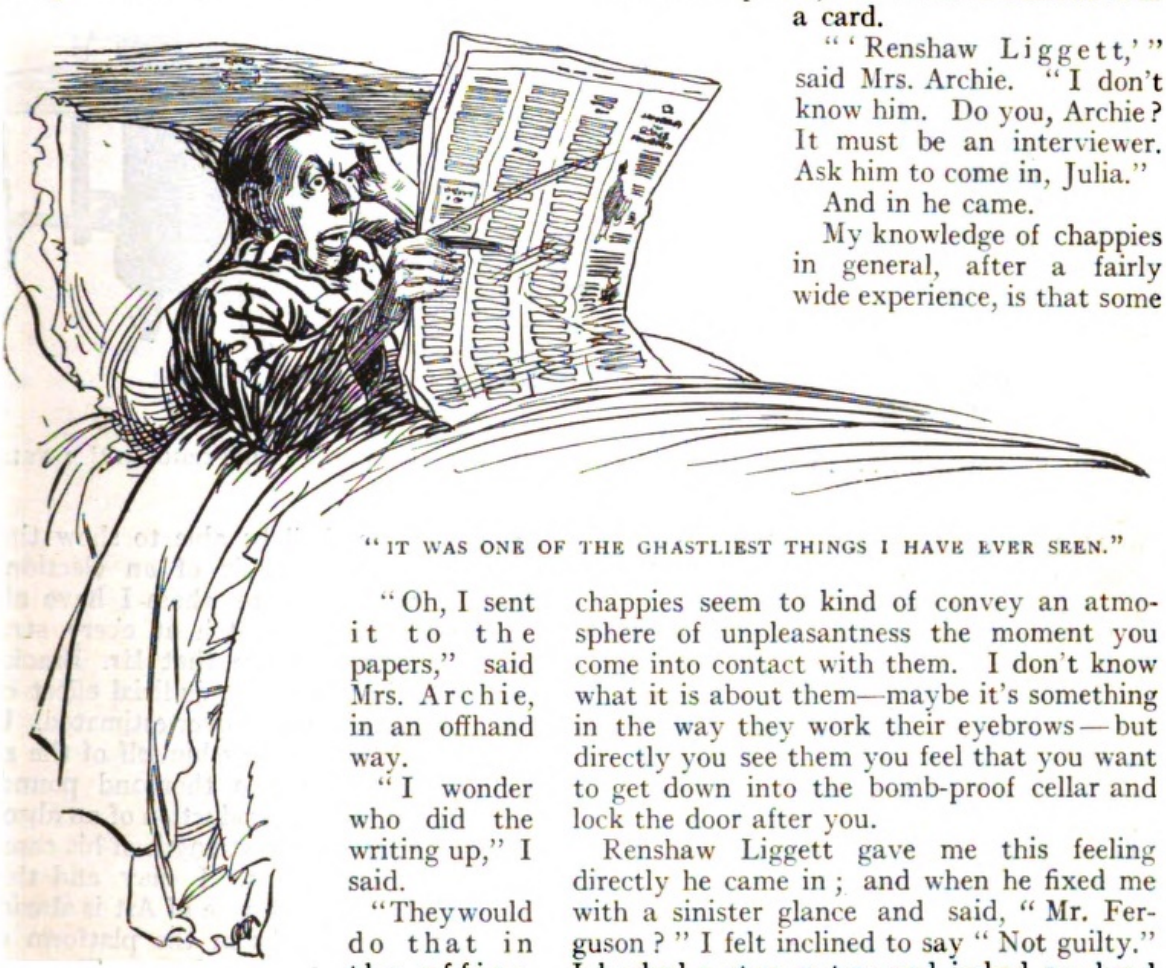
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"Isn't it perfectly splendid, Mr. Pepper, to think that dear Archie's genius has at last been recognized? How quiet he kept it! I had no idea that Mr. Brackett was even interested in his work. I wonder how he heard of it?"

"Oh, these things get about," I said. "You can't keep a good man down."

"Think of two thousand pounds for one picture—and the first he has ever sold!"

"What beats me," I said, "is how the papers got hold of it."



"IT WAS ONE OF THE GHASTLIEST THINGS I HAVE EVER SEEN."

"Oh, I sent it to the papers," said Mrs. Archie, in an offhand way.

"I wonder who did the writing up," I said.

"They would do that in the office, wouldn't they?" said Mrs. Archie.

"I suppose they would," I said. "They are wonders at that sort of thing."

I couldn't help wishing that dear old Archie would enter into the spirit of the thing a little more and perk up, instead of sitting there looking like a cod-fish. The thing seemed to have stunned the poor chappie. He told me afterwards that even then he had a sense of impending doom. He said he had a presentiment that there was more to come, and that Fate was just backing away and measuring the distance, preparatory to smiting him good and hard.

"After this, Archie," I said, "all you have to do is to sit in your studio, while the police see that the waiting line of millionaires doesn't straggle over the pavement. They'll fight——"

"What's that?" said Archie, starting as if someone had dug a red-hot needle into his calf.

It was only a ring at the bell, followed by a voice asking if Mr. Ferguson was at home.

"Probably an interviewer," said Mrs. Archie. "I suppose we shall get no peace for a long time to come."

The door opened, and the cook came in with a card.

"'Renshaw Liggett,'" said Mrs. Archie. "I don't know him. Do you, Archie? It must be an interviewer. Ask him to come in, Julia."

And in he came.

My knowledge of chappies in general, after a fairly wide experience, is that some chappies seem to kind of convey an atmosphere of unpleasantness the moment you come into contact with them. I don't know what it is about them—maybe it's something in the way they work their eyebrows—but directly you see them you feel that you want to get down into the bomb-proof cellar and lock the door after you.

Renshaw Liggett gave me this feeling directly he came in; and when he fixed me with a sinister glance and said, "Mr. Ferguson?" I felt inclined to say "Not guilty." I backed a step or two and jerked my head towards Archie, and Renshaw turned the search-light off me and switched it on to him.

Renshaw Liggett was one of those sharp-cornered fellows—the sort of fellow you felt would give you a nasty gash if you ran against him in the street. His face worked outwards to a point at the end of his nose, like some kind of a bird. He had a sharp chin, and I didn't like the look of his eyes. Altogether, having given him the swift once-over, I was deuced glad that it was Archie he wanted to chat with and not me.

"You are Mr. Archibald Ferguson, the artist?"

Archie nodded pallidly, and Renshaw

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"AND WHEN HE FIXED ME WITH A SINISTER GLANCE AND SAID, 'MR. FERGUSON?' I FELT INCLINED TO SAY 'NOT GUILTY.'"

nodded, as much as to say that you couldn't deceive him. He produced a sheet of paper. It was the middle page of the *Mail*.

"You authorized the publication of this?"

Archie nodded again.

"I represent Mr. Brackett. The publication of this most impudent fiction has caused Mr. Brackett extreme annoyance, and, as it might also lead to other and more serious consequences, I must insist that a full denial be published without a moment's delay."

"What do you mean?" cried Mrs. Archie. "Are you mad?"

She had been standing, listening to the conversation in a sort of trance. Now she jumped into the fight with a vim that turned Renshaw's attention to her in a second.

"No, madam, I am not mad. Nor, despite the interested assertions of certain parties whom I need not specify by name, is Mr. Brackett. It may be news to you, Mrs. Ferguson, that an action is even now pending in New York, whereby certain parties are attempting to show that my client, Mr. Brackett, is *non compos* and should be legally restrained from exercising control over his property. Their case, *qua* case, is extremely weak, for even if we admit their contention that our client did, on the eighteenth of June last, attempt to walk up Fifth Avenue in his pyjamas, we shall be able to show that his action was the result of an election bet. But as the parties to whom I have alluded will undoubtedly snatch at every straw in their efforts to prove that Mr. Brackett is mentally infirm, the prejudicial effect of this publication cannot be over-estimated. Unless Mr. Brackett can clear himself of the stigma of having given two thousand pounds for this extraordinary production of an absolutely unknown artist, the strength of his case must be seriously shaken. I may add that my client's lavish patronage of Art is already one of the main planks in the platform of the parties already referred to. They adduce his extremely generous expenditure in this direction as evidence that he is incapable of a proper handling of his money. I need scarcely point out with what sinister pleasure, therefore, they must have contemplated —this."

And he looked at "The Coming of Summer" as if it was a black-beetle.

I must say, much as I disliked the blighter, I couldn't help feeling that he had right on his side. It hadn't occurred to me in quite that light before, but, considering it calmly now, I could see that a man who would disgorge two thousand of the best o' goblins for Archie's Futurist masterpiece might very

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well step straight into the nut-factory, and no questions asked.

Mrs. Archie came right back at him, as game as you please.

"I am sorry for Mr. Brackett's domestic troubles, but my husband can prove without difficulty that he did buy the picture. Can't you, dear?"

Archie, extremely white about the gills, looked at the ceiling and at the floor and at me and Renshaw Liggett.

"No," he said, finally, "I can't. Because he didn't."

"Exactly," said Renshaw, "and I must ask you to publish that statement in to-morrow's papers without fail." He rose, and made for the door. "My client has no objection to young artists advertising themselves, realizing that this is an age of strenuous competition, but he firmly refuses to permit them to do it at his expense. Good afternoon."

And he legged it, leaving behind him one of the most chunky silences I have ever been mixed up in. For the life of me, I couldn't see who was to make the next remark. I was jolly certain that it wasn't going to be me.

Eventually Mrs. Archie opened the proceedings.

"What does it mean?"

Archie turned to me with a sort of frozen calm.

"Reggie, would you mind stepping into the kitchen and asking Julia for this week's *Funny Slices?* I know she has it."

He was right. She unearthed it from a cupboard. I trotted back with it to the sitting-room. Archie took the paper from me, and held it out to his wife, Doughnuts uppermost.

"Look!" he said.

She looked.

"I do them. I have done them every week for three years. No, don't speak yet. Listen. This is where all my money came from, all the money I lost when B. and O. P. Rails went smash. And this is where the money came from to buy 'The Coming of Summer.' It wasn't Brackett who bought it; it was myself."

Mrs. Archie was devouring the Doughnuts with wide-open eyes. I caught a glimpse of them myself, and only just managed not to laugh, for it was the set of pictures where Pa Doughnut tries to fix the electric light, one of the very finest things dear old Archie had ever done.

"I don't understand," she said.

"I draw these things. I have sold my soul."

"Archie!"

He winced, but stuck to it bravely.

"Yes, I knew how you would feel about it, and that was why I didn't dare to tell you, and why we fixed up this story about old Brackett. I couldn't bear to live on you any longer, and to see you roughing it here, when we might be having all the money we wanted."

Suddenly, like a boiler exploding, she began to laugh.

"They're the funniest things I ever saw in my life," she gurgled. "Mr. Pepper, do look! He's trying to cut the electric wire with the scissors, and everything blazes up. And you've been hiding this from me all this time!"

Archie goggled dumbly. She dived at a table, and picked up a magazine, pointing to one of the advertisement pages.

"Read!" she cried. "Read it aloud."

And in a shaking voice Archie read:—

> You think you are perfectly well, don't you? You wake up in the morning and spring out of bed and say to yourself that you have never been better in your life. You're wrong! Unless you are avoiding coffee as you would avoid the man who always tells you the smart things his little boy said yesterday, and drinking
>
> SAFETY FIRST MOLASSINE
>
> for breakfast, you cannot be
>
> PERFECTLY WELL.
>
> It is a physical impossibility. Coffee contains an appreciable quantity of the deadly drug caffeine, and therefore——

"I wrote *that*," she said. "And I wrote the advertisement of the Spiller Baby Food on page ninety-four, and the one about the Pre-eminent Breakfast Sausage on page eighty-six. Oh, Archie, dear, the torments I have been through, fearing that you would some day find me out and despise me. I couldn't help it. I had no private means, and I didn't make enough out of my poetry to keep me in hats. I learned to write advertisements four years ago at a correspondence school, and I've been doing them ever since. And now I don't mind your knowing, now that you have told me this perfectly splendid news. Archie!"

She rushed into his arms like someone charging in for a bowl of soup at a railway-station buffet. And I drifted out. It seemed to me that this was a scene in which I was not on. I sidled to the door, and slid forth. They didn't notice me. My experience is that nobody ever does—much.

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How I "Broke Into Print."

Being the Personal Statements of certain Well-known Authors explaining why they took to Literature as a Profession and how they first came to make a "Hit" with the Reading Public.

II.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, whose work in THE STRAND MAGAZINE through a long series of years has given our readers more pleasurable excitement than that of any other writer, has already told the story of his first success, but it is one well worth re-telling. His first work, although it did not attain the glory of print, was done when he was six years old, and, as he recorded many years ago in the pages of the *Idler*, he has a very distinct recollection of the achievement.

"It was written," he recalled, "upon foolscap paper, in what might be called a fine bold hand—four words to the line; and was illustrated by marginal pen-and-ink sketches by the author. There was a man in it, and there was a tiger. I forget which was the hero, but it didn't matter much, for they became blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man. I was a realist in the age of the Romanticists. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially,



ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE,

WHOSE FIRST MANUSCRIPTS "USUALLY CAME BACK LIKE PAPER BOOMERANGS."

Photo. Foulsham & Banfield.

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the untimely end of that wayfarer. But when the tiger had absorbed him, I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. 'It is very easy to get people into scrapes, and very hard to get them out again,' I remarked, and I have often had cause to repeat the precocious aphorism of my childhood. On this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book, like my man, was engulfed in my tiger.

"Then came the time when I was packed off to a public school, and in some way it was discovered by my playmates that I had more than my share of the lore that they hankered after. There was my *début* as a story-teller. On a wet half-holiday I have been elevated on to a desk, and with an audience of little boys all squatting on the floor, with their chins upon their hands, I have talked myself husky over the misfortunes of my heroes. Week in and week out those unhappy men have battled and striven and groaned for the amusement of that little circle. I was bribed with pastry to continue these efforts, and I remember that I always stipulated for tarts down and strict business, which shows that I was born to be a member of the Authors' Society.

"It may be that my literary experiences would have ended there had there not come a time in my early manhood when that good old harsh-faced schoolmistress, Hard Times, took me by the hand. I wrote, and with amazement I found that my writing was accepted. *Chambers's Journal* it was which rose to the occasion, and I have had a kindly feeling for its mustard-coloured back ever since. Fifty little cylinders of manuscript did I send out during eight years, which described irregular orbits among publishers, and usually came back like paper boomerangs to the place that they had started from. Yet in time they all lodged somewhere or other. I have heard folk talk as though there were some hidden back-door by which one may creep into literature, but I can say myself that I never had an introduction to any editor or publisher before doing business with them, and that I do not think that I suffered on that account. Yet my apprenticeship was a long and trying one. During ten years of hard work I averaged less than fifty pounds a year from my pen.

"Some little time later, in the intervals of my medical practice, I wrote 'Micah Clarke.' A year's reading and five months' writing finished it, and I thought I had a tool in my hands that would cut a path for me. So I had, but the first thing that I cut with it was my finger. I sent the MS. to a friend, whose opinion I respected, in London, who read for one of the leading houses, but he had been bitten by the historical novel, and, very naturally, he distrusted it. From him it went to house after house, and house after house would have none of it. Blackwood found that the people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; Bentley that its principal defect was that there was a complete absence of interest; Cassells that experience had shown that an historical novel could never be a commercial success. I remember smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some sporting, reckless kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot. And then, suddenly, I bethought me to send it to Messrs. Longmans, where it was fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang. From that day the way was smoothed to it, and, as things turned out, I was spared that keenest sting of ill-success, that those who had believed in your work should suffer pecuniarily for their belief. A door had been opened for me into the temple of the Muses, and it only remained that I should find something that was worthy of being borne through it."

CHARLES GARVICE.

The popular author of "Just a Girl," "Where Love Leads," and many other novels which have gained him a world-wide circle of readers, sends us the following interesting contribution:—

"Strangely enough, I 'broke into print' with poetry—Heaven save the mark!—and, still more strangely, I was paid for my first production. It was a set of words for a song, written by an extremely popular composer. For some time I got quite nice little sums for writing words for music; only the other day I found, in an old portfolio, one or two old songs to which I had written the words; they were very bad—the words, I mean. My first attempt at fiction was a short story, written when I was a boy of nineteen. It appeared in a popular periodical and I received the large sum of seventeen shillings and sixpence for it. I suppose I must have written half-a-dozen short stories before I tried my hand at a long novel. This was written before I was twenty, ran through the same popular magazine, and had the honour of appearing in three-volume form. The three-decker was beginning to go out of fashion at that time,

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CHARLES GARVICE,
WHO "BROKE INTO PRINT" WITH POETRY, AND WAS PAID FOR HIS FIRST PRODUCTION.
From a Photograph.

and this early novel was the only one of mine published in that somewhat inconvenient, but by no means unprofitable, form.

"I ought to mention that, soon after I 'began author,' by writing words for music, I took on rather a singular job. The proprietor of a couple of weekly periodicals of the goody-goody kind took a trip to Germany, and while there purchased a number of blocks. Of these he gave me some 'pulls,' requesting me to write up the pictures, which were not at all bad illustrations of ruined abbeys, castles, and so on. I was to get ten and sixpence an article—say, of four thousand words—and at first sight it looked to me, in my lamb-like innocence and youthful enthusiasm for any kind of literary work at any kind of price, an easy job; but I found that few of the pictures had names to them, and I had to go to the British Museum and try to hunt them up. It was a terrible business, and I nearly drove the dear good man who was then superintendent in the Rotunda stark, staring mad; because he was too conscientious and warm-hearted a fellow to brush aside a youth or refuse to help him. We found two or three of the originals of the blocks, and it was a young lady reader, seated at the next desk to me, who suggested—the Eve!—that I should invent titles—and histories—for the rest.

"By the way, I have told this story in one of my novels, a recent one; but I've an idea it's funny enough to repeat here."

ALICE HEGAN RICE.

The authoress of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice—has reached a very large public, not only through her novels, but also by way of the stage, where, ever since their dramatization, "Mrs. Wiggs" and "Lovey Mary" may always be counted upon to draw big crowds of admirers. Mrs. Rice "broke into print" long before the creation of the adorable Mrs. Wiggs, and it came about in rather an amusing



ALICE HEGAN RICE.
AUTHOR OF "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" AND "LOVEY MARY."
From a Photograph.

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way. "It happened when I was a schoolgirl," writes Mrs. Rice. "I had been reading 'Reveries of a Bachelor,' and, like many another girl of that day, fell a victim to Marvel's charm. So impressed was I with his sage reflections upon love that I was moved to write an article on the same theme from a feminine standpoint. I called it 'Reveries of a Spinster,' and handed it in as a school theme. It was commended, and someone suggested that I send it to a local newspaper.

"Being inexperienced in submitting manuscripts, I sent it in unsigned and with no return address. To the great delight of myself and my schoolmates it was not only printed but answered again and again. Old maids and married women kept the controversy going for weeks, the former valiantly defending the writer and the latter indulging in scathing criticism of the seventeen-year-old spinster, who was confidently accused of being embittered by some desperate experience.

"It was many years later that my first book, 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' was published, and since then six other volumes have appeared, but not one has had a more unexpected and amusing reception than that first modest literary effort."



W. W. JACOBS,
WHO THINKS THAT IN HIS CASE "CRAWLING INTO PRINT" WOULD BE NEARER THE MARK.
From a Photograph.

W. W. JACOBS.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs, the creator of the inimitable Night Watchman, Bob Pretty, Sam Small, Ginger Dick, and a host of other characters whose sayings and doings he has chronicled for the delight of STRAND readers, writes as follows:—

"My first contribution was printed in an amateur magazine when I was about twenty, and for the next few years I was an irregular contributor to various papers. The irregularity was the fault of the editors, who left no stone unturned in their endeavours to induce me to take up some more useful work in my spare time. Then Mr. Jerome K. Jerome published my stories of long-shore life in *To-Day* and the *Idler*, and they were afterwards published in book-form under the title of 'Many Cargoes.' Considering that my first efforts were printed in an amateur magazine I don't think that the term 'breaking into print' applies to me—'crawling into print' would, perhaps, be nearer the mark."



J. J. BELL,
THE CREATOR OF "WEE MACGREEGOR," "CHRISTINA," AND MANY OTHER DELIGHTFUL TYPES OF SCOTTISH CHARACTER.
From a Drawing by A. S. Boyd.

J. J. BELL.

Mr. J. J. Bell, whose "Wee Macgreegor," "Christina," and many other delightful types of Scottish character have charmed us all, says:—

"I was quite old—twenty-four—when I began to write. I think my first printed effort was an 'Ode to a Sausage,' which appeared in the *Glasgow University Magazine*—gratis, of course. Then I sent forth four poems (serious)

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to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Pearson's Magazine*, and the *Sketch*. They were all accepted! Then I sent out six others. They were all returned. And so on. . . . The first chapter of 'Wee Macgreegor' was written in desperation to fill a column which I supplied to the *Glasgow Evening Times* every Friday. People seemed to like it, and I wrote some more. A dozen sketches accumulated; a little volume seemed a possibility. Only no one wanted to publish it. Eventually I took the risk involved in the production of three thousand copies — a fearsome number! but there was a saving in taking a quantity. Then I got married, and, three weeks later, the little book was published. And that's all."



JEFFERY FARNOL,
AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY," WHOSE FIRST STORY BROUGHT HIM ONE GUINEA.
Photo. Elliott & Fry.

JEFFERY FARNOL.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol — whose "Broad Highway" has delighted hundreds of thousands of readers — finds it easier to recall the amount he received for his first story than the story itself. "So far as I can remember after the lapse of nearly twenty years," he says, "my first story was entitled 'Jones, A.B.,' and was published in an English weekly magazine called *Short Stories*.

"This masterpiece contained, if my memory serves, about two thousand words, and brought me a cheque for the magnificent sum of one guinea. It was a very welcome guinea —the very first yellow sovereign one earns always has, I should think, an especial value —and some of the sentimental members of my family circle were disposed to advise having a hole bored in it and wearing it suspended round my neck. But, alas! it was too valuable to be used as a mere ornament.

"Well, good luck to it! I hope the present possessor of that bright particular sovereign is made as happy by it as I was. I fear your readers will think this has more to do with my first sovereign than my first story, but the two are so intimately associated in my memory that I find it difficult to recall the crudities and faults of the one without a pleasant recollection of the charms of the other— during the brief time of its sojourn with me."

W. PETT RIDGE.

From Mr. Pett Ridge, so well known to our readers for his humorous stories of London life and character, we have received the following most interesting chapter of autobiography:—

"A fellow-student at the Birkbeck (then a rabbit-warren of small class-rooms in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane) made the announcement that he had submitted a turn-over article to the *Globe*. This was, in itself, a painful circumstance; the situation became intolerable when he was able later to show the contribution in print, and to exhibit the cheque for one guinea that represented payment. My own first twenty-one shillings came from the *Globe* a few weeks afterwards.

"The earliest sketch of London life that I wrote was called 'A Dinner in Soho,' and I sent it to the *St. James's Gazette*, of which journal Sidney Low was the editor. I was, at the time, chief clerk in a Continental office in the City, and I never shall forget the day when, hurrying along Cannon Street to lunch, I caught sight of the title on the *St. James's* placard; excepting in my dreams I have rarely found a moment of success equal to this. Sidney Low being the wisest and friendliest editor a young penman could have encountered, I took advantage of the fact by forwarding sketches weekly, and by

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sending him also stories, typewritten and under a pen-name—because I feared he might suspect I had an intention of writing the whole of the journal—and dispatched from a town address. I remember that on one great Saturday evening, the *St. James's* had a sketch initialled 'W. P. R.,' and a story signed by my pseudonym of 'Warwick Simpson.' The same double event frequently took place in a Manchester paper. I have still in my possession a letter from the editor of that journal replying to an application for increased payment for the stories which were appearing over my own name: 'When you can send us stuff as good as that contributed to our columns by Mr. Warwick Simpson—stories which you have, doubtless, noticed and read—we shall be prepared to reconsider your request.'

"Being a bachelor, and fairly youthful, my first novel dealt with the problems of married life, and how to solve them. It was called 'A Clever Wife,' and it went to half-a-dozen publishers; Mr. Heinemann thought so little of it (and I am sure he was right) that he sent back to me, in its place, a dashing novel by a lady member of the aristocracy. When the error had been corrected I packed the scrip afresh and sent it to Bentley's. In a fortnight's time the parcel returned; with it a letter of several sheets, written by Mr. Bentley in his own hand. The early pages were devoted to the task of pointing out defects in the novel, and I remember I was becoming aggrieved by the elaborate manner, when I came to the last paragraph: 'If you can see your way to making the alterations suggested, I shall be happy to publish the novel.' The firm gave up work shortly afterwards; it is only fair to say that the amount paid to me for royalties could scarcely have been a factor in hastening the end. Harper published the book in America, but the occurrence did not make the sensation there that a new civil war would have created. I recall, however, the great kindness of Mr. W. D. Howells in this connection, and his generous appreciation during later days. It is not his fault, but mine, that remittances which come to me from New York sometimes fail to equal the amount of my tobacconist's bill.

"Take it altogether, it is a fine life, and a jolly one. I have been writing now for a good many years, and to be candid, I prefer the work to the alternative, usually offered, of sweeping a crossing. If I am asked to give advice to anyone about to 'break into print,' my counsel to the 'prentice hand (offered, I hope, without presumption) will be to stay in an office, or other regular occupation, until he feels he can well afford to leave. In my own case, I wrote half-a-dozen novels before I took off paper cuffs and said good-bye to the City."



W. PETT RIDGE,

WHOSE FIRST APPEARANCE IN PRINT, LIKE THAT OF JEFFERY FARNOL, BROUGHT HIM A GUINEA.

From a Photograph.

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THE VIOLET BOOK

BY A·E·W·MASON

Illustrated by
FRANK GILLETT RI

A FEW friends of Murgatroyd, the physician, sat about his dinner-table, discussing that perplexing question, "How much of the truth should a doctor tell?" In the middle of the discussion a quiet voice spoke up from a corner, and all turned towards a middle-aged man of European reputation who sat fingering the stem of his wine-glass.

"It is dangerous to lay down a general rule," said Sir James Kelsey. "But I should say, if you want to keep a secret tell half the truth. People accept it and pass on to their own affairs." He hesitated for a moment and continued, rather slowly: "I am thinking of a tremendous secret which has been kept that way for a good number of years. I call it the story of the Violet Book."

At once the discussion ceased. It was so seldom that Kelsey indulged in anything like a confidence. Now on this one evening amongst his brethren it seemed he was in the mood to talk.

"All of you will remember the name of John Rymer, and some of you his meteoric career and the tragic circumstances of his death. There was no doubt that he was a master of surgery. Yet at the age of thirty-seven, at eleven o'clock on a July morning, after performing three operations with all his accustomed skill, he walked into his consulting-room and blew his brains out."

Here and there a voice was raised.

"Yes, I remember."

"It was overwork, I think."

Sir James Kelsey smiled.

"Exactly," he said. "That's the half-truth. Overwork there was. I am familiar with the details of the inquest, for I married John Rymer's niece. It was proved, for instance, that during the last week of his life he had been curtailing his operations and spending more time over his dressings—a definite policy of his when the strain became too heavy. Moreover, there was some mention made of a sudden reasonless fear which had attacked him, a fear that his practice was dropping away, and that he would be left with a wife and young family to support and no means to do it with. Well, we all know round this table that that particular terror is one of the commonest results of overwork. So overwork there undoubtedly was. A spell of tropical heat no doubt, too, had its effect. Anyway, here was enough for a quite acceptable verdict, and so the world thought. The usual platitudes about the tension of modern life made their appearance. The public read, accepted, and passed on to its own affairs. But behind John Rymer's death there lay a tremendous secret."

Once more he hesitated. Then he took a cigar from the box which his host held out to him, and said, in a kind of rush: "No one could make any use of it now. For there's no longer any evidence but my word, and I should deny it. It's overwork John Rymer died of. Let us not forget it."

And then he told the story of the Violet Book. At the end of it his cigar was still alight, for he smoked while he talked. But it was the only cigar alight in that room.

I was twenty-five, and I had bought a practice at Chailsey, a village deep amongst tall, dark trees in the very heart of the Berkshire Downs. You'll hardly find a place more pastoral and remote in all that country of remote villages. But a couple of training stables were established there, and, what with kicks and jumping accidents, there was a good deal of work at times. I quite liked

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the spot, and I liked it still more when Bradley Rymer and his daughter took the big house on the slope of the Down above the village.

It was about eight months after John Rymer's death that his brother came there, a shortish, broad man of forty-five with a big, pleasant face. Gossip had it that he had been very poor, so poor, indeed, that his daughter had made her living at a typewriting machine. There was no doubt, however, that he was rich now. "Canada's the country," he used to say. "I made my money out of Canadian land," and when he fell into conversation of a morning with any of the stable-boys on the gallops he was always urging them to better themselves in that country.

His daughter Violet—a good many of you know her as my wife—had little of his fore-gathering disposition. She was an extremely pretty, slim girl of nineteen, with fair hair and big eyes which matched her name. But she held herself apart. She seldom came down into the village, and even when one met her in her own house there was a constraint in her manner and a look in her eyes which I was at a loss to understand. It wasn't merely trouble. It was a kind of perplexity, as though she did not know where to turn. For the rest, the couple did not entertain.

"We have had hard lives," Bradley Rymer said to me one rare evening when I dined there, "and a year or two of quiet is what we want beyond everything." And never did man speak a truer word.

Bradley Rymer had lived for three months at Chailsey when Queen Victoria died, and all the great kings and the little kings flocked from Europe to her funeral. We at Chailsey—like the rest of Great Britain—determined to set up a memorial, and a committee of five was appointed to determine the form it was to take.

"It must be a drinking-fountain," said I.

"No; a stained-glass window," the vicar interrupted; and there we were, Grayly the trainer and I on one side, the vicar and Hollams the grocer on the other. The fifth member of the committee was absent.

"Well, I shall go up and see Mr. Bradley Rymer this afternoon," I said. "He has the casting vote."

"You may do just as you please," said the vicar, with some acerbity—Bradley Rymer did not go to church; "but until Mr. Bradley Rymer condescends to be present at our committee meetings, I shall pay not the slightest attention to his opinion."

Thereupon the committee broke up. I had a good many visits to pay to patients, and it was close upon eight o'clock when I set out upon my journey, and darker than it usually is at that time of the year. Bradley Rymer, I knew, did not dine until late, and I hoped to catch him just before he and Violet sat down.

The house stood a good half-mile from the village, even by the short cut which I took up the side of the Down. It was a big, square Georgian house with rows of high, flat windows; a large garden of lawns and flowers and beech trees surrounded it, and the whole property was enclosed in high red-brick walls. I was kept for a little while at the great wrought-iron gates. That always happened. You rang the big bell, the corner of a white curtain was cautiously lifted in the window of the lodge, you were inspected, and at last the gates swung open. Berkshire people were slow in those days, and, like most country-folk, curious. I walked up the drive to the house. The front door stood open. I rang the bell. A big mastiff came out from the hall and sniffed at me. But we were good friends, and he retired again to the corner. Finally a maid-servant appeared. It was perhaps a curious fact that Bradley Rymer had no man-servant living in the house.

"A butler is a spy you set upon yourself," he once said to me. Another case of the half-truth, you see. I accepted it and passed on to my own affairs. So when only a maid answered the bell I was not surprised.

"Can I see Mr. Rymer?" I asked.

"He is in the library, I think, sir," she answered.

"Very well. I know my way." And, putting down my hat, I climbed the stairs.

The library was a long, comfortably-furnished room upon the first floor, lighted by a row of windows upon one side and lined to the ceiling with bookshelves upon the other. Rymer had a wonderful collection of books bound in vellum and calf, but he had bought the lot at a sale, and I don't think he ever read one of them. However, he liked the room, and it was the one which he usually used.

I opened the door and went into the library. But the servant had been mistaken. The library was empty. I waited, however, and while I waited a noise in the next room attracted my attention. I don't think that I was conscious of it at first, for when I did notice it, it seemed to me that the room had perceptibly darkened. It was so familiar a noise, too, that one wouldn't notice it unless

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there were some special unsuitability of time and place to provoke one's curiosity. For a busy man walks through life to the sound of it. It was the sharp tack-tack-tack of a typewriting machine, with the little clang and break when the end of a line is reached. I listened to it first of all surprised at the relentless rapidity with which the machine was worked, and then wondering why at this hour, in this house of leisure and wealth, so tremendous an assiduity was being employed. Then in a rush the gossip of the village came back to me. Violet Rymer, in the days of her father's poverty, had made her living in a typewriting office. Yes; but why should she continue so monotonous a practice now? I couldn't think that she, if it was she, was keeping up her proficiency for amusement. You can always tell whether the typist is interested or whether she is working against time from the sound of the machine. In the former case it becomes alive, one is conscious of a personality; in the latter one thinks of an absent-minded clergyman gabbling through the Lessons in church.

Well, it was just that last note which was being struck. The machine was racing to the end of a wearisome task, and, since already Violet Rymer was very much to me, I thought of her bending over the keys with a real discomfort. Moreover, I seemed to be stumbling upon a secret which I was not meant to know. Was this tack-tack-tack-ing the explanation of why Chailsey saw so little of her?

While I was asking myself this question a door opened and shut violently. It was the door into that next room, and as it was banged the typewriting ceased altogether. There was a moment's pause, and then a voice was raised in passion. It was Bradley Rymer's voice, but I hardly recognized it.

"What is it now?" he cried, bitterly. "A novel, a volume of sermons, a pamphlet? Am I never to see you, Violet? You remain hidden in this room, breaking your back for sixpence an hour. Why, I bought this house for you. My one aim was to get rich for you." And the girl interrupted him with an agonized cry.

"Oh, don't say that, father!"

"But I do say it." And suddenly his voice softened. "It's true, Vi. You know it's true. The one thing I hated was that you should lose all the fun of your youth at that grinding work. And now you're still at it. Why? Why?"

And through the door came her voice, in a passionate, broken reply:—

"Because—because—I feel—that not even the satin slippers I am wearing really belong to me."

The dispute suddenly ceased. A third voice spoke so low that I could not hear the words, but I heard Bradley Rymer's startled reply.

"In the library?"

I had just time to get away into the farthest window before he entered the room. It was almost dark now, and he peered about in search of me. I moved from the window towards him.

"Oh, you are there, Kelsey," he said, suavely. "We'll have a light. It's so confoundedly dark that I can hardly see you."

He rang a bell and a lamp was brought, which he took from the hands of the servant and set down on the corner of his writing-table between us.

"How long have you been here?" he asked, and—I can't account for it—he stood facing me in his dinner-jacket, with his usual pleasant, friendly smile; but I suddenly became quite sure that he was dangerous. Yes, that's the word—dangerous.

"Just a minute or so," I answered, as indifferently as I could, and then, with a strangely swift movement, he crossed the room again to the fireplace and rang the bell.

"Will you tell Miss Violet that Dr. Kelsey is here?" he said to the parlourmaid, as soon as she appeared. "You will find her in the next room."

He came softly back and seated himself at the writing-table.

"And why do you want to see me?" he asked, in a queer voice.

I spoke about the memorial, and he answered at random. He was listening, but he was not listening to me. In a sort of abstraction he drew open a drawer in his writing-table on a level with his hand, and every now and then he shut it, and every now and then he drew it open again.

I cannot hope to make you realize the uncanny feeling of discomfort which crept over me. Most of us at this table, I imagine, have some knowledge of photography and its processes. We have placed a gas-light paper in the developing-dish, and seen the face of our portrait flash out in a second on the white surface. I can never get accustomed to it. I can never quite look upon it as not a miracle. Well, just that miracle seemed to me to be happening now. Bradley Rymer suddenly became visible to me, a rogue, a murderous rogue, and I watched with an increasing fear that drawer in his table. I waited for his hand to slip into it.

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"THE NEXT MOMENT THE LIGHT FROM AN ELECTRIC TORCH FLASHED UPON MY FACE, BLINDING ME."

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But while I waited the door of the next room was opened, and Rymer and I both ceased to talk. We pretended no more. We listened, and, *although we heard voices, we could not distinguish words*. Both Violet and the servant were speaking in their ordinary tones. An expression of immense relief shone upon Bradley Rymer's face for a moment, and he rose up with the smile and the friendliness I knew.

"Will you stay to dinner?" he asked. "Do!" But I dared not. I should have betrayed the trouble I was in. I made a lame excuse and left the house.

It was now quite dark, and in the cool night air I began, before I had reached the lodge, to wonder whether I had not been misled altogether by some hallucination. Bradley Rymer brought back to my memory the tragic case of his brother, and I asked myself for a moment if the long and late hours of a country practice were unbalancing me. But I looked back towards the house as I took the track over the turf, and the scene through which I had passed came back too vividly to leave me in any doubt. I could see Bradley Rymer clearly as he opened and shut the drawer of his writing-table. I could hear his voice raised in bitter reproach to Violet and the click of the typewriting machine. No, I had not been dreaming.

I had walked about a hundred yards down the slope when a sharp whistle of two notes sounded a little way off upon my right, and almost before I had stopped a man sprang from the grass at my very feet with a guttural cry like a man awakened from a doze. Had I taken another step I should have trodden upon him. The next moment the light from an electric torch flashed upon my face, blinding me. I stepped back and put up my hand to my eyes. But even while I raised my hand the button of the torch was released and the light went out. I stood for a moment in utter blackness, then dimly I became aware of someone moving away from in front of me.

"What do you want?" I cried.

"Nothing," was the word spoken in answer.

I should have put the fellow down for one of the gipsies who infest those Downs in the summer, and thought no more about him, but for one reason. He had spoken with a pronounced German accent. Besides, there was the warning whistle, the flash of the torch. I could not resist the conviction that Bradley Rymer's house was being watched.

I walked on without quickening my pace. Then I ran, and as fast as I could, down to the village. I did not stop to reason things out. I was in a panic. Violet was in that house, and it was being watched by strangers. We had one policeman in the village, and he not the brainiest of men. I got out my bicycle and rode fourteen miles, walking up the hills and coasting down them until I reached the town of Reading. I rode to the house of the Chief Constable, whom I happened to know.

"Is Captain Bowyer in?" I asked of the servant.

"No, sir; he's dining out to-night."

"In the town?"

"Yes, sir."

I was white with dust and wet through with sweat. The girl looked me over and said:—

"I have orders to telephone for him if he is wanted."

"He is," I replied, and she went off to the telephone at once.

I began to cool down in more ways than one while I waited. It seemed to me very likely that I had come upon a fool's errand. After all, what had I got to go upon but a German accent, a low, sharp whistle, and an electric torch? I waited about half an hour before Bowyer came in. He was a big man, with a strong face and a fair moustache, capable, but not imaginative; and I began my story with a good deal of diffidence. But I had not got far before his face became serious, though he said not a word until I had done.

"Bradley Rymer's house," he then remarked. "I know it." He went out into the passage, and I heard his voice at the telephone. He came back in a moment.

"I have sent for some men," he said, "and a car. Will you wait here while I change?"

"Yes."

I glanced at the clock. For now that he took the affair seriously all my fears had returned.

"What time did you leave the house?" he asked.

"Nine."

"And it's now eleven. Yes, we must hurry. Bradley Rymer's house! So that's where they are."

He hurried away. But before he had changed his clothes a great touring motor-car whirred and stopped in front of the door. When we went out on to the steps of the house there were four constables waiting. We climbed into the car, and the hilly road to Streatley, which had taken me so long and painful a time to traverse, now rose and fell beneath the broad wheels like the waves of a

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sea. At Streatley we turned uphill along the Aldworth Road, and felt the fresh wind of the downland upon our faces. Then for the first time upon the journey I spoke.

"You know these men?" I asked of Captain Bowyer.

"I know of them," he answered, and he bent forwards to me. "With all these kings and emperors in London for the funeral, of course a great many precautions were taken on the Continent. All the known Anarchists were marked down; most of them on some excuse or another were arrested. But three slipped through the net and reached England."

"But they would be in London," I urged.

"So you would think. We were warned to-day, however, that they had been traced into Berkshire and there lost sight of."

A hundred questions rose to my lips, but I did not put them. We were all in the dark together.

"That's the house," I said at length, and Captain Bowyer touched the chauffeur on the shoulder.

"We'll stop, then, by the road."

Very quietly we got out of the car and crept up the hill. The night was dark; only here and there in a chink of the clouds a star shone feebly. Down in the village a dog barked and the wind whistled amongst the grasses under our feet. We met no one. The lodge at the gates was dark; we could not see the house itself, but a glare striking upon the higher branches of the trees in the garden showed that a room was brightly lit.

"Do you know which room that is?" Bowyer asked of me in a whisper.

"The library."

We spread out then and made a circuit of the garden wall. There was no one any longer watching, and we heard no whistle.

"They have gone," I said to Bowyer.

"Or they are inside," he replied, and as he spoke we heard feet brushing upon the grass and a constable loomed up in front of us.

"This way, sir," he whispered. "They are inside."

We followed him up the hill and round to the back of the garden. Just about the middle of that back wall the men stood in a cluster. We joined them, and saw that an upright ladder rose to the parapet. On the other side of the wall a thick coppice of trees grew, dark and high. Without a word, one after another we mounted the ladder and let ourselves down by the trees into the garden. A few paces took us to the edge of the coppice, and the house stood in the open before us. Standing in the shadow of the branches, we looked up. The house was in complete darkness but for the long row of library windows upon the first floor. In these, however, the curtains were not drawn, and the light blazed out upon the green foliage. There was no sound, no sign of any disorder. Once more I began to think that I had brought Bowyer and his men here upon a fool's errand. I said as much to him in a whisper.

"But the ladder?" he answered; and even while he spoke there appeared at one of these windows a stranger. It was as much as I could do in that awful moment to withhold a cry. I gripped Bowyer's arm with so much violence that he could show me the bruises of my fingers a week afterwards. But he stood like a rock now.

"Is that Rymer?"

"No. I have never seen him in my life before."

He was a dark man, and his hair and moustache were turning grey. He had the look of a foreigner, and he lounged at the window with as much assurance as if he owned the place. Then he turned his face towards the room with a smile, and, as if in obedience to an order, carelessly drew down the blinds.

They were in the house, then—these men who had slipped through the net of the Continental police; and there was no sound. They were in peaceful possession. My heart fainted within me when I thought of Violet Rymer and her father.

Bowyer made a sign, and, stepping carefully on the turf border and keeping within the shadow of the trees, we crept round to the back of the house. One of the party ran swiftly and silently across a gravel path to the house-wall and followed it for a little way. Then as swiftly he came back.

"Yes, there's a window open," he said. We crossed to it. It yawned upon black emptiness. We listened; not a sound reached us.

"What does it give on to?" asked Bowyer.

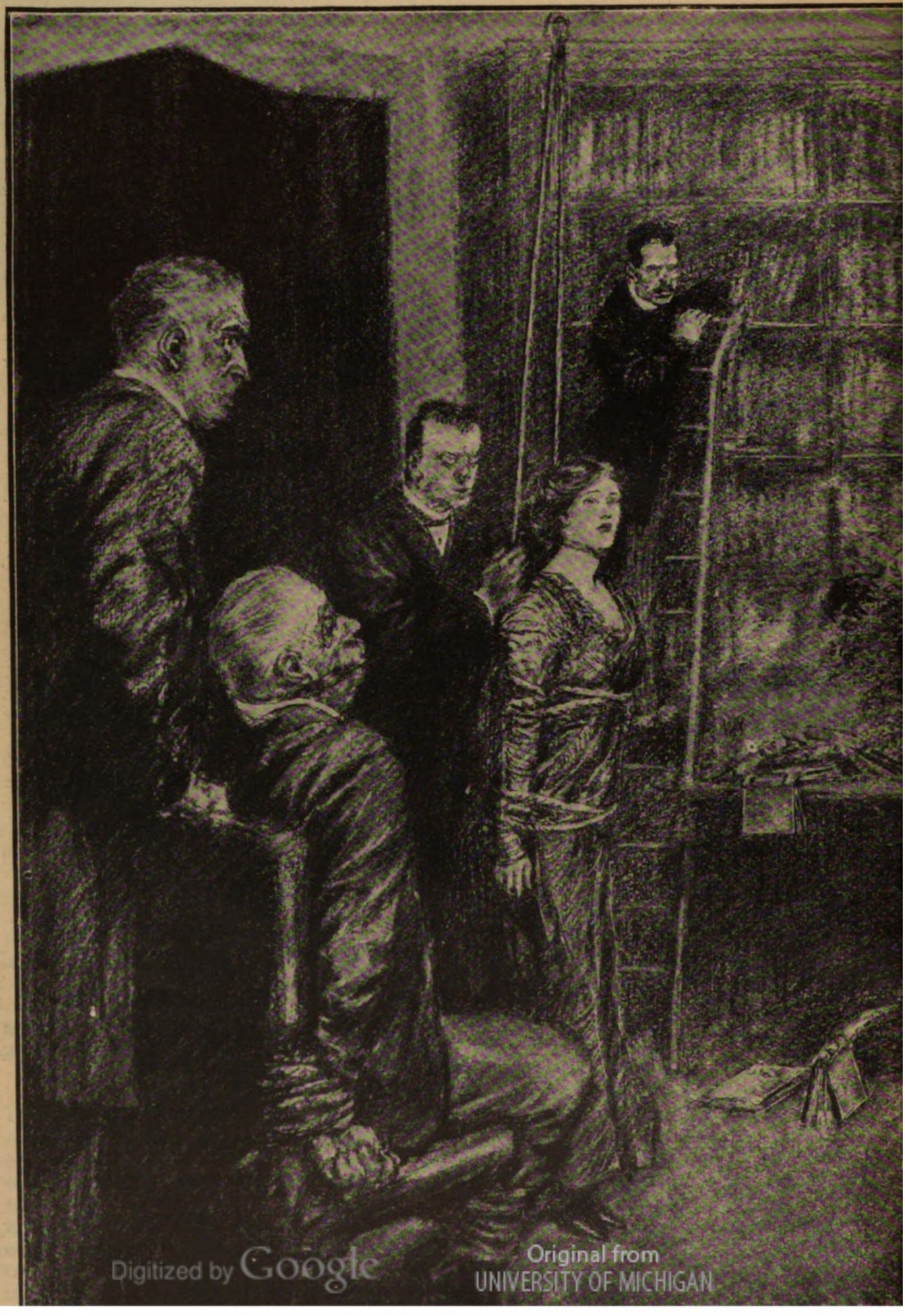
"A passage. At the end of the passage there's a swing door. Beyond the swing door the hall."

We climbed in through the window.

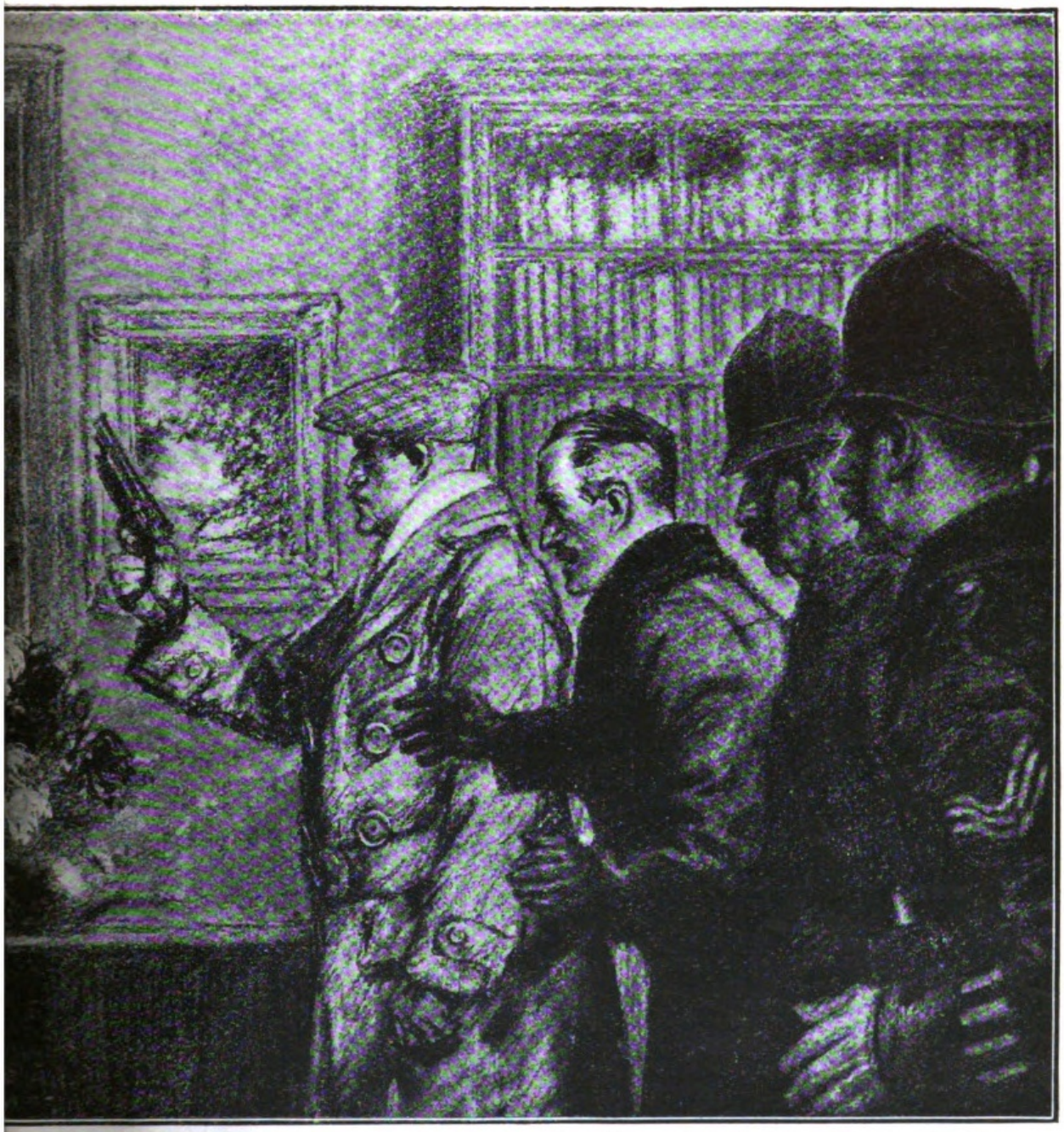
"There should be a mastiff in the hall," I said.

"Oh!" and Bowyer came to a stop. "Do you think Rymer expected these men?" he asked. I had begun to ask myself that question already. It was clear the dog had not given any alarm. But we found out the reason when we crept into the hall. He was lying dead upon the stone floor, with a piece of meat at his side.

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"'I SHALL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO MOVES,' HE SAID; AND NO ONE DID MOVE."

"Quick!" whispered Bowyer, and I led the way up the great staircase. At the head of it at last we heard voices, and stopped, holding our breath. A few words spoken in a foreign accent detached themselves from the general murmur.

"Where is it? You won't say! Very well, then!" A muffled groan followed the words, and once more the voice spoke. "Wait, Adolf! Behind the books? There? Higher! There!" And with that Bowyer burst into the room with his men behind him. He held a revolver in his hand.

"I shall shoot the first man who moves," he said; and no one did move. They stood like wax figures moulded in an attitude for ever. Imagine, if you can, the scene which confronted me! On the library ladder, with a hand thrust behind the books on one of the highest shelves, was mounted one of the three foreigners. A second—he whom we had seen at the window—stood over a chair into which Bradley Rymer was strapped with a gag over his mouth. The third supported Violet. She was standing in the middle of the room, with her hands tied behind her and a rope in a noose about her neck. The end of the rope had been passed through a big ring in the ceiling which had once carried a lamp. I sprang towards her, cast off the noose, and she fainted there and then in my arms.

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At the back of the shelf we found a slim little book of violet morocco with a broken lock.

At this point in Sir James Kelsey's story Dr. Murgatroyd leaned forward and interrupted.

"John Rymer's private case-book," he said.

"Exactly," replied Kelsey, "and also Bradley Rymer's boom in Canadian land."

There was a quick stir about that table, and then a moment of uncomfortable silence. At last one spoke the thought in the minds of all.

"Blackmail!"

"Yes."

There was hardly a man in the room who had not some record of a case locked away in a private drawer which was worth a fortune of gold, and each one began to think of the security of his locks.

"But where do your foreign revolutionaries come in?" asked Murgatroyd, and Kelsey took up his tale again.

"Bowyer and I went through that violet book together in my house, after the prisoners had been sent off. For a long time we could find no explanation. But right at the end of the book there was a case which puzzled me. A Mr. Johnson had entered Rymer's home on June 17th of the year before at five o'clock in the morning, a strange time to arrive. But there it was noted down with every other particular of his case. Three days later Mr. Johnson was operated on for cancer of the throat. The operation was remarkably successful, and the patient left the home cured seven weeks later. I think it was the unusual time of Mr. Johnson's arrival which first directed my suspicions; and the more I thought of them the more credible they became. I had lighted a fire in the sitting-room, for the morning had come and it was chilly. I said to Bowyer:—

"'Just wait a moment here. I keep a file of the *Times*,' and I went upstairs, blessing the methodical instinct which had made me for so long keep in due order this record of events. I brought down the file of June, and, turning over the pages, I found under the date of June 14th the official paragraph of which I was in search. I put it under Bowyer's eyes. He read it through and sprang to his feet with a cry. The paragraph ran like this. I can remember every word of it. I am inventing a name for the country, that's all, instead of giving you the real one:—

"'The Crown Prince of Galicia left the capital yesterday for his annual visit to his shooting-box in the Tyrol, where he will remain for two months. This news effectually dispels the rumours that His Royal Highness's recent indisposition was due to a malignant growth in the throat.'

"Underneath this paragraph there was an editorial note:—

"'The importance of this news cannot be overrated. For by the constitution of Galicia no one suffering from or tainted by any malignant disease can ascend the throne.'

"Identify now Rymer's Mr. Johnson with the Crown Prince of Galicia, and both Bradley Rymer's fortune and the attack upon his house by the revolutionaries were explained.

"'What are we to do?' asked Bowyer.

"'What John Rymer's executors would have done if the book had not been stolen,' I answered, balancing it above the fire.

"He hesitated. The official mind said 'No.' Then he realized the stupendous character of the secret. He burst through forms and rules.

"'Yes, by Heaven,' he cried, 'destroy it!' And we sat there till the last sheet blackened and curled up in the flames.

"I had not a doubt as to what had happened. I took the half-truth which the public knew and it fitted like a piece of a Chinese puzzle with our discovery. John Rymer, assailed with a causeless fear of penury, had consented for a huge fee to take the Crown Prince into his home under the false name. Bradley Rymer had got wind of the operation, had stolen the record of the case, and had the Galician Government at his mercy. John Rymer's suicide followed logically. Accused of bad faith, and already unbalanced, aware that a deadly secret which he should have guarded with his life had escaped, he had put the muzzle of a revolver into his mouth and blown his brains out."

"What became of the foreigners?" asked one of the guests, as Kelsey finished.

"They were kept under lock and key until the funeral was over. Then they were sent out of the country."

Kelsey rose from his chair and lighted a cigarette. The hands of the clock pointed to eleven. But before anyone else got up Dr. Murgatroyd asked a final question:—

"And what of Mr. Johnson?"

Kelsey laughed.

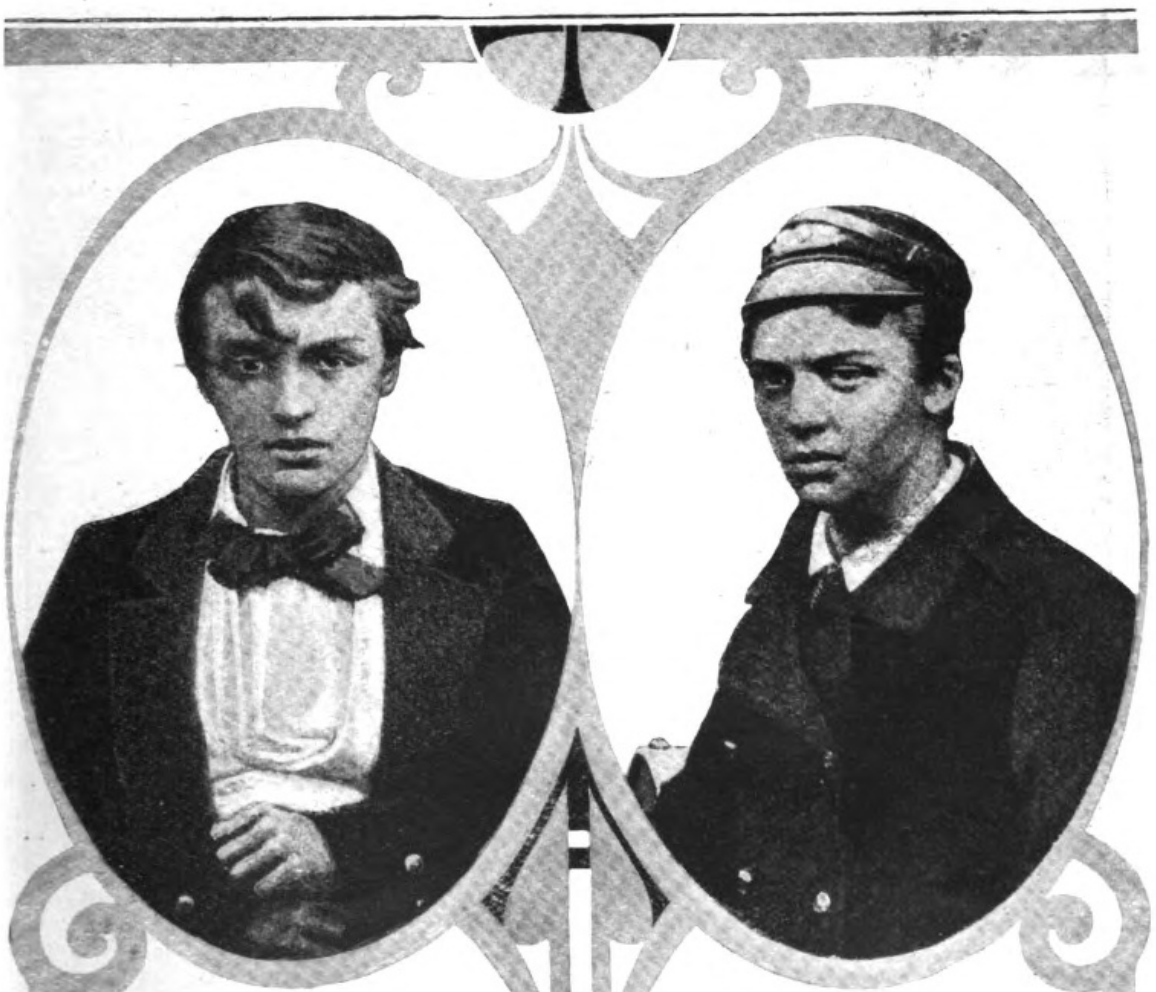
"I told you Rymer was a great surgeon. Mr. Johnson has been King of Galicia, as we are calling it, for the past ten years."

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Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages

LORD FISHER,

FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



AGE 15.

The distant isle of Ceylon was the birthplace of the boy destined to revolutionize and rule the British Navy. At the age of 13 he became a midshipman on board the "Victory," and had not long to wait before the Crimean War gave him his first taste of active service.

AGE 19.

When 19 years old he was promoted to Lieutenant and took part in the China War, being present at the capture of Canton and the Peiho forts. Early in his career his vigorous personality made itself felt, and by many he was looked on as one of the coming men in the Senior Service.

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AGE 44.

At the age here depicted, as Captain of the "Excellent's" gunnery school at Portsmouth, he did splendid work in improving the shooting of the Fleet. This characteristic portrait is generally regarded as one of the best ever taken of Lord Fisher.

Photo. by West, Southsea.



AGE 50.

When Admiral Superintendent at Portsmouth Dockyard. In the following year he became Controller of the Navy.

Photo. by Cribb.



AGE 56.

When Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West Indies Station. In addition to his many commands at sea, Lord Fisher has filled every important position in the dockyards and in responsible offices at the Admiralty.

Photo. by Sport & General.

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PRESENT DAY.

"The right man in the right place," was the comment throughout the Empire when Lord Fisher recently returned to his old position at the Admiralty. The Kitchener of the Navy, the man to whom we owe so much of our present efficiency in Dreadnoughts and submarines, the man whose motto is "Hit first, hit hard, hit everywhere," is the one man to be at the helm in the present crisis. Few public men have enjoyed to such an extent as Lord Fisher the complete confidence of the country. Though 74 years of age, he retains the fullest vigour of body and mind.

Photo. by G. C. Beresford.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR DAVID HENDERSON



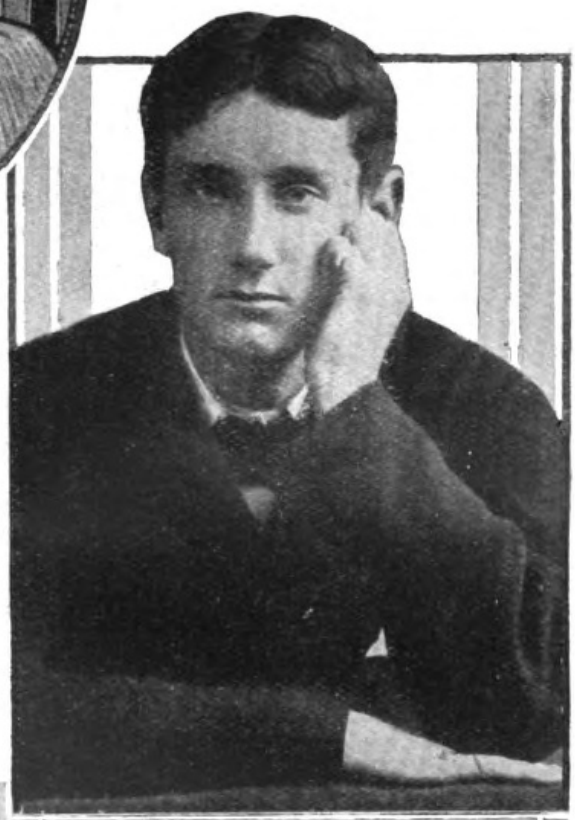
AGE 4.

The son of a well-known Glasgow shipowner, Sir David Henderson was born fifty-two years ago, and was sent to school at St. Andrews.



AGE 14 (on the right).

After some years at school he decided that "they cannot teach me anything more," and his father thereupon sent him for a trip round the world.



AGE 20.

On his return he commenced his military career at Sandhurst, from which he entered the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in 1883.

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AGE 39.

After serving in the Soudan Campaign, in which he was mentioned in despatches, he again saw active service in Africa—this time in the Boer War, during which he was wounded, twice mentioned in despatches, and awarded the D.S.O. The photograph reproduced below shows him at the time of the last South African struggle.

Photo. by Kisch, Maritzbury.



PRESENT DAY.

Three years ago he began to take a great interest in flying, and especially in its use in time of war, and before long became Director-General of Military Aeronautics. No man has done more to make the air arm of our Army what it is and no one better appreciates its possibilities. Sir David was appointed not long since to the command of the First Division of our Expeditionary Force.

Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

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ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE.



AGE 2.

John Rushworth Jellicoe, whose father was Commodore of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's fleet, was born fifty-five years ago.

AGE 21—LIEUTENANT.

When nineteen years old he passed his examination for a Sub-Lieutenancy, taking three first prizes. Less than two years later he was appointed a Lieutenant, and soon afterwards he saw active service in Egypt.

Photo. by J. Heath.



AGE 14—CADET.

He remained at school at Rottingdean till he was thirteen, and entered the Royal Navy as a Cadet in 1872. He passed out of the "Britannia" training-ship first of his class, taking top place in all the examinations and gaining the maximum number of prizes.



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AGE 33—COMMANDER.

In 1893 he was Commander of the "Victoria," and was one of the few survivors of the collision between that vessel and the "Camperdown." Promoted to Captain in 1897, he had his second experience of active service during the attempted relief of the Peking Legations in 1900.

Photo. by Maull & Fox.

PRESENT DAY—COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH GRAND FLEET.

On the outbreak of war, the announcement that Admiral Sir John Jellicoe had assumed supreme command of the Fleet was followed by a message from the King assuring him of his confidence that under his direction the Fleet "will revive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in the hour of trial."

Photo. by Russell & Sons, Southsea.



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The VALLEY of FEAR

A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

By

A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by FRANK WILES

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

PART I—THE TRAGEDY OF BIRLSTONE.

The opening chapters of this new and thrilling adventure of Sherlock Holmes described the receipt by Holmes of a cipher message, from which he deduces that some devilry is intended against a man named Douglas, a rich country gentleman living at the Manor House, Birlstone, in Sussex, and that the danger is a pressing one. Almost as soon as he has deciphered the message he is visited by Inspector MacDonald, of Scotland Yard, who brings the news that Mr. Douglas has been murdered that morning.

Holmes, Dr. Watson, and the inspector proceed to the scene of the tragedy, where they are met by Mr. White Mason, the chief Sussex detective. The murdered man had been horribly injured, while lying across his chest was a curious weapon—a shot-gun with the barrel sawn off a foot in front of the triggers. Near him was found a card with the initials "V. V." and the number "341" scrawled on it in ink, and about half-way up the forearm was a curious design—a branded triangle inside a circle. His wedding-ring had been removed and the ring above it replaced.

There is no clue to the murderer except a bloody footprint on the window-sill, and he had apparently made his escape by wading across the moat. Holmes is much struck by the fact that one of Douglas's dumb-bells is missing.

Cecil Barker, Douglas's most intimate friend, is considerably flustered while being cross-examined by the detectives, and confesses that Douglas had been jealous on account of his attentions to Mrs. Douglas. Holmes ascertains from Ames, the butler, that on the previous evening Barker was wearing a pair of bedroom slippers which were stained with blood, and, on comparing them with the footprints on the window-sill, finds that they correspond.

Holmes gives Watson his reasons for believing that Mrs. Douglas and Barker know all about the murder. He advises the other detectives to abandon the case and asks them to meet him that same evening, when he promises they shall share everything he knows. Meanwhile the detectives send a note to Barker saying that they intend to drain the moat on the morrow.

On meeting in the evening they hide near the moat, from which they see Barker drag a large bundle. All

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thereupon rush into the house, and Holmes extracts from the bundle a pair of boots, a knife, and some clothing of American make—and the missing dumb-bell! Holmes's deductions from this discovery cause much astonishment, which is increased when he recommends that *Mr. Douglas* be asked to tell his own story.

At Holmes's words a man seemed to emerge from the wall. It is Douglas himself, who explains that he has been cooped up since killing, in self-defence, a man who had tried to murder him two days previously. The fact that this man—whom he had known in America, and who had been searching for him for years—was similar in build to himself gave him an idea. He would let it be thought that he (Douglas) had been killed and that the murderer had escaped. The dead man was dressed in Douglas's clothes, and the fact that each bore a similar brand on his arm made the deception easier. Barker then did his best to help his friend by providing misleading clues, with what result we know.

During his enforced hiding Douglas had written an account of the events leading up to the tragedy. This he hands to Dr. Watson, saying, "There's the story of the Valley of Fear!"

PART II—THE SCOWRERS.

The scene now changes to America some twenty years earlier. In a West-bound train from Chicago John McMurdo, a member of the Ancient Order of Freemen, meets Brother Scanlan, a fellow-member of the Order. McMurdo—who, it appears, is fleeing from justice—tells Scanlan he is bound for Vermissa, where he intends to put up at a boarding-house kept by Jacob Shafter.

CHAPTER II.

THE BODYMASTER.

McMURDO was a man who made his mark quickly. Wherever he was the folk around soon knew it. Within a week he had become infinitely the most important person at Shafter's. There were ten or a dozen boarders there, but they were honest foremen or commonplace clerks from the stores, of a very different calibre to the young Irishman. Of an evening when they gathered together his joke was always the readiest, his conversation the brightest, and his song the best. He was a born boon companion, with a magnetism which drew good humour from all around him. And yet he showed again and again, as he had shown in the railway-carriage, a capacity for sudden, fierce anger which compelled the respect and even fear of those who met him. For the law, too, and all connected with it, he exhibited a bitter contempt which delighted some and alarmed others of his fellow-boarders.

From the first he made it evident, by his open admiration, that the daughter of the house had won his heart from the instant that he had set eyes upon her beauty and her grace. He was no backward suitor. On the second day he told her that he loved her, and from then onwards he repeated the same story with an absolute disregard of what she might say to discourage him.

"Someone else!" he would cry. "Well, the worse luck for someone else! Let him look out for himself! Am I to lose my life's chance and all my heart's desire for someone else? You can keep on saying 'No,' Ettie! The day will come when you will say 'Yes,' and I'm young enough to wait."

He was a dangerous suitor, with his glib Irish tongue and his pretty, coaxing ways. There was about him also that glamour of experience and of mystery which attracts a woman's interest and finally her love. He could talk of the sweet valleys of County Monaghan from which he came, of the lovely distant island, the low hills and green meadows of which seemed the more beautiful when imagination viewed them from this place of grime and snow. Then he was versed in the life of the cities of the North, of Detroit and the lumber-camps of Michigan, of Buffalo, and finally of Chicago, where he had worked in a saw-mill. And afterwards came the hint of romance, the feeling that strange things had happened to him in that great city, so strange and so intimate that they might not be spoken of. He spoke wistfully of a sudden leaving, a breaking of old ties, a flight into a strange world ending in this dreary valley, and Ettie listened, her dark eyes gleaming with pity and with sympathy—those two qualities which may turn so rapidly and so naturally to love.

McMurdo had obtained a temporary job as a bookkeeper, for he was a well-educated man. This kept him out most of the day, and he had not found occasion yet to report himself to the head of the Lodge of the Ancient Order of Freemen. He was reminded of his omission, however, by a visit one evening from Mike Scanlan, the fellow-member whom he had met in the train. Scanlan, a small, sharp-faced, nervous, black-eyed man, seemed glad to see him once more. After a glass or two of whisky, he broached the object of his visit.

"Say, McMurdo," said he, "I remembered your address, so I made bold to call. I'm surprised that you've not reported to the

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bodymaster. What's amiss that you've not seen Boss McGinty yet?"

"Well, I had to find a job. I have been busy."

"You must find time for him if you have none for anything else. Good Lord, man, you're mad not to have been down to the Union House and registered your name the first morning after you came here! If you fall foul of him—well, you *mustn't*—that's all!"

McMurdo showed mild surprise.

"I've been a member of Lodge for over two years, Scanlan, but I never heard that duties were so pressing as all that."

"Maybe not in Chicago!"

"Well, it's the same society here."

"Is it?" Scanlan looked at him long and fixedly. There was something sinister in his eyes.

"Is it not?"

"You'll tell me that in a month's time. I hear you had a talk with the patrolmen after I left the train."

"How did you know that?"

"Oh, it got about—things do get about for good and for bad in this district."

"Well, yes. I told the hounds what I thought of them."

"By the Lord, you'll be a man after McGinty's heart!"

"What—does he hate the police, too?"

Scanlan burst out laughing.

"You go and see him, my lad," said he, as he took his leave. "It's not the police, but you, that he'll hate if you don't! Now, take a friend's advice and go at once!"

It chanced that on the same evening McMurdo had another more pressing interview which urged him in the same direction. It may have been that his attentions to Ettie had been more evident than before, or that they had gradually obtruded themselves into the slow mind of his good Swedish host; but, whatever the cause, the boarding-house-keeper beckoned the young man into his private room and started on to the subject without any circumlocution.

"It seems to me, mister," said he, "dat you are gettin' set on my Ettie. Ain't dat so, or am I wrong?"

"Yes, that is so," the young man answered.

"Well, I vant to tell you right now dat it ain't no manner of use. There's someone slipped in afore you."

"She told me so."

"Well, you can lay dat she told you truth! But did she tell you who it vas?"

"No; I asked her, but she would not tell."

"I dare say not, the leetle baggage. Perhaps she did not vish to vrighten you avay."

"Frighten!" McMurdo was on fire in a moment.

"Ah, yes, my vriend! You need not be ashamed to be vrightened of him. It is Teddy Baldwin."

"And who the devil is he?"

"He is a Boss of Scowrers."

"Scowrers! I've heard of them before. It's Scowrers here and Scowrers there, and always in a whisper! What are you all afraid of? Who *are* the Scowrers?"

The boarding-house-keeper instinctively sank his voice, as everyone did who talked about that terrible society.

"The Scowrers," said he, "are the Ancient Order of Freemen."

The young man started.

"Why, I am a member of that Order myself."

"You! I would never have had you in my house if I had known it—not if you vere to pay me a hundred dollar a veek."

"What's amiss with the Order? It's for charity and good-fellowship. The rules say so."

"Maybe in some places. Not here!"

"What is it here?"

"It's a murder society, dat's vat it is."

McMurdo laughed incredulously.

"How do you prove that?" he asked.

"Prove it! Are there not vifty murders to prove it? Vat about Milman and Van Shorst, and the Nicholson vamily, and old Mr. Hyam, and little Billy James, and the others? Prove it! Is dere a man or a voman in dis valley dat does not know it?"

"See here!" said McMurdo, earnestly. "I want you to take back what you've said or else to make it good. One or the other you must do before I quit this room. Put yourself in my place. Here am I, a stranger in the town. I belong to a society that I know only as an innocent one. You'll find it through the length and breadth of the States, but always as an innocent one. Now, when I am counting upon joining it here, you tell me that it is the same as a murder society called the 'Scowrers.' I guess you owe me either an apology or else an explanation, Mr. Shafter."

"I can but tell you vat the whole vorld knows, mister. The bosses of the one are the bosses of the other. If you offend the one, it is the other dat vill strike you. We have proved it too often."

"That's just gossip! I want proof!" said McMurdo.

"If you live here long you vill get your

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proof. But I vorget dat you are yourself one of dem. You vill soon be as bad as the rest. But you will find other lodgings, mister. I cannot have you here. Is it not bad enough dat one of these people come courting my Ettie, and dat I dare not turn him down, but dat I should have another for my boarder? Yes, indeed, you shall not sleep here after to-night!"

So McMurdo found himself under sentence of banishment both from his comfortable quarters and from the girl whom he loved. He found her alone in the sitting-room that same evening, and he poured his troubles into her ear.

"Sure, your father is after giving me notice," he said. "It's little I would care if it was just my room; but indeed, Ettie, though it's only a week that I've known you, you are the very breath of life to me, and I can't live without you."

"Oh, hush, Mr. McMurdo! Don't speak so!" said the girl. "I have told you, have I not, that you are too late? There is another, and if I have not promised to marry him at once, at least I can promise no one else."

"Suppose I had been first, Ettie, would I have had a chance?"

The girl sank her face into her hands.

"I wish to Heaven that you *had* been first," she sobbed.

McMurdo was down on his knees before her in an instant.

"For God's sake, Ettie, let it stand at that!" he cried. "Will you ruin your life and my own for the sake of this promise? Follow your heart, acushla! 'Tis a safer guide than any promise given before you knew what it was that you were saying."

He had seized Ettie's white hand between his own strong brown ones.

"Say that you will be mine and we will face it out together."

"Not here?"

"Yes, here."

"No, no, Jack!" His arms were round her now. "It could not be here. Could you take me away?"

A struggle passed for a moment over McMurdo's face, but it ended by setting like granite.

"No, here," he said. "I'll hold you against the world, Ettie, right here where we are!"

"Why should we not leave together?"

"No, Ettie, I can't leave here."

"But why?"

"I'd never hold my head up again if I felt that I had been driven out. Besides, what is there to be afraid of? Are we not free folk in a free country? If you love me and I you, who will dare to come between?"

"You don't know, Jack. You've been here too short a time. You don't know this Baldwin. You don't know McGinty and his Scowrers."

"No, I don't know them, and I don't fear them, and I don't believe in them!" said McMurdo. "I've lived among rough men, my darling, and instead of fearing them it has always ended that they have feared me—always, Ettie. It's mad on the face of it! If these men, as your father says, have done crime after crime in the valley, and if everyone knows them by name, how comes it that none are brought to justice? You answer me that, Ettie!"

"Because no witness dares to appear against them. He would not live a month if he did. Also because they have always their own men to swear that the accused one was far from the scene of the crime. But surely, Jack, you must have read all this! I had understood that every paper in the States was writing about it."

"Well, I have read something, it is true, but I had thought it was a story. Maybe these men have some reason in what they do. Maybe they are wronged and have no other way to help themselves."

"Oh, Jack, don't let me hear you speak so! That is how he speaks—the other one!"

"Baldwin—he speaks like that, does he?"

"And that is why I loathe him so. Oh, Jack, now I can tell you the truth, I loathe him with all my heart; but I fear him also. I fear him for myself, but, above all, I fear him for father. I know that some great sorrow would come upon us if I dared to say what I really felt. That is why I have put him off with half-promises. It was in real truth our only hope. But if you would fly with me, Jack, we could take father with us and live for ever far from the power of these wicked men."

Again there was the struggle upon McMurdo's face, and again it set like granite.

"No harm shall come to you, Ettie—nor to your father either. As to wicked men, I expect you may find that I am as bad as the worst of them before we're through."

"No, no, Jack! I would trust you anywhere."

McMurdo laughed bitterly.

"Good Lord, how little you know of me! Your innocent soul, my darling, could not even guess what is passing in mine. But, halloa, who's the visitor?"

The door had opened suddenly and a young

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"MAYBE YOU ARE IN A HUMOUR FOR A FIGHT, MR. BOARDER?"

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"'THAT I AM,' CRIED McMURDO, SPRINGING TO HIS FEET. 'YOU NEVER SAID A MORE WELCOME WORD.'"

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fellow came swaggering in with the air of one who is the master. He was a handsome, dashing young man of about the same age and build as McMurdo himself. Under his broad-brimmed black felt hat, which he had not troubled to remove, a handsome face, with fierce, domineering eyes and a curved, hawk-bill of a nose, looked savagely at the pair who sat by the stove.

Ettie had jumped to her feet, full of confusion and alarm.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Baldwin," said she. "You're earlier than I had thought. Come and sit down."

Baldwin stood with his hands on his hips looking at McMurdo.

"Who is this?" he asked, curtly.

"It's a friend of mine, Mr. Baldwin—a new boarder here. Mr. McMurdo, can I introduce you to Mr. Baldwin?"

The young men nodded in a surly fashion to each other.

"Maybe Miss Ettie has told you how it is with us?" said Baldwin.

"I didn't understand that there was any relation between you."

"Did you not? Well, you can understand it now. You can take it from me that this young lady is mine, and you'll find it a very fine evening for a walk."

"Thank you, I am in no humour for a walk."

"Are you not?" The man's savage eyes were blazing with anger. "Maybe you are in a humour for a fight, Mr. Boarder?"

"That I am," cried McMurdo, springing to his feet. "You never said a more welcome word."

"For God's sake, Jack! Oh, for God's sake!" cried poor, distracted Ettie. "Oh, Jack, Jack, he will do you a mischief!"

"Oh, it's 'Jack,' is it?" said Baldwin, with an oath. "You've come to that already, have you?"

"Oh, Ted, be reasonable—be kind! For my sake, Ted, if ever you loved me, be great-hearted and forgiving!"

"I think, Ettie, that if you were to leave us alone we could get this thing settled," said McMurdo, quietly. "Or maybe, Mr. Baldwin, you will take a turn down the street with me. It's a fine evening, and there's some open ground beyond the next block."

"I'll get even with you without needing to dirty my hands," said his enemy. "You'll wish you had never set foot in this house before I am through with you."

"No time like the present," cried McMurdo.

"I'll choose my own time, mister. You can leave the time to me. See here!" He suddenly rolled up his sleeve and showed upon his forearm a peculiar sign which appeared to have been branded there. It was a circle with a cross within it. "D'you know what that means?"

"I neither know nor care!"

"Well, you will know. I'll promise you that. You won't be much older either. Perhaps Miss Ettie can tell you something about it. As to you, Ettie, you'll come back to me on your knees. D'ye hear, girl? On your knees! And then I'll tell you what your punishment may be. You've sowed—and, by the Lord, I'll see that you reap!" He glared at them both in fury. Then he turned upon his heel, and an instant later the outer door had banged behind him.

For a few moments McMurdo and the girl stood in silence. Then she threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Jack, how brave you were! But it is no use—you must fly! To-night—Jack—to-night! It's your only hope. He will have your life. I read it in his horrible eyes. What chance have you against a dozen of them, with Boss McGinty and all the power of the Lodge behind them?"

McMurdo disengaged her hands, kissed her, and gently pushed her back into a chair.

"There, acushla, there! Don't be disturbed or fear for me. I'm a Freeman myself. I'm after telling your father about it. Maybe I am no better than the others, so don't make a saint of me. Perhaps you hate me, too, now that I've told you as much."

"Hate you, Jack! While life lasts I could never do that. I've heard that there is no harm in being a Freeman anywhere but here, so why should I think the worse of you for that? But if you are a Freeman, Jack, why should you not go down and make a friend of Boss McGinty? Oh, hasten, Jack, hasten! Get your word in first, or the hounds will be on your trail."

"I was thinking the same thing," said McMurdo. "I'll go right now and fix it. You can tell your father that I'll sleep here to-night and find some other quarters in the morning."

The bar of McGinty's saloon was crowded as usual, for it was the favourite lounge of all the rougher elements of the town. The man was popular, for he had a rough, jovial disposition which formed a mask, covering a great deal which lay behind it. But, apart from this popularity, the fear in which he was held throughout the township, and, indeed, down the whole thirty miles of the valley and past the mountains upon either side of

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it, was enough in itself to fill his bar, for none could afford to neglect his goodwill.

Besides those secret powers which it was universally believed that he exercised in so pitiless a fashion, he was a high public official, a municipal councillor, and a commissioner for roads, elected to the office through the votes of the ruffians who in turn expected to receive favours at his hands. Rates and taxes were enormous, the public works were notoriously neglected, the accounts were slurred over by bribed auditors, and the decent citizen was terrorized into paying public blackmail, and holding his tongue lest some worse thing befall him. Thus it was that, year by year, Boss McGinty's diamond pins became more obtrusive, his gold chains more weighty across a more gorgeous vest, and his saloon stretched farther and farther, until it threatened to absorb one whole side of the Market Square.

McMurdo pushed open the swinging door of the saloon and made his way amid the crowd of men within, through an atmosphere which was blurred with tobacco smoke and heavy with the smell of spirits. The place was brilliantly lighted, and the huge, heavily-gilt mirrors upon every wall reflected and multiplied the garish illumination. There were several bar-tenders in their shirt-sleeves hard at work, mixing drinks for the loungers who fringed the broad, heavily-metalled counter. At the far end, with his body resting upon the bar, and a cigar stuck at an acute angle from the corner of his mouth, there stood a tall, strong, heavily-built man, who could be none other than the famous McGinty himself. He was a black-maned giant, bearded to the cheek-bones, and with a shock of raven hair which fell to his collar. His complexion was as swarthy as that of an Italian, and his eyes were of a strange dead black, which, combined with a slight squint, gave them a particularly sinister appearance. All else in the man, his noble proportions, his fine features, and his frank bearing, fitted in with that jovial man-to-man manner which he affected. Here, one would say, is a bluff, honest fellow, whose heart would be sound, however rude his outspoken words might seem. It was only when those dead dark eyes, deep and remorseless, were turned upon a man that he shrank within himself, feeling that he was face to face with an infinite possibility of latent evil, with a strength and courage and cunning behind it which made it a thousand times more deadly.

Having had a good look at his man, McMurdo elbowed his way forward with his usual careless audacity, and pushed himself through the little group of courtiers who were fawning upon the powerful Boss, laughing uproariously at the smallest of his jokes. The young stranger's bold grey eyes looked back fearlessly through their glasses at the deadly black ones which turned sharply upon him.

"Well, young man, I can't call your face to mind."

"I'm new here, Mr. McGinty."

"You are not so new that you can't give a gentleman his proper title."

"He's Councillor McGinty, young man," said a voice from the group.

"I'm sorry, Councillor. I'm strange to the ways of the place. But I was advised to see you."

"Well, you see me. This is all there is. What d'you think of me?"

"Well, it's early days. If your heart is as big as your body, and your soul as fine as your face, then I'd ask for nothing better," said McMurdo.

"By gosh, you've got an Irish tongue in your head, anyhow," cried the saloon-keeper, not quite certain whether to humour this audacious visitor or to stand upon his dignity. "So you are good enough to pass my appearance?"

"Sure," said McMurdo.

"And you were told to see me?"

"I was."

"And who told you?"

"Brother Scanlan, of Lodge 341, Vermissa. I drink your health, Councillor, and to our better acquaintance." He raised a glass with which he had been served to his lips and elevated his little finger as he drank it.

McGinty, who had been watching him narrowly, raised his thick black eyebrows.

"Oh, it's like that, is it?" said he. "I'll have to look a bit closer into this, Mister——"

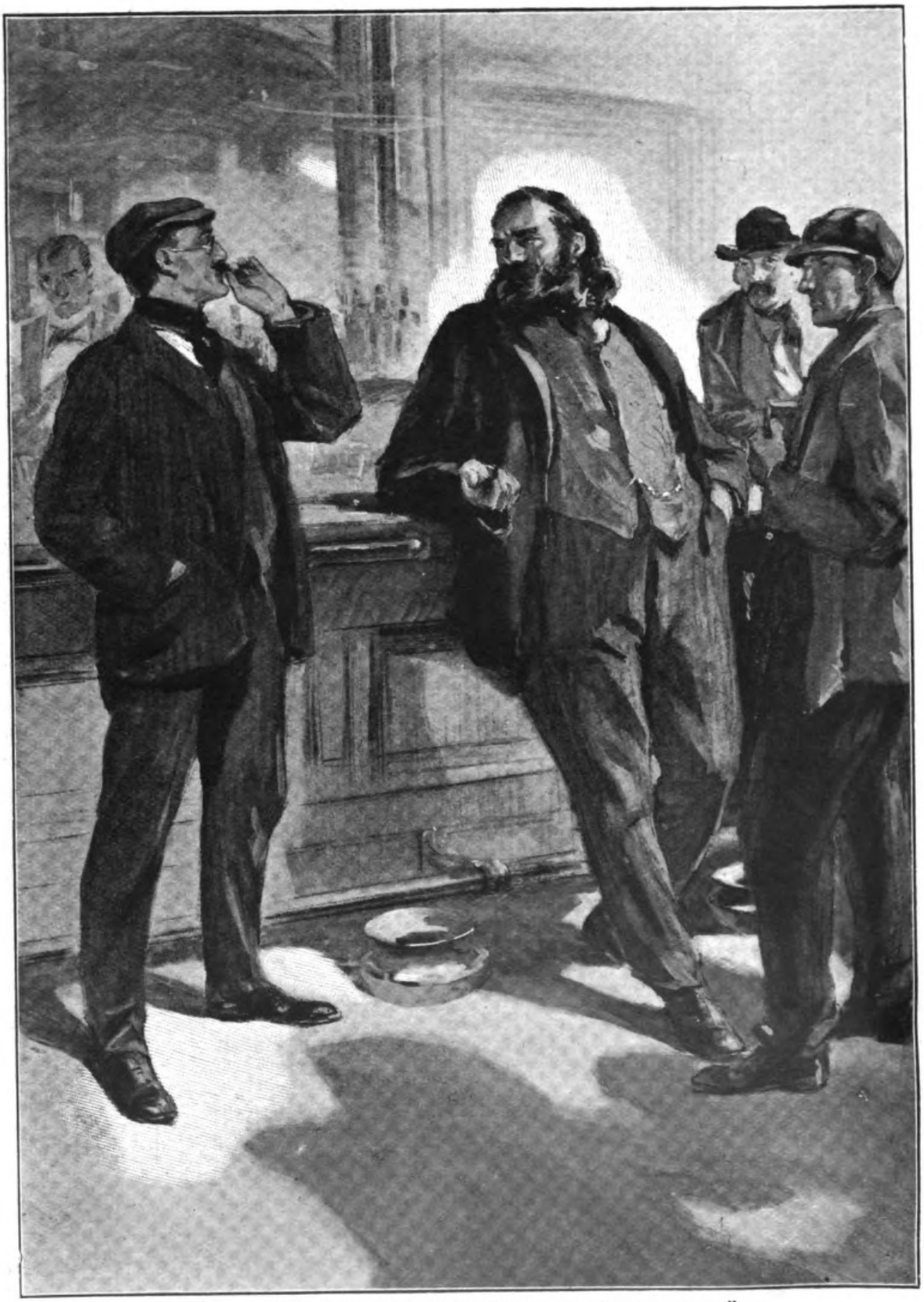
"McMurdo."

"A bit closer, Mr. McMurdo, for we don't take folk on trust in these parts, nor believe all we're told neither. Come in here for a moment, behind the bar."

There was a small room there lined round with barrels. McGinty carefully closed the door, and then seated himself on one of them, biting thoughtfully on his cigar, and surveying his companion with those disquieting eyes. For a couple of minutes he sat in complete silence.

McMurdo bore the inspection cheerfully, one hand in his coat-pocket, the other twisting his brown moustache. Suddenly McGinty stooped and produced a wicked-looking revolver.

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"WELL, YOUNG MAN, I CAN'T CALL YOUR FACE TO MIND."

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"See here, my joker," said he; "if I thought you were playing any game on us, it would be a short shrift for you."

"This is a strange welcome," McMurdo answered, with some dignity, "for the bodymaster of a Lodge of Freemen to give to a stranger brother."

"Aye, but it's just that same that you have to prove," said McGinty, "and God help you if you fail. Where were you made?"

"Lodge 29, Chicago."

"When?"

"June 24th, 1872."

"What bodymaster?"

"James H. Scott."

"Who is your district ruler?"

"Bartholomew Wilson."

"Hum! You seem glib enough in your tests. What are you doing here?"

"Working, the same as you, but a poorer job."

"You have your backanswer quick enough."

"Yes, I was always quick of speech."

"Are you quick of action?"

"I have had that name among those who knew me best."

"Well, we may try you sooner than you think. Have you heard anything of the Lodge in these parts?"

"I've heard that it takes a man to be a brother."

"True for you, Mr. McMurdo. Why did you leave Chicago?"

"I'm hanged if I tell you that."

McGinty opened his eyes. He was not used to being answered in such fashion, and it amused him.

"Why won't you tell me?"

"Because no brother may tell another a lie."

"Then the truth is too bad to tell?"

"You can put it that way if you like."

"See here, mister; you can't expect me, as bodymaster, to pass into the Lodge a man for whose past he can't answer."

McMurdo looked puzzled. Then he took a worn newspaper-cutting from an inner pocket.

"You wouldn't squeal on a fellow?" said he.

"I'll wipe my hand across your face if you say such words to me," cried McGinty, hotly.

"You are right, Councillor," said McMurdo, meekly. "I should apologize. I spoke without thought. Well, I know that I am safe in your hands. Look at that cutting."

McGinty glanced his eyes over the account of the shooting of one Jonas Pinto, in the Lake Saloon, Market Street, Chicago, in the New Year week of '74.

"Your work?" he asked, as he handed back the paper.

McMurdo nodded.

"Why did you shoot him?"

"I was helping Uncle Sam to make dollars. Maybe mine were not as good gold as his, but they looked as well and were cheaper to make. This man Pinto helped me to shove the queer——"

"To do what?"

"Well, it means to pass the dollars out into circulation. Then he said he would split. Maybe he did split. I didn't wait to see. I just killed him and lighted out for the coal country."

"Why the coal country?"

"'Cause I'd read in the papers that they weren't too particular in those parts."

McGinty laughed.

"You were first a coiner and then a murderer, and you came to these parts because you thought you'd be welcome?"

"That's about the size of it," McMurdo answered.

"Well, I guess you'll go far. Say, can you make those dollars yet?"

McMurdo took half-a-dozen from his pocket. "Those never passed the Washington mint," said he.

"You don't say!" McGinty held them to the light in his enormous hand, which was as hairy as a gorilla's. "I can see no difference! Gosh, you'll be a mighty useful brother, I'm thinking. We can do with a bad man or two amongst us, friend McMurdo, for there are times when we have to take our own part. We'd soon be against the wall if we didn't shove back at those that were pushing us."

"Well, I guess I'll do my share of shoving with the rest of the boys."

"You seem to have a good nerve. You didn't flinch when I put this pistol on you."

"It was not me that was in danger."

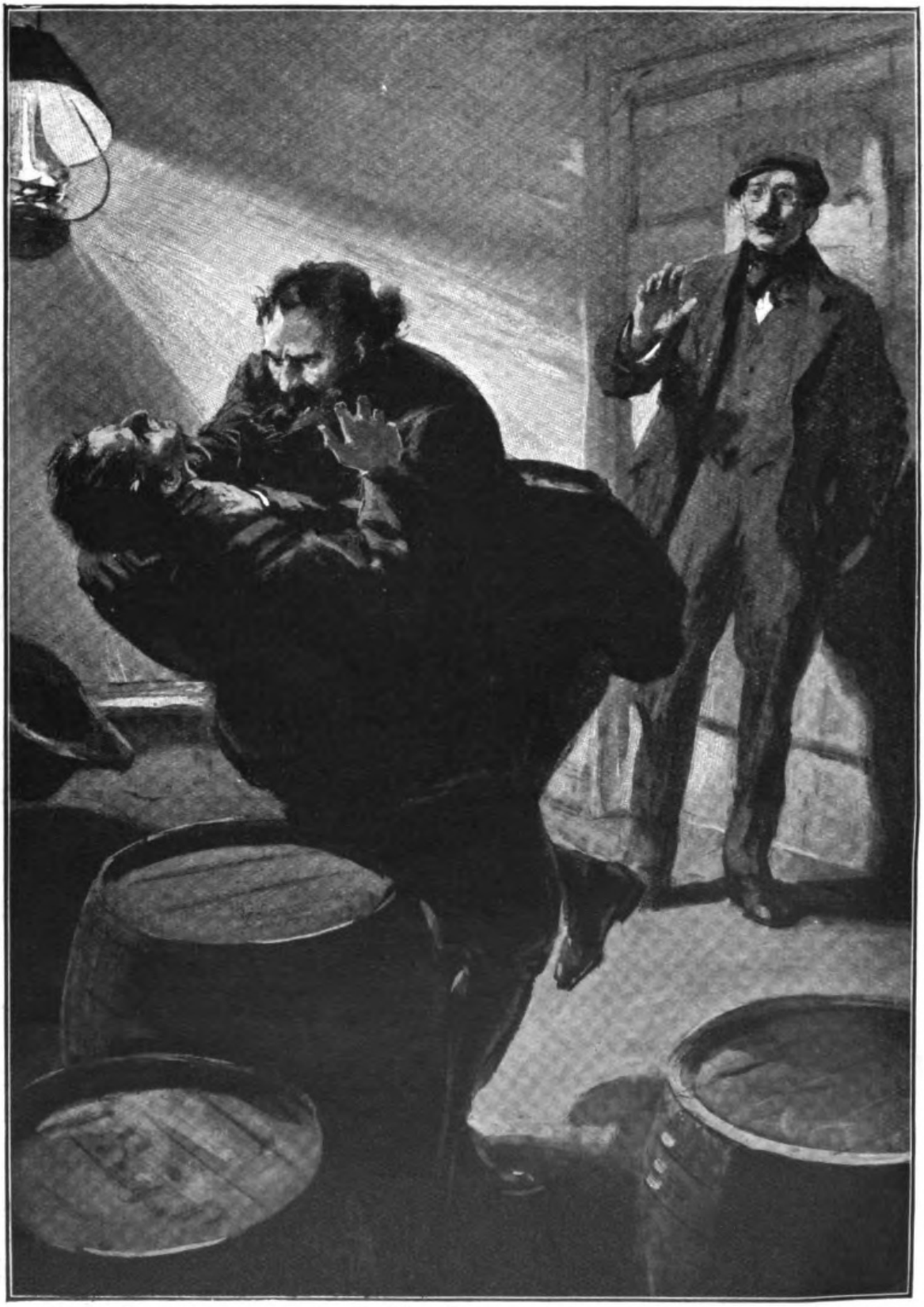
"Who, then?"

"It was you, Councillor." McMurdo drew a cocked pistol from the side-pocket of his pea-jacket. "I was covering you all the time. I guess my shot would have been as quick as yours."

McGinty flushed an angry red and then burst into a roar of laughter.

"By gosh!" said he. "Say, we've had no such holy terror come to hand this many a year. I reckon the Lodge will learn to be proud of you. Well, what the deuce do you want? And can't I speak alone with a gentleman for five minutes but you must butt in upon us?"

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"HIS HAND CLOSED ROUND THE OTHER'S NECK AND HE HURLED HIM ACROSS ONE OF THE BARRELS."

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The bar-tender stood abashed.

"I'm sorry, Councillor, but it's Mr. Ted Baldwin. He says he must see you this very minute."

The message was unnecessary, for the set, cruel face of the man himself was looking over the servant's shoulder. He pushed the bar-tender out and closed the door on him.

"So," said he, with a furious glance at McMurdo, "you got here first, did you? I've a word to say to you, Councillor, about this man."

"Then say it here and now, before my face," cried McMurdo.

"I'll say it at my own time, in my own way."

"Tut, tut!" said McGinty, getting off his barrel. "This will never do. We have a new brother here, Baldwin, and it's not for us to greet him in such a fashion. Hold out your hand, man, and make it up."

"Never!" cried Baldwin, in a fury.

"I've offered to fight him if he thinks I have wronged him," said McMurdo. "I'll fight him with fists, or, if that won't satisfy him, I'll fight him any other way he chooses. Now I'll leave it to you, Councillor, to judge between us as a bodymaster should."

"What is it, then?"

"A young lady. She's free to choose for herself."

"Is she?" cried Baldwin.

"As between two brothers of the Lodge, I should say that she was," said the Boss.

"Oh, that's your ruling, is it?"

"Yes, it is, Ted Baldwin," said McGinty, with a wicked stare. "Is it you that would dispute it?"

"You would throw over one that has stood by you this five years in favour of a man that you never saw before in your life? You're not bodymaster for life, Jack McGinty, and, by God, when next it comes to a vote——"

The Councillor sprang at him like a tiger. His hand closed round the other's neck and he hurled him back across one of the barrels. In his mad fury he would have squeezed the life out of him if McMurdo had not interfered.

"Easy, Councillor! For Heaven's sake, go easy!" he cried, as he dragged him back.

McGinty released his hold, and Baldwin, cowed and shaken, gasping for breath, and shivering in every limb, as one who has looked over the very edge of death, sat up on the barrel over which he had been hurled.

"You've been asking for it this many a day, Ted Baldwin. Now you've got it," cried McGinty, his huge chest rising and falling. "Maybe you think if I were voted down from bodymaster you would find yourself in my shoes. It's for the Lodge to say that. But so long as I am the chief, I'll have no man lift his voice against me or my rulings."

"I have nothing against you," mumbled Baldwin, feeling his throat.

"Well, then," cried the other, relapsing in a moment into a bluff joviality, "we are all good friends again, and there's an end of the matter."

He took a bottle of champagne down from the shelf and twisted out the cork.

"See now," he continued, as he filled three high glasses, "let us drink the quarrelling toast of the Lodge. After that, as you know, there can be no bad blood between us. Now, then, the left hand on the apple of my throat, I say to you, Ted Baldwin, what is the offence, sir?"

"The clouds are heavy," answered Baldwin.

"But they will for ever brighten."

"And this I swear."

The men drank their wine, and the same ceremony was performed between Baldwin and McMurdo.

"There," cried McGinty, rubbing his hands, "that's the end of the black blood. You come under Lodge discipline if it goes farther, and that's a heavy hand in these parts, as Brother Baldwin knows, and as you will very soon find out, Brother McMurdo, if you ask for trouble."

"Faith, I'd be slow to do that," said McMurdo. He held out his hand to Baldwin. "I'm quick to quarrel and quick to forgive. It's my hot Irish blood, they tell me. But it's over for me, and I bear no grudge."

Baldwin had to take the proffered hand, for the baleful eye of the terrible Boss was upon him. But his sullen face showed how little the words of the other had moved him.

McGinty clapped them both on the shoulders.

"Tut! These girls, these girls!" he cried. "To think that the same petticoats should come between two of my boys. It's the devil's own luck. Well, it's the colleen inside of them that must settle the question, for it's outside the jurisdiction of a bodymaster, and the Lord be praised for that. We have enough on us, without the women as well. You'll have to be affiliated to Lodge 341, Brother McMurdo. We have our own ways and methods, different to Chicago. Saturday night is our meeting, and if you come then we'll make you free for ever of the Vermissa Valley."

(To be continued.)

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"MY CHARACTERS."

— By —

JOHN THEODORE TUSSAUD.

Illustrated by Gerald Leake, R.B.A.

IT is a pleasant mental recreation to look back over my forty years' connection with Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. Though its foundress died before I came into the world, her name still attaches to the place, which owes its existence and so much of its enduring popularity to her genius.

Writing my own reminiscences, I am almost at a loss to know where to begin and what to select from the amount of material at my command. In the course of my work I have made brief acquaintance with many great ones of the earth, and have been obliged to keep in close touch with historic events, sometimes chronicling the most stirring episodes in ceroplastic *tableaux*.

As evidence of my varied experience, I have stories to tell of Cardinal Manning, the great Duke of Wellington, Lord Roberts, Sir Henry Irving, John Burns, Barnum, Roger Tichborne, Sun Yat Sen, the Shah of Persia, Ellen Terry, George Bernard Shaw, General Baden-Powell, the quartette of Suffragette leaders—Mrs. Pankhurst, the elusive Christabel, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and Miss Annie Kenney—and many more; stories, too, of outstanding incidents in the everyday life of the Exhibition, the notabilities who have visited the place, and the criticisms passed by people upon their own models; and a whole romance to reveal regarding the best-known and most valuable exhibits, the manner of their acquisition, and many other things that lie deep down in the memory, coming to the surface now that my pen is in my hand.

At an average rate of one model per fortnight, I must have turned out a round thousand in my time, some in hot haste to be up-to-date, others at comparative leisure, being less meteoric and of more abiding interest—Royalties, for example, and men of letters, or great soldiers like Gordon, Wolseley, and Roberts. Each stays as long as his fame endures. Nobody remembers when Shakespeare was not in the Exhibition. Voltaire is its "oldest inhabitant," and five generations have now passed before the figure of this Revolutionary. The most notorious leaders of the French Revolution are there, as, of course, the Exhibition was transferred from Paris to London over a hundred years ago.

It was at the very doors of what is now Madame Tussaud's, then under the direction of John Christopher Curtius, Madame's uncle, that the fires of the French Revolution flared up in 1789. The bloodthirsty Paris mob bombarded M. Curtius's museum and clamoured for the busts of their two favourites, the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, and M. Necker, the popular Minister, shouting "*Vive Necker!*" and "*Vive le Duc d'Orléans!*" Their request was granted, and the frenzied people took the busts and, having covered them with crape, carried them in triumph upon their shoulders through the streets.

In the Place Louis XV. they were murderously dispersed by the dragoons of the Prince de Lambesc. The bearer of Necker's bust and a French guardsman were killed. This was the first bloodshed of the Revolution, and "To arms! to arms!" became the cry. Madame Tussaud, then Marie Gresholtz, witnessed all this. She was residing at the time with Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., to whom she was giving instruction in modelling. Her intimacy with the Royal family led to her imprisonment for three months in La Force, where she had for a fellow-inmate Madame Beauharnais, the famous Joséphine, who was destined to become Empress of France. The busts of Necker and the Duke were never recovered, much to the family's regret, as they possessed intense historic interest.

It was in 1802 that Madame came to London, having lived in Paris through the whole of the French Revolution. Frequently had her art been requisitioned to mould the head of some sanguinary monster or other, Robespierre, Danton, and Marat among the number. The cast of the last mentioned of this trio, still in the Exhibition, was taken by Madame

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Tussaud at the scene of his murder, and later she made a cast of the once beautiful face of his assassin, Charlotte Corday. Madame came to London alone, leaving her husband, François Tussaud, in Paris. After nearly half a century of peaceful and prosperous years in England, she died in 1850, in her ninety-first year.

Short of stature and exceedingly spare of figure, her courage, enterprise, and vivacity were wonderful. The model of the little lady is still a great attraction in the Exhibition. She presides over the "breathing" form of the Sleeping Beauty, at whose feet sits William Cobbett, in sombre, Quaker-like guise, turning his wise head from side to side.

A few years ago a child was lost in the Exhibition, and naturally the distracted parents created considerable excitement. In the end the missing mite crept out from under the draperies of the Sleeping Beauty. He had been trying to discover the mechanism that causes the figure's bosom to rise and fall. His inquiring nature was rewarded with summary chastisement on the spot from his irate mother.

As a curious story of the crinoline period, a laughable incident may be recounted. The notice of an attendant was drawn to a lady of grandmotherly appearance, whose footsteps resounded strangely as she passed through the turnstile. His curiosity being aroused, he watched her as she passed into the main hall, and she was seen to take cover behind a group, where she released two small children from under her capacious skirt.

I must admit it still affords me considerable amusement to recall the "sitting" I had from the Right Hon. John Burns, who easily ranks as the liveliest model I ever studied. As a matter of fact, he did not "sit" for a moment, but strode about the room like a man incapable of repose. He was not a Cabinet Minister or an ex-Cabinet Minister then; not even a member of Parliament. I am going back to the turbulent days of the dock strike and the Trafalgar Square riots, when John was stamping his personality indelibly upon the democracy of England, fighting the battle of the class from which he sprang.

Mr. Burns might have seen in me the incarnation of a grasping capitalist, so fiercely did he lecture me upon the sufferings of the dockers and the ruthlessness of shipowners and shipbuilders, and everybody, I suppose, earning more than five hundred pounds a year.

He had on the blue reefer suit which he wore in the riots, and I told him I needed that suit very badly to clothe his model. I offered to replace it with another. At first Mr. Burns demurred at my proposal, but finally agreed. His effigy wears that suit still. It is slightly out of fashion, but that is one of its charms, and it fits well. Mr. Burns's rapid and unprecedented advance in the political world is notified by the promotion of his model to Cabinet rank. It has now stood for some years in a group of statesmen which includes Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Lord Haldane.

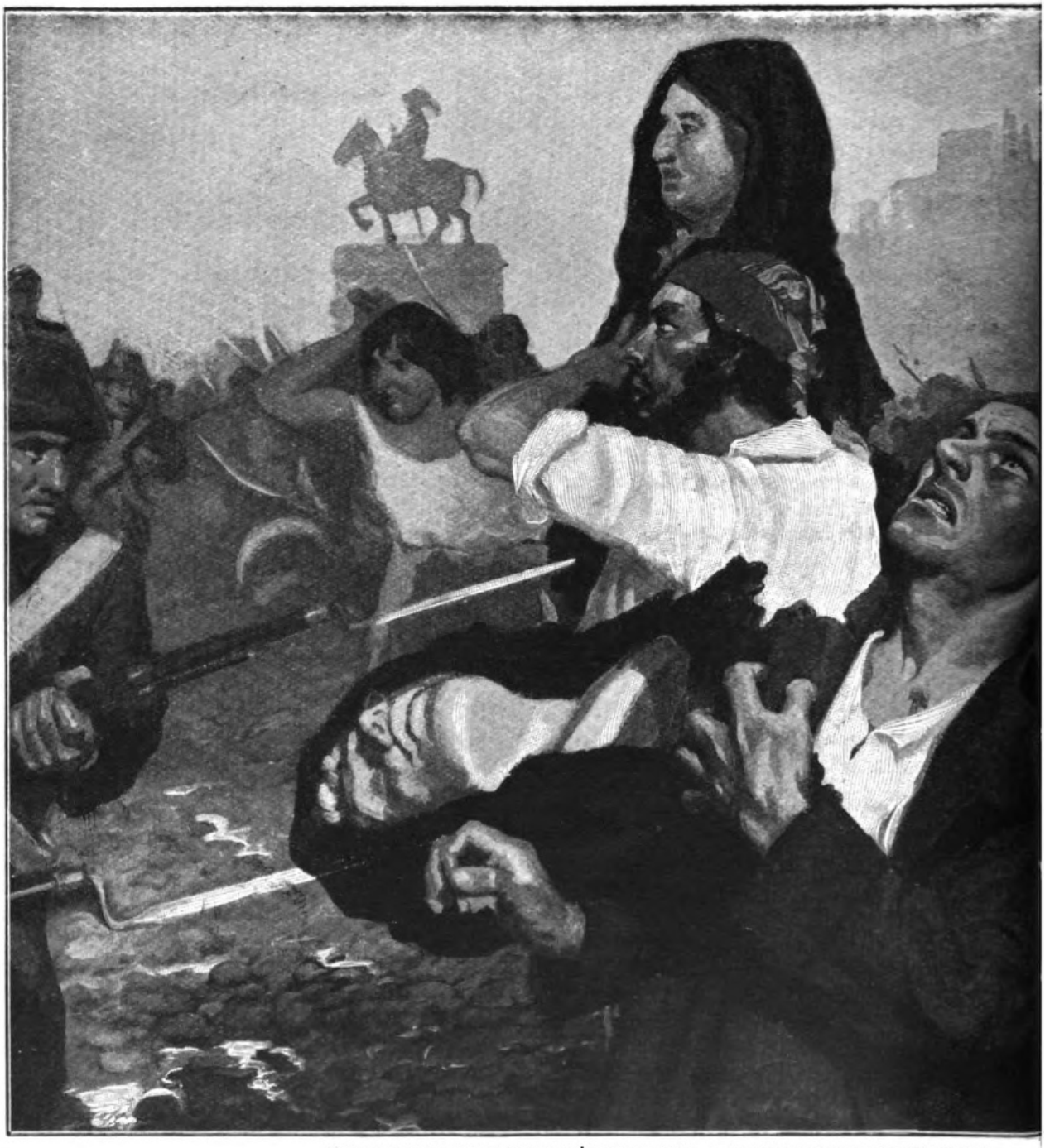
I failed to obtain possession of the famous straw hat worn by Mr. Burns. Nothing would coax him to part with it. I wonder where that "riotous" straw is now? Perhaps Mr. Burns keeps a peg set apart for it at home to remind the now peaceful politician of his tempestuous past.

I don't think I have seen Mr. Burns since that memorable interview. They tell me he is getting very white. His hair was very dark in those end-of-the-century days. And his voice! It was of the real oratorical quality. I believe he does not use his voice much nowadays.

Whether he ever visited Madame Tussaud's to see his model I never heard. As a rule people do. Some come secretly and shyly; others ask the attendants to be introduced to "themselves."

One inclement Sunday morning I had a notification by telephone when far away in the country that an important traveller passing through London would like to pay a visit to the Exhibition, the request being conveyed to me by an old friend and neighbour. Unable to fathom the mysterious message, and the train service being inadequate, I could not reach Baker Street in time, but telephoned to the senior fireman to be ready to show the visitor round. At about eleven o'clock a gentleman of Oriental bearing, accompanied by a lady and two other companions, passed through the side entrance. The party was conducted over the Exhibition, and in course of their inspection stopped in front of the figure of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, which had just been added to the collection. It was then, and not till then, that the fireman noticed that the mysterious visitor and the figure were identical in appearance. Dr. Sun Yat Sen was passing through London *incognito* to take up his important position as President of the Chinese Republic. The visit had been planned by Dr. Cantley—his lifelong friend and adviser, and his liberator, years before, from incarceration in the Chinese Embassy at Portland Place.

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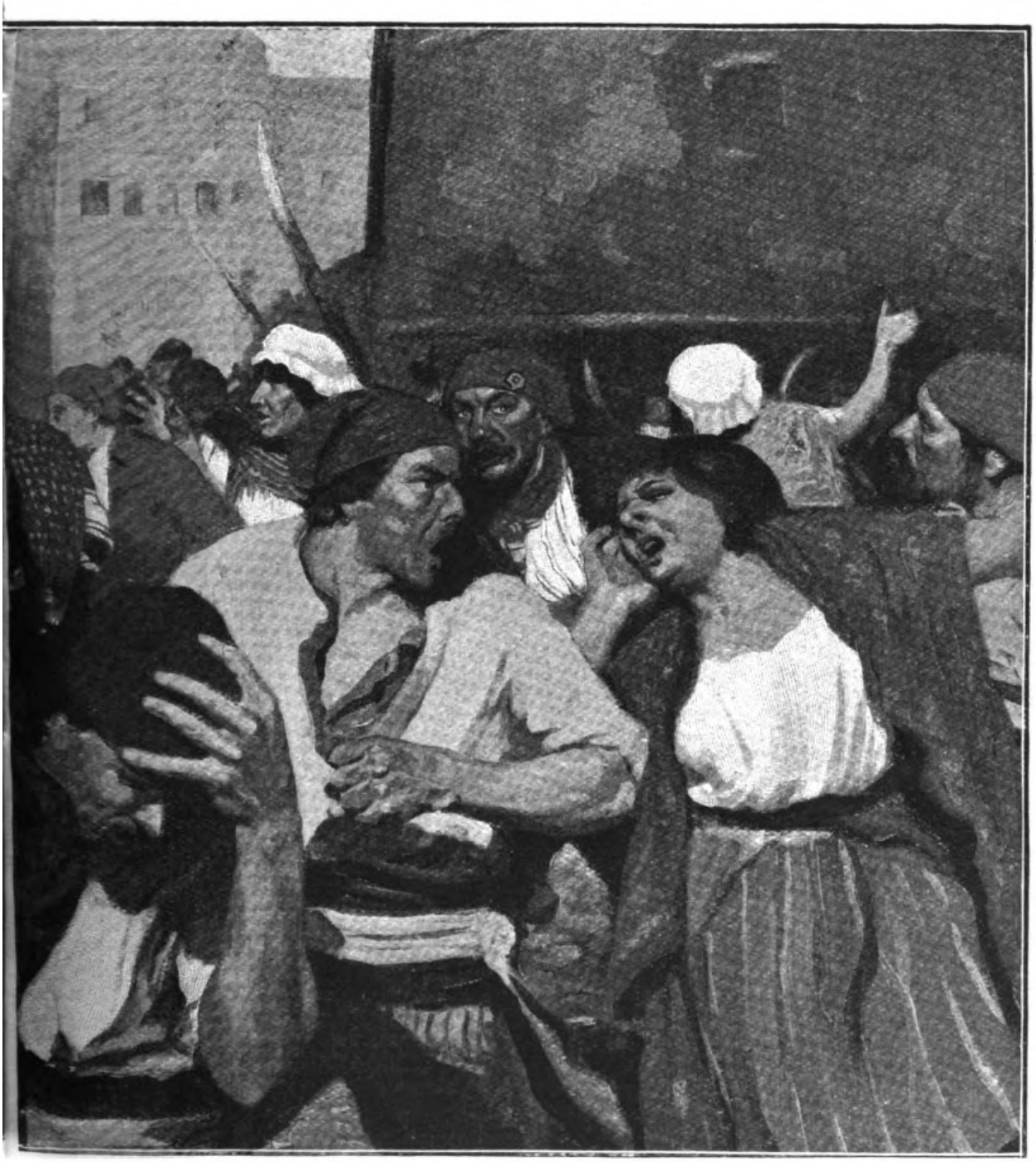
"THE BEARER OF NECKER'S BUST AND A FRENCH GUARDSMAN WERE

One day Lord Roberts called, and, of course, was recognized immediately. The ex-military attendants saluted him. With characteristic directness he said: "You have a figure of mine here. Where is it? I'd like to see it." The Field-Marshal surveyed his model thoughtfully for some minutes, and then said, "Not at all bad."

He stayed a considerable time, and lingered mainly among the Napoleonic relics. The *tableau* of the Duke of Wellington, standing with uncovered head in the death-chamber of Napoleon, who lies dead on his pallet before him, held Lord Roberts's attention some minutes, but he said nothing. What struck one about the great soldier was his complete absence of self-consciousness. He came to see the Exhibition, and paid his shilling like anybody else. I think it was Henry Irving who laughed so heartily when I told him that a niche in the Valhalla carried with it a perpetual free pass. I used the term "Valhalla" on the authority of Lord Beaconsfield, who spoke of Madame Tussaud's as the "Valhalla of the British nation."

Mention of Irving puts back the clock

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KILLED. THIS WAS THE FIRST BLOODSHED OF THE REVOLUTION."

a number of years, when, on the eve of his first journey across the Atlantic, the famous actor favoured me with a sitting which proved a relief in the midst of my quiet labours. Irving's urbanity impressed me greatly, and the interest he took in my work, together with his readiness to help me in every way so far as his own model was concerned, stamped him as the kindliest of men.

Conversation during the sitting turned upon the insuring of a place like Madame Tussaud's against fire, and Irving remarked that it would be a pity if it were burnt, as it comprised so many unique works, and could hardly rise again, phœnix-like, from its ashes.

On taking his departure Irving lit his pipe as he entered his cab, with a cheery "Good day! I shall come in quietly some day on my return from America and see what you have done with me." They told me he came about a year later, but, unfortunately, I missed him.

As I wished to introduce Henry Irving and Ellen Terry to the Exhibition together, I wrote to Miss Terry asking her to do me the

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"THE FIELD-MARSHAL SURVEYED HIS MODEL THOUGHTFULLY FOR SOME MINUTES, AND THEN SAID: 'NOT AT ALL BAD.'"

honour of sitting for me. She replied, saying she would be pleased to do so, but she omitted to make an appointment. She came unexpectedly at a moment when I was engrossed in work in a retired part of the building. How she found her way to my studio door, without anyone to guide her, has always puzzled me. I was roused by a resounding rap, and in sailed the vivacious actress, all smiles and animation. No one came with her, and she did not introduce herself. There was no need. I knew her instantly, as I suppose she imagined I should. It was a sweltering summer day, and she, too, was making her final arrangements for going abroad.

"I am just clearing off all my visiting arrears before sailing," she said, "and you see I have not forgotten you. But, please, Mr. Tussaud, let me have a cup of tea, if you do not want me to expire in your studio of heat apoplexy."

She was served with the desired cup of tea. I remember she wore a gauntlet on one of her hands, and she told me she had met with an accident on the stage. She proved a very patient sitter, and entertained me all the time with delightfully clever chat. Though the

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actress was plainly in a great hurry, not a word was said about haste till I had finished, when she made off as breezily and as unceremoniously as she came, leaving me wondering whence she got such a fund of high spirits, despite a shade temperature in the nineties. About equal marks must be given to Ellen Terry and John Burns as my most unconventional sitters.

An exceedingly bright lady sitter was Miss Annie Kenney, who, though a Lancashire mill-worker at the age of ten, has long been recognized as one of the most indomitable of the quartette of Suffragette leaders who now occupy a position at Madame Tussaud's, in full view of the Ministerial group—Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and other members of the Cabinet. Each of the four Suffragettes —Mrs. Pankhurst, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and Miss Kenney—sat to me separately, and I think it was Miss Kenney who said, "It would be dangerous to place us near the Cabinet Ministers. They might melt under the glare of our glances."

Phineas Taylor Barnum, the famous showman, was a warm-hearted, debonair old gentleman. He was courtesy personified. Though over eighty years of age, Barnum still retained full interest in the affairs of his wonderful show. I really believe he was wondering whether it would be worth his while to set up a rival to Madame Tussaud's. Which reminds me that the *Times* once described the Marylebone Red House as "the most evergreen of institutions, without a rival here or on the Continent."

From Barnum to Roger Tichborne, the Claimant, may seem a strange transition, though both were big men in their way, and loomed large in the public eye for a time. At the beginning of his trial the Claimant was of gigantic proportions, weighing nearer thirty than twenty stone, and so the public always pictured him. But it was a very different man who called at Madame Tussaud's years afterwards, when jail fare and confinement had had their effect upon his once corpulent frame. During the civil case arrangements were made that he should sit to my father, I being a lad at the time. A room in the Claimant's private house at Camden Town was fitted up for taking the sittings by artificial light at night, as he had other "sittings" to attend during the day at the courts. A gasfitter prepared a special installation, which he considered to be a novel and improved form of lighting, at once powerful and convenient. Unfortunately, however, it leaked so badly at the joints that it turned the improvised studio into a gasometer in a very short time. If anyone had entered with a light before the leakage was located and stopped—well, criminal proceedings would have been obviated, and the Claimant would have escaped a long imprisonment.

As a means of alleviating the strain upon his mind when not in court, he spent much of his spare time in the strange occupation of making nets.

One trait in the Claimant's character seemed to indicate that he was not altogether lacking in good qualities. When the criminal trial was drawing to a finish, he promised my father a suit of clothes so that his model should be properly dressed. Taking into consideration his enormous girth and general proportions, the necessity of obtaining his own clothes was urgent. Immediately after he had been sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude, he instructed his manservant to deliver a parcel containing one of his suits at the Exhibition studios, and enclosed a note in his own handwriting, regretting that it had not been sent before. Such an act of thoughtfulness and loyalty to a promise, in the case of a man just sentenced to so long a term of imprisonment, showed that he was of no ordinary type.

It was a strange coincidence that I was actually, as a youth, acquainted with the real heir to the Tichborne estates. One day, visiting my old college of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate, as an "old boy," the fellows came trooping through the cloisters to the refectory, and one of my old masters, Dom Willibald, called one of the lads aside and introduced him to me as young Tichborne. At that very time the Claimant was sitting to my father. The youthful heir seemed vastly more concerned about having his dinner than at losing the family estates.

Many a time have I visited St. Stephen's to study the characteristic attitudes of our leading statesmen. Preachers—though there is a dearth of great ones lately—"sit" to me in their pulpits unawares. That was how I studied the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, when his New Theology brought him into the limelight.

When Stanley agreed to sit to my father, the latter had to go to his model's study and sketch him at work, the great explorer being at the time extremely busy in the production of "How I Found Livingstone."

Little-known men, however great or good, must abandon all hope of finding a habitation here. But there is a place for Dorando, the Marathon runner of the Olympic Games; a

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place for Blondin, of tight-rope and Niagara fame; pedestals for General Booth, W. G. Grace, Sir Thomas Lipton, George R. Sims, the late Fred Archer, Dan Leno, Captain Webb, and General Tom Thumb. When the last-mentioned little gentleman came to see his model in close proximity to that of a Russian giant, the General threw back his head and, turning to his dwarfish bride at his side, repeated in good elocution :—

> Were I so tall as to reach the Pole
> And grasp the heavens in my span,
> I must be measured by my soul:
> The mind's the standard of the man.

These, and such as these, live and loom in the public eye, or still linger in the public memory. That is the essential thing. Strange to relate, profound thinkers or philosophers, who sit in the chairs of the world's universities; the heads of our great public schools, who mould the minds of their country's future leaders, are yet not suitable candidates for a great popular museum like Madame Tussaud's.

Our heroes are of two classes—the immortals and the ephemerals. The first work I was called upon to produce in the Exhibition, forty years ago, was Prince Milan of Servia. He had his little day, till visitors passed him by without stopping. That is the supreme test. Other Servian Royalties have come and gone since Prince Milan stepped from his pedestal. The assassinated King Alexander and his queen gave place here to the ill-fated King of Portugal and his son and heir, who were done to death in the streets of Lisbon.

Frequently candidates for a place in the Exhibition are sprung upon me without any notice of their coming renown. Circumstances make known the man. For instance, little did the public know about Admiral Sir John Jellicoe before the war. I had never had the fortune of seeing the Admiral, but obviously the man at the head of the British Fleet in an historic crisis had to have a place in the company of Drake and Nelson and his contemporaries, Fisher and Beresford, if Madame Tussaud's were to maintain its reputation for up-to-dateness. The camera is always a useful ally in emergencies. The Admiral's latest photograph came to my rescue, and though not "taken from life" directly, a portrait-model has been presented which enables people to form a good idea of the appearance of the man of the moment.

War inevitably produces a crop of heroes, and I am called upon to do my best in reproducing their likenesses for the delectation of the public. To Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, belongs the distinction of having had his portrait-model cheered. I believe that incident is unique. It demonstrates the intensity of public feeling during the closing days of the Boer War.

The unsophisticated country cousin often gets confused and mistakes figures for visitors and visitors for figures, and frequently makes amusing blunders with the catalogue. It is a favourite diversion of kindly-disposed friends to lead each other into these traps.

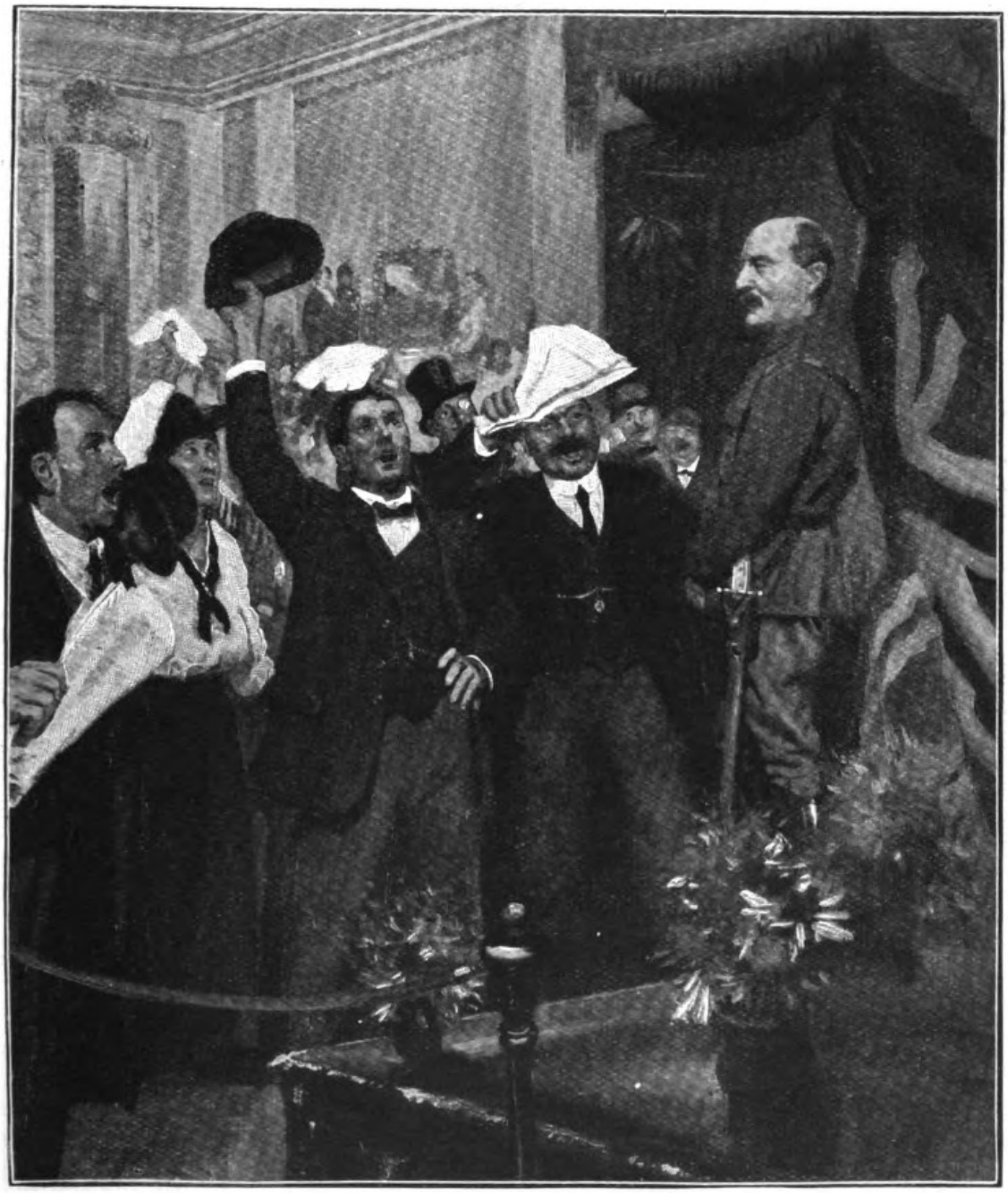
When I am asked which figure is considered to be the most successful model in the Exhibition, the consensus of opinion expressed by the visitors points to the figure of Queen Victoria as the general favourite. Her late Majesty occupies a place of honour by herself at the head of the Hall of Kings. She sits in her writing-room at Osborne, contemplating, pen in hand, the "Queen of all queens," as her impulsive grandson, the Kaiser, called her. The features of Queen Victoria presented many difficulties. Firm, and yet mobile, her face was expressive of great will-power, loftiness, and sweetness of character—in a word, perfected womanliness, and I worked for many months upon her model before I felt that I had produced a worthy representation.

A model at Madame Tussaud's may not carry so much distinction as a cartoon in *Punch*, but it is remarkable how many people are by no means unwilling to allow that honour to be thrust upon them. The decision to add a model is influenced solely by the wish to gratify the desire of the public to see the visible presentment of those who have become celebrated or notorious.

Cardinal Manning I saw much of as a lad. It will be remembered that towards the close of the great dock strike he figured largely in the public mind as a great mediator, and thereupon, naturally enough, his model was introduced to Tussaud's. As a boy I was train-bearer to the Cardinal in church processions at St. Mary of the Angels, adjoining St. Charles's College, Bayswater, where I spent my early school days and saw much of the great head of the Catholic Church in England. Modelling his figure was, as may be imagined, a congenial task.

For years I wanted George Bernard Shaw to sit to me, but could not persuade myself that he would comply. I had never met the brilliant satirist. When at length I wrote to ask him, he answered my letter in the most courteous terms, and characteristically observed that it would give him much pleasure to "join the company of the immortals." Later he wrote making an appointment.

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"TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL BELONGS THE DISTINCTION OF HAVING HAD HIS PORTRAIT-MODEL CHEERED."

The pose of his figure is the one he involuntarily assumed when sitting on the dais in my studio. Although to an ordinary onlooker Mr. Shaw may have appeared very serious, it was quite evident that the sitting interested and amused him intensely. One of his terse remarks is fixed in my memory.

"I took to writing," he said, "with the object of obtaining a living without having to work for it, but I have long since realized that I made a great mistake."

He afterwards walked through the Exhibition, and for the first time viewed the Napoleonic relics, in which he took the greatest interest. In the Chamber of Horrors he moved from figure to figure as though their physiognomy interested him. The sinister faces in this gloomy abode of bad men and women seemed to fascinate the playwright. The marvellously crafty, and yet not wholly repulsive, face of Charles Peace held Mr. Shaw's attention some minutes, leaving him in a very pensive mood.

By the way, it was *Punch* who named that unhallowed apartment the "Chamber of Horrors." Previously it bore such names as the "Black Room" and the "Dead Room," neither very fitting nor fascinating. An

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American journalist tried the "Temple of Turpitude," but that lacked the charm of simplicity. When Madame Tussaud's was touring the provinces in the early days of the nineteenth century a famous Oxford don thought it was regrettable that criminals and celebrities should be exhibited in the same room, as was then done for want of accommodation. Thereafter a separation was effected, and eventually *Punch* obliged with the familiar appellation which so aptly describes this gloomy place.

Years ago a mysterious rumour, of the origin of which we have no absolute knowledge, gained currency that the management had offered a reward, ranging from five pounds to a hundred pounds, to anyone who would spend a night in the Chamber. All efforts to allay it have failed. I have strong suspicions of one "Dagonet." Hundreds of letters have reached us from far and near, from stout-hearted men and venturous women, impecunious schoolboys, and not a few girls, volunteering their services, some at reduced fees. One wag suggested that a bottle of whisky and some sandwiches would be all he should require, with a comfortable chair at the feet of Burke and Hare. In fact, all sorts of conditions have been made, but one squeamish correspondent begged that no unfair advantage should be taken and no practical jokes played.

Of course, no such reward ever was offered, or ever will be offered. I recollect a doggerel parody of the time which ran like this:—

I dreamt that I slept at Madame Tussaud's
With cut-throats and kings by my side,
And that all the wax figures in those weird abodes
At midnight became vivified.

One of the funniest and drollest scenes I ever witnessed took place during the demolition of the Old Bailey.

Early on a cold winter's morning, during a view of the lots before the place was pulled down, I went to one of the courts for the purpose of examining the old wooden structures. There I came upon a bevy of workmen, and among them a jovial-looking carpenter, evidently the foreman. In a moment, as though by prearranged signal, this joker jumped into the judge's seat, his companions laid hold of one of their number and ran him into the dock, and some took upon themselves the functions of a jury. One comical individual got into the witness-box and solemnly swore away the prisoner's life with a blood-curdling story of wife murder which did his imagination no small credit. Upon another indictment the accused was charged with the offence of working overtime without pay. I was the only occupant of the benches "set apart for the public." The jury interrupted the witness with shouts of "Guilty!" and the culprit had no chance of defending himself by counsel or otherwise. Putting on an old black billycock hat, the judge, having solemnly addressed the prisoner on the enormity of his crimes, gravely sentenced him to death, with the option of a fine to the tune of "drinks round." It was the audacity of the thing and its grim drollery that amused me.

On that occasion were secured for the Exhibition such curios as the Old Bailey dock, the jury-box, the witness-box, and the bell that tolled to notify the completion of the hangman's work. So also before my day was purchased in Paris by Madame Tussaud that most tragical of all relics, the original knife and lunette that severed so many heads in the French Revolution, including those of Louis XVI., his queen, Marie Antoinette, and Robespierre.

The French portion of the Exhibition represents practically all that Madame Tussaud brought with her from Paris when she came here to start life anew. For years she travelled with her museum, as London was slow to give adequate support for a permanent institution of the kind. In one of her journeys she was shipwrecked with all her precious relics whilst crossing to Dublin. Fortunately, practically everything was recovered.

Among the French relics, possibly the most interesting is the travelling carriage of Napoleon, which was captured at Waterloo. This came into our possession after many vicissitudes. It was first of all the property of the Prince Regent, and ultimately was secured for two thousand five hundred pounds, which was paid for it by Mr. Bullock, of the Egyptian Hall. This relic was sent on exhibition in London and the provinces, and in Scotland and Ireland, and secured for its owner a handsome fortune.

The last occupants of Napoleon's carriage were the present Prince of Wales and his younger brother Albert. They came to the Exhibition a few years ago, and the Royal boys evinced boundless interest in "Boney's" carriage. The Prince begged to be allowed to sit in it, a privilege granted to anyone up till that time. Then his younger brother got inside as well. As the carriage was then undergoing preparations for being encased in glass, it was decided that the Royal boys should be the last of our visitors to go inside it.

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SAM BRIGGS BECOMES A SOLDIER.



II.

A Man in the Making.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Charles Pears.

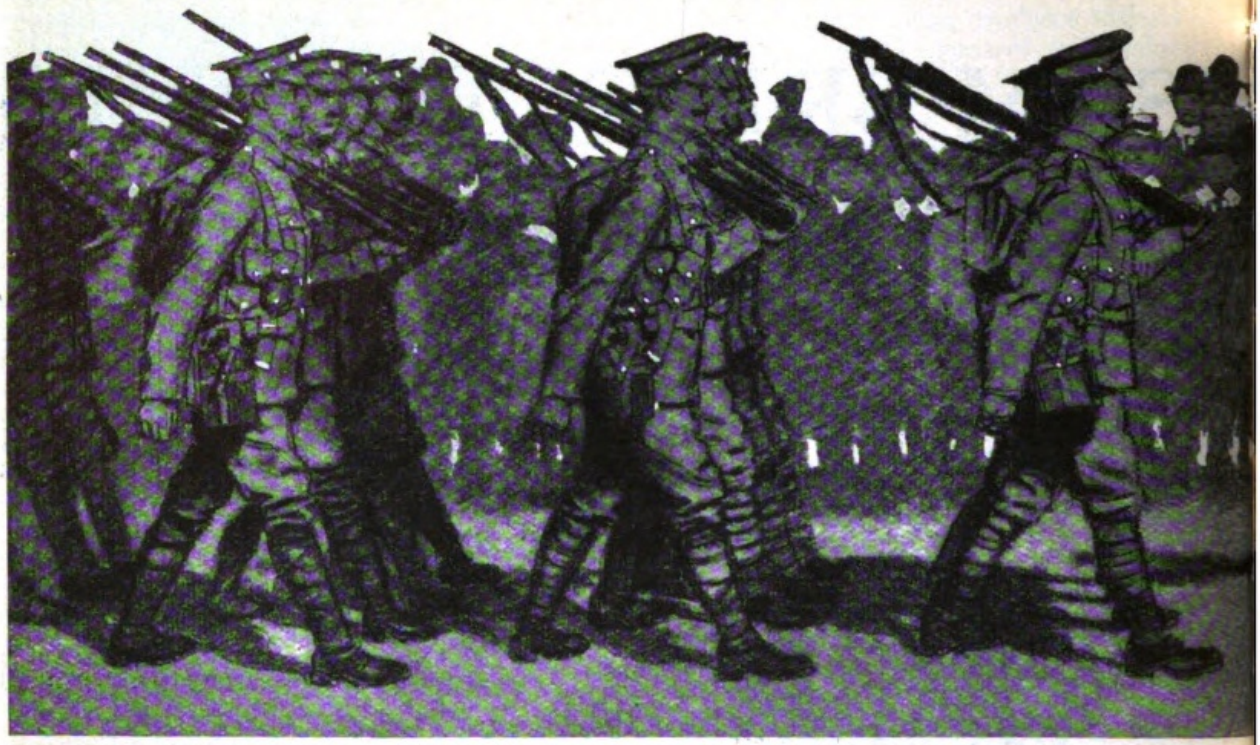
"FOR King and Country!" Nearly every time I lay my head upon the pillow, or on the thing which has to serve me as a pillow, those words come dancing before my eyes, and when I go to sleep—if I do go to sleep—in the darkness I can see them through my closed eyelids. I'm in the Ninth Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles; Kitchener's Second Army, we call ourselves; that's the lot I'm in. We're most of us London lads, from offices and workshops, or something like that, and we've never been anything else—or expected to be. And now here we are on the Sussex Downs, looking over the sea, in all sorts of weather, night and day, being turned into soldiers, men who can fight—for King and Country!

You should have seen some of us when we first joined—seen me, for instance. I'd never taken any real exercise in all my life. A stroll in the streets at night, that was about my mark.

We must have been a pretty hopeless lot when we first made the acquaintance of Sergeant Judkins. That was in Battersea Park. Some of us were better than others, but most of us were worse. His language was disgraceful—and I don't wonder. When I have seen new recruits come in, and seen them start their drill, it has given me a pain to watch them. It has, really! What the sergeant must suffer, spending his life in tackling new lots, goodness only knows! I shouldn't care to do it myself. But, speaking generally, a lop-sided, knock-kneed sort of chap six weeks after Sergeant Judkins gets hold of him is twice the man he was. And he knows it—he feels it—and he'll let you know it, too. "Swank" is what I call his bearing towards people who are just as he was.

We were drilled in Battersea Park for just on a month. Mother and Dad and Dora—

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"I KNOW THAT WE WENT FOR MILES AND MILES THROUGH STREETS, ALONG TRAM-LINES, AND HAVE GOT ON ONE

and even my sister Louisa!—used to come and watch us.

At the end of the first week I was pretty nearly dead. If it hadn't been that I'd had those words—"For King and Country"—tucked away inside me somewhere from the very first I believe I should have been quite. Every bone in my body ached. I got so tired that sometimes I couldn't wait to undress.

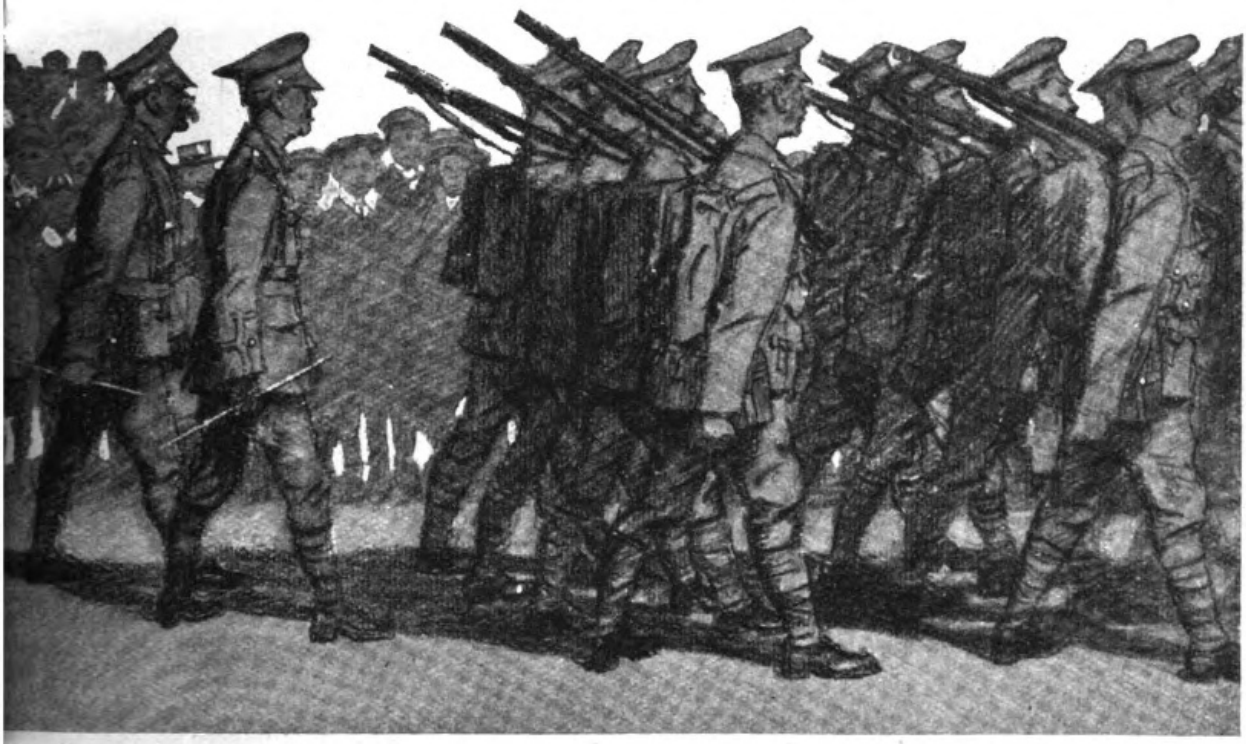
I think it was after the first week that I began to get some of that tired feeling out of my bones. Not that I was up to much even then, because I wasn't. It wasn't till after I'd had a month of it that physically I was worth a row of pins. Mind you, I thought I was, but I know better now; now I know what "physically fit" does mean. I don't believe that half the young chaps in London—or, I dare say, in any other great town—ever know. They'll want to give me a clip over the head for saying so—but I don't. It was, as I have said, just on a month when we got our marching orders. We were billeted in a house close to Battersea Park—five of us in one house. Billeting is all luck—they may treat you like a lord, or like something out of a gutter. On the whole, over at Battersea they did us pretty well. But it wasn't a nice way of beginning soldiering. It wasn't anybody's fault, recruits were pouring in, "For King and Country" had got into the veins of no end of young fellows; quarters weren't ready—not proper quarters. England never had what you might call an army; I didn't know it then, but I do now, that it's against our policy to have one. Whether it will ever be different, I can't say. As things were there wasn't accommodation of any sort for any number of soldiers worth speaking of. They had to stick them just anywhere. As I mentioned just now, there were five of us in my house, and there really wasn't room for us. Three of us slept in the kitchen and two in the scullery—on the floor. There wasn't a bed among the lot.

All the same, it was good training. A soldier has got to sleep anywhere; he can't choose his couch. He gets to that state that he can go to sleep among thistles, or on the top of a heap of flints. That's better than six inches of water—I know it, because I've tried both.

But, mind you, I never quite took to that Battersea billet. Sixpence a day the Government paid for our sleeping accommodation. The Government supplied our food and we were supposed to cook it. We never did that, because not one of us knew anything about cooking. The woman of the house did. As she seemed to know as much about cooking as we did it wasn't much of a success.

When orders came that we were to shift some of us had got our kits and some of us hadn't. It takes a bit of doing to equip an army at a moment's notice—which was practically what the Government had to do.

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BEFORE WE HAD BEEN GONE VERY LONG I'D HAVE GIVEN A TRIFLE OUT OF MY OWN POCKET TO OF THE TRAM - CARS."

A queer lot we must have looked, some of us in uniform and some of us not. Personally, I had got nearly everything—and not such a bad fit, considering. I had got my two sets of underclothing and my three pairs of socks, my belt and shoulder-straps, with the six pouches in which one day I was to carry a hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition, and my knapsack on my back, with a hold-all containing housewife, tooth-brush, shaving-tackle, knife, fork, and spoon. I had my pickaxe and my bayonet at my side ; while my haversack and water-bottle were slung over my shoulders. In fact, I had everything, including rifle and overcoat.

It was a Wednesday when we left town—they never told us we were going until two days before we started, and then they didn't say where we were going to. The authorities didn't deal much in information—they just told us to do this or that, and we did it. Somehow we got so that we didn't mind. There's something about discipline which grows on you. When a chap has never been ordered about in all his life, the first time he is told to do something and look sharp about it he looks at the chap who tells him as if he kind of wondered who he was. But he soon gets over that ; he soon gets to know that the chap who is talking knows a good deal more about the job than he does himself, and that the shortest and easiest way to get to know more is to move as nearly like lightning as he can at the word of command.

They told us just before we were starting that we were going to march to Croydon. Of course, I have heard of Croydon. Once when I went to Brighton I had a sort of idea that the train went through it ; but I didn't know where it was—and I don't know much about it now. I know that we went for miles and miles through streets, along tram-lines, and before we had been gone very long I'd have given a trifle out of my own pocket to have got on one of the tram-cars.

We had done a good deal of walking, but that was the first steady, straightforward march we had. And it soon did for some of our chaps. When you come to think of it, it's extraordinary what bad walkers a lot of London lads are. I suppose that's because of the tram-cars, omnibuses, tubes, going everywhere for such a little money—to say nothing of saving time, it's a lot cheaper to ride than to walk.

As I said, they told us that we were going to Croydon, but it turned out that they wouldn't let us stop when we got there. They took us right through the town and about five miles beyond—it seemed to me fifty. Then they brought us to a standstill in a field at a place which I afterwards learned was called Purley, and they gave us our billeting tickets, and off we all went to find out for ourselves where we were to feed and spend the night.

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I had a slice of luck—I never shall forget it. I was so dead tired that I could hardly drag one foot after the other. Laburnum Villa, Sydney Road, was where I was to be quartered. It seemed to me that I never should get there; when I did I thanked my stars. Three of us were billeted there. It is a new road; half the houses weren't finished, and there wasn't any proper pavement to walk on. The sight of Laburnum Villa did all three of us good. It was a double-fronted, detached house, standing in quite a nice piece of garden. Two ladies were standing at the front gate as we came along.

"What address are you looking for?" asked one of the ladies. I had the ticket in my hand; I told her. "This is Laburnum Villa. Come in! Why, you're only boys, and how tired you look!"

We didn't doubt that we did look tired. If she had felt as we did she would have looked it; but we didn't fancy being called "only boys." I dare say that if we hadn't been so tired we should have told her so. When a man's going to fight for King and Country he has stopped being a boy, and he doesn't care to be told he hasn't. As the song says, "He's a Soldier and a Man!"

The Misses Kershaw lived at Laburnum Villa. I have the honour, although I've only seen them once, of numbering them among my friends to this day—though it's quite on the cards I may never see them again. They are maiden ladies. Miss Kershaw told me herself that she was forty-nine, and Miss Mary that she was forty-eight—and they both of them said that they didn't mind anybody knowing it, so I'm giving no secret away. They had a servant, Emma Marchant. She was fifty-four, and had been with them thirty years, so no wonder she thought us boys.

There was a bed for each of us; I even had a room to myself. It was very small, but if it had been a palace it couldn't have been more comfortable—or cleaner. It was so clean that in the state I was in I was ashamed to go into it. Miss Kershaw herself waited on me; I tried not to let her do it, but she would—she even what she called "helped me with my boots"—which meant that she took them off for me. It's true that I was so stiff that I could hardly bend down to them; she had them undone before I got there. Then I had a hot bath in the bathroom. After what I had had to put up with at Battersea that was something to rejoice over. As soon as I had dressed myself again there was supper ready. We sat down to table with the Misses Kershaw. A nicely-laid table it was, with everything proper for gentlefolk. Hot roast beef there was—and Miss Kershaw actually apologized for its being overdone, which, she said, was owing to their having expected us an hour before. After the sort of thing I had put up with at Battersea it seemed to me that it was the most perfectly-cooked beef I had ever tasted. There was Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes, and cauliflower—with a plum tart to follow. It was a banquet, that's what it was. I was a bit ashamed of the quantity we ate, but to listen to those two ladies you'd have thought we weren't eating anything. We ate ourselves asleep—that's a fact! I went straight from the table to bed. The luxury of being in a bed! I was asleep as soon as I was between the sheets.

In the morning Emma had to come into the room and give me a good shaking before I could be got to understand that a bugle was being blown in the street outside. She told me it was six o'clock. We had to fall in at seven and start directly afterwards. We had a great dish of really good ham and eggs for breakfast; then we said good-bye, and soon after half-past seven we were on the road—with a lot of sandwiches and things which the Misses Kershaw had given us.

It was a fine morning, with something in the air which made it seem even finer than I dare say it was—perhaps that was because it was in the country. It's my belief that the country has air of its own—there is a freshness in it, a snap, a sort of pick-me-up which you don't seem to get in town. At least, you don't seem to notice it. I've lived in London nearly all my life, so I ought to know. Half the neighbourhood was out to see us start; you'd have thought we had spent the night amid old friends, the way they waved and shouted good-bye. Every man Jack had got a tale to tell as we swung along—and mind you, at any rate to start with, we did swing—at least most of the fellows did. Two or three were crocked—sore feet, stiff legs, and general done-upedness. Extraordinary what rotten bad bargains—from the recruiting sergeant's point of view—some of the fellows were.

They might have joined to fight for King and Country—I don't say they didn't. It doesn't follow that because a chap has only one leg, or can't see straight along the barrel of a gun, that he isn't keen to fight for his native land—I know better than that. There was a chap named Sparrow—Bob Sparrow—who I've seen a good deal of one way and another; they weren't dead nuts on him when he wanted to enlist—in fact, they as good as turned him down. He told me

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officer gets talked to like that. Maybe it was the novelty which induced the doctor to pass Sparrow—anyhow, he did.

"I'll run the rule over you again in about a month," he told him. "If by then you're not nearer what's wanted you'll have to go—in which case you'll have to make your own arrangements for paying for your keep."

I suppose he was joking when he talked like that, but Sparrow seemed to think he was in earnest. I've heard about faith-healing—a chap I know says that if you don't believe you've got a bullet in your leg you haven't. I should call that a tall order, but there must have been something of that sort of thing about Sparrow, because faith very nearly did work a miracle in Sparrow—faith and hard work. Drilling was like the breath of his nostrils to him; he lived for nothing else. He certainly was a picture of all he ought not to have been when Sergeant Judkins first set eyes on him.

"Where they get some of you chaps from I can't think. Half of you seem to come from a cripple home, and the other half from the county asylum. Look here, young fellow"—this was to Sparrow—"you don't seem to have any legs, not to call legs, but you do seem to have ten feet, and sometimes they're all rights, when they aren't all lefts. Hadn't you got a mother to tell you that a chap has only got two feet, and one of them is a left and the other a right?"

"My brother," said Sparrow, "hasn't got any feet of his own; he was born without them; he's a cripple."

Sparrow, meaning no sauce, said this with a twinkle in his eye which took the sergeant aback. For some days he was quite civil, even to the chaps in the awkward squad, and after drill was over he actually apologized to Sparrow. But Sparrow bore no malice, not he! Judkins was one of the finest fellows in the world in his eyes—and so he was. He loved his job, strange though it may seem.

"It's my business," I've heard him tell fellows, "to make men—sometimes out of nothing at all. You come here, I suppose, because you're men inside if you're not out—since you've come here, all of you, of your own free will, to fight for King and Country. To do that to any purpose you've got to be men outside as well as in—and it's my business to make you."

The sergeant did his "business," if ever a man did; he even made something of a man of Sparrow. There was something about Judkins which got into the chaps he handled. It wasn't only drill. He was a queer chap, and though his language could be as strong as you'd ever want to hear, he had some funny views of his own. According to him a soldier was the noblest work of God—but God had to have a hand in the job, or he would never be a soldier. I rather fancy that God had a hand in Sparrow. He would never have been a strong man in a show, but three months after enlisting he passed the medical standard.

That morning, on our march from Purley to Hayward's Heath, we were none of us of much account—though we started gaily enough. Of course, there were some who were fit enough for anything when they first joined, but they weren't many, and most of them were made corporals and sergeants right straight away. They looked upon the march from Purley to Hayward's Heath as nothing but a stroll—I've been told since that it's rather more than eighteen miles.

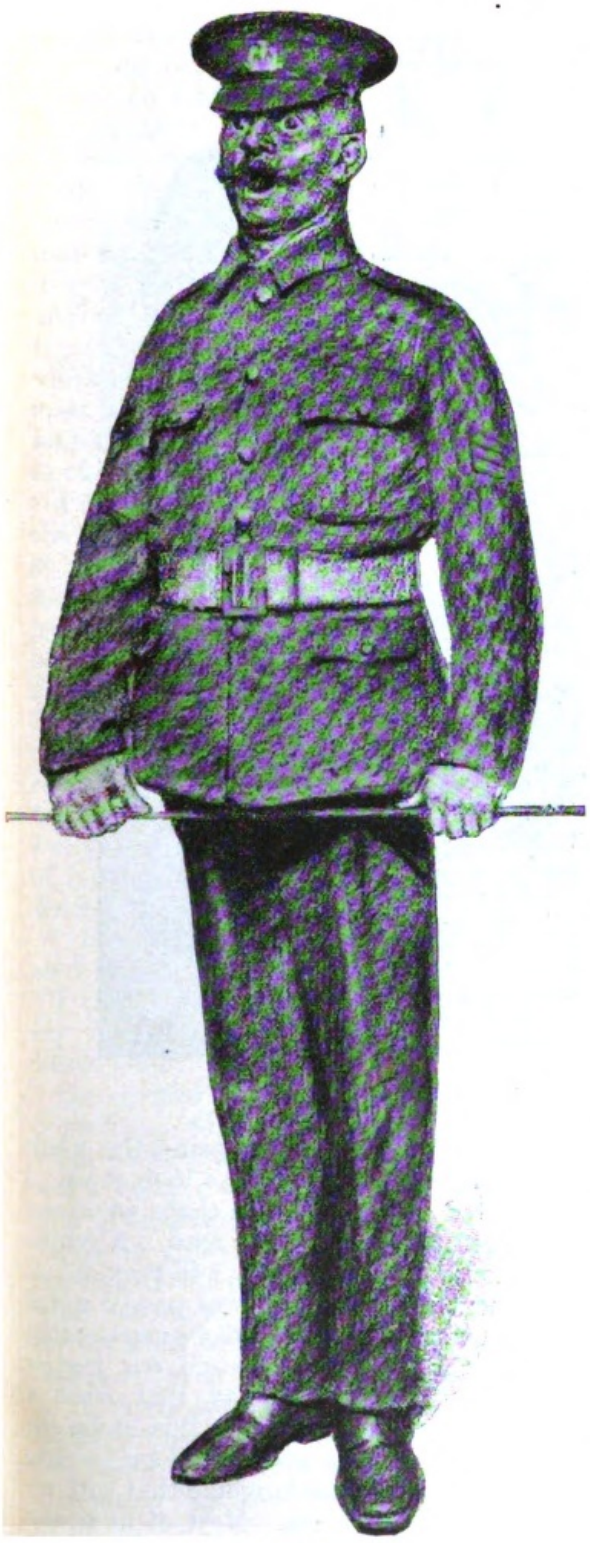
We had dinner in the open, at a place called Crabbet Park. I don't know where the park came in. We all marched through a gate into a field by the roadside—jolly glad we were to get there. The transport chaps had got there before we did, so we found our rations waiting for our arrival. I had eaten one or two of Miss Kershaw's sandwiches on the way, and some of the chaps had helped me with the others, but the rations were welcome for all that. The news got about that we were there. The same thing happened as in the morning: the country-side turned out to look at us. All sorts there were, including the gentry. Rations weren't the only thing we had to eat. There was an idea, I suppose, in people's minds that if they weren't going to fight for King and Country themselves they ought to do the best they could for those who were. The fuss they made of us surprised me. The officers, I believe, went out to what they called lunch to the houses of the neighbouring gentry; but I believe there was nothing the rank and file might have thought of that they couldn't have had. Two young ladies came up to me carrying a basket of fruit between them—apples and pears and bananas and plums and heaven only knows what besides. One of them looked me up and down. I knew she was thinking that for a soldier I was very short—most ladies thought the same.

"Take all you want," she said. "Aren't you very tired?"

"Fair to middling," I told her; "but it's worth while being tired for this."

"Are you strong enough to be a soldier?" the other asked. "It must be a very trying life."

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SERGEANT JUDKINS.

I almost laughed in her face. Strong enough? A trying life? A lot she knew! So I as good as told her. A nice way that was to talk.

"Excuse me, miss, everyone is strong enough to be a soldier. There is nothing trying about the life, nothing to speak of. You might as well tell a man that he isn't strong enough to marry. Some aren't, but they're not many. When a chap does marry he's got to be strong enough to look after his wife, or what's the good of him? It isn't a question of inches, or even of muscle. A chap can fight for his country or his wife who hasn't either, and fight well. It's head and heart, and what they call pluck, that does it. When some blooming foreigner—German or whatever he may be—comes interfering, or wants to come interfering with what has got nothing to do with him—such as your native land—if you can't keep him off it—why, what good are you? You don't deserve to have a native land. I hope, miss, that when the day comes on which a German wants a bit of England I'll be strong enough to show him that want will have to be his master—if he's six foot three and I'm only three foot six."

Those young ladies hardly knew how to take me. I didn't know how to take myself. It isn't my usual way to talk like that—at least, it didn't use to be. But since the war began and I've joined the Colours something has got into my veins which has made me different. My goodness! When I think of Belgium, and the way those Germans have used it—so far as I can make out for no reason at all—and I get on to the idea that they would like to use England the same; when a young lady, no matter who she is, asks me to my face if I'm strong enough to be a soldier, something comes over me which makes me feel as if I were going mad.

"Not strong enough to be a soldier! There are soldiers and soldiers, but I hold—and I hold it stronger every day—that there isn't anyone living who isn't strong enough to do something for his native land when it's in peril—even Sparrow's brother, who was born without legs, if he sets his brain to work, can do that."

What do you think those young ladies said when I started talking to them like that? They laughed all over their faces; then one of them said to the other:—

"Eileen, wouldn't you like to kiss him?"

And the other answered, "I believe I should. Then we should be doing something for our native land." The way she looked at me out of her black eyes! "I believe we should be strong enough to do it, too."

The mischievous way in which she said it! Then they both of them laughed out, and changed colour—and I changed colour—and the other chaps who had been listening—which they couldn't very well help doing, considering we were all in a bunch and there had been no whispering—they laughed and

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"EILEEN, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KISS HIM?"

cheered, and there was quite a to-do. There was also a good bit of chaffing. Fine fun they made of me. But I didn't care. There has been fun made of me since then. Some of them called me "Patriotic Sam"—but no one need be ashamed of a name like that, especially at a time like this, when the enemy is knocking at the door and you've got to rely upon yourself to keep him from knocking it down.

It's my belief that the bit of talk that I had with those young ladies did us all good—all of us who were near enough to hear. The tale was passed round, and I dare say it didn't lose in going round. There seemed to be quite a rise in the chaps' spirits when we started off for the rest of the march. There wasn't much said about sore feet, or even rusty legs, when we got to Hayward's Heath. They brought us up on a piece of open ground, with houses all about it—Muster Green, I remember they called it—and a good name, too, considering we were all mustered on it. The same thing happened again—the whole place had turned out to have a look at us. I got billeted with five other chaps in a nice house down a sort of private road. A gentleman's house it was, and very well they did us.

The next morning word was passed round that that was to be our last day's march; that before night we were to reach our regular training quarters. They say that when a horse knows he's making for his stable he forgets he's tired and goes for all he's worth. I dare say it was something like that with us. I know it was with me. Most of us swung along in style, through the most countrified country we'd seen yet. Dinner we had on the hill outside Lewes—quite a big town. I've got to know Lewes better since then, and I still think, as I did that first day, that it's a queerish sort of place. The principal street runs up one of the steepest hills I ever want to see, with the Downs on top. I didn't know what "downs" were till I got to Sussex—lovely they are when you're on them. I

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should think some of the houses in the town must be hundreds of years old. We had dinner on the Downs; fine weather it was, and beautiful everything looked. Then we marched down the hill, right through the town. Most of the people, as usual, had turned out to look at us, and when we learnt that we had only another six or seven miles to go a sort of "conquering hero" spirit got into us, which I shouldn't wonder made us almost worth looking at. Sing, we did, and whistle—you'd have thought it was a bean-feast setting out, instead of a lot of young soldiers just getting to their training quarters at the end of a longish day.

I shouldn't like to go so far as to say that the road they took us along was nice to look at; it was too bare of trees and too dusty for me. All of a sudden I got hold of a breath from the sea. Just at first I couldn't think what it was that was blowing right into my mouth. There was a south-easterly breeze—I knew it because Sergeant Judkins had told me it was south-easterly. Then we swung round a corner, and I got a sort of salty taste on my lips, and a smell which I suppose I ought to have known but didn't, which kind of bucked me up, and made me feel as if I wanted to run.

"There's something funny about this air," said a chap who was marching next to me. "I can't think what it is. I want to open my mouth and fill myself up with it. It tastes good."

He opened his mouth and started to fill himself up with it, as he said. Of course, when he said that I knew what it was. He was a London lad—had been in the tailoring over Houndsditch way; a baster was what I think he called himself; spent his life in pressing down coat and trouser seams with what, so far as I could make out, was some sort of iron, which he called a "goose," and had never seen the sea in his life.

"I've always wanted to," he told me afterwards, "and more than once I've meant to, but something has always prevented me—I've either not had the money or the time. When you're in my sort of tailoring you don't get much of either."

But I had seen the sea several times; I ought to have recognized the smell first go off. I had had no notion we were going to be near it; I believe I should have marched twice as well as I did if I had. Twice I had been to Brighton for the afternoon—four hours by the briny for half a crown; three times I've been to Margate—by steamer there and back; twice to Clacton—steamer there and back. You get plenty of fresh salt air like that, and there's nothing I like better. I have an idea that I must have been meant to be a sailor; when I get near the sea I want to dance and sing and behave silly generally. I'm bound to have a paddle, no matter what time it is when I get there. I've never had time for a regular bathe—but, mind you, if I had, I shouldn't wonder if I had one every day.

All at once we came in sight of the sea—we were marching along the front. It wasn't much of a front, not compared to some of the fronts I've seen. Then we turned to the left, and in less than no time we were on the Downs, climbing up a winding road with grass on each side. Then the word of command rang out: "Halt!" and we halted, on one of the loveliest spots I've ever seen. At least, it was my idea of a lovely spot. A lot of tents were on our left. It was our camp—a real camp! You may smile, but I didn't know till then that people still did live in camps. A lot more of our chaps didn't know it, either.

There were tents of all sorts and shapes and sizes—some of them big enough for airships, some of them so small that they hardly seemed big enough for a man. We were all halted. And our C.O.—that's our commanding officer—had a few words to say to us. He told us that that was to be our home for some little time; he hoped we should be comfortable, and said that everything reasonable should be done to make us so. We couldn't expect to shake down at once. He didn't expect that many of us were used to camp life—some of us might want a little time to get used. A camp was a soldier's natural home, and if we wanted to be really good soldiers—and he felt sure that we all of us did—we should be prepared to take things as they came and make the best of them. We were there to be made men of. Some of us might take some making, but he trusted that there was no one present who hadn't resolved in his own mind that his country should be proud of him. Our country wanted good soldiers; this was the hour of her need, and he hoped we'd see she got them. Then we were told off to our quarters.

I was one of twelve who were to share what was called a bell-tent. Funny it seemed when I got into it. There wasn't going to be much room to spare. There was a pole in the centre to support the tent. Each man was to lie with his feet towards it on a mattress, which was so close to the next that it almost touched, and the whole twelve formed

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a circle. They were placed on a sort of wooden floor which was made up of what we came to call "bed-boards." Six bed-boards there were in our tent, and two mattresses on each. This floor wasn't in any way fixed; in fine weather it was taken to pieces every morning, and the bed-boards piled on the top of each other till the time came to put them down again.

That first night I felt as though I were taking part in a sort of fairy tale. The idea that I was in a tent, in what was practically the open air, on a grassy cliff which was almost within reach of the sea—I found that I was a different sort of chap to what I thought I was—that idea so got hold of me that just because of it I couldn't sleep. I think, also, that some of the things I learnt about the peculiarities of a tent had something to do with my wakefulness.

A faint breeze was blowing, not enough to call a wind, but enough to play larks with our canvas covering. I learned afterwards that the situation on which our camp was pitched was so open that the tents were affected by the faintest breath that blew—with a result, that first night, which was a little startling. Some of the chaps weren't stretched on their mattresses a minute before they were fast asleep. I wasn't—I was in the mood to dream while wideawake—dream of the wonder and glory of it all. On a sudden something happened which I can't describe—though I ought to have learned how to do it by now. I started up on my mattress; my idea was that the tent was coming down. When I realized what it was I was actually nervous—it was the noise caused by the wind blowing the canvas about. It happened each time the air even faintly moved. It seemed to me that the tent must be badly erected—it did keep on making such a series of noises that I was kept in doubt whether the next one wouldn't be the last. I learned better after a while. I came to know that the men who put that tent up were up to their work, that nothing short of a tempest of wind and rain would be likely to shift it from its moorings—but for hubbub!—no tent hands in the world could keep it from making a din. It is the nature of tents to do that—the larger the tent the more obvious it likes to be, to anyone inside it, often without the least apparent provocation. Some of the chaps slept through the night, that very first time, like tops. I scarcely slept a wink. Towards the morning the breeze died entirely away; then I did get a sort of a kind of a doze. Réveillé sounded, and I found myself sitting up, wondering if the end of the world had come.

When a man passes from one world to another, and the new world is quite different from the old, he is apt to find that the change wants a bit of getting used to. I did. It was a jump from the office to Battersea, but that was nothing compared to the change to camp life on the cliffs by the sea. I don't know how it was, but I didn't seem to begin to realize what being a soldier meant until I had got a tent for my home. Everything was different. The old life had gone. It came soon to be hard to realize that it had ever been. The world had grown wider, larger, fuller, and I had grown with it. I believe we all had. Sparrow was always telling me that he wouldn't have thought it was possible if he hadn't known it to be a fact. How chaps, when they read the newspapers, could keep themselves from doing what we had done I couldn't understand, and I can't. Quite apart from war—I hope this is going to be the last war there will be in my time—preparing for war, although one never comes, is the finest thing a fellow can do, when he's getting to be a man. Don't you believe anyone who tells you that it's wicked to fight. I take it that there are few people who like fighting—I know I don't; I'd go a good way to keep out of a row—but sometimes you've got to fight. Look at England now! We should be as good as hounded off the face of the earth—all that our own country means to us would be no more—if we weren't able to rather more than hold our own in the trouble which has been forced upon us.

But quite apart from war, it does a chap good to be made a man—a real man—a man in the sense a fine soldier is. The making of a man in a soldier's sense isn't only a physical affair—though, thank goodness, a physical miracle is worked in every lad who joins the Colours. I don't care if he's an office-boy, or the son of the office-boy's boss. It's a moral question as well. Look at us training on that cliff. Of course we got newspapers, and we read them, with the rest of the world; but they meant more to us than to others—or we shouldn't have been where we were and the others at home. I don't mean quite that, but I'll try to explain what I do mean.

In every paper I got hold of they told us Germany had destroyed Belgium—for no reason at all, except that they thought it would be an easy thing to do and it might pay them to do it. They proposed to march all over Europe and destroy it. They wanted to have every man-Jack under their heel, and

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they were setting about the job with might and main. We were to go with the rest. When a good chance offered, or our turn came, they were going to march through England, destroy our cities, play old Harry with our homes, and make us part of Germany. We were going to have a label marked "Made in Germany" tacked on to us. Think of it! All Europe was to be part of the great German empire—including us.

I don't gas, and I don't use strong language—I don't like either—but every time I get hold of a paper and read about Germany fighting here, there, and everywhere at once, no language which was ever thought of is strong enough for me to use. They were wonderful people, those Germans, that seemed plain enough, and the worst was that no one seemed strong enough to stop them. They seemed to go and do pretty well as they pleased. They had done for Belgium, the country was in ruins, and were doing for France—a good deal of that was in ruins also; and France, Belgium, and England together couldn't keep them from burning and destroying who and what they pleased—monuments of ages, of which the world had been proud, as well as countrymen's cottages. And whose fault was it?

I didn't want to lay the blame on anyone, but—I knew that the bugle sounded a call for me. Other men might not hear it, but I did; and if I had pretended I didn't I should have played the coward. Tom, Dick, and Harry might lend a hand in teaching those Germans their places, but I certainly ought to. It was no good my leaving the job alone, or passing it on to others. So far as I knew, I might be the only chap who counted; the one who made all the difference; and if I stopped at home everything might be lost because of it. England might be treated as Belgium and France had been, because there were a thousand and one reasons why I shouldn't fight for her. There was only one reason which ought to count—that as a soldier I was likely to be so little good that my help would be a hindrance. The shame of having to own that! Some chaps might not mind—it seemed that they didn't; they kept on stopping at home on damp nights, drying their toes at the fire—but I had to mind; I couldn't help it; something inside made me. It was news even to myself, but it seemed that I was built that way. All I had to do was to make myself worth something to my country. That's what we all of us felt who were there—and the C.O. and the rest of them were out to help us do it.

As things are a man isn't born a fighter; under existing conditions fighting is an art; it has to be taught, even the A, B, C of it. You have to learn how to make the best of what Nature has given you—your feet, your legs, your hands, your arms, your body, your eyes, your ears, your head—they all have to be trained so that they may be used to the best advantage. When you come to think, it's extraordinary how many things you do have to be taught. For instance, to fight together, to give each other the best possible support. Twenty men fighting in a body as one man will certainly destroy a hundred fighting without any regard for each other. And of course you've got to learn to shoot. In the present year of grace that wants a bit of teaching. Hundreds of thousands of soldiers have been wiped out of existence because the chaps they've met have been able to teach them a little—which they have been taught themselves—about the handling of guns.

But what's the use of talking? You only had to see us when we were first formed into a line in Battersea Park, and then again some months afterwards when we had been made into men—and soldiers—to know what is the difference between the raw and the fairly finished article, and to realize what that difference meant.

It wasn't all beer and skittles at Seaford—very far from it; but, though I admit there were days of despondency, nearly every night I turned-in feeling that I was a better man than I had been in the morning. I tell you that's a comfortable feeling. To know that, though you're not so big as you might be, when you start fighting for your country you'll be able to fight—like a soldier and a man.

Something I had learnt before I joined the Colours spurred me on, I think, more than anything else. If German troops came down my street, shooting at everyone they met, and I, coming back from the office, in a black coat and billycock hat, were to shoot back, I should be breaking the Law of Nations.

By the Law of Nations you're not allowed to defend your own home if you're a civilian. If you so much as carry a gun, it's no use your saying you're carrying it to defend your mother — you're committing an offence. You've no right to defend your mother. You'll be committing an offence for which you'll be hung at sight, and you'll find it hard to get sympathy even from your own friends. That's a fact. Look what has happened lately over and over again. Whole villages—even towns—have been destroyed

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because some civilian has had the wickedness to try to defend his farm, or his shop, or his home. Others have had to suffer with him, or for him. Look at Louvain. The Germans say that they destroyed Louvain, with its famous buildings, because some of the inhabitants dared to do something to defend themselves, together with their friends and their relations. In war a man can't fight unless he's a soldier; he only destroys what he wanted to save if he does. I couldn't believe it when first I heard that it was so. It seemed monstrous to regard it as criminal if a man attempted self-defence. But I learnt the reason by degrees—it's the difference between war and murder. In war a soldier sets out to fight. He warns you what to expect. If you also are a soldier he will fight you while there's any of him left to fight; but he will observe the rules of the game. War, it has been said, is the greatest game in the world, and has to be played fairly; and, in spite of what you read sometimes in the papers, it mostly is. A soldier won't shoot you if you yourself are not one; you could walk through the thick of the battle and no one, except for very special reasons—which would probably be to your discredit—would try to do you hurt. Soldiers fight soldiers only, or the world would become a shambles. Soldiers on both sides can fight for King and Country just as long as ever they please, and after the actual fighting is over they look after each other's wounded and try to do the best for them they can.

If you're not a soldier, the man who is does not expect you to behave as if you were. You're behaving like an assassin, a coward, a cur, if you do, taking a mean, despicable advantage, trying to save your own skin at any price. If you don't become a soldier it's as good as an announcement that you don't propose to associate yourself with the fighting, however it may go, whatever may take place. If you intend to do something to defend your mother or your country—it's the same thing—it's quite easy. You have only got to make your intention known. You'll win the respect of every honourable man; you'll have your name inscribed on the Roll of Honour. Think it over. Suppose you were one of our chaps and ordered to Germany, and found yourself in a part of the country in which there wasn't a soldier for miles. If you liked, you being a body of fighting men, you could wipe every man, woman, and child off the face of the earth; but the inhabitants being all peaceful civilians, you'd do nothing of the kind. You wouldn't lift a hand against them; you wouldn't even load your guns. You'd take it for granted that they're decent folk proposing to observe the rules of the game. What would you think if, taking advantage of your confidence in them, they were to shoot at you from behind hedges and walls and murder a lot? Wouldn't you call that murder? And wouldn't your comrades be entitled to treat them as murderers? If that sort of thing were to go unpunished you'd have to shoot everyone you met. Your only safety would lie in destroying the entire population.

When that became clear I started thinking with might and main. If the Germans were to invade England I shouldn't be entitled to fire a shot if I wasn't a soldier. That would never do. The idea of being prevented from behaving as if I were an Englishman kept me awake at nights. So I became a soldier. I earned the right to do all I could for my native land. Those cliffs overlooking the sea saw me doing it. There was no make-believe, no shilly-shallying, no shirking. Day after day, week after week, we worked—most of us as we had never worked in our lives before. We got good, well-cooked food and plenty of it, health and strength, rest when our day's work was done. If there is anything better than the rest that comes after such work as ours, I don't know what it is. We knew that the fate, the safety, of our native land lay in our hands, that we were the heritors of a great birthright—England's glory, which had come down the ages, increasing in splendour as it went, until, in the progress of time, it had become entrusted to our keeping. It was our business—it ought to be our pride—to keep it safely, to pass it on to those who are coming after us not only unsmirched, but shining brighter than when it reached us.

The Germans were going to destroy England root and branch, were they? Well, we would show them. We had no feelings of malice, but when they talked like that, and acted as if they meant it, we'd do our best to teach them a lesson. We were being taught, on those cliffs overlooking the sea, how to set about it.

[*Further experiences of Sam Briggs as a soldier will appear next month.*]

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"As Funny as They Can."

VIII.

In our Christmas number, instead of asking one of our well-known comic artists to edit this section, we undertook, for a change, to do it ourselves, and accordingly invited the most eminent humorous artists of the day to send us what they considered their most successful drawing. So many responded to this request that we are able this month to publish a second selection, which we feel sure our readers will consider to be in every way as amusing as the first.



AUNT: "Tommy! How cruel! Why did you cut that poor worm in two?"
Tommy: "He seemed so lonely."

SELECTED BY B. E. MINNS.

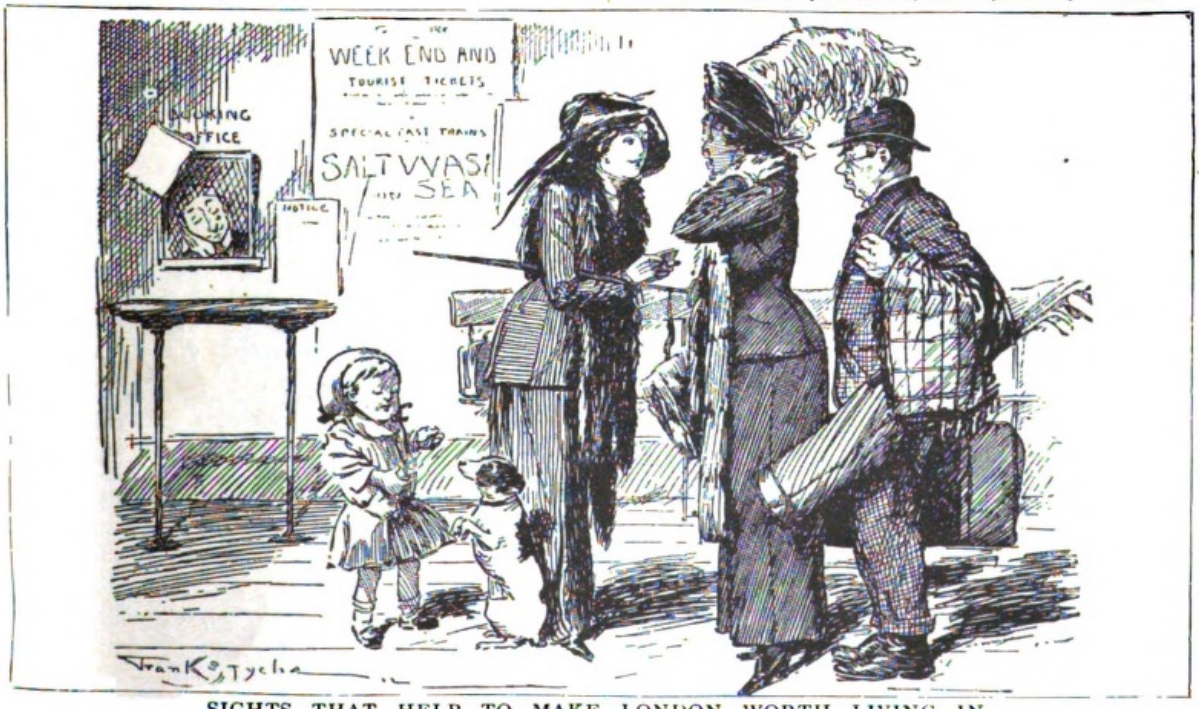
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FIRST URCHIN: "See, 'Erb, a aireoplane!"
Second Urchin: "Where?"
First Urchin: "See, there—that loose bit."

SELECTED BY J. H. DOWD.

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SIGHTS THAT HELP TO MAKE LONDON WORTH LIVING IN.
Short-sighted and short-tempered Pleasure-seeker, who has just got a minute to catch his train, standing at what he takes to be the end of the booking-office queue.

SELECTED BY FRANK STYCHE.

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TIMKINS (trying a new form of holiday): "Silly ass I must 'a been not to go to Brighton with Emma and the kids!"

SELECTED BY FRED BUCHANAN.

By permission of "London Opinion."



THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

SELECTED BY LAWSON WOOD.

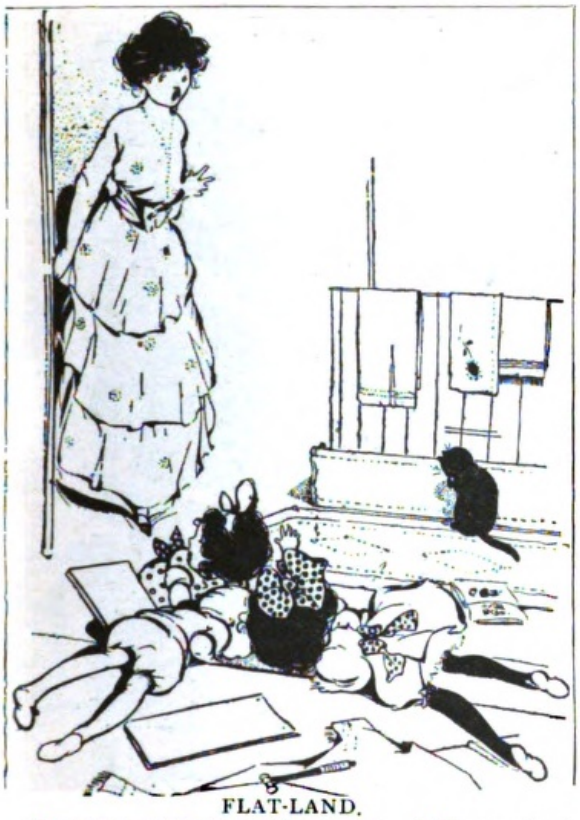


HARASSED HOSTESS: "Do you dance, or are you a walnut?"

SELECTED BY F. H. TOWNSEND.

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FLAT-LAND.

SHRIEKS FROM THE NURSERY: "Come along, mother; we've dug to the other side of the world, and, mother—there's a man there!"

SELECTED BY HILDA COWHAM.



THE FLIRTS AND A REVOKE.

SELECTED BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

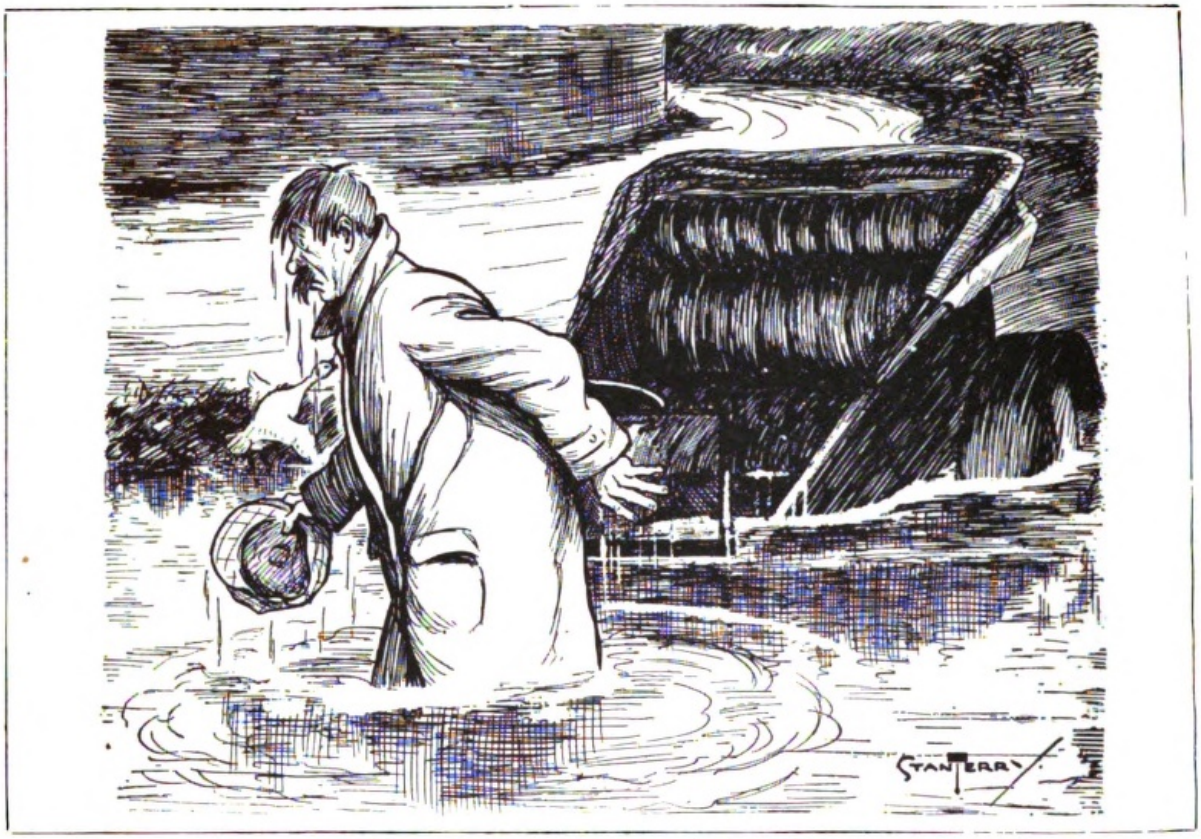


BREATHLESS URCHIN: "You're—wanted—dahn—our—court—and bring a hamb'lance!"
Policeman: "What do you want the ambulance for?"
Urchin: "Muvver's found the lidy wot pinched our doormat!"

SELECTED BY G. L. STAMPA.

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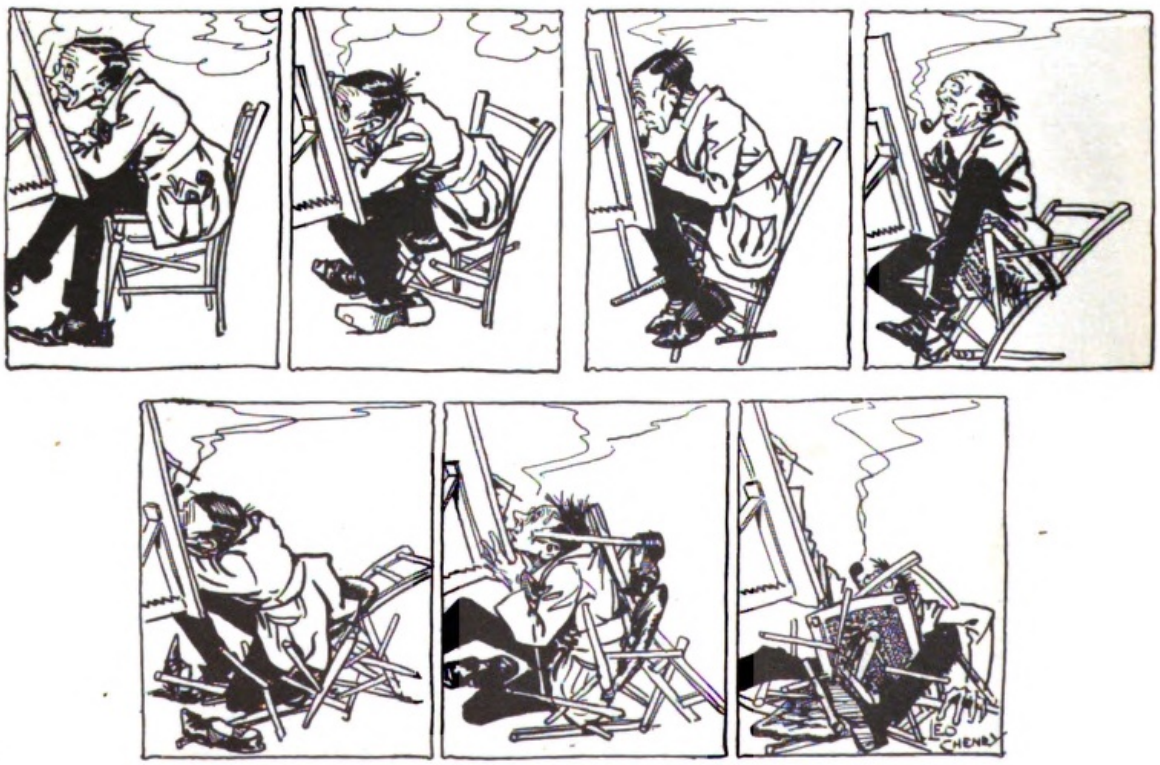
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BARGAIN: Two-seater, with most of the accessories, only done fifty miles, water-cooled engine, owner giving up driving.

SELECTED BY STAN TERRY.

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"BUSINESS AS USUAL."

The Artist who "Carried On" in spite of his chair.

SELECTED BY LEO CHENEY.

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A CASE OF HAVE TO

by *Morley Roberts*

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY EVISON



TOM ARBUTHNOT was a problem to his parents and a weariness to everyone else. He believed he had come into the world for amusement, and he failed to get it. His father was there to find money and his mother to make excuses. Colonel Arbuthnot might have forgiven him if he had succeeded in anything, but he played golf badly, shot worse, and when he tried polo lamed his ponies and battered his opponents, to say nothing of his own side. He wanted everything without working or paying for it. He would do nothing for himself or for the country. He said he hated the Army, loathed the Navy, and had no use for the Diplomatic Service. He was a long, thin, lanky loafer, and showed every sign of becoming something worse. His age was just twenty-one and his favourite subject was his health.

"What I'm to do with Tom fairly beats me," groaned the Colonel. "His mother spoiled him while he was young, and now when she's got some sense it's too late."

His friends said sternly that Tom ought to be made to do something.

"I wish you'd try it," said Tom's father, despairingly.

"Give him an allowance and turn him out," said a stern parent, who had two sons remittance men in California.

"Get hold of somebody who has some influence over him," said another friend.

"Nobody has and nobody ever will have," returned the hopeless warrior.

And then somebody proposed that the boy should be sent abroad with a bear-leader. But, though he had the bear, the ideal leader was hard to discover. The Colonel decided to take advice from a friend in Harley Street.

"Find me the man I want and I'll pay him anything you like," he said to Dr. Curzon. "You tell me that there's nothing wrong with Tom, except that he's undeveloped and physically slack. But he's irremediably selfish, and thinks the world was made for him. What can one do? Can you find me the right man? A chap who lives down our way said, 'Take him out to Western America and make him shoot bears and live in the open air.' He thought a healthy life might bring him to his senses."

And Dr. Curzon nodded.

"I'll find you the man," he said, "if you will give him absolute authority to do as he chooses."

And the Colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"If he can make something out of nothing," he said, "that's all I ask. A little more, and Tom will refuse to get up in the morning without being carried to his bath. He won't even shave himself, and my man has to put his boots on."

"Come and lunch with me to-morrow," said Curzon, "and I'll bring my steam-roller with me."

"Your steam-roller?" said the Colonel.

"To flatten out your boy," said Curzon.

And on the morrow the Colonel met the steam-roller at a big West-end restaurant.

"Let me introduce you to my friend Dr. Griggs," said the Harley Street physician.

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Griggs was not a big man, but he was broad and obviously strong. He had very shrewd, rather deep-set eyes, and if a good jaw really denotes determination there was no more determined man in town. He ate his lunch with determination, and until he had finished it declined to speak. When it came to the coffee he opened his mouth for other purposes than eating.

"Colonel Arbuthnot, I understand from Curzon that you want me to take your boy out to the West and try and make a man of him. Is that so?"

"That is so," said Colonel Arbuthnot.

"I am to do just what I like with him?"

"Whatever you please," said the Colonel, firmly.

"There's nothing wrong with him physically, Curzon, is there?" asked Griggs.

"Nothing," replied Curzon. "He's quite sound and fairly healthy, but slack and thin and rather hypochondriacal and stones under his proper weight."

"I'll have a look at him," said Griggs.

"You mustn't look as determined as that," said Curzon. "If you do you'll frighten the boy."

But Dr. Griggs sniffed.

"Even yet you don't know me, Curzon," he said. "I can be as mild as milk; I can be milder than milk. If you like you can be present, and you won't be able to differentiate me from cream. I shall lay myself out to get hold of this young fellow. I'll make him think I'm the most amusing and pleasant and weak-minded person in the world. He will probably go to his pals and say he can wind me round his finger."



"'I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT HIM,' SAID GRIGGS."

"Can you really do all that?" asked the Colonel. "From the look of you I should hardly think it possible."

"You don't know me either," said Griggs, smiling. "I've been at this game for years, as Curzon will tell you. Of course I have had failures, for you can't make a man out of a monkey. But I maintain we are all of us very much the creatures of our environment. I'll be his environment, and when I cease to be I'll pick him one. You bring him along."

Two or three days later Mrs. Arbuthnot persuaded her son to escort her to London. She wanted to see Dr. Curzon. And the next day Curzon took Tom out to lunch.

"A very jolly friend of mine may turn up," he said. "You'll like him, Tom. He's been everywhere, done everything, seen everything, and he's one of the kindest and best men you'll find on the earth. I think you'll rather like him."

And Tom did like him. During lunch he told him all about his health, but before it was over he was listening with open mouth. Griggs told him stories of every part of the world and all the people in it.

"I get on with everybody," said Griggs, mildly, "even the savagest tribes. If you treat people as they should be treated they take to you at once. Have you ever done any shooting, Mr. Arbuthnot?"

"Only birds, you know," said Tom.

He might have mentioned one gamekeeper, two friends of his father's, and about six dogs.

"Oh, birds!" said Griggs, rather contemptuously. "I wish you were coming with me to Western America. I'm going there next week. It's a beautiful country. I'm going to do myself well, too."

He was going to do it at the Colonel's expense.

"I've got three or four hired men waiting for me, one a real old hunter. There'll be plenty of sport and a jolly good camp. All I want is another pal with me. I suppose your father wouldn't let you come, would he? Naturally, it would cost a good deal."

"I don't think he would," said Curzon, intervening; "and I'm quite certain Mrs. Arbuthnot wouldn't."

"Wouldn't she?" snorted

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Tom, falling into the trap. "If I wanted to come I just would."

"Oh!" said Griggs, "I shouldn't like you to go against your father or your mother, so don't let us talk of it. I've got another man who can afford it. I'm going to see him this afternoon. And that reminds me, we have been sitting here talking for ages. You see, you and your young friend are so jolly entertaining, Curzon, that I really forgot the time. By Jove, I must go! Well, good-bye, Mr. Arbuthnot. I hope we'll meet again some day, and if ever you want to go big-game hunting, you just speak to your father. Dr. Curzon will tell you all about me, what a scoundrel I am, and all the rest of it, you know."

And with that Griggs shook hands and went away.

"Awfully jolly chap that," said Tom, with a superior air.

"Not bad," said Curzon, casually, "and very easy to get on with. I could tell you stories about him from now till midnight. A great man for big game."

"I've often thought I'd like to do some big-game hunting," said Tom, "if I were only strong enough."

"Oh, you mustn't think of that," said Curzon. "It would upset your mother frightfully. Think of your duty to your parents."

"Dash my duty to my parents," said Tom. "If I want to go I shall. You as good as said I was much better. I shall tell the guv'nor so to-day. I really think I will go with Griggs. I always did want to see things, you know."

"I never heard you say so before," said Curzon.

"Oh, haven't you?" said Tom. "Well, if I haven't said it I've often thought it."

When he went home next day with his mother, he walked into the smoking-room, stood up against the mantelpiece, and said:—

"Look here, guv'nor, I'm sick of this. I am going out to Western America with Curzon's friend Griggs."

"Oh, no, you're not," said his father.

"Oh, yes, I am," said his son.

"Your mother wants you at home," said the Colonel, sternly.

"And I want to go abroad," said Tom.

"You're a selfish young dog," said the Colonel, "but you can go and be hanged."

And on this agreeable basis it was arranged. For his mother, having talked it over with Curzon, and also with Griggs, raised every possible objection, and cried bitterly. Thus she made it absolutely certain that Tom would stick to his intention.

Without doubt, the preference and liking shown for him by Griggs flattered Tom immensely. They went round London together for a whole week, and Tom actually did tell one of his particular pals, who revealed the conversation to the Colonel, that he could wind Griggs round his finger. And indeed it seemed that he could, for Griggs did everything that he suggested. In the matter of the outfit Griggs had some difficulty in persuading Tom, whose ardour was extreme when money was to be spent, from buying a battery sufficient to slay all the game in America, to say nothing of Africa. They started for New York inside of a fortnight after Griggs had first heard Tom's name. Mrs. Arbuthnot wept till the tickets were bought, and his father anathematized him for an ungrateful dog, thus keeping him up to the mark.

Tom told Griggs his parents were an unenterprising lot. He often wondered how it was the old man had ever been a soldier.

"All parade ground, I expect," said Tom, contemptuously. "Thinks of nothing but his comfort."

"Ah, they kept you at home too long," said Griggs. "It was good of you to stand it. No doubt your health requires care. But, of course, there's a point where one's duty to one's parents comes into conflict with one's duty to oneself."

"Of course, there is," said Tom.

On the whole Griggs was glad Tom did not suffer from seasickness. It gave him a certain sense of pride when he saw other people incapacitated. But his freedom from this common ailment left him at liberty to gamble in the smoking-room. There he was introduced to the domestic game known as poker, and lost twenty pounds the first day and thirty on the second. Before they reached Fire Island he had been skinned of all his ready money. This was done not only by a common sharper, but also by Griggs himself, who had his own purposes in view. The doctor was a far-seeing man. He sympathized with Tom, and said he had had very bad luck, but to encourage him told him that he would some day be a great hand at poker.

"I wish I was a good player myself," said Griggs.

As a matter of fact, Griggs knew more of poker than of pathology, and as much as he did of the psychology of a young megalomaniac. In the small hours of the last morning before they reached the Narrows he played the swindler who had robbed Tom, and got the money back with a great deal

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more than interest. And then he took his opponent aside, and said :—

"If you live for a few more years, and play poker hard, you will know as much about it as I did when I was nineteen."

But he told Tom that the poker-playing gentleman had cleared him out. It was therefore necessary for them to go straight to their destination without tasting any of the flesh-pots of New York.

"New York," said Griggs, "is an extremely dull place after London. It'd give you the hump. There's nothing doing, and it's very moral, almost puritanical. We'll keep it till we come back from the West, Tom."

"Oh, very well," said Tom; "but I always thought New York was said to be lively."

"Only financially, only financially," said the doctor.



"BEFORE THEY REACHED FIRE ISLAND HE HAD BEEN SKINNED OF ALL HIS READY MONEY."

As they travelled West Griggs instructed his victim in the ways and manners of Western Americans.

"They are a bit apt to trample on strangers who don't hold their end up," said Griggs.

"Oh, are they?" asked Tom. "Do they like Englishmen?"

"They admire them immensely," said Griggs, who knew very well that any Englishman had to prove himself in the West before he was considered a man.

"What are their manners like?" asked Tom. "I have heard people say they are very rough."

But Griggs shook his head.

"That's a misunderstanding. On the outside they appear to be. They're essentially courteous, considerate, and confiding. They have a great respect for birth, Tom, and the one thing they lament in America is the want of an aristocracy. Of course, people will tell you the exact opposite, but don't you pay any attention. That's their humbug. They grieve they haven't a nobility."

Thus, in the course of three days' travelling, Tom was instructed in the nature of those with whom he was to spend some happy months. The fact that he was the scion of a noble family ensured him the respect of all who dwelt in the Rocky Mountains. If any unlikely contretemps happened, such as a conductor addressing him as "young feller," Griggs assured him that that was the custom of the country, and equivalent to the common adulation of an English guard. When a hard-headed old moss-back collogued with them at a wayside station where they had been delayed by a wash-out, and told them that he had a poor opinion of the English, that his opinion of them was mean to a degree, Tom's hackles rose, but Griggs put his powerful hand on his shoulder and whispered in his ear :—

"This, my boy, is a common type of madman in the West; you must treat him as if he was perfectly sane."

When they were again safely in the cars Griggs said that there were some whose envy of the superiority of the English was so great that it put them off their mental balance. And Tom said he quite understood that.

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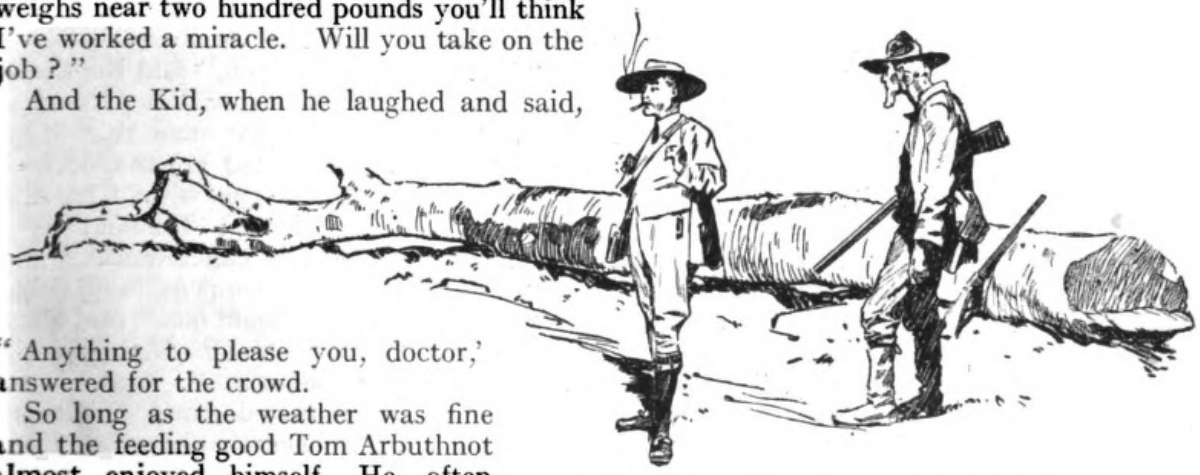
His sense of his own superiority grew hourly, and the doctor encouraged it. But Griggs said to himself :—

" Pride comes before a fall. I believe I am on the right track."

Within a week of their arrival on the Pacific Slope they were camped in a valley of the Rockies. The party consisted of Griggs and Tom, a quiet and solid old hunter whose name was Gibbs, a hardened youth with a humorous and satiric eye, known as the " Kid," an odd Cockney called Smith, who had been on the Slope for many years, and a half-breed, whom Griggs had known in British Columbia. Before they went into the hills Griggs had a talk with these men. What he said was :—

" Look here, we're going hunting with a young fellow I've brought from England. I want you to say nothing and saw wood, so to speak, when he shoots off his mouth. Don't forget it's a medical case and I'm out for a cure. You mustn't mind his manners, because he hasn't got any. Just grit your teeth and be good till I give you the word. I'm going to make a man of him. He's really sick, but as full of himself as a bull moose when he's feeling gay, and he knows nothing. I'm going to teach him, and maybe you can help me. When he's made to work and weighs near two hundred pounds you'll think I've worked a miracle. Will you take on the job ? "

And the Kid, when he laughed and said,



" YOU CAYN'T SHOOT FOR SOUR APPLES, MY SON."

" Anything to please you, doctor,' answered for the crowd.

So long as the weather was fine and the feeding good Tom Arbuthnot almost enjoyed himself. He often forgot to talk about his digestion. He regarded himself as the chief of the party. The more self-assertive he became the milder Griggs grew. Even the silent old frontiersman remarked on this. But Smith, the Cockney, said :—

" 'Old on, Gibbs ; there'll be a circus presently, or I'm a sucker ! "

The men found they had a lot to put up with. It was not so much what Tom said or did as what he didn't do. He wouldn't do anything. He loafed about the camp and smoked himself black in the face. Occasionally he went out, fired a shot or two, missed everything, and came back and groused. He sniffed at the men's manners, at their ways, at their language. He often corrected their faults of speech and told them they didn't call things by their proper names. They went to Griggs and said a little more and they wouldn't be able to stand it. But Griggs said :—

" Boys, remember our bargain. You don't know what's going to happen, and I do."

And Tom got more and more bumptious ; he was frightfully rude to the doctor, and said :—

" Look here, Griggs, who's paying most for this—I and my father or you ? "

This was said at the camp fire one night, and there was a dead silence save for a kind of strangled groan from the Kid. But all Griggs said was :—

" All right, Arbuthnot ; have it your own way."

Nevertheless, nothing disturbed the doctor's good humour ; he came up in the morning as cheerful as a chipmunk. He encouraged Tom to tell the camp all about himself and his health, about his father, about his noble ancestors, and about the money that the family possessed. And the boys listened in silence, but they wished they knew what Griggs had up his sleeve. They yearned for Tom's downfall and wondered how it was going to be engineered. The next day after the row with the doctor Tom went out with Gibbs, and after missing three excellent chances said it was the old hunter's fault. And Gibbs, who had hardly spoken the whole day, at last opened his mouth. What he said was :—

" Look hyer, boy ; the trouble with you is

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that you reckon you kin shoot and you cayn't shoot. You cayn't shoot for sour apples, my son."

And Tom turned on him and gave him the sack there and then. But old Gibbs only stared at him and laughed silently.

"Don't you dare laugh at me," said Tom.

And the unrepentant Gibbs, forgetful of Griggs's injunctions, said :—

"What else can I do when I look at you, sonny, and hear you shoot off your mouth?"

Griggs patched up a difficult peace that evening, and when Tom was asleep in his tent he held council with the others.

"Doctor, this cayn't go on," urged the Kid. "He called me a silly ass this very day. A slab-sided hoosier like him to call me a silly ass! Ain't it time we just told him what we thinks of him?"

"It's coming," said Griggs. "What did he say to you, Smith?"

"Oh, me, sir?" said Smith. "'E allowed I couldn't cook for 'ogs, that's what 'e let on. And 'e says, 'Ere, you,' and 'Now, then,' and ''Urry up,' as if 'e was Gawd A'mighty and me no more than a crawler. I'd give a month's pay to be let punch 'is 'ead."

And Griggs laughed.

"Do you think it'd do him good, Gibbs?" he said to the old hunter.

And Gibbs shrugged his shoulders.

"What, me, doctor? Ain't I out of it? Didn't I get fired the other day on Baldy?"

"When are you goin' to let us tell 'im what we thinks of 'im?" asked Smith, eagerly. "Oh, when?"

"I don't think it'll be long," said the doctor. "I hoped to do without it. I thought the boy might have panned out better; but if he doesn't behave more like a man you can say what you like the day after to-morrow."

"And if that doesn't work?" asked the Kid.

"I've got a plan," said the doctor.

"Give us a pointer, sir," urged the Kid.

But Griggs shook his head.

"It'll keep, sonny; it'll keep."

"My notion," said the Kid, "is that a son of a gun like that ought to be slung out on his own. This is a comfor'ble outfit, this is, plenty of hash and everythin' a man wants. Look at his outfit and the way he rigs himself out! Why, his clothes make me sick. Them knickerbockers and them ribbed stockin's! Oh, he gives me the pip. Last out o' the blankets and first at the grub pile is his motter. And the voice of him, too! Oh, listen to him, the toney way he chins, bloomin', bally Henglishman!"

"I'm an Englishman, Kid," said Griggs.

"Well, you may be," said the Kid; "but you've got over it."

"Have I?" asked Griggs, with a smile.

"Clean," said the Kid, earnestly. "Ain't he, Gibbs?"

And Gibbs nodded approval of this tremendous praise.

"Englishmen," said the Kid, desiring to develop the subject, "mostly reckons to know a dollar's worth on the total expenditure of one red cent. They comes loafin' about in this country, sayin' 'Haw' and 'Heear' and 'I say,' as if they owned the whole goldarned Slope. They looks at us kind of contempshus, not savvyin' what we thinks of them."

"You make me very humble, Kid," said the doctor.

"There's no need for you to be," returned the Kid, warmly. "You're just as good as an American. There isn't a man in the camp that wouldn't say the same."

"Thank you," said Griggs; "thank you very much, Kid."

"That's all I've got to say, but I own I'm lookin' forward to the day a'ter ter-morrer," said the Kid, "when I can turn my tongue loose on the derned sucker yander. If he says too much to me, doctor, may I plug him? Oh, do let me plug him!"

"Not unless he hits you," said the doctor.

"Oh, I'll see that he hits me," said the Kid. "He'll be the first man that hasn't tried to when I've turned my tongue loose. I've got a gay, good tongue when I let it go. Oh, I've seen them dance! I should say so. My tongue's as good as dance music."

"Well, we'll see what happens," said Griggs.

"'E let on to me 'e could box," said Smith, scornfully. "Can 'e, boss? 'Ave you ever seen 'im with the gloves on?"

"Never," said the doctor; "but he's getting a bit stronger than he was. He's got the makings of a tough man in him, if I'm on the right track."

It was curious how wrong things went the next day. Tom's pony was lame. This, possibly, the half-breed could have explained. A piece of string or deer-sinew tied tightly round the fetlock and hidden under the hair will make any horse lame without doing him any harm. The coffee at breakfast was villainous, and the beans were of an appalling saltness. Tom's temper rose rapidly. He emptied his coffee into the creek, hurled his plate of beans after it, and said :—

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"If things can't be done better, I shall quit."

Nobody said a word, not even Smith.

For the first time Tom was the earliest to be ready to get off the camp, but when he expressed his desire that Gibbs should accompany him the old hunter looked at him with a lack-lustre expression and said:—

"What, me? Oh, no, Mr. Arbuthnot, not arter what occurred a while back. If you hanker arter shootin' I'll put you up a large mark fifty yards off, on them rocks, and larn you the use of a rifle."

Tom turned in a sudden fury to the doctor.

"Look here, Griggs, I've had enough of this. You sack this fellow."

"He shall go to-morrow," said Griggs, quietly, "or at latest the day after."

"Well, you see he does," said Tom. "Who's paying for all this, I should like to know?"

And with that he put his rifle on his shoulder and left the camp.

"Oh, 'e's a dear boy," said Cockney Smith. "I love 'im. 'Ow 'is parents must love 'im, too. What did you bring 'im 'ere for, boss?"

"To educate him, Smith," said Griggs.

"Eddicate 'im?" said Smith. "Eddicate 'im? Oh, my word, I wish I 'ad 'is eddication in 'and."

And the Kid smiled.

"We'll start it ter-morrer, Smith; the doctor said we was to start it ter-morrer. If I ain't allowed to take a hand in that young sucker's eddication ter-morrer I'll do the same as him. I'll just rise up and say, 'I cayn't stand it no more; I'll jack up the whole show and go back to hum.'"

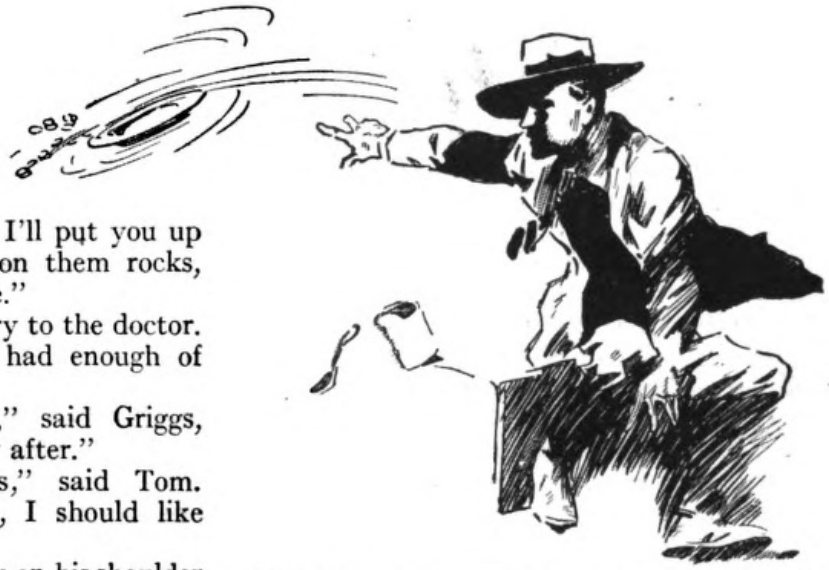
Gibbs and the doctor came back in the evening with two bears and a goat. Tom's jaw fell, for he had come empty-handed.

"Why can't I get anything?" he demanded.

And Gibbs said, "Do you wish to know, Mr. Arbuthnot, why you cayn't do as well as the doctor and me?"

"Yes," said Tom, angrily, "I do wish to know. It's my belief you're keeping it all to yourselves."

"Oh, no, Mr. Arbuthnot, sir," said Gibbs. "It's becaze you cayn't shoot. It's becaze you ain't the least notion of still huntin'. You walks through the woods as proud as a buck elk. You coughs and you sneezes. You treads on dead timber, and generally behaves as if things was deaf. But, sonny, things ain't deaf, nor blind, nor fools. That's why you cayn't get nothin'. That's why you prob'ly never will get nothin'. Me and the doctor here has tried to larn you the last ten days, but you ain't larnt nothin'.



"HE EMPTIED HIS COFFEE INTO THE CREEK AND HURLED HIS PLATE OF BEANS AFTER IT."

Mr. Arbuthnot, you never will larn nothin'. You couldn't shoot a rat in a barn, unless you cotched him in a trap first and loosed off at him with a double-pronged scatter gun, with a handful of buckshot, at about one yard's distance. That's my tum-tum, and now you have it."

Tom turned round and went straight into his tent.

"Gibbs," said the doctor, "I've known you ten years, and I don't think I've heard you say so much in all that time as you've said these last two minutes."

And old Gibbs scratched his head.

"A man gets wrought up at times," he said; "at times he gets wrought up."

It was not a happy camp, and yet Smith and the Kid sang after dinner and seemed joyous.

"I'd be fair delirious with joy," said the Kid, "if ter-morrer was here. Ter-morrer is what I looks forward to. Ter-morrer is my joy-day."

And Tom, who was sitting sulkily within three yards of him, wondered what he meant.

"I'm dead feared I'll die before ter-morrer," said the Kid. "That's the way that things take me. I look forward with fear when happiness is on the wing. That's my nature."

"What are yer lookin' forward to, Kid?" asked the Cockney, grinning.

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"To turnin' my inward self loose," said the Kid. "That's my joy. I feel as if I'd been tied up, cinched as tight as if I'd been packed on a mewel. But ter-morrer is the day of liberty. Oh, give me liberty or give me death!"

That night the doctor sat by the fire smoking till it was quite late. Before he turned in he went to the men's tent and spoke to them.

"Look here, boys, I don't want you to say anything to Mr. Arbuthnot to-morrow that he could take objection to, unless he makes trouble. Do you understand?"

And they said they savvied. But the Cockney whispered to the Kid:—

"Say nothin'! Oh, I'll say nothin', Kid, but the boss never said nothin' about the corffee. 'Ow do yer think, Kid, a dollop o' salt would go in corffee?"

The Kid knew perfectly well how it went next morning at breakfast.

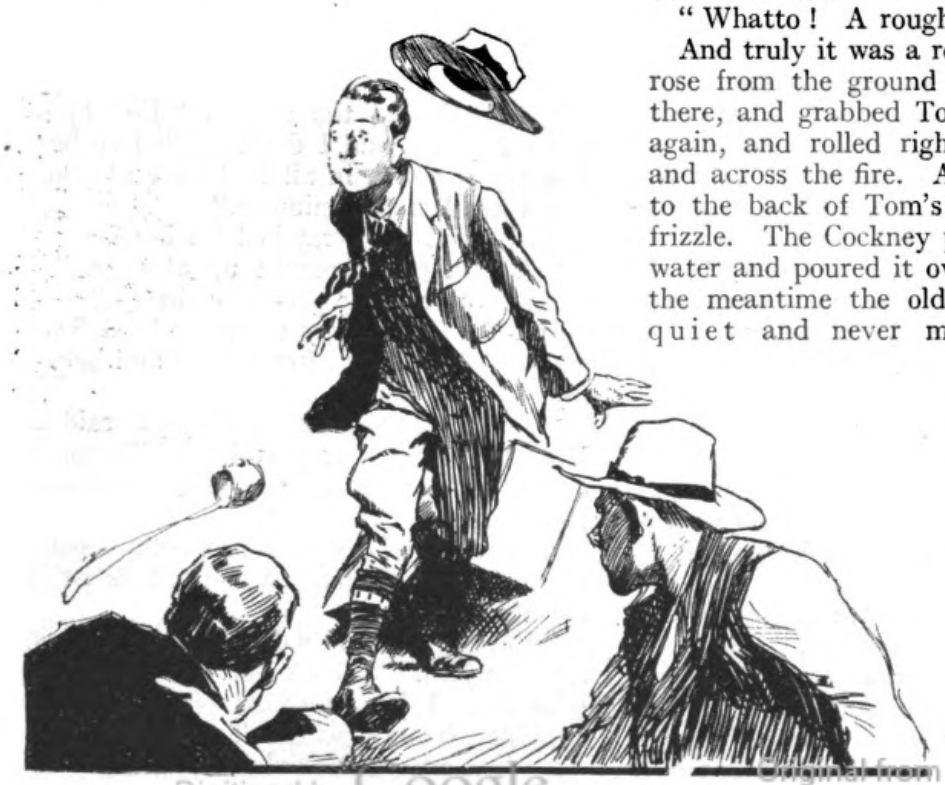
"Oh, Lord, I'm poisoned!" said Tom, as he spluttered and spurted the coffee all over the place.

"Why, what's wrong with my corffee?" asked Smith.

There was nothing wrong with his or anybody else's except Tom's.

"If yours is wrong, it must have been an accident," grinned the Kid.

"Accident be hanged!" said Tom. "I believe you did it on purpose, Smith."



"'OH, LORD, I'M POISONED!' SAID TOM."

"What, me do a thing like that a purpose?" said the aggrieved cook. "And me a cook?"

"You aren't a cook!" roared Tom. "And what's more, you sha'n't cook for me any longer."

"For you?" said the Cockney, suddenly contemptuous. "I ain't cookin' for you, my son; I'm cookin' for the doctor."

"Don't you dare say 'my son' to me," said Tom, furiously.

As he spoke, Griggs rose and walked out of the camp, and never looked round, but strolled up the creek with a pipe in his mouth. They saw him out of sight. And then the Kid rose up.

"No, Smith," said the Kid, "don't you dare to call Mr. Arbuthnot 'my son.' You ain't respectful. Just think what a fine chap he is. Cayn't he shoot just and cayn't he hunt, and ain't he rich, as he's always tellin' us? Think of his father and his grandfather what's an earl. How the girls must love him! Don't you call him 'my son,' Smith. You leave him to me. I'm just a-workin' myself up to tell him what I think of him. I'll tell him a whole lot when I get warmed to it."

But he never got a chance of warming to it that day, for Tom, whose temper was completely gone, rose up and went straight for him. The ingenuous Kid was taken unawares. Tom's fist got him between the two eyes, and down he went.

"Whatto! A rough 'ouse!" said Smith.

And truly it was a rough house. The Kid rose from the ground almost before he got there, and grabbed Tom. Down they went again, and rolled right over the breakfast and across the fire. A large hot coal stuck to the back of Tom's jacket and began to frizzle. The Cockney picked up a bucket of water and poured it over both of them. In the meantime the old hunter sat perfectly quiet and never moved more than an eyelid until they disappeared into the store-tent, and there rolled over and over. The tent bulged and swung and finally collapsed, with the two of them still under it, fighting in a cloud of flour and amid the clatter of pans. And the Cockney danced outside and roared at the top of his voice:—

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"Go it, Kid! Go it, Tom Arbuthnot!"

And Gibbs, thinking it was at last time to interfere, rose and advanced to the front. Presently from beneath the canvas there appeared a leg.

"That's the Kid's laig, ain't it?" asked Gibbs.

And with that he seized it and dragged him from beneath the canvas, and set him on his feet. A few moments later Tom Arbuthnot emerged. They were both covered from head to foot with flour and were absolutely blinded. Dr. Griggs came back to the camp to find them both trying to get the flour out of their eyes in order to renew the fight. The Cockney was lying on the ground, rolling over and over in a paroxysm of laughter. Even Gibbs, who stood rubbing his chin, chuckled audibly.

"What's this about?" asked the doctor, sternly.

"He hit me," said the Kid.

"So I did," roared Tom, "and I'm glad of it. He was insolent, and I won't put up with it."

"You wait till I get the flour out of my eyes, sonny," retorted the Kid.

"Come, that's enough of it," said the doctor; "we'll have no more. What's come to the tent?"

And Smith explained what had happened. The Kid went down to the creek to wash the flour out of his eyes and ears and hair. As he went he remarked:—

"My joy-day doesn't seem to have been the success I reckoned on."

It seemed less a success when he looked at a broken glass and found that he had two black eyes. But there were compensations in Tom Arbuthnot's face.

"Look here," said Griggs, "this kind of thing can't go on. What did you strike him for, Arbuthnot?"

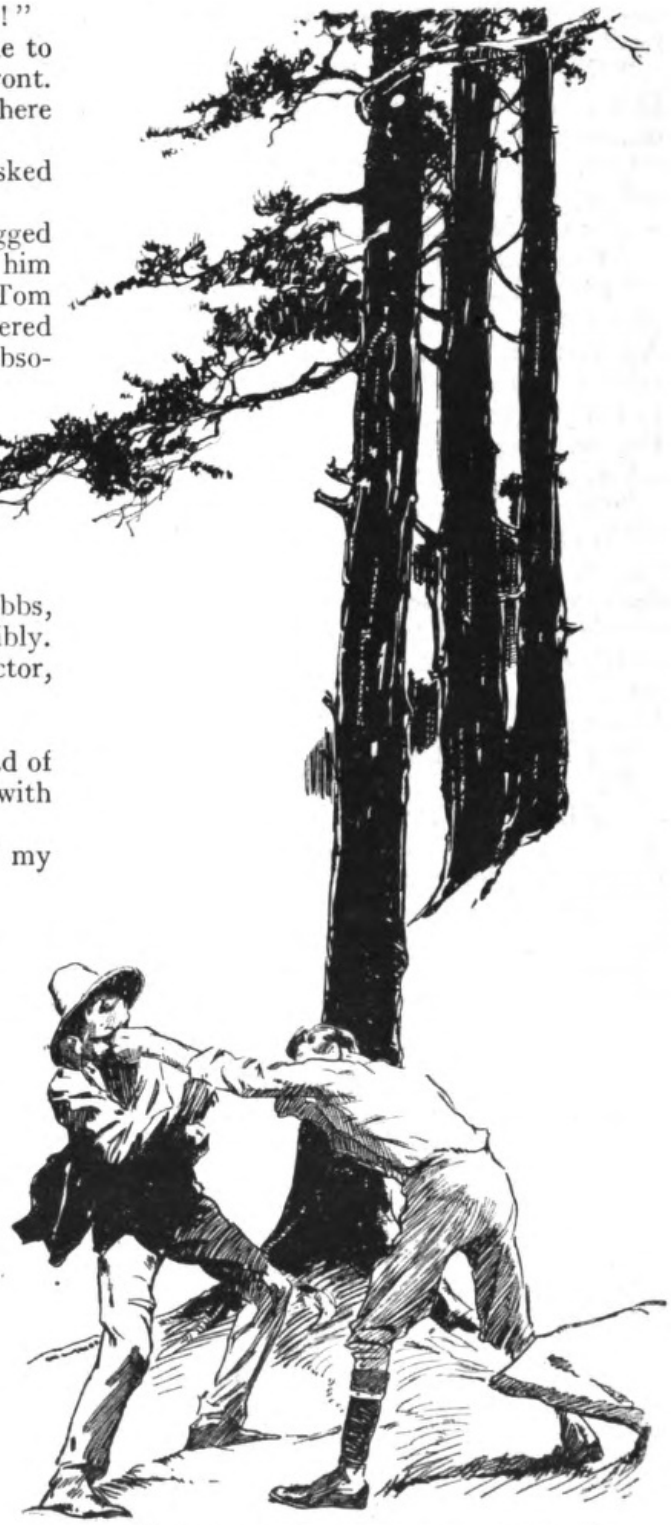
"Because he was insolent," said Tom.

"Were you insolent, Kid?" asked the doctor.

"What, me insolent!" said the Kid. "Me insolent to a thing like that! I was just beginnin' to think of tellin' him what I thought of him, when he rushed me."

"Well," said the doctor, "I think you'd better shake hands. You seem to have come out tolerably level in the scrap."

"I don't mind shakin' hands," said the Kid, generously.



"TOM'S FIST GOT HIM BETWEEN THE EYES."

"I'll see you hanged first!" said Tom.

Griggs said something to Gibbs, who took his rifle and walked off up the creek. Then the doctor spoke to Smith and the Kid.

"Fix up that tent, boys," he said. "I'll have a talk to Mr. Arbuthnot."

"I don't want to talk to you," said Tom. "I've had enough of you. You seem to

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have brought me out here to make a fool of me."

"No," said Griggs, "I brought you out here to make a man of you. The first sign of a man, Arbuthnot, is to know how to treat others. You don't seem to be able to get on unless you have your own way all the time. You want to be treated respectfully, don't you?"

"Why, certainly I do," said Tom.

"On what grounds?" asked Griggs, pleasantly. "Because you're worthy of it? Are you anything, boy? Can you do anything? Do you know anything? I'd like to tell you now why you came out with me. Do you know why?"

"Because I wanted to," said Tom, sulkily.

"Oh, no!" said the doctor. "That wasn't the reason. You came out with me because your father hoped a little experience in a new country might make you a little more possible, a little less selfish, a little less full of yourself, a little easier to get on with, a little more of a man. You thought it was your own notion, I dare say. Didn't you?"

But Tom didn't answer.

"You were mistaken," said the doctor, "if you did. It was Dr. Curzon's idea and mine. You don't know that it's my work to take hold of cubs like you and try and make men of them. I've succeeded with dozens, my boy, but you're the toughest contract I've had for some time. But I'll succeed with you, too. For your father has paid for it, and I'll carry the contract through, somehow or another."

"Oh, will you?" said Tom, savagely. "I'll see you don't. I'm going back to-morrow. I'm going back to-day."

"Have you any money?" asked Griggs, casually.

"No, and I'll thank you for some," said Tom.

But the doctor shook his head.

"Oh, no, my son; you'll get none from me."

"I insist on it!" said Tom. "I insist on it! I must have money, I must! You don't think I'm going to stop with you after all this, do you?"

And Griggs smiled.

"No," he said, "I don't think so. I think it very probable we shall have to part."

"Then you'll give me money?" said Tom.

"I'll tell you about that to-morrow," said Griggs.

"I'll write home at once and tell my people all about you," said Tom Arbuthnot.

"You'd better go and do it," said Griggs. "I have some letters to write myself."

And with that he turned away and went to his own tent, where he did write a letter. When it was done he placed it in an envelope, addressed it to Mr. Thomas Arbuthnot, and put it in his pocket.

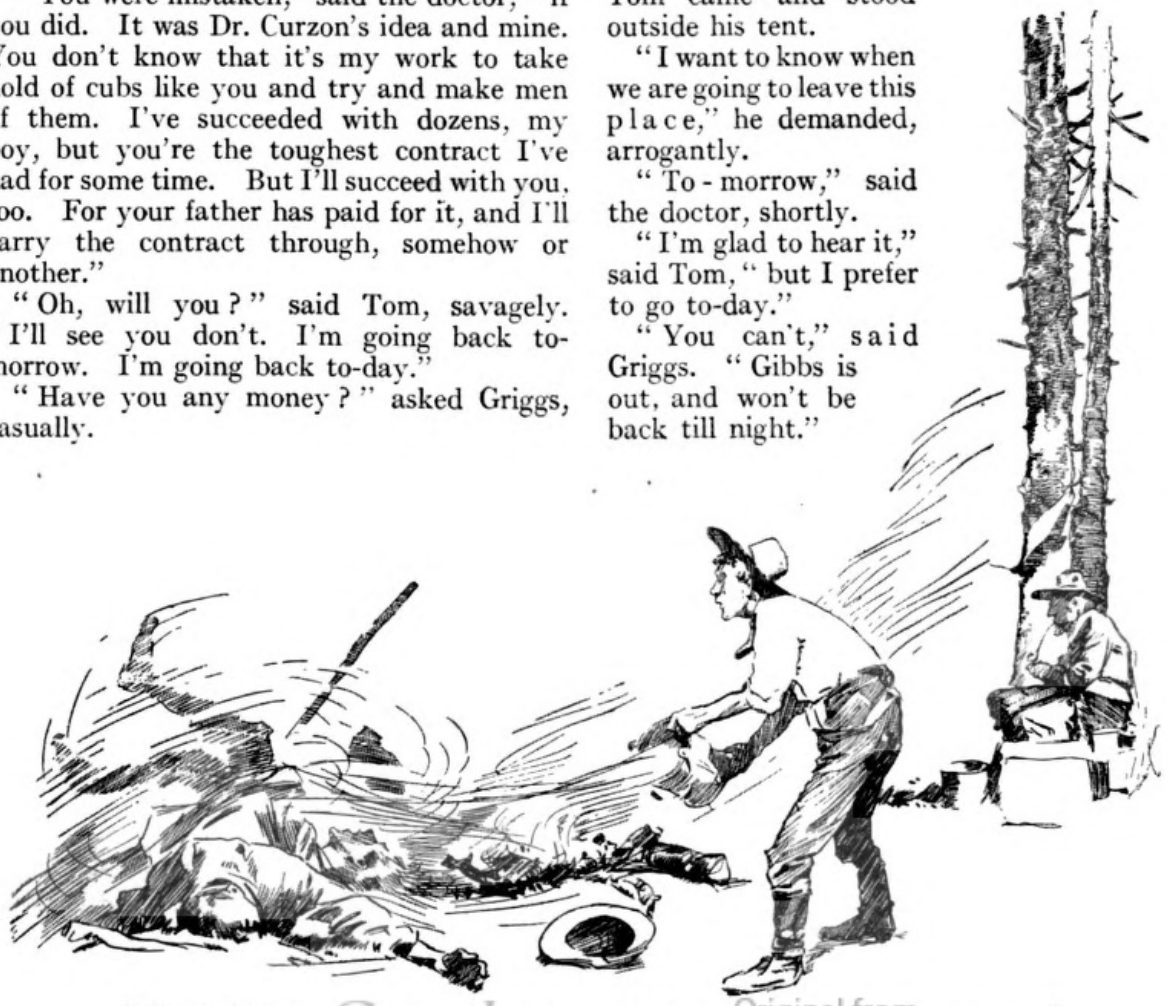
About an hour later Tom came and stood outside his tent.

"I want to know when we are going to leave this place," he demanded, arrogantly.

"To-morrow," said the doctor, shortly.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Tom, "but I prefer to go to-day."

"You can't," said Griggs. "Gibbs is out, and won't be back till night."



"HE PICKED UP A BUCKET OF WATER AND POURED IT OVER BOTH OF THEM."

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Nevertheless Griggs set the Kid and Smith packing up the camp. Tom took his rifle and went out and did not return till evening. When he got back the rest were having supper round the camp fire. The only happy persons were the Kid and the Cockney.

"A gay outfit this," said the Kid. "This hyer experience of mine's worth two black eyes. To think I should have had my eyes blacked by an Englishman! I never thought I should live to see the day."

"I could black them," said Smith.

"Oh, you!" said the Kid, scornfully. "You ain't nothin', Smith. You ain't an Englishman and you ain't an American. You're a freak, you are."

And Tom Arbuthnot never said a word. As the Kid declared later, there was a frown on his face like a mountain thunderstorm. He retired early, and never noticed that the Kid had fetched in the cayuses from the mountain meadow in which they had been grazing. When it was obvious that Tom was fast asleep, they packed things rapidly, saddled up, struck the other tents, and then the Kid, who knew what he had to do, stole quietly to Tom's and took away his rifle. By twelve o'clock, when the gibbous moon shouldered its way over a south-east peak, all was ready, and the doctor, taking a five-dollar bill and the letter which he had in his pocket, pinned the two of them, with an old bowie knife, to the stump of a pine outside Tom's tent. By that time the three other men were mounted and well off the camp, and Griggs followed in their tracks. They vanished into the forest by the trail that led down by the roaring creek.

The healthy life that Tom Arbuthnot had led in the Rockies made him sleep like a saw-mill hand. But somehow the next morning he woke up at six o'clock, when it had been good broad daylight for over an hour. The camp seemed very quiet, so he rose and put his head out of the tent. He rubbed his eyes as if he were still dreaming when he found all the other tents gone.

"Why, what's this?" he said, in alarm. "What's this?"

And then he saw the knife and the letter and the five-dollar bill.

"By Jove!" said Tom.

He pulled the knife out and read the letter:—

"You wanted money. Here's five dollars. If you want more, work for it. It will do you good. I still think you've got the makings of a man in you. When you are tired of staying in camp, and cursing me, you had better follow the trail we came up by, till you get to Simpson's Lake. Simpson might give you a job. Then there's Johnson's saw-mill at the Gap, and you can take my tip that if those places don't suit you, there's plenty of work to be found. Humping lumber will do you more good than medicine, and finding your place among men may make you one. I have hopes of you, and I wish you luck.—Your sincere friend, EUSTACE GRIGGS."

It was a cold day for Tom Arbuthnot. He sat down on a fallen pine and stared angrily at the universe.

"This—this is horrible," he said. "I don't understand it. I wish I had hold of that man Griggs. Oh, I've been treated awfully. I wonder how I shall get home. Five dollars—what good is five dollars?"

And then he hoped that perhaps this was no more than an evil joke on the part of the doctor.

"He wants to give me a fright," said Tom. "When he comes back I'll tell him what I think of him."

But he heard nothing save the ceaseless roaring of the creek that ran past the camp.

"I'll—I'll give him till to-morrow," said Tom, panting.

But the loneliness got on his nerves, and he decided he would not give Griggs till to-morrow. He packed up what he could, and took the track for Simpson's.

And the Kid, who had been sent back by Griggs to watch what happened, came down into the camp after Tom had left it and laughed consumedly.

"The face of him," said the Kid, "when he saw our surprise party was just too sweet. But it wouldn't surprise me none if the doctor was right arter all, and that bein' on his own would make a man of him. He had a look on him I'd never seen before. He'd kind o' got his teeth set, like as if he was huntin' Griggs. Oh, but the doctor is gay and good!"

And he followed Tom down the trail.

The next morning Tom interviewed Mr. Simpson, who was an old friend of Griggs. He told the farmer his woes, and requested him to be good enough to lend him enough money to return to England.

"Sonny," said Simpson, who was a typical old pioneer, with a chin beard, "you cayn't raise no money from me. Dr. Griggs opened up to me the truth about you, and the poverty of your parents, and his own charity in taking care of you, and your onparalleled ingratitude for all his care and goodness."

And Tom choked.

"My father's a rich man," he said.

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"Young feller," said Simpson, solemnly, "if you will reeflect for a few moments, do you reckon I am likely to believe you rather than my old and proved and religious friend, Dr. Griggs? Reeflect, my son—reeflect."

And Tom reflected, and choked down the expression of his rage.

"All the same, it's not true, Mr. Simpson. Give me enough money to telegraph to my people."

"I should be goin' against the strict and reeligious injunctions of my friend if I done so, sonny," said the old pioneer. "Reeflect and cawnsider that money may be obtained by work, and it's my tum - tum there's no other way of gettin' it. Some can be got by beggin' and some by cheatin', but the more you beg and the more you cheat, the less you raise, my son. Would you like a job on my farm?"

"No," said Tom, "I don't want a job. I want to get back to England."

And Simpson nodded.

"Fine place, England," he remarked. "It's about four thousand miles to Noo York and the kentry is a free kentry. You kin walk to Noo York, my son."

"Why, it'd take months!" said Tom, with open eyes.

"So tramps and hobos hev informed me," said Simpson, quietly. "But if you object to hittin' the road, you kin go to work. I'll write you a letter to Johnson, at the Gap; you kin work in his mill. Some hard work would do you good. That's what the doctor allowed. He let on you was very full of yourself and full of nothin' else. He urged me to speak my mind freely unto you. Will you have a letter to my old friend Johnson?"



"AND THEN HE SAW THE KNIFE AND THE LETTER AND THE FIVE-DOLLAR BILL."

And Tom actually took it.

"Oh, I reckoned you would," said Simpson. "It's a case of have to! You've larnt suthin' already, my son. Don't you reckon you've larnt suthin'?"

"What have I learnt?" asked Tom, gloomily.

"I'll leave it to you to cawnsider on the trail," said Simpson. "While you're hittin' the trail to my friend Johnson's you'll have a whole lot o' time to cawnsider the p'int."

Six weeks later Mrs. Arbuthnot should have received a letter from her son, addressed from—

"The Saw Mill,
Johnson's Gap,
"Washington, U.S.A.

"DEAR MOTHER,—Dr. Griggs has turned out a scoundrel. He brought me out here and treated me as if I was no one. Then he took all my things and deserted me, without money, in the middle of a most desolate sea of mountains. All he left me was an insolent letter and five dollars. I have been compelled to take a terribly hard job in a saw-mill, along with the most awful men, who are very rude to me. Nobody believes my father is rich, nobody will lend me any money to come home with. I am working twelve hours a day and my hands are frightfully sore, and I sleep in a pigsty. If I ever get hold of Griggs I will murder him. Please send me some money so that I can come home at once."

That his mother did not receive the letter

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was due to the fact that Mr. Johnson sent it on to Dr. Griggs, who was enjoying himself in Tacoma. And Johnson sent a covering letter with it:—

"This pup o' yourn will be a dog some day. We are making him quite useful. I should reckon he weighs twenty pounds more than when he came. He's beginning to be able to handle lumber without dropping it on his toes, and the boys tell me he has the appetite of a grizzly. He's had two fights already. He's beginning to stand chaff, and so he should, for he gets a whole lot of it. But he told me yesterday that when he gets big enough and strong enough to give you the father and the mother of a cow hiding he reckoned to do it.

"P.S.—I reckon he'll be here quite a while yet, because, remembering your advice, I set our best gambler on him, and month by month I reckon Bill will skin him. This was a fine notion of yours, and Bill's very grateful and sends his best regards."

Griggs chuckled when he read this letter.

"If a saw-mill doesn't kill a man it makes him," said Griggs. "I've worked in one myself."

Two months later Johnson and Simpson both came over to Tacoma on business, and stayed a day with Griggs.

"How's my patient getting on?" asked Griggs.

"Fust class—couldn't be better," said Johnson. "It's done him a world of good. You'd hardly know him. He's quick and active and lively. The last thing he done in the hash-house was to stand up and say, 'Look hyar, boys, I'll stand as much chaff as you care to pour out, so long as you say nothin' oncivil about the King o' England; but the man that says anythin' oncivil about the King o' England, I'll knock his goldarned brains out with a cant-hook.' And ever since that the boys have been that monarchical as would surprise you."

"What does he say about me?" asked Griggs.

"I was keepin' that," said Simpson, "for a surprise for you. He says to me, says he, the other day:—

"'When I gets hold of Dr. Griggs I'll give him ondiluted hell!'

"'Will you?' says I.

"'I will that,' said the pup.

"And I said, 'What, my boy, would you thump your benefactor?'

"'My what?' says he, fairly jumpin'.

"'Your benefactor,' says I; 'the man that made a man of you.'

"'It isn't his fault or his doin' that you reckon I can do some work now,' says he.

"And I fair laffed.

"'Why, you goldarned sucker,' says I, smilin', 'what do you reckon he done it for?'

"And he looked at me with them big blue eyes o' his'n and says, kind o' surprised:—

"'What do you reckon to mean, Mr. Johnson?'

"'What I says,' says I.

"'You don't mean to say——' he begins.

"And again I laffed.

"'Don't you reckon to feel like a man now?' says I. 'Cayn't you do suthin'? Cayn't you earn money? Why, you're a useful man,' says I, 'and if you like to stay with me you kin stay.'

"But he considered some inside of himself, and says:—

"'Why, no, sir; I must be gettin' home soon, I'm thinkin' o' goin' into the Army.'

"'And why wasn't you in it long ago?' says I.

"And he turned his head about, this way and that way, like a b'ar over a blueberry patch, as if he was hayf ashamed of himself, and then he says:—

"'I dunno; I ought to been, but I was a derned young fool,' says he.

"And again I laffed some.

"'Why, that's what the doctor allowed,' said I.

"And after that he went away very thoughtful, doctor."

And Griggs laughed.

"He did, did he? I've worked a cure, Johnson. Say, old chap, I think you can take off your gambler after a while, and let the boy make a little money. In a few more months he'll be fit to go home."

"He's mighty anxious to go," said Johnson, "becaze, whatever he writes, his mother just sends back no more'n a few words to say she's glad he's well and gettin' on so nicely."

"I wonder whether he'll punch my head when he meets me in England?" said Griggs, thoughtfully.

"Not a derned punch," said Johnson.

And a year later, when a very brown and healthy young man, weighing thirteen stone, met Dr. Griggs in his father's club, he went up to him with a shamefaced expression and said, after a curious little pause of hesitation:—

"Thank you, sir!"

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Our Greatest Sailors and Soldiers.

ACCORDING TO THE OPINIONS OF EMINENT EXPERTS.

WITH new names of imperishable glory being made on both sea and land in this greatest of all wars, the question presents itself—Who are the greatest commanders in the British Navy and Army of the past whose achievements may be equalled, if not excelled, by several of those taking part in the Titanic struggle of to-day? One or two names, of course, leap to everybody's tongue—Nelson and Wellington, Drake and Marlborough. But what of the others fittest to bear them company? Is there any consensus of opinion upon the subject among the experts, as represented by distinguished officers versed in naval and military history and writers who have made the work of our Fleet and our Army their special study? To put the matter to the test, we have sought the opinions of a number of representative experts of both kinds.

I.—OUR GREATEST SAILORS.

Let us first present the result as regards the senior branch of the national service. We submitted to each gentleman the following list of twenty names of our most distinguished naval commanders, as they appeared to us :—

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. Rodney.
5. Collingwood.
6. St. Vincent.
7. Rooke.
8. Hawkins.
9. Raleigh.
10. Frobisher.
11. Hawke.
12. Hood.
13. Dundonald.
14. Cloudesley Shovell.
15. Anson.
16. Howe.
17. Keppel.
18. Duncan.
19. Byng (Viscount Torrington).
20. Lord Bridport.

The authorities were asked to reduce this list to ten by eliminating such as they thought proper. They were also asked to substitute any name or names if they considered there had been wrongful omissions.

Lord CHARLES BERESFORD,

the most popular naval man apart from those now engaged on active service, whom we did not venture to trouble in the matter, unfortunately found it impossible to make a choice. "With so many splendid and historic names," he declared, "I can make no elimination."

Admiral the Right Hon. Sir EDWARD H. SEYMOUR, G.C.B.,

who has seen as much active service as any living man, sent us the following list with a very interesting letter :—

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. St. Vincent.
5. Rooke.
6. Hawke.
7. Hood.
8. Anson.
9. Howe.
10. Duncan.

"It was quite easy," Sir Edward remarks, "to put in about a quarter of your list and to strike out the same number.

"It would interest me," he adds, "and perhaps others, to have the general opinion on who are the most distinguished British Admirals who have flown their flag since 1850, including only those men who have had war service at some time of their career. The number might be small—say, five. I should put first Sir William Parker. If the period was fifty years from now, of course he and one or two more would be cut out.

"If your list," said Sir Edward, in conclusion, "were of 'navigators,' you could not leave out Cook, or perhaps Sir James Ross."

Admiral Sir William Parker commanded in the Chinese War in 1841. In 1847-50 he commanded the Mediterranean Fleet.

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In compiling his list



NELSON.

Admiral Sir REGINALD F. H. HENDERSON, K.C.B.,

who may be regarded as the "Father" of the Australian Navy, which was formed in accordance with his special request for the Commonwealth Government, has not thus distinguished, it will be seen, between the navigator and the commander, Cook's name being included :—

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. Rodney.
5. Collingwood.
6. St. Vincent.
7. Raleigh.
8. Hawke.
9. Duncan.
10. Captain Cook.

"I believe," declares Admiral Henderson, "that to all but the studious the names of Nelson and James Cook will pass to posterity the longest."

Mr. H. SPENSER WILKINSON,

Chichele Professor of Military History at Oxford, has established his reputation as an authority upon both the Navy and the Army, and much interest attaches to his list :—

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. Rodney.
5. Collingwood.
6. St. Vincent.
7. Hawke.
8. Hood.
9. Anson.
10. Howe.

Admiral Sir CYPRIAN ARTHUR BRIDGE, K.C.B.,

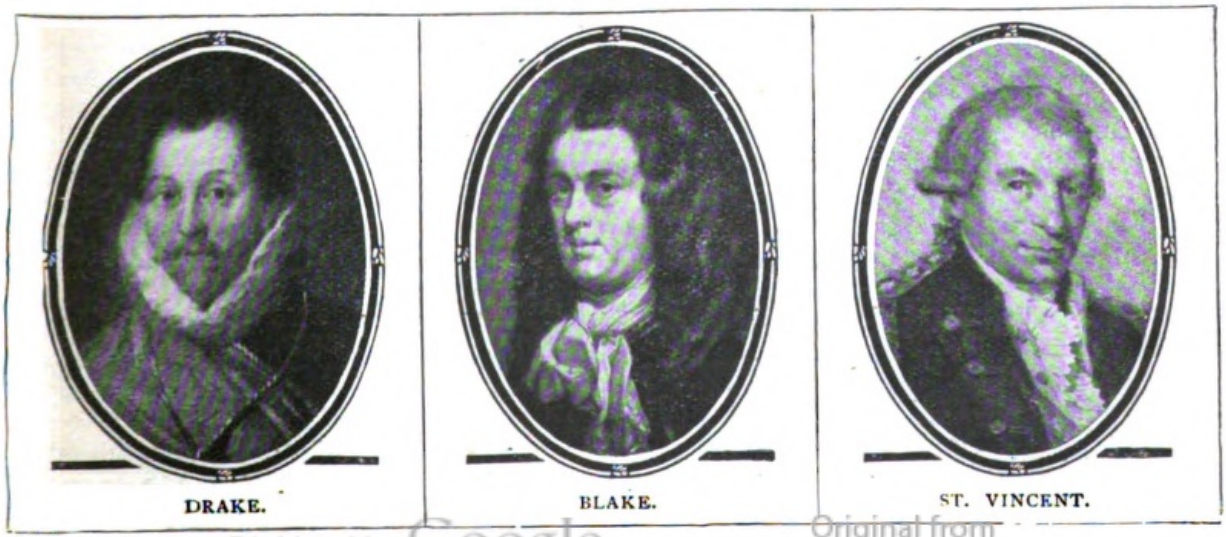
who, since his retirement from active service, has published two important books on his profession, "The Art of Naval Warfare" and "Sea Power and Other Studies," declined to eliminate any name from our list. On the contrary, he wished to add Herbert, Barham, Exmouth, Hoste, Broke, Lyons, and Codrington. "To Barham," he declared, "the credit of the dispositions which facilitated the winning of Trafalgar is due. Exmouth was a remarkably brilliant frigate commander as a captain, and won the considerable Battle of Algiers in 1816. Hoste won the Battle of Lissa, besides doing other good service. Broke was captain of the *Shannon;* Codrington commanded the British Fleet in the bloody victory at Navarino in 1827; Lyons (the first Lord Lyons) commanded with great credit in the Black Sea in 1855-6."

"I have crossed out the names which may be best spared," says

Mr. L. COPE CORNFORD,

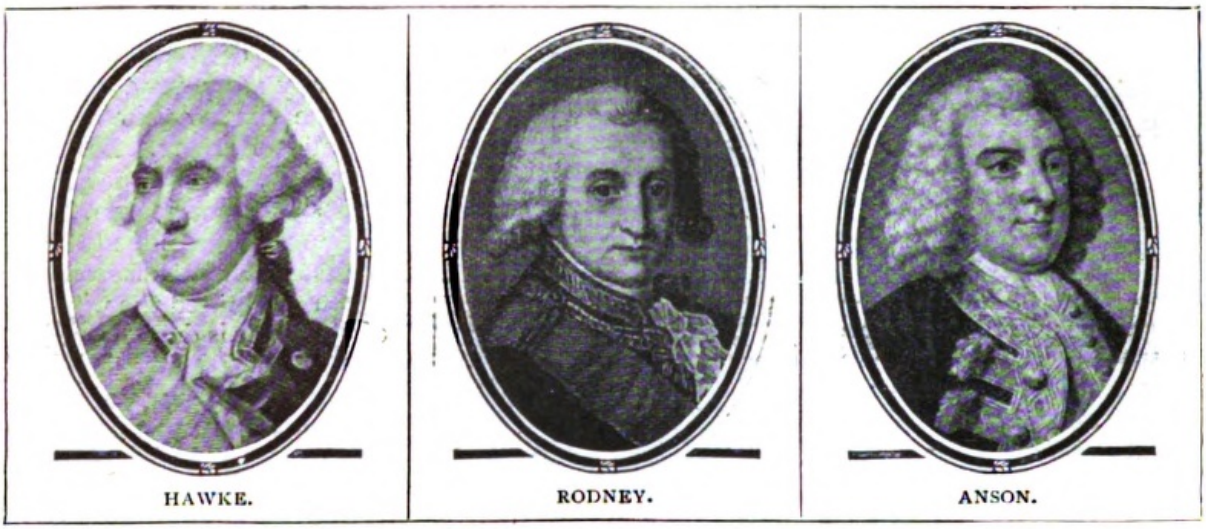
another well-known naval writer, "though it is difficult to particularize. I would suggest one or two modern names—Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Richards as the great naval administrator, and Lord Charles Beresford as the fighting sailor and the greatest leader of men (together with Roberts) of our time."

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. Collingwood.
5. St. Vincent.
6. Rooke.
7. Hawke.
8. Hood.
9. Dundonald or Anson.
10. Howe.



DRAKE. BLAKE. ST. VINCENT.

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HAWKE. RODNEY. ANSON.

"The names I have left in," writes

Mr. GERARD FIENNES,

the naval expert, whose articles in the *Observer* during the present war have attracted wide attention, "are inevitable, though I should myself be inclined to exclude Howe, whose contribution to naval strategy and tactics was not great. It rather goes to my heart to strike out that fine, staunch seaman, Collingwood, but he is hardly among the giants. I think, however, you should include Kempenfeldt, who, as a scientific sailor of his day, was probably above all his contemporaries. His victory over De Guichers off Ushant is one of the most brilliant feats in the War of American Independence too often forgotten."

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. Rodney.
5. St. Vincent.
6. Hawke.
7. Dundonald.
8. Anson.
9. Kempenfeldt.
10. Lord Bridport.

"You ask me," writes

Commander CARLYON BELLAIRS,

who in and out of Parliament has proved himself a most able critic of naval affairs, "for great sailors (not great admirals, who are necessarily the men who have commanded *fleets* in war), and that enables me to include Dundonald. In making a list arbitrarily, as it must be, the sailor cannot be considered apart from the history of our Empire. We watch his influence not merely in the course of events and the prestige of his country, but also in the body of traditions handed down. Some were born in a time when success came easily; others had to contend not merely with skilful enemies, but with political apathy at home—*e.g.*, Torrington or Rodney. What we have to look for is genius in leadership in the face of difficulties and the use of opportunities. Without interfering with these considerations, I think my list a fair distribution also in point of time."

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. Rodney.
5. St. Vincent.
6. Rooke.
7. Hawke.
8. Dundonald.
9. Anson.
10. Byng (Viscount Torrington).

Mr. FRED T. JANE,

editor of the celebrated annual, "All the World's Aircraft," who has probably to his credit more books on naval subjects than any other living author, sent a series of interesting annotations on all the names in our list.

"Nelson, Drake, and Blake," he says, "are retained for obvious reasons.

"I have kept Rodney in. I had crossed him out by accident; he was famous for breaking the line.

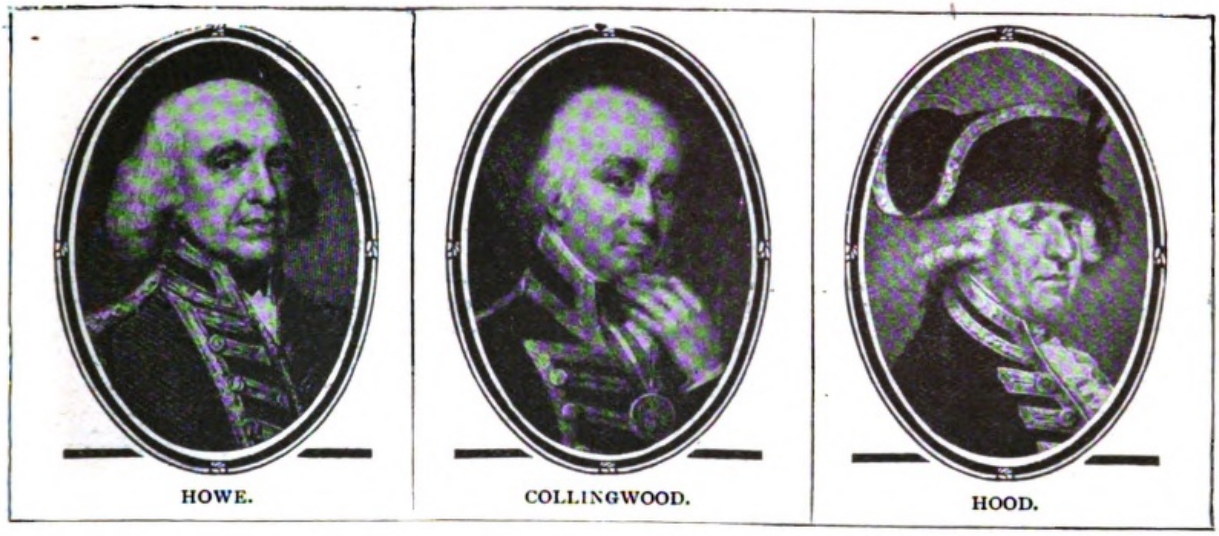
"Collingwood I have crossed out, as he was not associated with Trafalgar, and after the death of Nelson managed to lose some ships. Also he was a man singularly unable to be *en rapport* with his officers and men."

St. Vincent (retained) "was of course the famous Jervis at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent, and more famous still as the organizer of the Trafalgar campaign."

Rooke (struck out) "is best known for the capture of Gibraltar, but that was an accident. He had a certain number of troops with him intended for attacks on Barcelona and Cadiz; but, thinking he had not sufficient troops, tried Gibraltar instead, and took it practically without opposition, as the Spaniards had no garrison to speak of there."

Hawkins (struck out) "was mainly a slave trader when he was not a pirate, and his fame has been considerably exaggerated."

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HOWE. COLLINGWOOD. HOOD.

Raleigh (struck out) "never really did much afloat. His chief fame was won in literature."

Frobisher.—"Cut out as a minor light."

Hawke.—"Of course left in."

Hood.—"He and Bridport are one and the same. He was made Lord Bridport for his services."

In making this statement Mr. Jane falls into a curious error. Admiral Samuel Hood, first Viscount Hood, was born in 1724 and died in 1816, and among numerous achievements he won a great victory over De Grasse at St. Kitts in January, 1782. Admiral Alexander Hood, first Viscount Bridport, was born in 1727 and died in 1814. After taking part in several successful engagements as second-in-command, he defeated the French fleet off Groix on June 22nd, 1795. Both admirals were members of the same family.

Dundonald (struck out) "was a most wonderful genius, but his chief exploits were not under the British flag. Had he not been worried out of the British Navy, he would probably have achieved fame as great as that of Nelson."

Cloudesley Shovell (struck out) "was a lesser light. A good deal of his fame rests on 'From Cabin Boy to Admiral,' stories about him and the circumstances in which he lost his life."

Anson (retained) "was a very great man indeed, not merely for his circumnavigation of the globe, which was a wonderful feat, but also later on as an administrator to the Navy."

Hawke (retained) is "obvious."

Keppel (struck out) is a "lesser light, so, as you are cutting down, we must let him go."

Duncan (retained).—"Famous for the Battle of Camperdown and the Great Mutiny."

Byng (struck out).—"A lesser light; a man unable to seize his opportunities."

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. Rodney.
5. St. Vincent.
6. Hawke.
7. Lord Bridport.
8. Anson.
9. Howe.
10. Duncan.

Mr. H. W. WILSON,

the honorary editor of the *Navy League Journal*, and the author of several important books on the Fleet, writes: "I return your list to-day with the ten lesser lights struck out."

1. Nelson.
2. Drake.
3. Blake.
4. Rodney.
5. Collingwood.
6. St. Vincent.
7. Hawkins.
8. Hood.
9. Howe.
10. Duncan.

In a footnote to the following list

Mr. ARCHIBALD S. HURD,

the *Daily Telegraph's* naval critic, states: "I should be inclined to bracket Nelson and St. Vincent together. The former won our greatest victory with the instrument which the latter, by stern but apparently necessary measures, forged."

1. Nelson.
2. St. Vincent.
3. Drake.
4. Blake.
5. Rodney.
6. Collingwood.
7. Hawke.
8. Hood.
9. Anson.
10. Howe.

Admiral Sir M. CULME SEYMOUR

modestly declares that he has not studied "naval history sufficiently to give an opinion that would be of value. There is one name you might add to your list — that of Benbow."

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It will be seen that as regards the first name, Nelson, there is absolute unanimity. There is only one dissentient in respect to the second and third names, Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, who gives the second place to St. Vincent, consequently relegating Drake to the third and Blake to the fourth place. Anything like unanimity ends here.

Analysing the votes, we obtain a consensus of opinion in favour of the following as

OUR TEN GREATEST SAILORS:

1. **NELSON.**
2. **DRAKE.**
3. **BLAKE.**
4. **ST. VINCENT.**
5. **HAWKE.**
6. **RODNEY.**
7. **ANSON.**
8. **HOWE.**
9. **COLLINGWOOD.**
10. **HOOD.**

II.—OUR GREATEST SOLDIERS.

The following was the list of names submitted to distinguished soldiers and military experts :—

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Clive.
4. Cromwell.
5. Napier.
6. Nicholson.
7. Clyde.
8. Havelock.
9. Moore.
10. Wolfe.
11. Outram.
12. Cornwallis.
13. Raglan.
14. Abercromby.
15. Eyre Coote.
16. Lawrence.
17. Lord Napier (of Magdala).
18. Hill.
19. Wolseley.
20. Roberts.

Field-Marshal Sir EVELYN WOOD.

As that of our greatest living soldier not on active service—his seventy-six years, of course, made that impossible — peculiar interest attaches to the selection of Sir Evelyn Wood, who adopts, it will be seen, our first five names in the same order :—

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Clive.
4. Cromwell.
5. Napier.
6. Clyde.
7. Havelock.
8. Moore.
9. Wolseley.
10. Roberts.

" It is difficult," Sir Evelyn states, " but if I considered longer I should not, I think, change any of the names." The veteran Field-Marshal, it may be noted, has made several literary studies of war, such as " Cavalry at Waterloo " and " Achievements of Cavalry."

General Sir IAN HAMILTON,

from whom we received the next list, bore a splendid part, as everybody will remember, in the South African War, 1899-1902.

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Clive.
4. Cromwell.
5. Sir Hugh Rose.
6. Moore.
7. Wolfe.
8. Eyre Coote or Peterborough.
9. Wolseley.
10. Roberts.

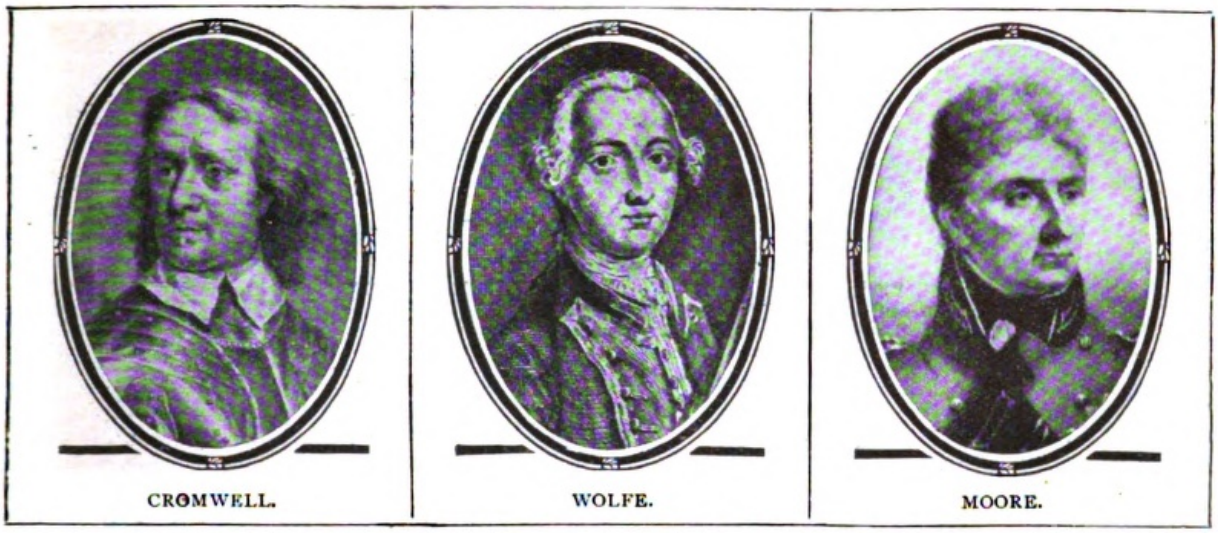
Sir Hugh Rose, whose name Sir Ian has substituted for that of Clyde, was, some readers may remember, one of the divisional commanders under Lord Clyde—or Sir Colin Campbell, as he then was—in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. Having struck through " Clyde " and written " Sir Hugh Rose," Sir Ian Hamilton tersely adds, " without whose brains Clyde = 0."

Lord Peterborough, whom the General brackets with Eyre Coote, belongs of course to a much earlier period of military history than the gallant officer who completed the destruction of the French Empire in India in the eighteenth century. Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, it may be recalled, was both sailor and soldier too, and achieved distinction



WELLINGTON. MARLBOROUGH. ROBERTS. *Photo. by G. Vandyk.*

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CROMWELL. WOLFE. MOORE.

in both capacities during the Continental wars of the reigns of William and Mary and Anne.

The choice of General Sir Ian Hamilton, like that of Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, is based on literary as well as practical knowledge of his profession, as is evidenced by his books, "Fighting of the Future" and "A Staff Officer's Scrap-Book."

Major-General F. W. HEMMING,

who may be regarded as the cavalry officer *par excellence*, having commanded the 1st Cavalry Brigade in the Boer War, sends us a list which presents some interesting points of difference from the two already given :—

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Nicholson.
4. Havelock.
5. Moore.
6. Wolfe.
7. Lawrence.
8. Lord Napier (of Magdala).
9. Wolseley.
10. Roberts.

Nicholson, it will be noted, is preferred to Cromwell, Havelock to Clive, and Lord Napier to his namesake of the Peninsular War.

Our next list comes from

Colonel F. N. MAUDE,

the author of such classics in the literature of war as "The Evolution of Strategy" and "Cavalry: Its Past and Future" :—

1. Cromwell.
2. Wellington.
3. Marlborough.
4. Clive.
5. Sir Charles Napier.
6. Nicholson.
7. Lord Lake.
8. Moore.
9. Wolfe.
10. Roberts.

This list should attract special attention in giving the first place to Cromwell and in substituting the name of Lord Lake for that of Lord Clyde. Lord Lake, whose name has become unfamiliar to the present generation, commanded the British forces in several Indian wars during the earlier part of the nineteenth century.

Lord METHUEN,

like Sir Evelyn Wood, belongs to the very small company of Field-Marshals, and the following list, which was sent without note or comment, must be regarded as highly authoritative, from the point of view of the practical and experienced soldier :—

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Cromwell.
4. Sir Charles Napier.
5. Moore.
6. Wolfe.
7. Abercromby.
8. Lord Napier (of Magdala).
9. Wolseley.
10. Roberts.

Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. A. M. LOCKWOOD, M.P.,

who sends us the next list, is better known as a Parliamentarian than as a soldier; but for seventeen years he served in the Coldstream Guards, and on more than one occasion in the House of Commons he has shown his interest in, and knowledge of, the British Army.

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Clive.
4. Cromwell.
5. Sir Charles Napier.
6. Nicholson.
7. Clyde.
8. Wolfe.
9. Outram.
10. Cornwallis.
11. Abercromby.
12. Lord Napier (of Magdala).
13. Roberts.

Colonel Lockwood, it will be noticed, has not found it possible to limit his list to ten names.

The choice of

Major-General BETHUNE,

who made so great a reputation in South Africa, and in 1912 was appointed Director-General of the Territorial Force, was as follows :—

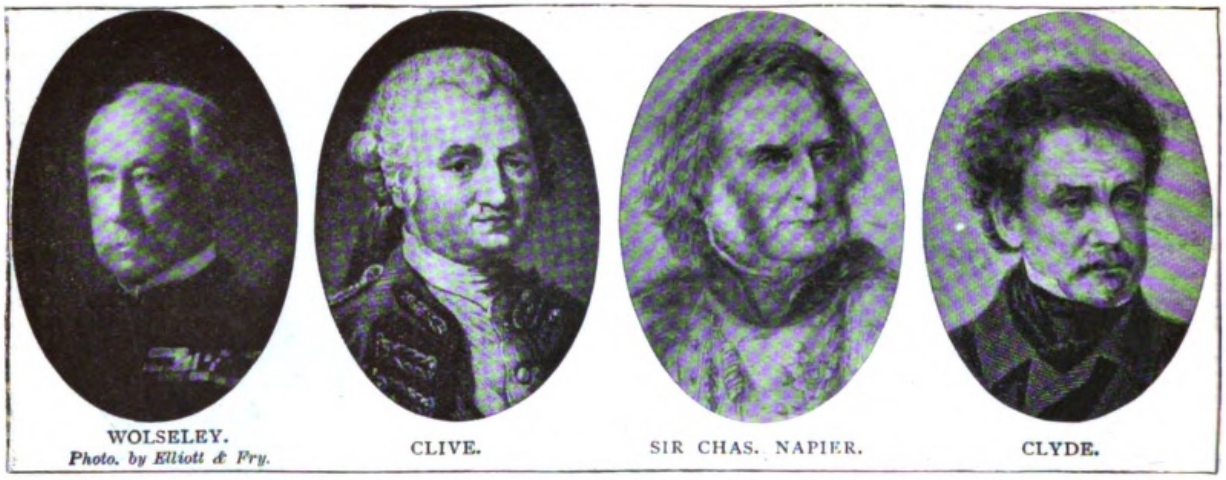
1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Cromwell.
4. Nicholson.
5. Havelock.
6. Moore.
7. Wolfe.
8. Lawrence.
9. Wolseley.
10. Roberts.

"My selection," writes

Mr. H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY,

the military expert, the son of a major-general, who has had actual experience in

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WOLSELEY. *Photo. by Elliott & Fry.* CLIVE. SIR CHAS. NAPIER. CLYDE.

the field, both as an officer and a war correspondent, "owes something to historical considerations and a desire to cover the ground of our military exploits as completely as possible. I would suggest the addition of Edward III., the first soldier to make our name as a fighting people respected on the Continent. He and Cromwell meant more than any other two to our military history."

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Clive.
4. Cromwell.
5. Sir Charles Napier.
6. Clyde.
7. Wolfe.
8. Cornwallis.
9. Lawrence.
10. Roberts.

Major-General Sir COLERIDGE GROVE,

who is seventy-five, saw a good deal of service in Egypt, and acted as private secretary to three successive War Ministers, sent us the following list:—

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Clive.
4. Cromwell.
5. Clyde.
6. Moore.
7. Wolfe.
8. Abercromby.
9. Wolseley.
10. Roberts.

"The difficulty," said

Major REDWAY,

whose commentary on the present war in the *Globe* and elsewhere attracted much attention, "is to draw the line when once you descend from the standard of Cromwell, Marlborough, and Wellington. And to decide between the many Indian soldiers one would have to study their lives in some detail, as there are so many of them, and some of the most famous were rather administrators than warriors. . . . Personally, I don't think great soldiers thought much about their country; they were just professional men, whose business it was to whip the enemy, whoever he might be, and to train armies as the instruments of their genius."

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Cromwell.
4. Sir Charles Napier.
5. Clyde.
6. Havelock.
7. Wolfe.
8. Outram.
9. Wolseley.
10. Roberts.

Colonel REPINGTON,

the well-known military expert of the *Times*, who sends us the last list, has had varied experience in Afghanistan, Burma, the Soudan, and South Africa, and also as a military attaché in foreign countries.

1. Wellington.
2. Marlborough.
3. Clive.
4. Cromwell.
5. Moore.
6. Wolfe.
7. Abercromby.
8. Wolseley.
9. Roberts.
10. Kitchener.

It will be noticed that Colonel Repington thinks well to give a place to Lord Kitchener, although the list submitted to him, as seemed advisable to us, contained the names of no living soldiers. It is noteworthy that Lord Roberts, who had died just before the preparation of this article, and had therefore to be included in our original list, is favoured by everyone's choice, although, in one instance, the writer admits that he retains the name in deference to public sentiment; otherwise he would have struck it out instead of Lord Hill, Wellington's great coadjutor in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Lord Roberts shares this unanimity with Wellington and Marlborough, whilst Cromwell and Wolfe are each absent from only one list. Moore and Wolseley both obtain eight votes, and Sir Charles Napier and Clive seven, whilst Clyde makes the tenth name with five votes.

To sum up, the following are chosen by the majority of votes of military experts as

OUR TEN GREATEST SOLDIERS:

1. **WELLINGTON.**
2. **MARLBOROUGH.**
3. **ROBERTS.**
4. **CROMWELL.**
5. **WOLFE.**
6. **MOORE.**
7. **WOLSELEY.**
8. **CLIVE.**
9. **SIR CHAS. NAPIER.**
10. **CLYDE.**

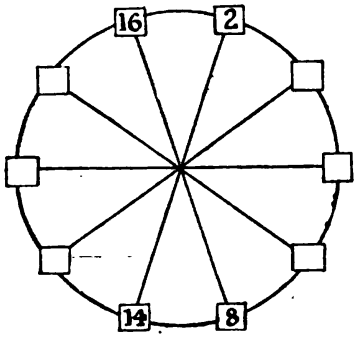
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

232.—CIRCLING THE SQUARES.

PLACE a different number in each of the ten squares so that the sum of the squares of any two adjoining numbers shall be equal to the sum of the squares of the two numbers diametrically opposite to them. Thus, the square of 16 (256) added to the square of 2 (4) in the diagram make 260; and the square of 14 (196) added to the square of 8 (64) make also 260. Now, in the same way, 2 and the number on its right should be equal to 14 and the number on its left (the sum will not necessarily be 260), and so on. The four numbers given must remain; you have simply to add the remaining six. The puzzle is quite easy if properly attacked.



233.—THE RAJAH'S DIAMONDS.

A FRENCH correspondent near the seat of war sends me the following entertaining little puzzle. An Indian Rajah died, leaving a certain number of valuable diamonds. He left his first son one diamond and one-seventh of the remainder, his second son two diamonds and one-seventh of what then remained; his third son then received three diamonds and one-seventh of what were left over, and so on, the last son receiving as many diamonds as there were sons and one-seventh of the remainder. This exactly exhausted the legacy. The simple question is: How many sons were there, and how many diamonds?

234.—STRANGE, THOUGH TRUE.

THERE is a certain district in Sussex where any sound and well-proportioned horse may travel, quite regularly, thirty miles per day, yet while its off legs are going this distance its near legs will unavoidably pass over nearly thirty-one miles. It would at first appear that the near legs of the creature must be nearly a mile ahead of the horse at the end of the journey, but the animal does not seem to mind, for, as a matter of fact, he finishes his task quite whole and sound. Can you explain?

235.—AN HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

THE following lines were written by Arthur Connor, a prominent figure in the Irish Rebellion of 1798. He was arrested, and wrote the verses while in prison. He made his escape to France in 1807, where he became a general in the army, and died aged eighty-seven.

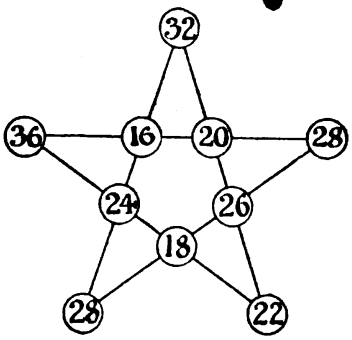
The pomps of Courts and pride of kings
I prize above all earthly things:
I love my country, but the King,
Above all men, his praise I sing.
The Royal banners are displayed,
And may success the standard aid.

I fain would banish far from hence
The "Rights of Man" and "Common Sense."
Confusion to his odious reign,
That foe to princes, Thomas Paine.
Defeat and ruin seize the cause
Of France, its liberties and laws.

These two apparently loyal verses, if properly read, bear a very different meaning. Can you discover it?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

225.—THE FORT GARRISONS.



THE illustration shows one way of arranging the men so that the numbers in every straight line of four forts add up to 100.

226.—THE IRON CHAIN.

THE inner width of a link multiplied by the number of links and added to twice the thickness of the iron gives the exact length. Every link put on the chain loses a length equal to twice the thickness of the iron. The inner width must have been 2½ inches. This multiplied by 9 and added to 1 makes 22 inches, and multiplied by 15 and added to 1 makes 36 inches. The two pieces of chain, therefore, contained 9 and 15 links respectively.

227.—THE HUMANE ARAB.

THE two missing words are "Asterisk" ("ass to risk") and "Parallel."

228.—CHARADE.

THE word is WIND-LASS.

229.—NEW CARD MAGIC SQUARES.

THE fifty-two cards may be arranged as shown to form the required two magic squares, summing to 36 and 37 respectively. The two squares must be 6 by 6 and 4 by 4, and the smaller square must add up 37 and the larger 36.

1	11	12	13
12	13	1	11
13	12	11	1
11	1	13	12

2	3	4	8	9	10
10	9	8	4	3	2
5	6	7	7	6	5
4	3	2	8	9	10
10	9	8	4	3	2
5	6	7	5	6	7

230.—LONGFELLOW'S BEES.

THE number of bees must have been fifteen.

231.—MATE IN THREE.

1. K to Kt 2 (White), K to R 5 (dis. ch) (Black); 2. K to B 3, Any move; 3. Q mates.

1. K to Kt 2 (White), Kt to B 3 (Black); 2. Q takes Kt, Any move; 3. Q mates.

1. K to Kt 2 (White), Kt to B sq (Black); 2. Q to B 3, ch, K to R 5 (dis. ch); 3. Q to Kt 3, mate.

1. K to Kt 2 (White), R to B 4 * (Black); 2. Q to Q sq, ch, K or R moves; 3. Q mates.

* If R moves elsewhere, or P advances, White mates on his second move.

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THE THREE YOUNG NOBLES OF BIRGUM

A Frisian Folk-Tale Retold by W. J. L. KIEHL.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

IN the time of King Radbold, who, as you know, was the first Christian king of the Frisians, and held his Court at Starum, the capital of the country, there lived an old nobleman in the neighbouring castle of Birgum. This nobleman had three sons, the eldest of whom was named Flink, the second Tuk, and the youngest Fornim. One day he called them together in the grand hall of the castle and said :—

"Sons! You have now grown up to man's estate. I wish you to find some means of supporting yourselves, therefore I send you out into the wide world to shift for yourselves for a whole year, and in that time I expect each of you to learn something by which you may do me credit."

The young men looked at one another rather blankly. This mission was not exactly to their taste. However, there was nothing for it but to follow their father's command, and so they set out on their adventurous journey.

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The eldest, Flink, went in an easterly direction; Tuk went westward, and Fornim towards the south.

Not long after Flink had left his brothers he came to a large forest, which grew denser and darker the farther he penetrated into it. To make matters worse, he suddenly saw a band of robbers coming towards him. It was no use defending himself against such a multitude, so he just stood still and waited until they came up.

"Hand over all your money and all your jewels!" they shouted, as they approached.

"My good fellows," said Flink, with a cheery laugh, "I have nothing in the world to give except myself."

The robbers promptly searched him, and, as they found nothing of value, they decided to take him at his word and to enrol him in their band. Flink, seeing he could do no better for himself at the moment than join the robbers and learn their art of theft, applied himself with such zeal to his new profession that the robbers very soon chose him for their captain.

Now, you will say this was not a very proud position for a young nobleman; but this must be said for Flink—he might be a thief, but he was a very honest sort of a thief! He only robbed those who had come by their money by unjust means; he never allowed his men to attack the hard-working peasant, and often he gave a large share of his spoils to the poor and destitute, so that he and his robber band were highly respected and much beloved by young and old, and only the rich wrongdoers feared him.

Now let us return to Tuk and see what adventures befell him. He, too, reached a large forest, where he met the wild men of the woods. They were clothed in the skins of wild animals, and had long, matted hair, and beards right up to their eyes! They surrounded Tuk, yelling and dancing, and told him they would presently kill him for their supper.

"I should not do that if I were you," said Tuk, calmly. "You might find me rather a tough morsel. I will soon get you something far better."

"How will you do that?" they cried. "We haven't been able to find any game for several days, and we are very hungry"—and they flashed their long, yellow tusks at him.

Tuk saw they had no weapons but a stone and sling, and also noticed that they looked with great curiosity at his bow and arrows. Close to the spot where they stood there flowed a river, in whose clear waters Tuk could see the big fish darting to and fro.

"Come along," he said to the wild men, "and I'll show you what I can do."

He placed an arrow on his bow, and, as the next big fish came darting by, he shot it clean through the head. There was a shout of admiration from the wild men as the dead fish came floating up. They waded into the stream and secured it.

Then Tuk showed the wild men how to build a fire and roast the big fish. They had the meal of their lives, and were so grateful to Tuk that they unanimously proclaimed him their leader. Tuk, who saw there was no better chance for him than to remain where he was, graciously accepted the high office, and determined to learn the art of shooting so thoroughly that no one would be able to compete with him.

Meanwhile, the youngest brother, Fornim, had gone south until he could go no farther because of a very wide and deep river that blocked his way. However, moored to the river's bank, he saw a ship, and thought he would ask the captain to take him across to the other side. As he stepped on board an old woman put her head out of the cabin hatchway.

"Well, young man," she cried, "what do you want?"

"Please," said Fornim, "I want to ask you to take me across to the other side."

"What have you got to do on the other side of the river?" inquired the old woman, curiously.

"Oh, nothing in particular," answered Fornim. And then he told her how he and his brothers had been sent out to seek their fortunes.

"Well," said the old woman, kindly, "why not stay here on board this nice ship with my husband and me? We have no children,

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"HE SHOT IT CLEAN THROUGH THE HEAD."

and we should be glad to have a son like you. We will teach you our art."

"What art is that?" cried Fornim, eagerly.

"It is the art of mending," said the old woman, proudly. "The people from all over the country bring us their broken pottery and everything that needs repair, and we put it all together again so that it is as good as new."

Fornim looked rather disappointed. This did not seem the sort of work for a nobleman to do. On the other hand, the old woman's kindness pleased him; and when, at that moment, her husband returned and, hearing what they were talking about, became equally pressing in his request that Fornim should stay and be as a son to him—well, then Fornim decided to remain with the old people and learn the art of mending as thoroughly as possible.

He stayed with them for eleven months, and all three were as happy as the days were long. Then Fornim took leave of them to return to his father's castle as agreed upon.

Punctually to the hour the three brothers returned to Birgum, and found their father awaiting them in the grand hall. As he saw

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them come in he cried, rubbing his hands with pleasure, " Welcome home, my boys ! Now let me hear what you have learnt."

Flink required some courage to confess to his father that he had only learnt to steal. But the old noble seemed in no way put out. Tuk, of course, was certain of his father's approval when he told that he had become so proficient in the art of shooting that he never missed a shot. Fornim hesitated a while before he spoke, fearing his father's scorn and his brothers' mockery for so menial an art as mending. At last it came out rather falteringly. But the old nobleman took it in right good part.

" Cheer up," he said. " No single thing that you can do thoroughly well ought to be disdained. You never can tell how useful this mending may be to you."

So they were all in right good humour, and partook of a hearty supper in the merriest mood.

The next day the old nobleman had invited all his neighbours and friends to a banquet to celebrate the return of his sons, and to witness a trial of their skill. So when all the guests had arrived in the castle park, the noble called his three sons, and said to them, " Now I want you to show these people what you can do. Up in that tree is a magpie's nest, and on the nest the mother bird is hatching her eggs. Now, you, Flink, must climb up that tree and steal away an egg from under the magpie without her noticing anything at all."

" All right," said Flink.

He threw off his coat, and was up the tree in a moment. Then he carefully bent back the intervening twigs and leaves, and took one of the eggs out of the nest so deftly that the mother magpie never even noticed it. The guests loudly applauded this feat as Flink placed the egg in his father's hand.

" Well done, Flink !" cried the old noble, patting his boy on the back. " Now it's your turn, Tuk. Flink shall hold the egg between his finger and thumb, and you, Tuk, must shoot it to bits with your arrow."

Tuk was ready at once with his bow and arrow, delighted to show what he could do, but Flink grew rather pale. However, he gingerly took the egg and placed himself in position, holding it out at arm's length. At thirty yards' distance Tuk shot off his arrow. It was a splendid shot. Even William Tell could not have improved upon it. The egg was smashed to atoms, and Flink's fingers were not even grazed. Everyone clapped their hands and shouted, " Bravo, Tuk ! "

" Now it's your turn, Fornim," said his father. " You must patch the egg together again, so that the birds will never know the difference, and then Flink will put it back into the nest again."

Fornim at once set about his task. He searched the ground for all the scattered egg particles. When he had collected them he wetted his fingers on his lips, pressed everything together, and, behold, there was the egg as good as new ! It was passed around to the whole company, and all declared they could not detect it had ever been broken. Then Flink replaced it in the nest, and the magpie never suspected what had happened to it, but hatched it out exactly like the others.

The guests all rejoiced with the father at the skill shown by the three young men, and the banquet in the grand hall of the castle was held amid much merriment.. It was late at night when the last guest departed.

Before dawn the next morning there was a great commotion at the castle gate, and the porter came to wake the old noble, and tell him there were messengers from King Radbold, who wished to speak to him at once.

The messengers, being brought into his room, told him King Radbold required his help because his daughter had been carried away by a great eagle, and, as the king had heard of the wonderful things the young nobles could do, he thought they might be able to bring the princess back.

At that the old man jumped out of bed hastily and called his sons.

" The king requires your assistance," he shouted, " so hurry up."

Flink, Tuk, and Fornim, ready dressed and well armed, soon came running into their father's room, and were told the whole story.

" But," inquired Flink, cautiously, " what is to be the reward of him who brings the princess back ? "

" The fact is," declared the messengers, " that the Royal treasury is empty, so King Radbold says he will reward the hero by bestowing upon him the princess herself in marriage."

This idea pleased the three young nobles, and, after having ascertained that the eagle had flown off with the princess in a southerly direction, they set out at once on their quest. They journeyed south, the same way Fornim had gone once before, and when they came to the big river, the old couple, after hearing their story, at once agreed to lend their ship to their adopted son. They, too, had seen a great eagle fly southward across the river, carrying something in its talons.

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"DOWN CAME THE EAGLE, AS DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL."

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So the three brothers sailed up the river and crossed to the opposite side, where stretched an almost impenetrable forest. They moored their boat and went ashore, searching the forest in the direction where the old woman had said she always saw the eagle descend.

At last they came to a deep cavern, and, peering in, they saw the eagle fast asleep, with its head on the princess's shoulder.

"Now I'll see what I can do," said Flink.

So he collected a bundle of soft moss and cautiously crept into the cave, lifted the eagle's head from the princess's shoulder, and substituted the soft moss. Then, carrying the trembling princess in his arms, he crept out from the depths into the glad daylight.

The princess was overjoyed at her deliverance, and thanked Flink again and again for having stolen her away so cleverly. Meanwhile, the whole party hastened to the river, got on board the ship, and sailed away.

Suddenly the sky was darkened as if a great cloud had come between the sunlight and the earth, and the fugitives, looking up, saw the eagle, whose immense pinions obscured the daylight.

"Oh, now we are lost!" lamented the princess, wringing her hands.

"Nothing of the sort!" laughed Tuk. "Just wait and see what I can do with my trusty bow and arrow!"

As the bird came nearer he laid an arrow on his bow, pointed it carefully, let fly the arrow, and down came the eagle, as dead as a door-nail. Only, as mishap would have it, he fell plump amidships, and the whole boat was shivered to atoms.

Our fugitives squirmed about in the water until they got hold of a spar, on which they rested.

"What shall we do now?" wailed the princess, and Flink and Tuk echoed her words. But Fornim reassured them.

"I haven't learnt mending for nothing," he said. "Just hold on for a moment, and I'll set everything right!"

He swam about nimbly, collecting all the fragments; then he wetted his fingers on his lips, pressed the bits together, and, behold, there was the ship as good as new! They all climbed on board again and sailed gaily onward.

The princess could not stop praising the brothers for their cleverness.

"At Starum," she said, "we haven't anyone half as resourceful as you; so you really must come along with me, all three, and remain at my father's Court."

So they sailed straight on to Starum, where King Radbold was overjoyed to have his beloved daughter back again.

"But," began Flink, "your messengers had promised that whoever delivered the princess might marry her. Surely you intend to hold to this promise?"

Radbold looked somewhat troubled.

"But surely," he cried, in perturbation, "you cannot wish my daughter to marry all three of you!"

"Well, no," rejoined Flink; "not exactly that. But, you see, I am the eldest, and I thought——"

But Radbold interrupted him.

"As the princess is the most interested party in this affair, the best plan will be to let her decide for herself."

To this they all agreed, and the princess, taking a step forward towards Flink, now spoke:—

"A man who lives by theft I can never love or respect!" Then, turning to Tuk, she said: "Neither can I love a man whose whole art is bloodshed! But," she cried, stretching out both her hands to Fornim—"but you, who bind together that which was parted and join that which is sundered—you are the chosen bridegroom of my heart!"

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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

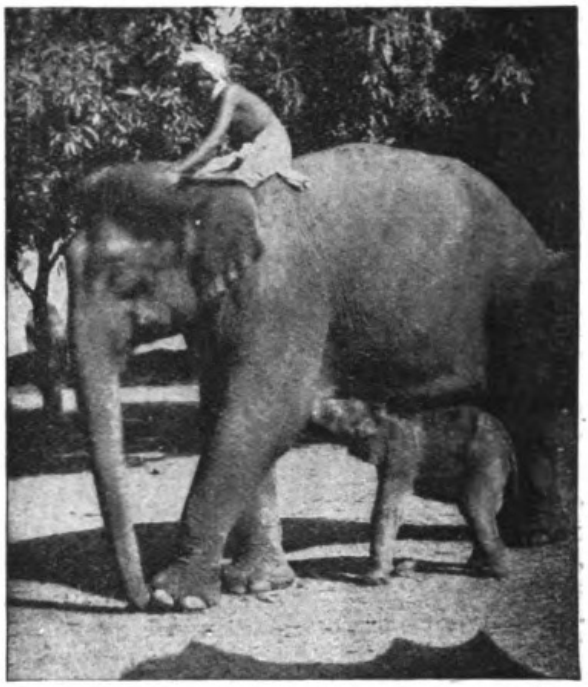


A MONUMENT TO SEA-GULLS.

IN gratitude to the birds whose timely intervention saved their crops and probably the lives of many settlers, the citizens of Utah have recently dedicated a monument to sea-gulls, which bears a graceful bronze representation of two birds lighting upon the granite shaft. The episode which this strange monument commemorates is part of the early history of the State. In the year 1848 the pioneers of Utah saw their crops devoured by a visitation of black crickets, which descended in countless millions upon the land and destroyed every vestige of green. A second crop was planted with the same result, and the settlers, now on the verge of ruin, saw their promising young wheatfields once more attacked by the pests. Acres that were green and hopeful in the morning were swept absolutely clean of vegetation by night, and starvation threatened the colony, which was at that time so hard to reach from the older States. It was then that a miracle happened in the shape of a vast number of sea-gulls that attacked the hordes of insects and destroyed them before the second crop was totally ruined. It is interesting to note that a descendant of one of these settlers was the sculptor of the monument, which, in addition to its pair of gulls, bears bronze reliefs showing the incident. Fifteen persons who witnessed the dedication were among those who had seen the ravages of the insects and the relief flight of the gulls.—Mr. Charlton Lawrence Edholm, 1,353, West 36th Place, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

HOW A BABY ELEPHANT FEEDS.

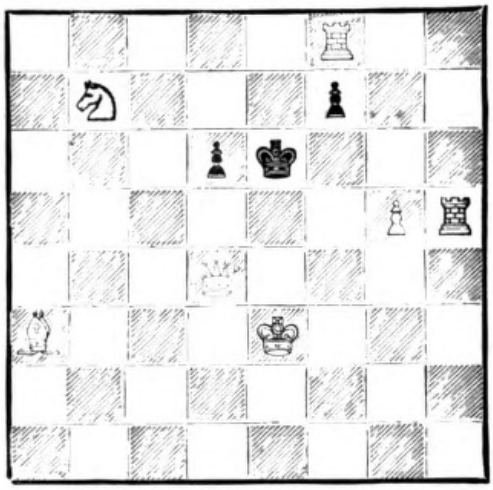
THE accompanying photograph shows a female Asiatic elephant (*Elephas indicus*) with its young one. The elephant continues to grow for upwards of thirty years, and the female is capable of breeding after



fifteen years to produce a single young one, rarely two, at a birth. It was formerly supposed that the young one sucks with its trunk, but this is not so, and the photograph clearly shows it feeding by the mouth from the two breasts, which are between the front legs—a fact which distinguishes the elephant from most other mammals.—Mr. A. Pollard, Birkhead, Ardrossan, N.B.

THE BEST TWO-MOVER.

THE following chess problem, by the late Mr. Sam Loyd, the well-known American Puzzle King, is considered by many to be the most difficult two-mover in existence. The solution will be given next month.



WHITE TO MATE IN TWO MOVES.

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"FOR AN INSTANT SHE STOOD THERE, A RADIANT FIGURE, OUTLINED SHARPLY AGAINST THE DARK-BLUE NIGHT."

(*See page 247.*)

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The Jewel Dance

BY

VIOLET M. METHLEY.

Illustrated by

FRANK GILLETT R.I.

"OF course, you dance from pure love of art, dear Miss Dawnish?"

"From pure love of money!" Diamond Dawnish laughed merrily, with an upward tilt of her chin. "Degrading, isn't it, Lady Bollingworth?—but a fact!"

Plump Lady Bollingworth giggled and tapped the girl's arm archly.

"You naughty, mercenary little thing!" she exclaimed.

"I *am* mercenary—and I'm proud of it!"

Hugh Gillespie, doctor of the *Marina*, glanced up for a moment from his book, struck by the almost exaggerated earnestness of the girl's tones.

Miss Dawnish's biscuit-china beauty had no particular attraction for the sober young Scotsman. Far more interesting was that something alien and unexpected which peered at odd moments through her Watteau daintiness of surface.

He caught himself listening intently as she continued.

"I want money frightfully badly, and I don't mind who knows it. That was why I took to dancing professionally. People talk such nonsense about it's being plucky to work for a living; as though I minded anything, so long as I can earn enough to buy back Ballynihoulihan and make father happy before he dies—darling old dad!"

There was a throb in the clear voice, and, for the moment, a very tender light in the vivid blue eyes. Then Diamond Dawnish laughed half-shamefacedly, and flung herself back in the long deck-chair.

"I'm a sentimental little donkey!" she cried. "Whatever will you and Mrs. Wentworth think of me, Lady Bollingworth?"

"We think that Sir Daniel must be very proud of his pretty daughter," Lady Bollingworth answered, with genuine warmth in her fat, comfortable voice.

"And your sweet frankness rather emboldens me," Mrs. Stuart Wentworth gushed. "Since, of course, advertisement has its uses—and there is such a general wish among the passengers—only one never knows how those in the profession look at such things——"

"I believe you want me to dance for you!" There was a touch of laughing mockery in the girl's voice.

"That is *just* it! We *all* want to see you dance—if you could give us that pleasure."

"It's really a question of 'could.' I simply daren't whilst the ship is in motion, Mrs. Wentworth; I am such an abominable sailor. And we only stop at Gibraltar for a few hours in the middle of the day."

"There's Naples," Hugh Gillespie interposed, quietly, from the depths of his hammock chair. "We shall be there for a whole day, and until about twelve o'clock at night."

"Why, that is just the opportunity for a little *festa*, then. Naples—so romantic!" The gaunt and gushing Mrs. Wentworth clapped her hands enthusiastically. "And

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perhaps you wouldn't mind, dear Miss Dawnish, if I made a collection for the Inebriates' Perpetual Home at Swansdown—such an *excellent* charity!"

"I shall be delighted. Now, let me see—which of my dances? The 'Dream Fantasia,' I think, or perhaps—what a pity! I can't give you the best of all, by far."

"What is that?"

"I should so like you to have seen my 'Jewel Dance,' but it would be simply nothing without the dress."

"And you have not got it with you?"

"No. It's practically all jewels—sham ones, of course. But jewels are absolutely essential, crowds and crowds of them."

"But, dear Miss Dawnish, surely we could lend you plenty of ornaments!" Lady Bollingworth cried, impulsively

"Certainly not!" The girl shook her head decisively. "I won't wear anything really valuable for dancing."

"But they could be sewn on. Oh, you really must reconsider it! There is my long chain of diamonds and sapphires, and my diamond laurel wreath."

"And my paste butterflies!" Mrs. Wentworth exclaimed. "I should be delighted. And Mrs. Brook would lend her emeralds, I know, and Mrs. Land that immense snake. Oh, do please us by wearing our odds and ends, dear child!"

"It's very charming of you," the girl said, with obvious reluctance. "Let it be like this, then. If everybody is as willing as you are, I will wear the jewels for fifteen minutes or so, on condition that the stewardess sews them on for me as tight as tight can be."

"That's settled, then. How charming! And now we'll go and tell everybody the good news and collect 'properties.'"

The two women rustled away, leaving Diamond Dawnish and the doctor alone. For a moment the girl sat motionless, her chin resting on her hand, her eyes vaguely troubled. Then she turned her head slightly, met Gillespie's unconsciously intent glance, and laughed.

"So you heard my story, too—such as it is?" she said.

"Well, I couldn't very well help it, Miss Dawnish," answered the young man, apologetically.

"I'm not ashamed of it." The girl spoke defiantly.

"You've no cause to be—very much the contrary," Gillespie said, warmly.

"I wonder, if you understood everything, whether you'd say the same?" The words came slowly and reflectively. "I *do* wonder."

"I don't doubt it."

"I do!" Suddenly Diamond Dawnish sprang to her feet and stood looking down upon him mockingly. "And so—I sha'n't tell you! Because, although you're always so painfully solemn, I rather value your good opinion, Dr. Gillespie."

With another laugh she was gone, leaving the young man on a knife-edge between annoyance and admiration. And such a position, with a girl in question, is extremely dangerous. The victim nearly always ends by falling—in love.

From that moment Hugh Gillespie found himself watching, not only the little dancer's queer, equivocal moods, but her every look and action. He was not the man to act rashly; not the man to be blinded by passion. But the passion was there, nevertheless, and not so very far below the surface, either.

As for Diamond, if she cared for the young doctor, she hid her feelings even better than he. Yet there were moments which Gillespie dwelt upon with satisfaction; moments when her vivid eyes softened and the hard curves of her pretty lips relaxed.

But those moments were not suspected by the other passengers on the *Marina*. They only came to the conclusion that the dancer was flirting disgracefully with the doctor—poor young man!

On the day when the *Marina* arrived at Naples Diamond Dawnish was in a state of tense excitement.

"I'm always like this before dancing," she told Gillespie, in extenuation of her twitching hands and over-wrought irritability. "Artistic temperament, I suppose—or nerves, to put it vulgarly."

"You oughtn't to dance at all, then; it's bad for you," the doctor said, positively.

"Oughtn't I, indeed, you solemn old sawbones! Why, I love it better than anything on earth."

"I wonder if you'll always say that?" Gillespie spoke under his breath, as though almost involuntarily.

"I wonder!" The girl glanced at him half fearfully, then suddenly changed her tone. "But, after all, it isn't true now. I love my dear old dad better than dancing—better than anybody. I *do*, Dr. Gillespie."

And Hugh Gillespie, being a patient man, acquiesced quietly.

All day long Miss Dawnish remained in that state of nervous tension. She refused to go ashore; she ate practically nothing. Gillespie

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watched her quietly, and came to the conclusion that her profession was unfit for a nervous woman. And Gillespie's opinions were not easily altered.

But the girl's manner had changed when she encountered the young man on the stairs that night after dinner. She wore a long grey cloak, covering her from throat to feet, with a hood drawn up over her head. Beneath its shadow her eyes gleamed vividly.

"You look like a witch, Miss Dawnish," Gillespie said; "or a maiden seeking a love-philtre of some magician."

"You don't know how gorgeous I am underneath!" the girl laughed. "Wait—you shall be specially privileged."

She flung back the cloak, showed herself in clinging draperies of pale rose, bare of feet and arms and soft white shoulders. Glittering chains hung in coils from her neck to her waist, whilst her bodice was all a-flutter with brilliant butterflies and love-knots of diamonds. A great barbaric, emerald-eyed serpent surrounded her slim waist, the diamond laurel-wreath was firmly fastened by means of wires concealed in her hair, her bare arms were almost hidden by bracelets and jewelled bangles.

The women passengers of the *Marina* had outvied each other in showering jewellery upon the little dancer. There were ornaments here of all grades of beauty and value, from Mrs. Wentworth's old-fashioned paste to Lady Bollingworth's really magnificent diamonds and sapphires.

The girl made a resplendent figure under the crude electric light, her cheeks ablaze with vivid colour, her eyes flashing and sparkling like the jewels themselves.

"Aren't they lovely!" she exclaimed.

"*You* are lovely," Gillespie said, slowly. "The loveliest thing I have ever imagined."

Again that almost fearful look showed in the girl's eyes. She turned away abruptly.

"I—I wish you wouldn't talk like that," she said. "You don't mean it, and—and I don't want you to."

"I do mean it——" Gillespie began, but she interrupted him.

"Then you mustn't—do you hear?" she said, imperiously. "Now come and watch me dance."

She pulled her shrouding cloak about her and passed swiftly on to the deck, followed more slowly by the young man.

A curtained space to serve as stage had been arranged on deck; Diamond declared that she could not dance in the saloon. Shaded lights hung at the sides, and, at a short distance, the passengers were seated. The pale dresses of the women and the men's white shirt-fronts showed luminous in the purple-grey gloom.

Beyond the rail the sea was a deep, intense blue, pointed here and there with the lights of shipping. The brilliant specks seemed like stars, fallen from their places in the unlighted sky above. The great sweep of the Bay of Naples was scarcely outlined against the darkly-clouded horizon, save where the crater of Vesuvius blazed into a sullen crimson glow.

The concealed music began to play softly, and from between the parted curtains Diamond Dawnish slipped like a shadow, and stood, for a moment, motionless, wrapped in the long cloak. Then she began to dance, slowly and yet more slowly, her draperies making a faint whisper. She seemed a very spirit of dreams and dusk, the embodiment of the starless, moonless night itself.

From the shadow of an alley-way Hugh Gillespie watched her, his heart beating far more rapidly than its wont, his cheeks hot with excitement. He knew now that he loved Diamond Dawnish—loved her with a force which he had never imagined in himself, at the very idea of which he would have laughed a few weeks before. And with all the strength of his nature he vowed that she should be his.

Suddenly the music changed and quickened to a vivid, passionate cadence; the little dancer flung aside her cloak, stood revealed in her glittering jewel dress, a figure of startling beauty. The glow of excitement burnt in her cheeks, her eyes were full of changeful brilliance, as her movements quickened in time to the music.

The dance which followed was extraordinarily wild and dramatic. The shaded electric lights caught brilliant reflections from the clustered jewels, until the dancer seemed ringed in flickering, many-coloured flames. Gillespie watched, spellbound, like all the audience, by the brilliance of the performance, until the slowing cadences of the music warned him that it was drawing to an end.

It was then that the young man came to a swift resolution. He was stirred to his very depths by the girl's beauty and the sudden realization of his love. He would speak to her again, now—this moment—whilst the eloquence lent by her radiance was his; he would *make* her believe him, *make* her understand.

Without an instant's hesitation, the young

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"GILLESPIE WATCHED, SPELLBOUND, LIKE ALL THE AUDIENCE, BY THE BRILLIANCE OF THE PERFORMANCE."

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man strode down the alley behind him, and along the deserted deck towards the back of the extemporary stage.

A perfect crash of applause broke out from the unseen audience, and Gillespie quickened his pace. He had determined to catch her before she went below; some instinct seemed to tell him that this was the psychological moment for both of them.

The stage draperies parted. Suddenly Diamond Dawnish appeared from between them, dragging the curtains together as she emerged through the heavy folds.

The dancer stood there, silhouetted against the dark background, and leaning slightly forward, with her face in the full glare of the electric light. She was strangely pale, and her expression was one of strained attention; she seemed to be listening—waiting.

So tense was her attitude that Gillespie instinctively stood still, waiting and listening also, perhaps a dozen yards away. And suddenly it seemed to him that he caught the sound of a whistle, low and very faint, through the thunders of clamorous applause, which rose and fell and rose again.

At the same moment a tremor ran through the figure of the dancer, and without an instant's hesitation she ran lightly across the deck and swung herself up on the rail, standing poised, and staring down into the darkness overside.

For an instant she stood there, a radiant figure, outlined sharply against the dark-blue night. Then, whilst from the other side of the curtain came those reiterated cries of "Encore!" and "Bravo!" before Gillespie could so much as realize her intention, she was gone, without a cry, with only one dull splash to sound in the ears of the young man.

At the top of his speed he ran along the deck; his voice rang out clearly, cutting short the applause:—

"Man overboard! Man overboard!"

There were startled exclamations, the rush of feet along the deck, but Gillespie had already acted. He alone had seen where the girl fell; without an instant's pause he, too, sprang upon the rail and dived down into the darkness of the lapping water overside.

The young man rose to the surface and shook the drops from his eyes and ears. Then, treading water, he peered about him in the darkness. As a swimmer, Gillespie was above the average in strength, and the night and the sea alike were utterly still. And through that stillness he heard, very plainly, the sound of oars, coming apparently from shoreward, and quite close at hand.

The thought of speedy rescue was cheering, and at the same instant he caught a glimpse of Diamond's head, only a few yards away, a darker blot on the dark surface of the water.

The girl seemed to be swimming with a steady stroke, but Gillespie set off unhesitatingly in pursuit. He had had no time to reason, no time to analyse her extraordinary action; his one desire was to reach her, to save her. From behind, on the *Marina*, came the sound of voices and strenuous orders, followed by the creaking of fall ropes as a boat was lowered. And from in front sounded the thud-thud of oars, telling of rescue even nearer at hand.

Suddenly the head of the dancer, with its following wake, was blurred by a dark presence looming behind it. Almost simultaneously a cautious whisper crept clearly over the water.

"Is that you, Fan?"

"Yes." It was Diamond's voice which answered.

"Got 'em?" came the hoarse, eager question.

"Yes. I'm wearing them all. Be quick, Joe! The water's so c—— Ah!"

A muffled shriek broke from the girl's lips as she realized, for the first time, that Gillespie was close beside her. The young man acted on the immediate impulse of the moment. He caught at the dancer's arm, just as the man in the boat spoke again, low and fiercely.

"What's the matter? Where the devil are you, Fan? What are you doing?"

"Leave go of me!" Miss Dawnish gasped, under her breath. "Let me go—quick! I'm all right. The other boat will pick you up. Quick!"

"I won't let go!" Gillespie muttered, between his teeth. "I'll drown first."

"You fool—you fool! Can't you understand? Won't you understand?"

"Be quick, Fan!" hissed the insistent whisper from above them. "The other boat's coming. Good God! what's this? A man?"

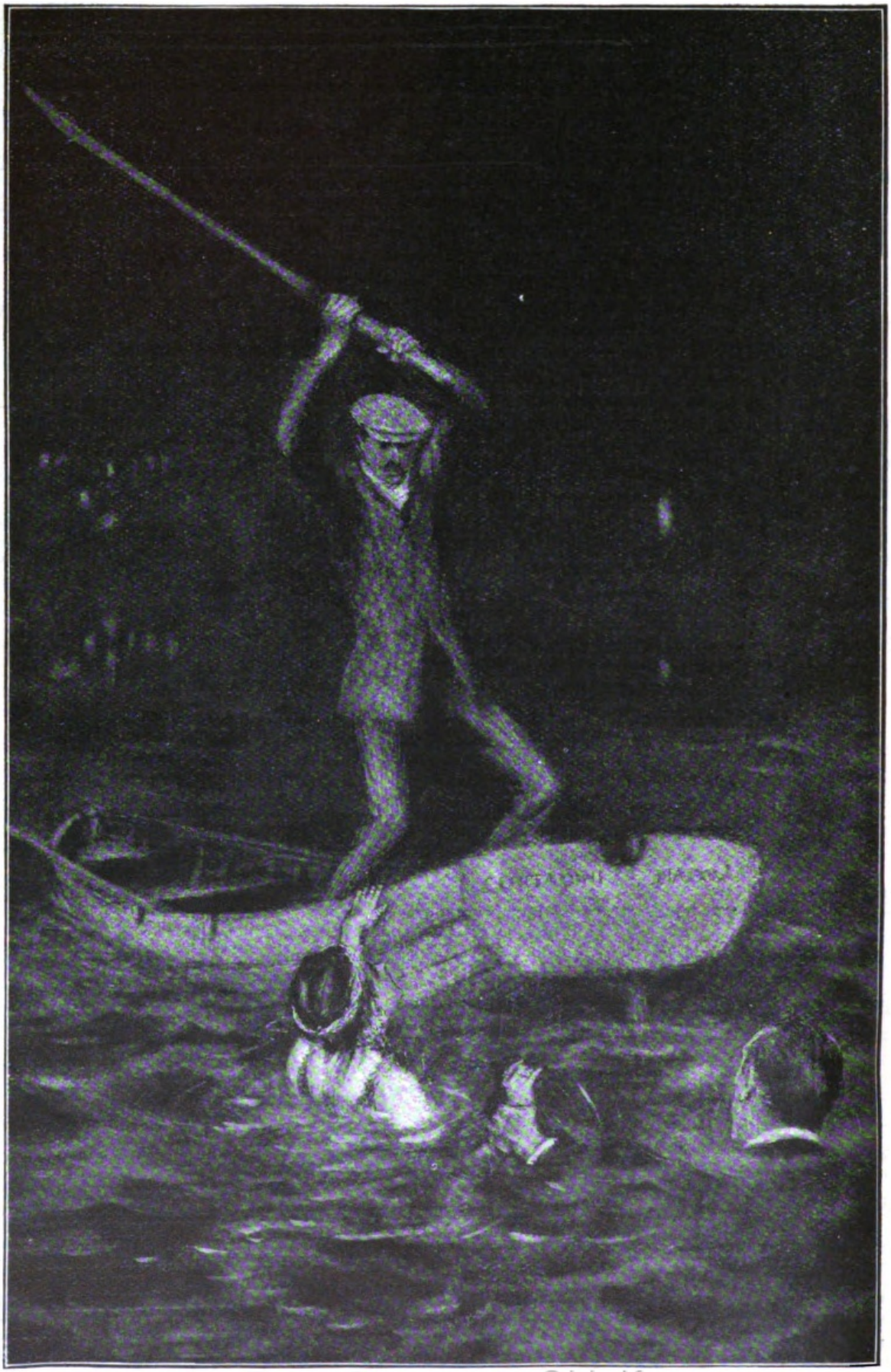
Miss Dawnish flung up a white, glittering arm and caught at the gunwale.

"Help me, Joe!" she gasped. "He—he's—holding me!"

With a muffled curse a dark figure leant over the side of the boat, and there began a trial of strength. Gillespie set his teeth and retained a fierce grip upon the slim arm, aided by the dead weight of their clothes, dragged down with water.

"Leave go, curse you!" the man snarled.

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"GILLESPIE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIM, UPRIGHT IN THE BOAT, WITH AN OAR UPRAISED ABOVE HIS HEAD."

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"If you don't, I swear I'll knock you on the head."

"No, don't—you mustn't!" Diamond's whisper was sharp and insistent. "Joe, I won't have it! He meant to save my life."

"Who cares about that? Let *go*, will you? There's that cursed boat coming. Confound you, let go, you fool!"

Gillespie held on grimly. Vaguely it seemed to him that he was fighting for something bigger than the girl's life—for her soul, perhaps. From very near at hand now came the sound of oars. He must not let go, whatever happened—he would not let go.

The man in the boat gave a savage ejaculation.

"You *will* have it, then, you cursed fool! Hold on to the gunwale tight, Fan."

He moved back swiftly; next instant Gillespie caught a glimpse of him, upright in the boat, with an oar upraised above his head. For an instant only—then he was dragged down—down.

At first the young man really believed that the murderous blow had fallen, that he was sinking down to his death. Then he rose to the surface, with the cold night air upon his face, and realized that he still held the girl's arm in a fierce grip. And from some little distance away to landward came the thud-thud of oars, growing momentarily fainter.

"Halloa! Are you there!" The hail sounded from close at hand.

"Here!" Gillespie cried, with a last despairing effort of strength, and felt the drops from upraised oars falling upon his face. Vaguely he saw the dark shape of the *Marina's* boat shoot alongside, felt strong arms raising them from the water, and heard the third officer's surprised ejaculation:—

"Good Lord, Gillespie! You here, too!"

Gillespie found himself most embarrassingly acclaimed as a hero when he appeared on deck next morning. Even the stately captain himself unbent.

"You behaved splendidly, doctor! All the ladies are full of gratitude, and no wonder—you saved their jewels."

"Yes, sir," Gillespie acquiesced, rather ambiguously. "I saved their jewels."

"As for Miss Dawnish—well, she's over there, alone. Hadn't you better go and be thanked at once—eh?"

"Yes, sir," the young man responded, soberly, and the captain's smile widened as he watched him depart along the deck in the direction of that small, solitary figure.

"He's a pretty cool customer!" he reflected.

Diamond Dawnish half started up from her chair as Gillespie approached, and he saw that her soft prettiness was almost hidden beneath a cloud of despair and shame. She began to speak at once, quickly, feverishly, without waiting for greeting or question.

"I couldn't stay below—I had to know. You've told them, of course!" There was deep misery beneath the bitterness in her voice.

"Not yet. I don't know enough myself," said the young man, deliberately. "Joe, for instance—who's he? You may as well tell me, you know."

"He's a sort of cousin of mine. He planned everything, and I wired to him from Gibraltar that it was fixed up. I was to have half the money for the jewels, and I wanted it—badly. Engagements are so hard to get, and—it would have just bought a little public-house down near Ashford for dad."

"Oh—*he's* real?"

"Yes, Heaven help him!" the girl said, bitterly. "Dad's real; only a castle in Ireland sounded better than a pub in Kent, and Sir Daniel Dawnish is a finer name than Mr. Dubbs; that's the only difference. But I'm none the less proud of him."

"I see. I'm glad that your father is real—and you, too. It makes it more satisfactory." Gillespie's slowness of speech was almost more pronounced than usual. "Because, you see, I'm not going to tell anybody anything."

"Not—going—to tell?"

"No. Why should I? There's no harm done. The jewels are safe—and so, I suppose, is my friend Joe. But there's just one other thing I want to know. Why did you save me and lose your own chance of escape?"

"I—I couldn't let Joe—kill you."

"Oh, you *could* have. But you didn't; that's the point. It would have made things easier for you, wouldn't it?"

"No." The word came softly, breathlessly.

"Then—here are my last two questions: Do you love me? Will you marry me? Answer them both with one word—Diamond."

And Diamond answered.

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The English Court and the English People.

By H.R.H.

The Infanta Eulalia of Spain.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert.

TO the foreigner of Latin blood and temperament, the English character presents an almost insoluble enigma. Often just when we feel that we are really beginning to understand it, we are faced with some contradictory trait that completely baffles us. Certainly when we saw the country, apparently seething with internal dissensions, lay aside its family quarrels and present a united front to the enemy, we realized more than ever what a complex thing the English mentality is.

I must confess that I thought it would be hard for England to rise to any great national emergency, not so much because things seemed to have reached the breaking-point in Ireland or because her colonies seemed bound to her more by self-interest than by real loyalty, but on account of the devastating habits of ease and luxury that had spread like a disease among her aristocracy. But now we know that these corrupting influences had not vitally affected the upper classes. Unlike the extravagances of ancient Rome, that had eaten to the heart of the nation's energies, England's hurt was only skin-deep. We can have no doubt of this when we see great ladies facing unfamiliar hardships and risks at the battle-front, others dismantling their huge country houses and transforming them into hospitals, and others freely giving their whole time and activities to the great relief organizations for the war's sufferers. The English aristocracy's ingrained sense of responsibility to the nation remains untouched by all its latterly-acquired taste for luxury and over-indulgence in sports.

I say "latterly-acquired," because it is undoubtedly true that this love of extravagance has grown enormously during the last decade or so. From the pomp and lavishness displayed nowadays in certain smart establishments, I should never realize that I was in the same circle whose courtesy and simplicity used to delight me so in the England I learned to love years ago.

It was as a young married woman that I had my first experience of English life. The Count and Countess of Paris, my husband's relatives, had been exiled from France, and had been living for some time in Tunbridge Wells. I spent many months with them there, and, through their large circle of friends, I became acquainted with all kinds and conditions of people, and soon found myself accepting the hospitality of these newly-made friends. When I made it clear to my host and hostess that I desired them to forget that I was an Infanta and to be treated as an ordinary individual, etiquette was banished and I was able to do as I liked.

Life in the country houses always pleased me best. In those days it was the custom for the family and guests to breakfast together, and I loved the informality of it all undisturbed by the ministrations of liveried lackeys. Often, when there were children in the house, they were allowed to come to the table too, and we all had a very jolly time over the porridge.

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We often went bicycling for the whole day, carrying our lunches with us and eating them in some pleasant grove by the wayside. Sometimes we went on coaching expeditions, and lunched in some old thatch-covered inn. When my children were little I seldom missed passing some time in England each summer, so that they, too, could enjoy the freedom of the open-air life.

It did not take me long to appreciate the charm of the English home and country, which are vastly different from anything abroad. In Spain people never live all the year round in the country if they can possibly avoid it, and they seldom visit their estates unless they wish to practically retire from the world. On the rare occasions when they do snatch themselves from the conventional round of gaieties in the cities or the big watering-places, they shut themselves up in their big, bare castles, receiving no one, and seldom venturing outside their own properties. It is almost a time of penance.

They are simply incapable of understanding the English love of life in the open air, with its many exhilarating and ingenious pastimes which appeal so strongly to me. More than that, they are inclined to look upon such taste as rather ill-bred. For instance, only the humblest Spaniard would dream of eating his cold lunch by the roadside, and I am sure that the true aristocrat would never appreciate the charm of seeking out some picturesque spot and having tea from a tea-basket. No Spanish lady of quality would even allow herself to walk hatless in her own garden, and reclining in a hammock or on the grass would be ruthlessly banned by her traditions and upbringing.

One summer day Queen Christina came to me with a look of sheer consternation on her face:

"Eulalia," she said, "I have just seen an appalling sight: an Englishwoman lying on the grass in the park."

The culprit was a lady-in-waiting who had been brought to Spain by an English Princess visiting the Court. I had some difficulty in convincing the Queen that such an action would not be considered such a shocking breach of etiquette in England as she imagined.

In France, country life in the Smart Set is more animated than in Spain, but it still lacks the spontaneity and freedom of the English out-of-doors. The châteaux are occasionally thrown open to visitors, but the guests are content to undergo the same routine as in Paris—the only difference being that it is adapted to another setting. Of course, there are hunting meets, and, of late years, garden-parties, but much of the entertaining takes place indoors—dinner-parties, theatrical performances, afternoon receptions, and the like. The French have not yet learned how really to live in the country, to relax, and to change their entire mode of thought and activities.

There is hardly a province in England that I am not familiar with. I have spent many weeks in Cornwall, Devon, and Yorkshire, and have returned again and again to Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, and Richmond. Curiously enough, during one visit to Richmond I received a message from the Duchess of Teck that her daughter, then Princess of Wales, had just given birth to her first boy. I went at once to White Lodge to offer my congratulations, and I fancy that I was the first, outside the immediate family, to hold the future Prince of Wales in my arms.

What to me is convincing proof of the change in latter years from simplicity to lavish display is the difference in the way of living I have remarked amongst many of my friends. Each time I have visited England recently I have been struck with this.

One thing that used to delight me so was the informality of the English tea. It was invariably served *sans cérémonie* in the drawing-room. After the servants had brought it in they retired and left us to our own devices. Neighbours frequently dropped in without warning, and often, as we gathered round a big blazing fire and ate those wonderful home-made delicacies unknown to Continentals, there was a charming feeling of expansiveness and intimacy that we never had at other times of the day. Of late years I have noticed that the custom has changed. When you are invited to tea, you find your place set at a table loaded with expensive flowers and accessories from the *chic* caterer. Footmen are in constant attendance, and the charm of informality has entirely gone.

Friends of mine who used to be content to dine in some simple tea-gown now wear the latest Paris creations and their jewels—and this every evening. Although the French women may still think that the Englishwoman's taste in dress is far beneath her own standard, she would have to admit, if she were invited to some fashionable house-party, that the Englishwoman of means has far eclipsed her in the matter of frequent change. She would see the hostess and guests appear in tweed suits and stout boots for their morning constitutional and breakfast, then reappear

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"I FANCY THAT I WAS THE FIRST, OUTSIDE THE IMMEDIATE FAMILY, TO HOLD THE FUTURE PRINCE OF WALES IN MY ARMS."

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in white flannels for their afternoon game of tennis or boating. She would wonder how, in the thick of sports and entertaining, these energetic women found time to put on some clinging creation for tea, which would later be laid aside for the *décolleté* dinner-gown.

Of course, these departures from the simple tastes of twenty years ago seem harmless enough in themselves, but they are surely indications of a constantly growing love of lavishness in the whole social routine. I am sorry to say that the fine old-time courtesies of the English gentry seem to have suffered by these more luxurious habits of living. In many smart circles polished manners seem to have become as superannuated as crinolines and stage-coaches.

Whatever may be the faults of the English landlord system—faults inherited from the centuries—the system used to work excellently whenever the lord of the castle or manor-house lived up to his responsibilities. In spite of its touch of paternalism, there was something impressive about the white-haired earl inspecting his broad acres, bowing tenants standing aside to let his carriage pass, and something altogether touching about his lady visiting the cottagers, her footman—far haughtier in mien than she—bearing gifts of food and warm clothing. As long as the villagers were well cared for, I suppose they never questioned whether it was right for their master to have a mansion while they had to toil so hard to keep their humble thatched roof over their heads. But when the young lord took to dissipating the family fortunes on the Turf, when he married some footlight favourite—in other words, when he began to neglect the responsibilities of his race—that, probably, was the beginning of their doubt in the justice of the English social order. Then they forgot to curtsy whenever the young lord and his bride motored through the village, and they began to listen to the itinerant Labour agitator at the tavern.

Of course, the democratic spirit that is spreading all over the world has been at work in England for years, undermining rigid caste distinctions and differences, but I feel that it could not have grown so quickly nor expressed itself in just such forms as it has if the extravagance and irresponsibility of many of the rich and powerful had not paved the way for it. Destroy respect and you destroy docility. There is no doubt that the English lower classes, in their first efforts towards democracy and equality, have made some pretty ludicrous mistakes. Instead of copying the fine qualities of the aristocracy, they have, more frequently than not, managed to imitate their shortcomings and limitations. I remember hearing that the valet of some Prince insisted on having a valet for himself! I know that French maids whom I have taken to England have had their heads turned by the amazing etiquette of the servants' hall—all unquestionably due to the servants' desire to copy their masters.

The maid of the Infanta is a great person, and she soon found that she could take precedence over all the others.

She had to be elegantly dressed. Indeed, whenever I go to England I always remark that my maid has double the luggage she requires when I take her to other countries. Once I discovered that the English servants' attitude towards their work had so affected one maid that she was almost completely spoilt. For instance, after a visit to England on which she had accompanied me, this maid broke down and sobbed when I told her to light a fire.

"I can't, I can't!" she said, piteously, with tears streaming down her face.

"But for years you have been accustomed to light fires for me," I said. "What has happened to make it such a terrible thing to light one now?"

She explained that she had learnt in England that it was beneath the dignity of a lady's maid to do menial work.

However, it is not unreasonable to hope that the war, which has already done so much towards rousing the rich from their lethargy of extravagance and neglect of responsibilities to the most praiseworthy usefulness, will help to correct the lower-class conception of equality. As I have already said, no character is so full of surprises as the English—so capable of appearing to be one thing while underneath it is the exact opposite. Can this be what people of other nationalities mean when they speak of English hypocrisy?

It is rather an innate reserve which the foreigner finds great difficulty in penetrating. It comes, no doubt, from the Englishman's veneration for tradition, and for centuries he has been schooled to show no emotion. That is often why he is supposed to be either stupid or inattentive. As a matter of fact, this very exterior gives him the great advantage of being able to size up a situation without betraying either the process or his conclusions.

The proof of what I say is the Englishman's

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unquestionable superiority in diplomacy. People who have no experience of cosmopolitan society seem to think that the successful diplomat must be a detective of the popular novel type; an astute if somewhat unscrupulous politician and a polished ladies' man rolled into one. To be sure, the representatives of certain countries often do their best to realize just such an ideal, but, although this type may succeed in carrying some of their machinations to a conclusion satisfactory to themselves, they scarcely ever accomplish anything really worth while for their Governments. Most of the English diplomats I have known on the Continent give the impression of being serenely indifferent to any intrigues that may be going on around them. It has often amused me to watch them at dinner-parties. Unlike certain representatives of other Powers, they never go out of their way to make themselves agreeable to ladies. I have never seen them pay especial attention to the wives of powerful statesmen for the purposes of their profession—indeed, they seem to scorn these back-door methods. Perhaps it is because they know very well that real diplomacy is built on more solid foundations than on the gleanings of drawing-room conversations or the chance confidences of indiscreet women.

And they are right in this, for the whole tradition of diplomacy in England is different from that of any Great Power. She has not changed her tactics for centuries.

Instead of conducting her negotiations with other countries through her Ambassadors in those countries, England has established such a prestige among nations that she is able to transact her international affairs in London, and so, instead of relying on the cleverness of one man for a successful issue, she has at her disposal the brains of her best statesmen. King Edward, in bringing about the Entente Cordiale, undoubtedly initiated the French Government into this way of conducting its international affairs, for of late years French diplomacy has steadily improved.

King Edward himself possessed in a high degree those national qualities that make the English such good diplomats. Not only in the conduct of nations, but in society, his self-possession and tact were unfailing. They certainly did not fail him on one occasion when I saw him placed in a very comical and embarrassing situation. We were both at a dinner-party in a great London house, and among the guests was a lady who bore an historic Italian title. She was English by birth, and before her marriage had been famous in London society for her great beauty and her charm of manner. A wealthy Jew, who shall be disguised under the name of Abraham, was madly in love with her, and her friends, including King Edward, saw his growing infatuation with concern.

"Don't you marry that man," was the advice given her, peremptorily, but good-naturedly, by King Edward.

But marry him she did; not, however, before he had been to Italy and bought the palace and the pompous title of an impoverished Florentine noble. Of this fact the King was unaware, and when the lady was presented to him at the dinner-table as the Marchesa di X., he smiled and said: "I am delighted to meet you again as the Marchesa di X., and so thankful you didn't marry that awful Abraham."

A few moments later the King observed that the awful Abraham was standing close by and had heard the unfortunate remark. Without turning a hair, he smiled at him and congratulated him heartily upon his marriage.

King Edward was the first member of the English Royal Family that I met. My acquaintance with him started in Madrid, when, as Prince of Wales, he came with his brother, the Duke of Connaught, one of the most charming Princes in Europe, to be present at the festivities given in honour of the marriage of my brother.

Later I stayed with him and Queen Alexandra at Sandringham. One of the first things to impress me there was the King's extreme punctuality. Somebody used always to come and warn me ten minutes before meal-times that I must not keep him waiting. For some unknown reason, he had all the clocks in the house set half an hour in advance of the right time, and one of the first things that guests at Sandringham learnt was the existence of this curious practice. The King liked to be amused, and, as he had a taste for the Gallic turn of wit that makes Latin races such good *raconteurs*, there were always one or two foreigners about who, although they did not wear the cap and bells which would have defined their functions in an earlier age, played the part of Court Jester admirably, and enlivened conversation at the dinner-table with praiseworthy persistence.

The Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll, possesses a share of the talent which distinguished her brother and their sister, the Empress Frederick. I spent a very agreeable time with her in the Isle of Wight when I went

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"SHE EXPLAINED THAT SHE HAD LEARNT IN ENGLAND THAT IT WAS BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF A LADY'S MAID TO DO MENIAL WORK."

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to England for the first time. We had many cosy times together, leaving our husbands to amuse each other, and our mutual interest in art and literature naturally drew us together.

Undoubtedly one of the cleverest and most charming figures in the Royal circle is the Duchess of Connaught. Her husband would, I am certain, be the first to admit that his success in creating for himself the special place he holds in English life and in the life of the British Empire is largely due to the Duchess's loyal help and wise advice. In spite of her German upbringing, she has given herself whole-heartedly to the country of her adoption, and her daughters, the Crown Princess of Sweden and Princess Patricia, are delightful and typically English girls.

The Russian Princess, known best in England as Duchess of Edinburgh, and now Duchess of Coburg, was unable to adapt herself to life in a strange country. It is a canon of Court etiquette that Imperial personages take precedence of Royal personages, and consequently it was held in Russia that the Duchess of Edinburgh, being the daughter of the Emperor of Russia, should take precedence of the Princess of Wales, who was merely the daughter of a King. Queen Alexandra is so amiable that I believe she would have contentedly allowed the Duchess, and anybody else who wanted to do so, to pass before her; but obviously the wife of the heir to the throne could not be permitted to take any place but the first after the Sovereign. What was to be done? Queen Victoria solved the difficulty very cleverly. She caused herself to be proclaimed Empress of India, and the claim put forward by the Duchess immediately fell to the ground. The assumption of Imperial rank by the Queen was undoubtedly dictated by political considerations, but the solution of the difficulty created by the conservatism of Court etiquette was an argument which weighed with her when she took the decisive step.

In no country is the veneration of Royalty carried to greater lengths than in England. That is doubtless why King Edward's many American and Jewish friends were so readily received by the Smart Set, although these new-comers brought with them a love of lavishness and display that went counter to the taste and traditions of the English *noblesse*. When society opened its doors to these people of vast wealth and luxurious habits, and accepted their prodigal entertainments, it is hardly surprising that their example became infectious. Let us hope that England's ingrained respect for Royalty will induce the aristocracy to copy the simplicity and dignity of King George and Queen Mary's life, and that this influence will aid in completely reviving the old-time ideals of courtesy and good breeding.

As I have said, this revival has already begun. The war, which has had the effect of rousing the rich from their over-indulgence in luxury and sports, will no doubt do much towards leavening the attitude of the classes towards each other. Surely, since they have been drawn together in a spontaneous movement of patriotism in the face of the enemy, they will lose much of their common mistrust and misunderstanding, and the real democracy of the spirit—not the sham equality of externals—will have freer leeway. More than that, I dare hope that the war, which has not only forced different classes, but different nations, to stand side by side, will break down that insular habit of thought which sees no good in foreign life and customs.

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The VALLEY of FEAR

A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY

By

A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by FRANK WILES

PART II.

THE SCOWRERS.

CHAPTER III.

LODGE 341, VERMISSA.

ON the day following the evening which had contained so many exciting events McMurdo moved his lodgings from old Jacob Shafter's and took up his quarters at the Widow MacNamara's, on the extreme outskirts of the town. Scanlan, his original acquaintance aboard the train, had occasion shortly afterwards to move into Vermissa, and the two lodged together. There was no other boarder, and the hostess was an easy-going old Irishwoman who left them to themselves, so that they had a freedom for speech and action welcome to men who had secrets in common. Shafter had relented to the extent of letting McMurdo come to his meals there when he liked, so that his intercourse with Ettie was by no means broken. On the contrary, it drew closer and more intimate as the weeks went by. In his bedroom at his new abode McMurdo felt it to be safe to take out the coining moulds, and under many a pledge of secrecy a number of the brothers from the Lodge were allowed to come in and see them, each of them carrying away in his pocket some examples of the false money, so cunningly struck that there was never the slightest difficulty or danger in passing it. Why, with such a wonderful art at his command, McMurdo should condescend to work at all was a perpetual mystery to his companions, though he made it clear to anyone who asked him that if he lived without any visible means it would very quickly bring the police upon his track.

One policeman was, indeed, after him already, but the incident, as luck would have it, did the adventurer a great deal more good than harm. After the first introduction there were few evenings when he did not find his way to McGinty's saloon, there to make closer

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acquaintance with "the boys," which was the jovial title by which the dangerous gang who infested the place were known to each other. His dashing manner and fearlessness of speech made him a favourite with them all, while the rapid and scientific way in which he polished off his antagonist in an "all in" bar-room scrap earned the respect of that rough community. Another incident, however, raised him even higher in their estimation.

Just at the crowded hour one night the door opened and a man entered with the quiet blue uniform and peaked cap of the Coal and Iron Police. This was a special body raised by the railways and colliery owners to supplement the efforts of the ordinary civil police, who were perfectly helpless in the face of the organized ruffianism which terrorized the district. There was a hush as he entered, and many a curious glance was cast at him, but the relations between policemen and criminals are peculiar in the States, and McGinty himself, standing behind his counter, showed no surprise when the inspector enrolled himself among his customers.

"A straight whisky, for the night is bitter," said the police-officer. "I don't think we have met before, Councillor?"

"You'll be the new captain?" said McGinty.

"That's so. We're looking to you, Councillor, and to the other leading citizens, to help us in upholding law and order in this township. Captain Marvin is my name—of the Coal and Iron."

"We'd do better without you, Captain Marvin," said McGinty, coldly. "For we have our own police of the township, and no need for any imported goods. What are you but the paid tool of the men of capital, hired by them to club or to shoot your poorer fellow-citizens?"

"Well, well, we won't argue about that," said the police-officer, good-humouredly. "I expect we all do our duty same as we see it, but we can't all see it the same." He had drunk off his glass and had turned to go, when his eyes fell upon the face of Jack McMurdo, who was scowling at his elbow. "Halloa! halloa!" he cried, looking him up and down. "Here's an old acquaintance."

McMurdo shrank away from him.

"I was never a friend to you nor any other cursed copper in my life," said he.

"An acquaintance isn't always a friend," said the police captain, grinning. "You're Jack McMurdo of Chicago, right enough, and don't you deny it."

McMurdo shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm not denying it," said he. "D'ye think I'm ashamed of my own name?"

"You've got good cause to be, anyhow."

"What the devil d'you mean by that?" he roared, with his fists clenched.

"No, no, Jack; bluster won't do with me. I was an officer in Chicago before ever I came to this darned coal-bunker, and I know a Chicago crook when I see one."

McMurdo's face fell.

"Don't tell me that you're Marvin of the Chicago Central!" he cried.

"Just that same old Teddy Marvin, at your service. We haven't forgotten the shooting of Jonas Pinto up there."

"I never shot him."

"Did you not? That's good impartial evidence, ain't it? Well, his death came in uncommon handy for you, or they would have had you for shoving the queer. Well, we can let that be bygones, for, between you and me—and perhaps I'm going farther than my duty in saying it—they could get no clear case against you, and Chicago's open to you to-morrow."

"I'm very well where I am."

"Well, I've given you the office, and you're a sulky dog not to thank me for it."

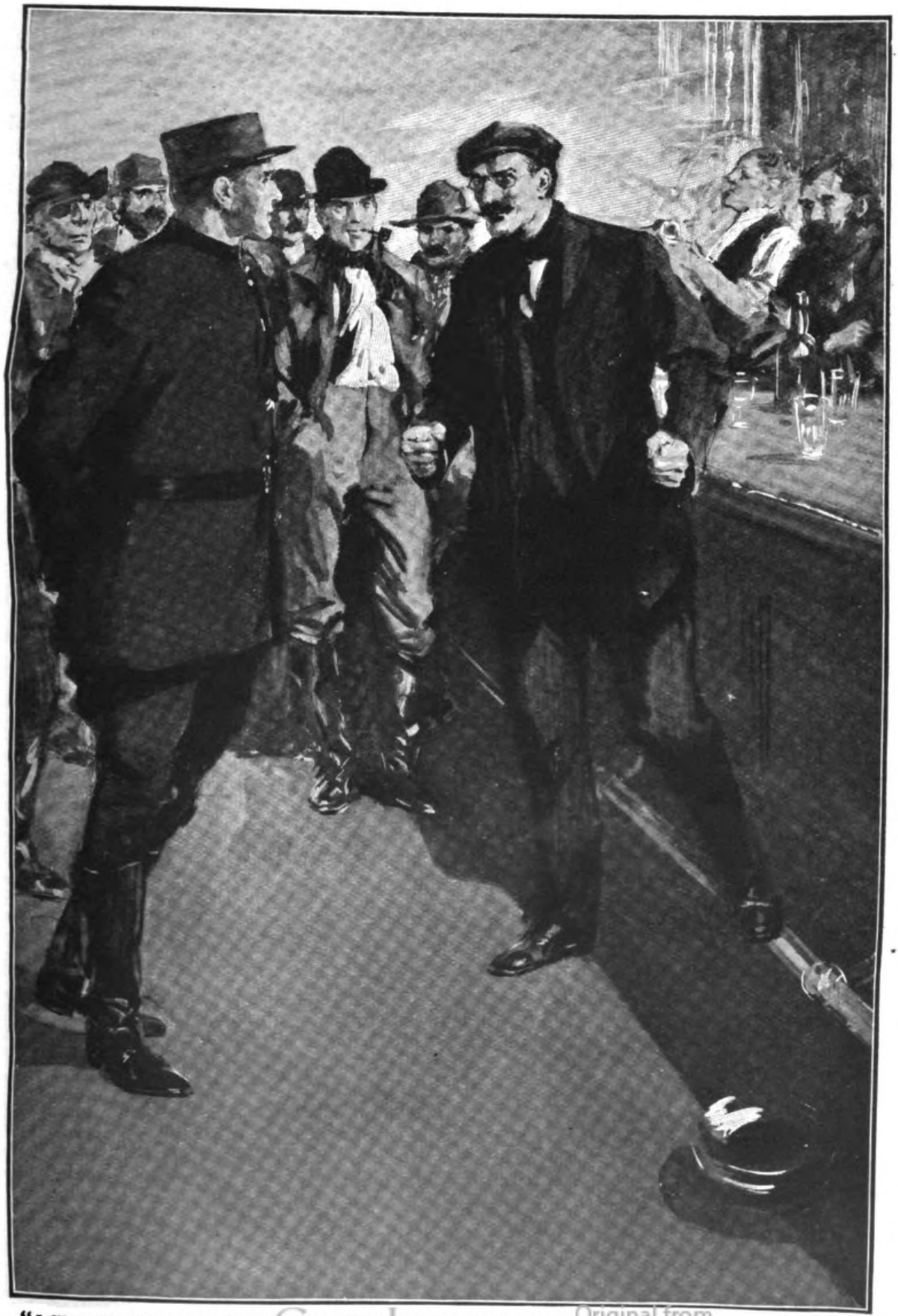
"Well, I suppose you mean well, and I do thank you," said McMurdo, in no very gracious manner.

"It's mum with me so long as I see you living on the straight," said the captain. "But, by gum, if you get off on the cross after this it's another story! So good night to you—and good night, Councillor."

He left the bar-room, but not before he had created a local hero. McMurdo's deeds in far Chicago had been whispered before. He had put off all questions with a smile as one who did not wish to have greatness thrust upon him. But now the thing was officially confirmed. The bar-loafers crowded round him and shook him heartily by the hand. He was free of the community from that time on. He could drink hard and show little trace of it, but that evening, had his mate Scanlan not been at hand to lead him home, the fêted hero would surely have spent his night under the bar.

On a Saturday night McMurdo was introduced to the Lodge. He had thought to pass in without ceremony as being an initiate of Chicago; but there were particular rites in Vermissa of which they were proud, and these had to be undergone by every postulant. The assembly met in a large room reserved for such purposes at the Union House. Some sixty members assembled at Vermissa, but

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"I WAS AN OFFICER IN CHICAGO BEFORE EVER I CAME TO THIS DARNED COAL-BUNKER, AND I KNOW A CHICAGO CROOK WHEN I SEE ONE."

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that by no means represented the full strength of the organization, for there were several other lodges in the valley, and others across the mountains on either side, who exchanged members when any serious business was afoot, so that a crime might be done by men who were strangers to the locality. Altogether, there were not fewer than five hundred scattered over the coal district.

In the bare assembly room the men were gathered round a long table. At the side was a second one laden with bottles and glasses, on which some members of the company were already turning their eyes. McGinty sat at the head with a flat black velvet cap upon his shock of tangled black hair and a coloured purple stole round his neck, so that he seemed to be a priest presiding over some diabolical ritual. To right and left of him were the higher Lodge officials, the cruel, handsome face of Ted Baldwin among them. Each of these wore some scarf or medallion as emblem of his office. They were, for the most part, men of mature age, but the rest of the company consisted of young fellows from eighteen to twenty-five, the ready and capable agents who carried out the commands of their seniors. Among the older men were many whose features showed the tigerish, lawless souls within, but looking at the rank and file it was difficult to believe that these eager and open-faced young fellows were in very truth a dangerous gang of murderers, whose minds had suffered such complete moral perversion that they took a horrible pride in their proficiency at the business, and looked with the deepest respect at the man who had the reputation for making what they called a "clean job." To their contorted natures it had become a spirited and chivalrous thing to volunteer for service against some man who had never injured them, and whom, in many cases, they had never seen in their lives. The crime committed, they quarrelled as to who had actually struck the fatal blow, and amused each other and the company by describing the cries and contortions of the murdered man. At first they had shown some secrecy in their arrangements, but at the time which this narrative describes their proceedings were extraordinarily open, for the repeated failures of the law had proved to them that, on the one hand, no one would dare to witness against them, and, on the other, they had an unlimited number of staunch witnesses upon whom they could call, and a well-filled treasure chest from which they could draw the funds to engage the best legal talent in the State. In ten long years of outrage there had been no single conviction, and the only danger that ever threatened the Scowrers lay in the victim himself, who, however outnumbered and taken by surprise, might, and occasionally did, leave his mark upon his assailants.

McMurdo had been warned that some ordeal lay before him, but no one would tell him in what it consisted. He was led now into an outer room by two solemn brothers. Through the plank partition he could hear the murmur of many voices from the assembly within. Once or twice he caught the sound of his own name, and he knew that they were discussing his candidature. Then there entered an inner guard, with a green and gold sash across his chest.

"The bodymaster orders that he shall be trussed, blinded, and entered," said he. The three of them then removed his coat, turned up the sleeve of his right arm, and finally passed a rope round above the elbows and made it fast. They next placed a thick black cap right over his head and the upper part of his face, so that he could see nothing. He was then led into the assembly hall.

It was pitch-dark and very oppressive under his hood. He heard the rustle and murmur of the people round him, and then the voice of McGinty sounded, dull and distant, through the covering of his ears.

"John McMurdo," said the voice, "are you already a member of the Ancient Order of Freemen?"

He bowed in assent.

"Is your lodge No. 29, Chicago?"

He bowed again.

"Dark nights are unpleasant," said the voice.

"Yes, for strangers to travel," he answered.

"The clouds are heavy."

"Yes; a storm is approaching."

"Are the brethren satisfied?" asked the bodymaster.

There was a general murmur of assent.

"We know, brother, by your sign and by your countersign, that you are indeed one of us," said McGinty. "We would have you know, however, that in this county and in other counties of these parts we have certain rites, and also certain duties of our own, which call for good men. Are you ready to be tested?"

"I am."

"Are you of stout heart?"

"I am."

"Take a stride forward to prove it."

As the words were said he felt two hard points in front of his eyes, pressing upon them

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so that it appeared as if he could not move forward without a danger of losing them. None the less, he nerved himself to step resolutely out, and as he did so the pressure melted away. There was a low murmur of applause.

"He is of stout heart," said the voice. "Can you bear pain?"

"As well as another," he answered.

"Test him!"

It was all he could do to keep himself from screaming out, for an agonizing pain shot through his forearm. He nearly fainted at the sudden shock of it, but he bit his lip and clenched his hands to hide his agony.

"I can take more than that," said he.

This time there was loud applause. A finer first appearance had never been made in the Lodge. Hands clapped him on the back, and the hood was plucked from his head. He stood blinking and smiling amid the congratulations of the brothers.

"One last word, Brother McMurdo," said McGinty. "You have already sworn the oath of secrecy and fidelity, and you are aware that the punishment for any breach of it is instant and inevitable death?"

"I am," said McMurdo.

"And you accept the rule of the bodymaster for the time being under all circumstances?"

"I do."

"Then, in the name of Lodge 341, Vermissa, I welcome you to its privileges and debates. You will put the liquor on the table, Brother Scanlan, and we will drink to our worthy brother."

McMurdo's coat had been brought to him, but before putting it on he examined his right arm, which still smarted heavily. There, on the flesh of the forearm, was a clear-cut circle with a triangle within it, deep and red, as the branding-iron had left it. One or two of his neighbours pulled up their sleeves and showed their own Lodge marks.

"We've all had it," said one, "but not all as brave as you over it."

"Tut! It was nothing," said he; but it burned and ached all the same.

When the drinks which followed the ceremony of initiation had all been disposed of, the business of the Lodge proceeded. McMurdo, accustomed only to the prosaic performances of Chicago, listened with open ears, and more surprise than he ventured to show, to what followed.

"The first business on the agenda paper," said McGinty, "is to read the following letter from Division Master Windle, of Merton County, Lodge 249. He says:—

DEAR SIR,—There is a job to be done on Andrew Rae, of Rae and Sturmash, coal-owners near this place. You will remember that your Lodge owes us a return, having had the services of two brethren in the matter of the patrolman last fall. If you will send two good men they will be taken charge of by Treasurer Higgins of this Lodge, whose address you know. He will show them when to act and where.—Yours in freedom,

J. W. WINDLE, D.M.A.O.F.

Windle has never refused us when we have had occasion to ask for the loan of a man or two, and it is not for us to refuse him." McGinty paused and looked round the room with his dull, malevolent eyes. "Who will volunteer for the job?"

Several young fellows held up their hands. The bodymaster looked at them with an approving smile.

"You'll do, Tiger Cormac. If you handle it as well as you did the last you won't be amiss. And you, Wilson."

"I've no pistol," said the volunteer, a mere boy in his teens.

"It's your first, is it not? Well, you have to be blooded some time. It will be a great start for you. As to the pistol, you'll find it waiting for you, or I'm mistaken. If you report yourselves on Monday it will be time enough. You'll get a great welcome when you return."

"Any reward this time?" asked Cormac, a thick-set, dark-faced, brutal-looking young man, whose ferocity had earned him the nickname of "Tiger."

"Never mind the reward. You just do it for the honour of the thing. Maybe when it is done there will be a few odd dollars at the bottom of the box."

"What has the man done?" asked young Wilson.

"Sure, it's not for the likes of you to ask what the man has done. He has been judged over there. That's no business of ours. All we have to do is to carry it out for them, same as they would for us. Speaking of that, two brothers from the Merton Lodge are coming over to us next week to do some business in this quarter."

"Who are they?" asked someone.

"Faith, it is wiser not to ask. If you know nothing you can testify nothing, and no trouble can come of it. But they are men who will make a clean job when they are about it."

"And time, too!" cried Ted Baldwin. "Folk are getting out of hand in these parts. It was only last week that three of our men were turned off by Foreman Blaker. It's been owing him a long time, and he'll get it full and proper."

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"HE NEARLY FAINTED AT THE SUDDEN SHOCK OF IT, BUT HE BIT HIS LIP AND

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CLENCHED HIS HANDS TO HIDE HIS AGONY. "I CAN TAKE MORE THAN THAT," SAID HE."

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"Get what?" McMurdo whispered to his neighbour.

"The business end of a buck-shot cartridge," cried the man, with a loud laugh. "What think you of our ways, brother?"

McMurdo's criminal soul seemed to have already absorbed the spirit of the vile association of which he was now a member.

"I like it well," said he. "'Tis a proper place for a lad of mettle."

Several of those who sat around heard his words and applauded them.

"What's that?" cried the black-maned bodymaster, from the end of the table.

"'Tis our new brother, sir, who finds our ways to his taste."

McMurdo rose to his feet for an instant.

"I would say, Worshipful Master, that if a man should be wanted I should take it as an honour to be chosen to help the Lodge."

There was great applause at this. It was felt that a new sun was pushing its rim above the horizon. To some of the elders it seemed that the progress was a little too rapid.

"I would move," said the secretary, Harraway, a vulture-faced old greybeard who sat near the chairman, "that Brother McMurdo should wait until it is the good pleasure of the Lodge to employ him."

"Sure, that was what I meant. I'm in your hands," said McMurdo.

"Your time will come, brother," said the chairman. "We have marked you down as a willing man, and we believe that you will do good work in these parts. There is a small matter to-night in which you may take a hand, if it so please you."

"I will wait for something that is worth while."

"You can come to-night, anyhow, and it will help you to know what we stand for in this community. I will make the announcement later. Meanwhile"—he glanced at his agenda paper—"I have one or two more points to bring before the meeting. First of all, I will ask the treasurer as to our bank balance. There is the pension to Jim Carnaway's widow. He was struck down doing the work of the Lodge, and it is for us to see that she is not the loser."

"Jim was shot last month when they tried to kill Chester Wilcox, of Marley Creek," McMurdo's neighbour informed him.

"The funds are good at the moment," said the treasurer, with the bank-book in front of him. "The firms have been generous of late. Max Linder and Co. paid five hundred to be left alone. Walker Brothers sent in a hundred, but I took it on myself to return it and ask for five. If I do not hear by Wednesday their winding gear may get out of order. We had to burn their breaker last year before they became reasonable. Then the West Section Coaling Company has paid its annual contribution. We have enough in hand to meet any obligations."

"What about Archie Swindon?" asked a brother.

"He has sold out and left the district. The old devil left a note for us to say that he had rather be a free crossing-sweeper in New York than a large mine-owner under the power of a ring of blackmailers. By gosh, it was as well that he made a break for it before the note reached us! I guess he dare not show his face in this valley again."

An elderly, clean-shaven man, with a kindly face and a good brow, rose from the end of the table which faced the chairman.

"Mr. Treasurer," he asked, "may I ask who has bought the property of this man that we have driven out of the district?"

"Yes, Brother Morris. It has been bought by the State and Merton County Railroad Company."

"And who bought the mines of Todman and of Lee that came into the market in the same way last year?"

"The same company, Brother Morris."

"And who bought the ironworks of Manson and of Shuman and of Van Deher and of Atwood, which have all been given up of late?"

"They were all bought by the West Gilmerton General Mining Company."

"I don't see, Brother Morris," said the chairman, "that it matters a nickel to us who buys them, since they can't carry them out of the district."

"With all respect to you, Worshipful Master, I think that it may matter very much to us. This process has been going on now for ten long years. We are gradually driving all the small men out of trade. What is the result? We find in their places great companies like the Railroad or the General Iron, who have their directors in New York or Philadelphia, and care nothing for our threats. We can take it out of their local bosses, but it only means that others will be sent in their stead. And we are making it dangerous for ourselves. The small men could not harm us. They had not the money nor the power. So long as we did not squeeze them too dry, they would stay on under our power. But if these big companies find that we stand between them and their profits, they will spare no pains and no expense to hunt us down and bring us to court."

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There was a hush at these ominous words, and every face darkened as gloomy looks were exchanged. So omnipotent and unchallenged had they been that the very thought that there was possible retribution in the background had been banished from their minds. And yet the idea struck a chill to the most reckless of them.

"It is my advice," the speaker continued, "that we bear less heavily upon the small men. On the day that they have all been driven out the power of this society will have been broken."

Unwelcome truths are not popular. There were angry cries as the speaker resumed his seat. McGinty rose with gloom upon his brow.

"Brother Morris," said he, "you were always a croaker. So long as the members of this Lodge stand together there is no power in this United States that can touch them. Sure, have we not tried it often enough in the law courts? I expect the big companies will find it easier to pay than to fight, same as the little companies do. And now, brethren"—McGinty took off his black velvet cap and his stole as he spoke—"this Lodge has finished its business for the evening, save for one small matter which may be mentioned when we are parting. The time has now come for fraternal refreshment and for harmony."

Strange indeed is human nature. Here were these men to whom murder was familiar, who again and again had struck down the father of the family, some man against whom they had no personal feeling, without one thought of compunction or of compassion for his weeping wife or helpless children, and yet the tender or pathetic in music could move them to tears. McMurdo had a fine tenor voice, and if he had failed to gain the goodwill of the Lodge before, it could no longer have been withheld after he had thrilled them with "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," and "On the Banks of Allan Water." In his very first night the new recruit had made himself one of the most popular of the brethren, marked already for advancement and high office. There were other qualities needed, however, besides those of good fellowship, to make a worthy Freeman, and of these he was given an example before the evening was over. The whisky bottle had passed round many times, and the men were flushed and ripe for mischief, when their bodymaster rose once more to address them.

"Boys," said he, "there's one man in this town that wants trimming up, and it's for you to see that he gets it. I'm speaking of James Stanger, of the *Herald*. You've seen how he's been opening his mouth against us again?"

There was a murmur of assent, with many a muttered oath. McGinty took a slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket.

"'Law and Order!' That's how he heads it. 'Reign of Terror in the Coal and Iron District. Twelve years have now elapsed since the first assassinations which proved the existence of a criminal organization in our midst. From that day these outrages have never ceased, until now they have reached a pitch which makes us the opprobrium of the civilized world. Is it for such results as this that our great country welcomes to its bosom the alien who flies from the despotisms of Europe? Is it that they shall themselves become tyrants over the very men who have given them shelter, and that a state of terrorism and lawlessness should be established under the very shadow of the sacred folds of the starry flag of freedom which would raise horror in our minds if we read of it as existing under the most effete monarchy of the East? The men are known. The organization is patent and public. How long are we to endure it? Can we for ever live—' Sure, I've read enough of the slush!" cried the chairman, tossing the paper down upon the table. "That's what he says of us. The question I'm asking you is, What shall we say to him?"

"Kill him!" cried a dozen fierce voices.

"I protest against that," said Brother Morris, the man of the good brow and shaven face. "I tell you, brethren, that our hand is too heavy in this valley, and that there will come a point where, in self-defence, every man will unite to crush us out. James Stanger is an old man. He is respected in the township and the district. His paper stands for all that is solid in the valley. If that man is struck down, there will be a stir through this State that will only end with our destruction."

"And how would they bring about our destruction, Mister Stand-back?" cried McGinty. "Is it by the police? Sure, half of them are in our pay and half of them afraid of us. Or is it by the law courts and the judge? Haven't we tried that before now, and what ever came of it?"

"There is a Judge Lynch that might try the case," said Brother Morris.

A general shout of anger greeted the suggestion.

"I have but to raise my finger," cried McGinty, "and I could put two hundred men into this town that would clear it out from end to end." Then, suddenly raising

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his voice and bending his huge black brows into a terrible frown: "See here, Brother Morris, I have my eye on you, and have had for some time. You've no heart yourself, and you try to take the heart out of others. It will be an ill day for you, Brother Morris, when your own name comes on our agenda paper, and I'm thinking that it's just there that I ought to place it."

Morris had turned deadly pale and his knees seemed to give way under him as he fell back into his chair. He raised his glass in his trembling hand and drank before he could answer.

"I apologize, Worshipful Master, to you and to every brother in this Lodge if I have said more than I should. I am a faithful member—you all know that—and it is my fear lest evil come to the Lodge which makes me speak in anxious words. But I have greater trust in your judgment than in my own, Worshipful Master, and I promise you that I will not offend again."

The bodymaster's scowl relaxed as he listened to the humble words.

"Very good, Brother Morris. It's myself that would be sorry if it were needful to give you a lesson. But so long as I am in this chair we shall be a united Lodge in word and in deed. And now, boys," he continued, looking round at the company, "I'll say this much—that if Stanger got his full deserts there would be more trouble than we need ask for. These editors hang together, and every journal in the State would be crying out for police and troops. But I guess you can give him a pretty severe warning. Will you fix it, Brother Baldwin?"

"Sure!" said the young man, eagerly.

"How many will you take?"

"Half-a-dozen, and two to guard the door. You'll come, Gower, and you, Mansel, and you, Scanlan, and the two Willabys."

"I promised the new brother he should go," said the chairman.

Ted Baldwin looked at McMurdo with eyes which showed that he had not forgotten nor forgiven.

"Well, he can come if he wants," he said, in a surly voice. "That's enough. The sooner we get to work the better."

The company broke up with shouts and yells and snatches of drunken song. The bar was still crowded with revellers, and many of the brethren remained there. The little band who had been told off for duty passed out into the street, proceeding in twos and threes along the sidewalk so as not to provoke attention. It was a bitterly cold night, with a half-moon shining brilliantly in a frosty, star-spangled sky. The men stopped and gathered in a yard which faced a high building. The words "Vermissa Herald" were printed in gold lettering between the brightly-lit windows. From within came the clanking of the printing-press.

"Here, you," said Baldwin to McMurdo; "you can stand below at the door and see that the road is kept open for us. Arthur Willaby can stay with you. You others come with me. Have no fear, boys, for we have a dozen witnesses that we are in the Union bar at this very moment."

It was nearly midnight, and the street was deserted save for one or two revellers upon their way home. The party crossed the road and, pushing open the door of the newspaper office, Baldwin and his men rushed in and up the stair which faced them. McMurdo and another remained below. From the room above came a shout, a cry for help, and then the sound of trampling feet and of falling chairs. An instant later a grey-haired man rushed out on to the landing. He was seized before he could get farther, and his spectacles came tinkling down to McMurdo's feet. There was a thud and a groan. He was on his face and half-a-dozen sticks were clattering together as they fell upon him. He writhed, and his long, thin limbs quivered under the blows. The others ceased at last, but Baldwin, his cruel face set in an infernal smile, was hacking at the man's head, which he vainly endeavoured to defend with his arms. His white hair was dabbled with patches of blood. Baldwin was still stooping over his victim, putting in a short, vicious blow whenever he could see a part exposed, when McMurdo dashed up the stair and pushed him back.

"You'll kill the man," said he. "Drop it!"

Baldwin looked at him in amazement.

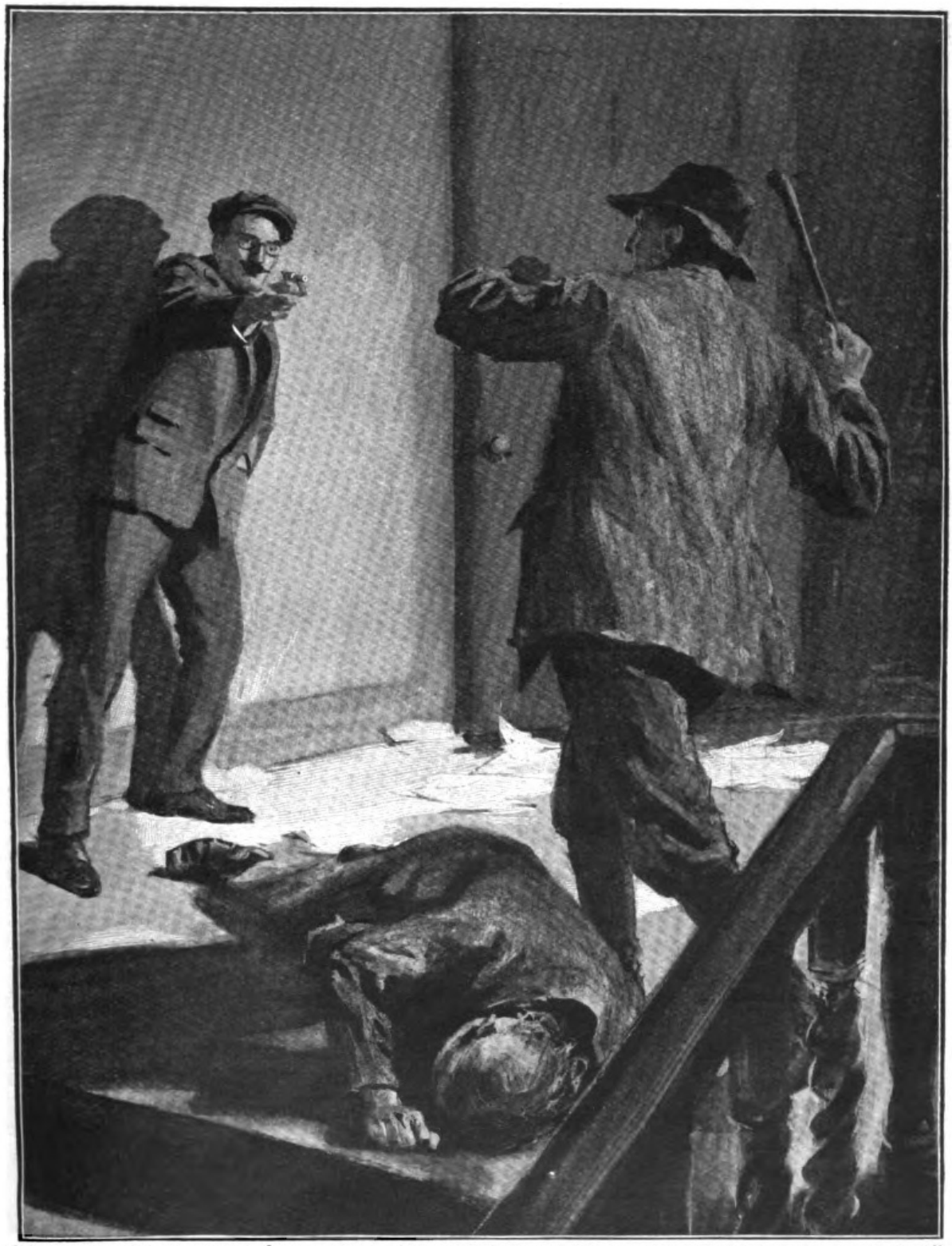
"Curse you!" he cried. "Who are you to interfere—you that are new to the Lodge? Stand back!" He raised his stick, but McMurdo had whipped his pistol out of his hip pocket.

"Stand back yourself!" he cried. "I'll blow your face in if you lay a hand on me. As to the Lodge, wasn't it the order of the bodymaster that the man was not to be killed, and what are you doing but killing him?"

"It's truth he says," remarked one of the men.

"By gosh, you'd best hurry yourselves!" cried the man below. "The windows are all lighting up and you'll have the whole township on your back inside of five minutes."

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"'STAND BACK YOURSELF!' HE CRIED. 'I'LL BLOW YOUR FACE IN IF YOU LAY A HAND ON ME.'"

There was indeed the sound of shouting in the street, and a little group of compositors and typesetters was forming in the hall below and nerving itself to action. Leaving the limp and motionless body of the editor at the head of the stair, the criminals rushed down and made their way swiftly along the street. Having reached the Union House, some of them mixed with the crowd in McGinty's saloon, whispering across the bar to the Boss that the job had been well carried through. Others, and among them McMurdo, broke away into side-streets, and so by devious paths to their own homes.

(To be continued.)

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MASTER AND PUPIL.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

I.

PHILIP BAILEY made a final correction on the very last page of his monumental work and rose from his desk. The book, which had taken him three years to write, was finished. Finished at last! He heaved a sigh of relief.

English master at a public school till well past his prime, the inheritance of a moderate fortune had enabled him to carry out the darling wish of his life, which was to write a "History of Civilization." He had desired to get far from the hubbub which had hitherto impeded his literary work, to hide away from newspapers, the post, chatty friends, and concentrate entirely upon his great book, and with this object in view had sought and found the very place, a small château in France, near to the Belgian frontier. He had bought the faded old house for a song, and therein he had buried himself with his library, his pens, ink, and paper. Immersed in his work, he seldom strayed beyond his grounds. The Château Bordelais was situated in the very heart of the country, the nearest village being three miles distant.

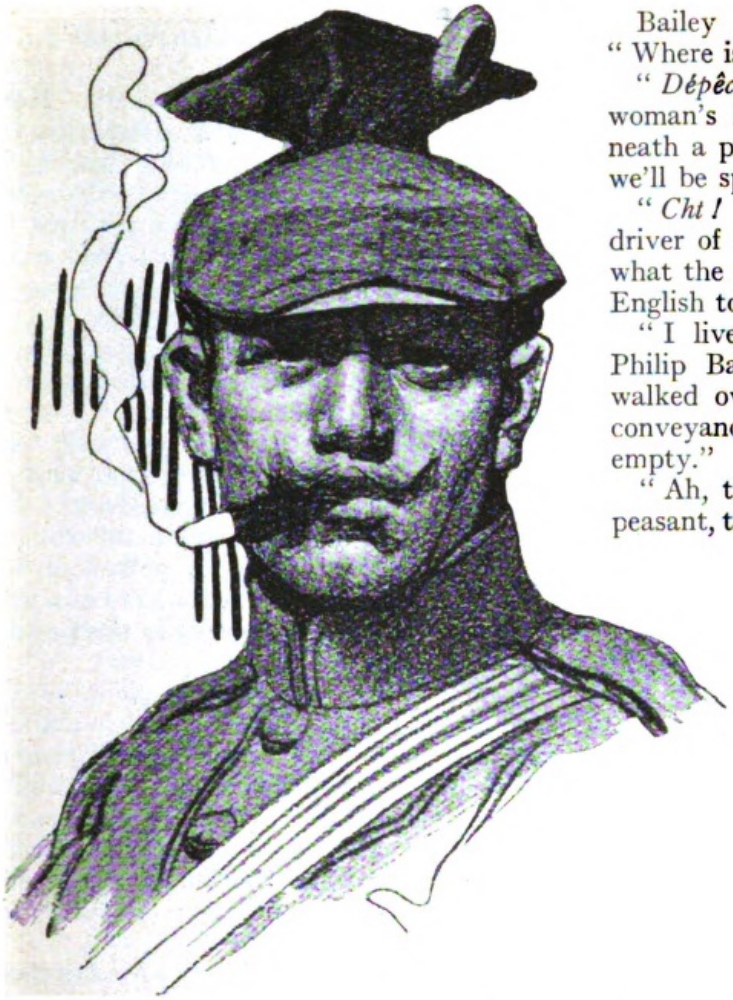
The small lodge by the entrance-gates was occupied by an old woman whose surname Philip Bailey had never properly grasped—he knew her as "Marthe"—and her grandson, sixteen-year-old Pierre, and these two attended to his wants.

Pierre, bright-eyed and adventurous, had long ago written down Philip Bailey as a harmless lunatic. A gentleman with plenty of money who lived alone in a large house and got so busy writing that he often omitted to take his meals—what else could he be? Nevertheless, Pierre was quite content to have a harmless lunatic as his master, for the lad found himself free to roam the grounds, to rob the nests in the tall trees, and pluck the fruit in the neglected garden, with none to say him nay. So Philip Bailey, old Marthe, and Pierre made a perfectly-satisfied trio.

But Philip Bailey had at last finished his book. Now he would walk into the village and order a conveyance to take him to the railway-station on the following day. So, procuring his hat and stick, he passed out into the brilliant August sunshine, walking leisurely, for his book was finished.

The walk to the village of St. Joseph, through lonely country, was a familiar one to Philip Bailey. One might say he knew every yard of it. His way lay mainly through cornfields, and he was a little surprised to find that a start had not yet been made with the harvesting. He had expected to find the reaping-machines hard at work and the women following in their train to tie up the sheaves. But not a soul did he perceive as

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he breasted the long, gentle slope beyond which, in the valley, nestled the village that supplied his simple wants. Descending the slope, he at length found himself in the croft of the little *auberge* whose one conveyance he proposed to charter for the following day. Not a soul was visible. He knocked upon the back door, then, receiving no response, opened it. The kitchen was empty. He passed through into the inn proper. It was empty.

"They must all have gone to some *fête*," thought the scholar as he gazed through an old-fashioned window into the street, and at that moment a man driving a lean pony harnessed to a ramshackle cart piled with household belongings went past, thrashing his steed to greater efforts. Seeing the face at the window, the fellow pulled up, gesticulating backwards with his whip. Philip Bailey went out.

"What is it?" he said. "Where is everybody?"

The peasant stared at him in amazement.

"Is it that you are pleased to jest at such a time, or are you mad?"

Bailey waved aside both suggestions. "Where is everybody?" he asked.

"*Dépêchez-vous!*" shrilled a voice, as a woman's head suddenly appeared from beneath a pile of bedding. "Hurry, *bêtise*, or we'll be spitted and roasted like pheasants."

"*Cht!* Silence, woman!" exclaimed the driver of the cart. "Here is one inquiring what the matter may be. I take it he is an English tourist. They are all mad."

"I live at the Château Bordelais," said Philip Bailey, with dignity, "and I have walked over to the village here to order a conveyance for to-morrow. I find the place empty."

"Ah, then, it is as I supposed," said the peasant, taking a new grip of his reins. "You are the mad Englishman—*pardon!* it is our country talk—who lives alone at the château. Then you have not heard that we are at war?"

"War!"

"Aye, at war. And that is why everybody has flown, for our troops have been pressed back, and the 'Boches' they are coming over the hills yonder. Nothing can stop them—there are millions of them—and they burn and kill wherever they go. So have a care for yourself."

And the man whipped up his nag and was off. He turned once, pointing with his whip in the direction of the hills. The sound of his wheels at length died away, and Philip Bailey, scholar and recluse, was left standing alone in the single deserted street of St. Joseph.

II.

It was, then, war. The country was at war with the "Boches"—Germany. And he—he for weeks had been so immersed in study, so held, as in a vice, by the fascination of his work, that he had not opened a paper or conversed with a living soul.

He remembered now that the last time one of those idle fits had come upon him, and he had dropped his pen to roam about, chat with old Marthe and such stray peasants as he came across, and read the papers, a cloud had been present over Eastern Europe. Austria had invaded Servia. There was talk of Russia intervening. There was a hint that Germany would side with her ally, and France with hers. But the Foreign Offices of the Great Powers were at the same time busy patching the matter up. Such clouds had often appeared before, to be as rapidly dispersed.

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He had noticed a newspaper in the inn—a flimsy rag, but it would contain information of some sort. He walked into the place again and picked up the paper. It was a week old, but it told him enough.

With startled eyes he read the feverish paragraphs. Never did an ill-printed rag hold such absolutely fresh news for a reader! Europe was in a blaze. Against Austria and Germany were pitted France, Russia, and—yes—England. The scholar rubbed his eyes. It had come, then. The long-talked-of war had come. France and Russia, he knew, were merely incidental foes. In the world's eyes the principal combatants would be Germany and England.

He had soon read enough, and a glance at the empty street without told him that he was in a perilous position. The inhabitants of St. Joseph had fled like frightened pullets before the approaching Huns. And he, Philip Bailey, the deadly enemy of these merciless devastators, was lingering.

There was not another moment to be lost. His way to safety was obviously along the road taken by the peasant's cart, but there existed a thing that was more precious to him even than his own safety—that of his manuscript. It meant going back in the direction from which the cart had come—not straight back, but diverging to the right; still, that was the direction in which the danger lay. Thither the whip had been pointed. He had his opportunity to take time by the forelock and follow other fugitives. Every minute, it would seem, was precious. Yet he could not. Back upon his tracks he must go. Another night, and his château might be discovered and given to the flames. He must save his manuscript. The darling work he had lived with for three years must be rescued, no matter at what risk to himself.

Thrusting the newspaper into his pocket, he strode out of the inn and across the yard; with speedy steps he went back up the croft and climbed the slope beyond. On its summit he paused and looked away to the right, the direction indicated by the whip. A complete peace seemed to hold the golden fields through which he must pass. He could distinguish no living figure in the immediate countryside. It was possible that his sequestered château might escape entirely the observation of the invaders. He prayed it might be so. Yet he had read enough of their doings to know that it would be unwise to linger there. Would these simple non-combatants of St. Joseph have fled had not the reputation of the approaching host given them wings of terror?

He walked on through the corn. How peacefully, less than an hour previously, he had come this way, stretching his limbs joyfully after his long inactivity! His great task completed, he had almost whistled in his content. And now, to save that work from the ravaging foe, he was turning back across the path of that foe. Before, he had noted with pleasure all the points of beauty on his way. Now, he cursed the roughnesses that made him stumble.

On through the corn. He was sadly out of condition, and the perspiration poured from his brow. His heart fluttered. He was an elderly man, and not a robust one. Through the golden corn he walked in hot haste, to save the book which was to him wife and child, treasure, everything in the world.

At last he was crossing the plank bridge that spanned a little stream which marked one boundary of his tiny estate. Entering the orchard where Pierre stole unrebuked and unhindered, he passed among the gnarled trees to the gate which pierced his garden wall. He unlocked it, locked it again, and hurried through the overgrown garden to his study.

All was quiet as it had been any day these last three years. How still and quiet it was! After all, was he in a needless panic? Were not the odds plainly against the invaders noticing this remote château among its trees? And if they *did* come—an elderly scholar was small game for their big sabres. Then he remembered what the soiled newspaper had said of *les barbares*—how they had taken a white-haired village mayor and his grandson and shot them: Why? Because an old fowling-piece had been found in the attic of their house. And there were other stories which told him that it was unwise to be found in the path of an army which seemed to slay without mercy.

He must go. He would pack his manuscript into a bag with a few necessaries, and depart. First, however, he would warn old Marthe and the boy of the approaching danger. They would, no doubt, have some snug hiding-place near at hand.

He would warn them at once. So prominently had his book loomed in his mind that he had almost forgotten the faithful creatures.

Going to the front door, Philip Bailey threw it open. And then stood motionless.

For, advancing up the drive which had so long outlived the splendours of the days that

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had seen its fashioning, he perceived a small body of cavalry. It was quite a small party, twelve or sixteen in number. They wore helmets and carried lances. They were fine men, excellently mounted, and their air was one of easy unconcern.

Had he acted at once, the scholar could have closed the door, snatched up his manuscript, and been away down the garden and through the door into the orchard ere they could reach these steps. The garden door, locked on his side, must be battered down. Beyond, the corn grew high, and there were thickets affording cover. Always supposing that they bothered to follow him. But he stood motionless. He was, after all, an Englishman. And he was master of this château. Both very good reasons for staying where he was.

The horsemen came to a standstill in front of the house. The officer at their head saluted.

"*Nous proposons à demander l'hospitalité de votre château ce soir, m'sieu,*" he said, his accent, however, conveying as little of request as of French nationality.

"My château is at your service, Herr Lieutenant," the scholar replied, in German.

The officer seemed a little taken aback. In the first place, he was surprised to be answered so promptly and fluently in his own tongue; in the second, the voice of the château's master sounded strangely familiar.

"You are not a Frenchman, *m'sieu?*"

"I am an Englishman, Herr Lieutenant."

The Uhlans looked at one another. An *Englische!* One spat. The Belgian they despised as a common rat; the Frenchman they were prepared to like when they had crushed him again; the Englishman they feared and hated above all others.

The lieutenant silenced his men with a gesture. Then he gazed closely at the scholar's thin, intellectual face.

"You are, I believe," he said, in English, "Mr. Philip Bailey, once, or possibly still, of Radford College?"

"That is so."

"You do not, apparently, remember me?"

Philip Bailey flung his mind back over the long years he had spent at Radford. It was nothing strange for a German boy to have passed through his hands—boys of all nationalities, even Chinese, had come to be schooled within those grey walls.

For the moment, however, he had to admit—with regret, for his lapse of memory was hardly tactful in the circumstances—that the speaker's personality was unfamiliar to him.

The lieutenant swung himself out of the saddle.

"The circumstances of our parting would remain in the memory of the boy rather than of the master," he said, as with jingle of spur and clank of sabre-scabbard he strode into the stone-flagged hall. "Cannot you remember Schnadhorst, whose career ended rather abruptly when he was the most promising pupil of your English classes?"

He turned and faced his old master.

"I seem to recollect something of it," said the scholar, hazily.

"Later I will recall the matter to your memory in detail. For the moment I will beg you, with the least possible amount of delay, to conduct me to your bath-room, for I have not had my clothes off for a week. And it is August!"

He laughed easily, in the well-bred, public-school way, as he put his strong, gauntleted hand on his old master's thin arm, and they went up the staircase together.

"It is natural you should forget, sir—as natural, too, that I should never have forgotten—that I was expelled from Radford."

III.

THE Herr Lieutenant was bathed, changed into clean under-raiment borrowed from Philip Bailey—rather amused by the mixture of insolence and courtesy with which the loan was, so to say, enforced—and at length seated at such modest food as the place afforded. The old schoolmaster was a man of Spartan habits, and it was clear that the soldier had expected something better from a place of the château's pretensions. However, Mr. Bailey had a few bottles of very good wine, and these he set before his guest.

"I fear you do not feed your house, Mr. Bailey, any better than you did at Radford," murmured the young man, as he plied knife and fork upon a lean chicken. "My men are grumbling over your empty larder."

"I am sorry," said Bailey. "I was not expecting this—invasion."

"You foresaw the possibility of such a visit, it would almost appear?" suggested the lieutenant, filling his glass.

"On the contrary. I had no idea a war was in progress until this afternoon."

The soldier gaped at him.

"Why—do you never read a paper? Do you hold no communication with the outer world?"

"I have been busy—absorbed—in a work I have been engaged upon since I left Radford."

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"'MY CHÂTEAU IS AT YOUR SERVICE, HERR LIEUTENANT,' THE SCHOLAR REPLIED IN GERMAN."

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"And how long ago would that be?"

"Three years."

"You survived me, then, by just that length of time. It is just six years since I —left."

A frown crossed the soldier's face. He drained his glass, and his countenance cleared.

"Come, your wine is not so bad. Join me in a glass, and we'll drink a truce to old scores."

Philip Bailey refilled his guest's glass, then filled one for himself, and they drank. He was beginning to remember Schnadhorst—a clever, persevering boy, the sort of boy a master likes to push on, self-confident almost to arrogancy, and not too popular with his schoolfellows. With difficulty — since for years his thoughts had been concentrated on his great book—he began to recall that there had been some trouble over a breaking-out at night, and that Schnadhorst had had to go.

"For, indeed, sir, I was not to blame," cried the German, seeming to read what was passing in his old tutor's mind. "The other boy was seen, and at the same moment it was noticed that I was absent from my room, though it wasn't noticed in his case. As a matter of fact, I was at the bath-room window, from which he had let himself down. Losing heart, he signalled to me to pull him up. It was a queer muddle, but I was convicted of breaking-out, and, on your report, received the unhappy dispatch."

"I remember now. So those were the facts? Well, why did you not deny having been out? You do not appear to have defended yourself."

With a curious gesture the lieutenant applied himself to his supper again.

"Call it quixotism! Besides, I owed him something. He had saved me from drowning. Further inquiry would have showed that he was out of his room, too. He had been in trouble before, and it was his last chance. It meant for him an office instead of the University. So I went."

"How did he come to let you?"

"I suppose I insisted. *Donner!* this is a tough old hen! I was the stronger character. I argued speciously that we were both in the same box. By chance he had gone down first. So I went."

Philip Bailey paced the room thoughtfully. It was curious that he should come thus to learn the true tale of that night. He had been sorry to lose Schnadhorst, a promising boy.

The lieutenant raised his glass again. "Never mind! In this I drown my score against you."

The scholar halted and looked at him.

"You think, then, Lieutenant Schnadhorst, that you have a 'score' against me? You are a man now, and will surely admit that I acted rightly in reporting you?"

The soldier raised a flushed face from his plate.

"Pooh! A boyish freak!" he said, hotly. "Had I offended before? And had I not been industrious when those other oafs were idling their time away? To break me on the wheel for a trifling 'lark' like that!"

There was a touch of malevolence in his strong, handsome face.

"You felt it a good deal, then?"

"*Felt* it! The sentence imposed on me shattered my life's ambition. It was my wish to be a scholar, to go afterwards to Oxford. Instead, I was returned to Germany like a bale of rejected goods. My father was furious over the disgrace. Then, as I had failed in *my* ambition, he consoled himself by making me what it had been his secret wish I should be—a soldier. So I am a soldier. I had hoped my path would lie among books; instead, I cross yours again with a sword by my side."

"Well, it is a profession with great possibilities."

The German rose, his eyes flashing.

"With the greatest, now that we have at last begun. For a time I hankered for my books, but now I am heart and soul a soldier. We have got the whole world on the run, Mr. Bailey, and it is good to be a conqueror. Radford shall hear of me again, of that I do assure you." He swept arrogantly by the lean scholar, and came clanking back again. But now he was smiling. "May I beg a cigar, and then I should like to hear something of this great work you have been engaged upon—perhaps, even, privileged to glance at its pages?"

Philip Bailey fetched his cigars, and with them he brought his manuscript. The soldier lit a weed; then, settling himself in an easy-chair, turned over the pages.

From the back quarters of the château came a roar of coarse laughter. With an exclamation, the young officer sprang up and strode to the door. "*Ruhig, ihr schweine!*" he roared. "Do you hear, you pigs, silence!" And he returned to his chair.

"I will see if they have all they want," said Philip Bailey.

The student turned soldier grunted, pulled hard at his cigar, and settled himself to his reading.

The scholar, with his grey hair and bent

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shoulders, went quietly down the long passage leading to the domestic quarters. Sprawling all over the kitchen he found the Uhlans, their arms piled in a corner, their helmets perched on the dresser, their tunics unfastened. Old Marthe, assisted by the youngest of the party, went from one to the other with frizzling bacon and coffee. They were eating ravenously. The sergeant, served next to his lieutenant and now satisfied, was smoking tobacco emitting a pungent odour.

"Ah, *m'sieu*, what are these morsels among these so big mouths!" cried the old woman to Bailey. "But I have done my best, and I have sent Pierre for fruit."

"I will see how he is getting on," said Bailey, picking his way through the big jack-boots and passing into the garden.

"Be careful not to stray too far," growled the sergeant, sternly.

Bailey understood the hint. The Germans were advancing through a hostile country, and this was evidently a small party thrown forward to feel the way. At any moment they might have to snatch up their arms and fight or fly, according to circumstances. The château stood in a sequestered spot, yet a shot or a signal might make their whereabouts known to a similar party of Belgians or British.

After the kitchen, with its guzzling, cursing, joking warriors, the walled-in garden was a haven of peace. But how long was it likely to remain so? Following upon the heels of its scouts would come the main army pillaging, burning, and killing. He could not expect to have the good fortune to encounter another old pupil in a commanding officer. His course plainly, when these troopers had gone, was to take his precious manuscript and make a bee-line for safety.

For the moment, however, he had to see that the simple fare of his château was supplemented by the fruit which grew so abundantly in his orchard. Pierre had his own way round into the orchard. Bailey unlocked the garden gate and went out among the fruit-trees. He looked everywhere for the boy's small, lithe form, but could not see it. Among the gnarled trees he wandered, peering about anxiously. If the lad, frightened by the sight of these fierce Uhlans, had cut and run, the consequences, he apprehended, might be serious. The soldiers would suspect treachery, and there would be immediate trouble.

He searched the orchard thoroughly, but could see nothing of the boy. Making a *détour*, he passed into the little park fronting his château. Still seeking Pierre, he was crossing his park in the direction of the lodge when the glint of a helmet showed him that the entrance-gates were sentinelled. Pierre would not be there. So, retracing his steps to the house, he passed round to the back and re-entered the kitchen, to find the troopers asleep to a man.

"I cannot find the boy," he said, in a low voice, to old Marthe.

She wrung her hands. "Ah! they will be furious when they awake. They have demanded fruit."

"Give me a basket. I will gather some myself."

"Yes, yes. Let us keep them appeased."

He took a large basket from her trembling hands and went forth to the orchard. Curious that he, once the stern tutor of that youth within there, should now be humbly plucking fruit for the rough men under that youth's command. But such was war! Of what importance was the scholar now? Might was right, and the knowledge of the learned man would not protect an inch of his skin.

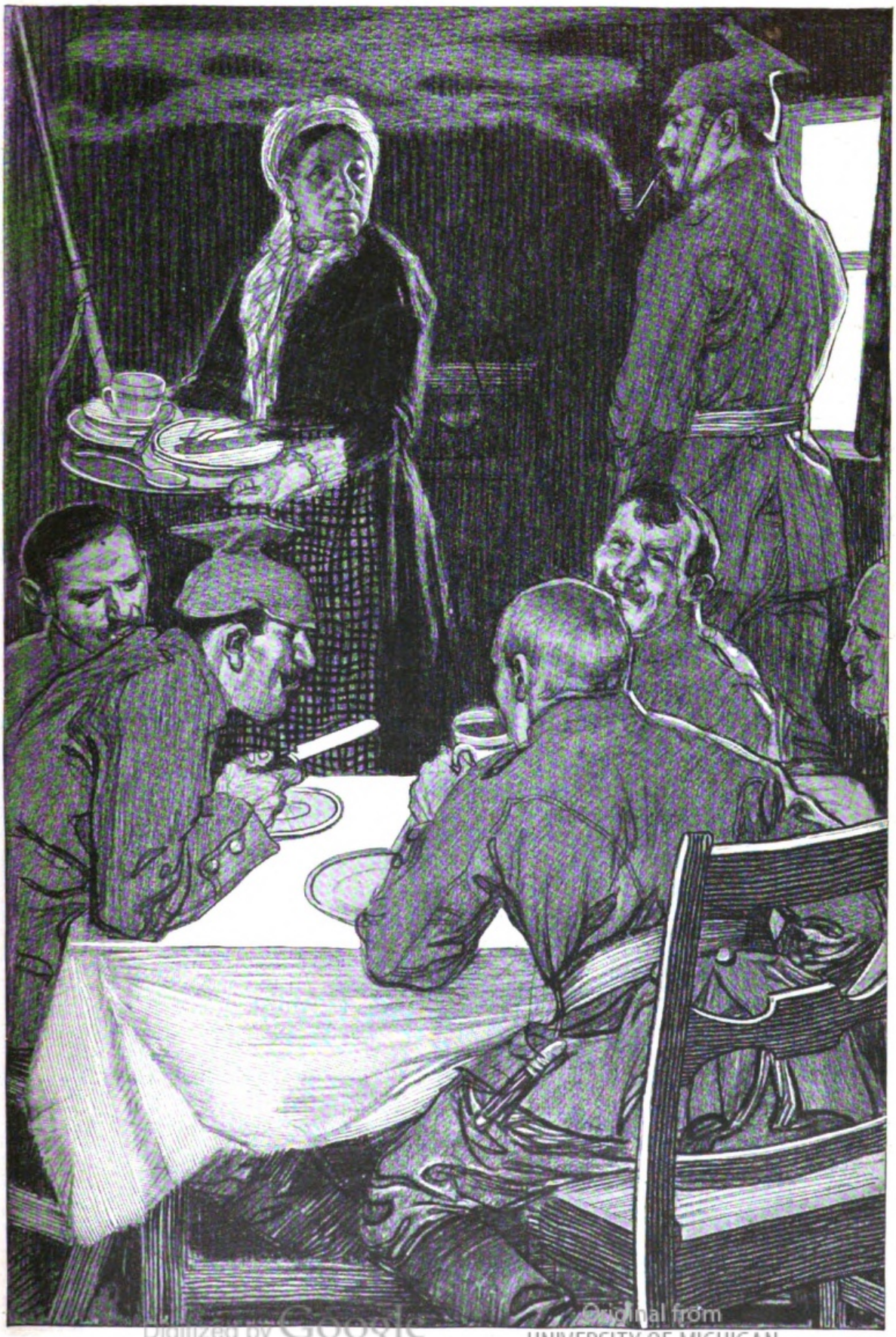
He filled the basket and took it to the kitchen. Old Marthe nodded approvingly. "That *gamin!* I will warm his coat for him!" she said, beneath her breath. "To think that you, his master——"

But Bailey silenced her with uplifted hand, and went on to the *salle-à-manger*.

"Ah! this is fine," cried the soldier as he entered. "I almost forget my cigar while I read you. My Emperor would love you. 'There cannot be peace without war; it is a necessary prelude. Every advance in civilization has been preceded by an apparently retrograde movement. Cæsar was a benefactor to the ancient Briton as Norman William was to the savage Saxon. The grandson of the conquered Zulu shall have his revenge on you in the class-rooms. The shattering of the Armada ushered in peace and Shakespeare, and the bloody energies culminating in Waterloo found a subsequent vent in the building of churches.' Wisdom most ripe, Mr. Bookworm. You have the nervous, vivid sentence of Macaulay, and you have not mixed it with water, like Birrell. But your book is not finished. You have yet to add that the insanitary hovels we have burnt in Belgium will be succeeded by far more wholesome dwellings, while Louvain, though she has lost her library, will now have an opportunity to introduce a new drainage system!"

The scholar had flushed with pleasure as

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"OLD MARTHE WENT FROM ONE TO THE OTHER, WITH FRIZZLING BACON AND COFFEE."

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he noted the genuine enthusiasm of his ex-pupil, but before he could utter a word of acknowledgment or comment his attention was arrested by a loud cry coming from the direction of the park.

Glancing out, Bailey saw Pierre's slender form darting across the green sward, a mounted Uhlan in pursuit. The Uhlan raised his lance, the boy cowered and dropped. Goaded to his feet by a touch from the lance's sharp point, the lad arose and scurried before the horse. And so they came at length to the front door, where the Uhlan dismounted, clutched the lad by the neck, and dragged him into the château. His shrill cries brought old Marthe running from the kitchen and the troopers out of their slumbers. The sergeant emerged from the kitchen rubbing his eyes. The trooper spoke rapidly to him. Hearing what he said, the sergeant laid a heavy hand on old Marthe's shoulder and, calling another man, bade him hold her. Then he marched into his superior's presence.

"Pardon, Herr Lieutenant!" he said, bringing his heels together with a click and his hand to his forehead. "Müller reports the lad has fixed a flag to a tall tree yonder. It is to betray us. No doubt the old woman instructed him."

"Shoot them," said Schnadhorst, briefly.

The sergeant saluted, and withdrew.

IV.

PHILIP BAILEY stood aghast, staring dumbly at the soldier. For the moment he could not believe his ears. Were these, his faithful attendants for three years, to be butchered in cold blood before his eyes? Could it all be real—this sudden invasion of a fierce enemy and this sharp, short sentence upon the humble peasants who had supplied his simple wants?

But the fragrant odour of the cigar permeated the room. The soldier was a live figure. He was not dreaming. He roused himself.

"Lieutenant, you cannot do this!" he cried, hoarsely. "Why, they are most harmless creatures!"

"Think you so, Mr. Bailey? Then they shall have trial."

He strode to the door. "*Bringen das ungeziefer!*" he rasped, and walked back, slowly.

Whining and expostulating, the "vermin" were dragged in, the blood running from the wound in the boy's leg caused by the lance. The old woman prostrated herself before the officer.

"Mercy, Monsieur le Commandant! 'Twas but a baby's prank. It was just to amuse himself, and he is but a child."

"Children must be taught not to play these games in times of war," said Schnadhorst, coldly, "and you are to blame for permitting it." He gestured to Bailey. "They have given information. What plea can you advance for them?"

The eyes of the old woman and the young lad were fixed beseechingly on their master. He alone, they knew, stood between them and the death that awaited them out there in the last rays of the sunlight.

"Is it a crime, lieutenant, to hoist one's national flag on a tree? Would not a child like this so amuse himself? Where is the sin in it? And where, in the old woman's case, is there any sin at all?"

"She sent him out with the pretence that he was to pluck fruit for us," growled the sergeant, "but in reality, Herr Lieutenant, to hoist his flag. It would attract such *Français* as were passing."

"Call the man who took him, sergeant."

"Müller!" thundered the sergeant, and the trooper entered. He saluted.

"Tell us quickly what he did."

"I saw the flag appear at the top of a high tree yonder, Herr Lieutenant," said the man, pointing, "and I saw the boy appear at the foot of the tree. He ran, but I caught him. That is all."

"I can see it," said Schnadhorst, gazing across the park.

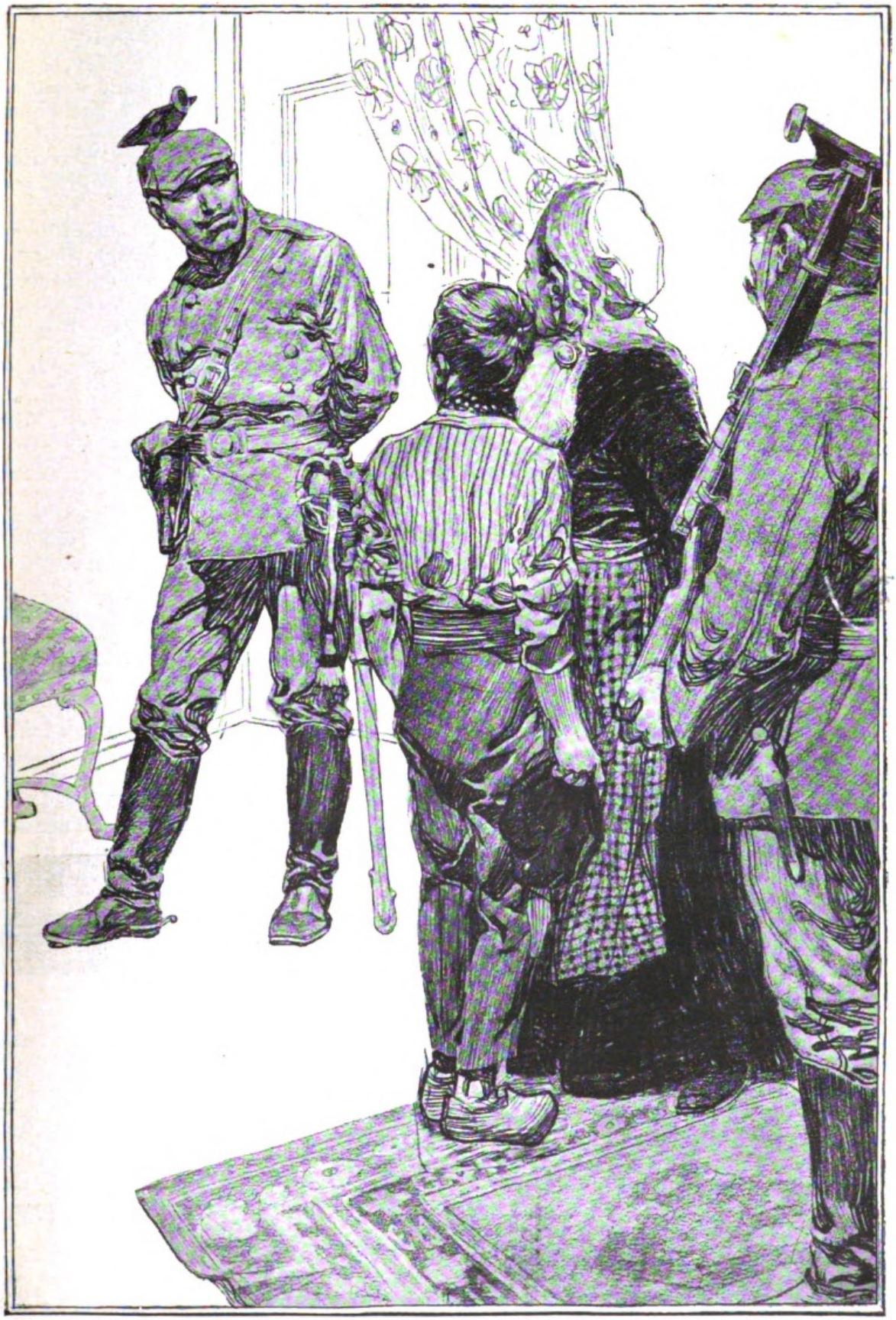
"He was trying to lower it, Monsieur le Commandant," cried old Marthe. "I told him, 'When you go get the fruit, lower your little flag, or we shall be in trouble.'"

But the boy only whimpered, and Bailey knew that the woman was lying to shield him. His heart grew cold.

"Nothing could be plainer. Whilst we have been enjoying their master's hospitality, these people have been endeavouring to betray us. Enough!" And with a gesture to the sergeant Schnadhorst turned towards his chair.

The poor things, shrinking away from the rough hands of sergeant and trooper, clung to one another with dismal cries. The old dame was guiltless enough; the high-spirited boy, thrilled by a desire to serve his country, could not have counted the cost when he ran up his toy flag. Ever since the war started he had amused himself with this flag at the top of a tree, and when the moment had come to use it in earnest he had not held back. But the realities of warfare had not come

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"WHILST WE HAVE BEEN ENJOYING THEIR MASTER'S HOSPITALITY, THESE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ENDEAVOURING TO BETRAY US. ENOUGH!"

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home to him, and now he shivered and wept as the click of carbines fell upon his ear. To die here, in his pleasant playground!

Wriggling away from the trooper, he caught Bailey by the legs, begging him once more to plead for them. The old woman, moaning, was dragged out by the sergeant. The trooper grabbed roughly at the boy.

"Delay this matter for one minute while I speak to you, lieutenant," implored the scholar.

"One minute only," replied Schnadhorst. "Take the lad away, Müller, and wait."

"I will do so," said the trooper, picking up Pierre as if he had been a babe and bearing him out. He closed the door, and master and pupil were alone again.

"Well, sir?"

"Lieutenant, have you no mercy?"

"I am at war with you, sir, and with these people. A signal calculated to bring down the enemy on me is an act of treachery, and there is only one punishment for that."

"But he is such a child! Do you war with children? And I will swear the old creature was no party to it."

The lieutenant turned to his old master with a curious expression on his face.

"I was a child when I broke out of Radford College. What mercy had you on me? None. You turned me from my ambition." He pointed to the manuscript. "There lay my heart—in work like that. So happy I would have been! But you turned me back for playing a childish prank! You taught me. You will observe I have benefited by your lead. However, I was given a night. You shall have the same." He walked to the door and snapped a brief instruction to the sergeant. "I have given them till daybreak," he said, returning. "Better so, perhaps. A shot may rob us of a night's sleep."

And by that time the scholar had made up his mind on a last desperate throw. Something new had crept into his thin veins. Bookworm and pedant he might be, a slender and useless thing opposed to these armed men, just now flushed and arrogant with success, yet the thought had come to him that he was an Englishman. And there is magic in the name.

A bundle of nerves and devitalized by over-study, he was not physically fit to play the hero, and as he prepared to make his last throw he was deadly pale and in great fear. But the plight of the two poor creatures had stiffened him. The atmosphere of war was about him, and life seemed to be a cheap thing.

"Hear me, lieutenant," he said, in a hoarse voice. "The old woman is innocent, but the boy is guilty—and upon my instructions."

Schnadhorst laughed. "Clumsy, Mr. Bailey, and without even the merit of originality. But it is plucky of you. I take it that you offer yourself in his place?"

The scholar could not answer. Nevertheless, by his silence he implied that such was the case.

"Do not be guilty of such quixotism, I implore you, sir." The lieutenant went on quickly: "It is my fault. I should not have told you of myself. Such sacrifices should never be confessed. Now, come, I don't believe you. Tell you what—I'll let the old woman off. I can't go farther than that. War is war."

But Bailey was haunted by the eyes of the lad staring out so fearfully from his white face.

"But war is not murder."

"I want no insults!" snarled the officer. "Remember, I can put you by their side if I like. My sergeant would without any compunction."

"I can believe it," said Bailey, bitterly. "And I would show him, and all your pack of cowards, that an Englishman is not afraid."

"Pooh! You are trembling as you stand there!"

"Because I have put all my manhood and strength into that book. I have not grown accustomed, like you, to the feel of steel and the sound of bullets. Nevertheless, I tell you that if you shoot this lad it will be murder most foul. Radford was indeed well rid of you, Lieutenant Schnadhorst, if you permit this crime."

"That is enough," snarled the German. "Here, I will allow you this honour. I will test the Radford code of pluck. You say you offer yourself for the boy?"

"I do."

The soldier showed his strong white teeth in a sardonic grin.

"Bravely said! But the daybreak is cold. Let us see how you will like the look of the carbines in the grey of the morning. Hi, there!" he shouted. "One of you!"

A trooper came clanking out of the kitchen.

"This gentleman is going to his room. Which room?" he asked Bailey.

"My study."

"Be it so. This gentleman goes to his study. He will leave it at his peril."

"So, Herr Lieutenant."

"Where are the others?"

"They are locked in a cellar."

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"You may release them at daybreak."

The trooper stared. The lieutenant waved his hand towards the scholar.

"My host takes upon himself full blame for the hoisting of the flag, and will pay the penalty. Post a man outside his study window and lock the door."

"It is your order, lieutenant."

"And so, Mr. Bailey"—the soldier drew his heels together and bowed—"it is my honour to wish you good night."

V.

FOR some hours Philip Bailey had sat motionless. So rapid had been the march of events that he could hardly realize that he sat in his worn leather work-chair a condemned man.

It seemed but a few moments ago that he had put down his pen and walked out into the sunlight like a schoolboy bound for home and holidays. And now he was back, with death awaiting him at daybreak.

Death! A thing he had hardly considered. A moment's agony, and he was to pass from this bright world and its teeming interests to a Beyond upon which, wrapt in study, he had bestowed little attention.

His offer to die in the boy's place had been wrung from him by the thought of that boy lying, torn by bullets, with glazed eyes and fresh young face upturned to the heavens. He was no hero, but he had felt that for ever he would be haunted by that still white face if he stood by and permitted such a massacre. For he was sure that Schnadhorst would show no mercy. Callous he had ever been, and this strange *rencontre* of master and pupil had revived bitter memories of what he considered a cruel injustice. The Radford expulsion, the blighting of his youthful hopes, was to be paid back in deadly measure. The ex-schoolmaster could see that the stern sentence passed upon the youth had left an ineradicable scar. And then—it was war-time, and without doubt the safety of himself and his men had been jeopardized by the hoisting of the flag.

And so for hours Bailey had been sitting there with such thoughts chasing each other through his numbed brain. The night was stealing on. Was he to be found as he had been left—with nothing done? He must command himself, and put his affairs in order. He must make such efforts that it should be said he faced his fate calmly.

It was with difficulty that he collected his thoughts for such a purpose. Though he resorted to them but seldom, he kept various liqueurs in a cabinet. Forcing himself to act, he rose, walked to the cabinet, and poured himself a strong dram. Then, with hands that trembled, he set himself to perform his task. He had money to bequeath, he had directions to give as to his literary undertakings. He must write a letter or two. The liqueur warmed and stiffened him, and he bent resolutely to his work. Once he had started, the literary habit helped him, and somehow, though the forming of each sentence was an agony, he wrote what he had got to write. He wrote to his best friend, the head of an Oxford college, telling him of his end, but mentioning nothing of his sacrifice. He wrote to his favourite sister, and his pen trembled a little as he referred to her eldest child, a girl of twelve, his god-daughter. He made his will. He would ask the lieutenant and sergeant to witness it. 'Twould be one of the strangest testaments—if, with these other missives, it should reach England—ever entered for probate. How the lawyers would stare at the bold Uhlan signatures!

And now he would go through his papers. There were masses of them in his desk. He was an untidy man, and had bundled them into his trunks anyhow when he left England, and from the trunks he had bundled them into desks and drawers in his study. It seemed odd that he should have brought into exile with him such things as Radford examination-papers, letters dealing with matters connected with the "House" he had governed, and tradesmen's bills even. But for years before resigning his post at the English public school Philip Bailey had been dreaming of the great "History of Civilization" he would one day write, and it had been his custom to jot down notes, suggesting trains of thought, on the first piece of paper that came to hand; hence, in preserving the notes, he had, of necessity, preserved the letters, examination-papers, and bills on which they had been inscribed.

Hardly glancing at the litter as he dragged it out of one drawer and another, he flung it into the empty grate. Now and again he paused over some signature, and his heart ached as he recognized familiar handwritings and hospitable addresses. He gathered energy as he proceeded. Bills, letters, examination-papers — into the wide old eighteenth-century grate they went. What a bonfire—nay, the thought stabbed him to the heart—what a funeral pyre they would make!

At length he was conscious of a feeling of chill. His reading-lamp shone less brightly;

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grey streaks of light were stealing through the chinks of the shutters. Day was breaking.

He must hasten. One drawer yet remained. Like the others, it was full of notes he had made for his History. Mechanically he glanced at each document ere he flung it on to the mass in the grate. He had been glad to be free of the burden of all this correspondence that he had turned into memory-tablets. What would he not give now to be able to shoulder the burden again! It would not matter how tiresome or how long the mothers' letters were——

He started. There, before him, was the very name now most prominent in his thoughts. *Schnadhorst.* And—yes—it concerned that fatal exploit of his.

Thus it ran :—

Head Master's House,
Radford School.

MY DEAR BAILEY,—I have given Schnadhorst's case my full consideration, bearing in mind the very favourable report you have supplied of his character and the reasons you extend as to why clemency should be particularly exercised in his case. I am sorry, but upon reflection I cannot see my way to fall in with your views. Two years ago, as he knew well, a boy lost his life when engaged in this very operation, and the penalty attending similar escapades was common knowledge to all. A rule like this must be strictly enforced. I have written fully to his father, and I am sure he will understand.—Yours very truly,

JOHN BRUCE MENZIES.

Philip Bailey's heart beat fast. That such a letter had been written had entirely passed from his mind. He had forgotten the episode. Until this moment he had been ignorant that he had ever pleaded for Schnadhorst. That he had troubled to keep this epistle, containing, as it did, what amounted to a life-sentence on an erring boy, was explained by a hardly-decipherable note, suggesting a chapter for his History, scribbled on the fourth page. And yet the scribbling of that note had resulted in the preservation of proof that he had in his time pleaded for the man at whose bidding he sat here condemned to death.

The handle of the door moved, the key turned. Bailey sat rigid. They were coming for him.

The door opened and Schnadhorst strode in. With much the same swagger, with the same half-insolent smile quivering at the corners of his mouth, he had entered Bailey's study at Radford.

The strong young soldier gazed down upon the elderly student.

"Well, Mr. Bailey, have you changed your mind?"

Bailey passed his tongue over his dry lips.

"No," he said, his voice seeming to come from a far distance. "But—will you read this?"

And he handed the head master's letter to the Uhlan.

The young man read it, and read it again.

"You begged for me?"

"It would appear that—I urged clemency."

"Yes." Schnadhorst's eyes were on the letter. "You spoke for me. And all these years I have harboured the most intense hatred for you." He held out his hand. "I will ask your forgiveness."

As Bailey put out his hand his whole being throbbed wildly with hope. This letter, then, had turned the scale.

"And, I assure you, it is with great regret that I cannot commute your sentence. Those dogs in the kitchen would talk about it."

He turned away. As if struck physically, Bailey fell back in his chair. So, after all——

Schnadhorst swung round.

"Though, of course, while your guard is called to his breakfast, you may take advantage of his absence——"

"Why do you torture me?" the schoolmaster demanded, hoarsely.

"I merely give you, sir," answered the other, "a friendly hint. If, in the course of taking it, you are shot"—he shrugged his big shoulders—"it will be the fortune of war." He walked to the door. "They are stirring, and it must not be known I have seen you."

Smiling, he went out, locking the door after him.

Ten minutes later Philip Bailey was hastening up a cornfield. At the top of it he looked back. He passed through another, and looked back again. Through a third he sped, his breath coming heavily. Then he crept along a hedge and, entering a wood, sought its deepest glade, where, upon the soft moss, he cast himself.

The night was over, and he lived.

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MRS. CARLYLE AND HER LITTLE CHARLOTTE.

A New Carlyle Discovery.

A SERIES OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

With a Commentary by Reginald Blunt.

LOVERS of Mrs. Carlyle—among whom I rank myself in the straitest sect—must often have heaved an unavailing sigh that her always delightful letters should be so largely obsessed by the ever-recurrent topics of illnesses and their remedies, and by (apparently) perpetual household worries; and we need hardly be surprised to find that both these subjects bulk largely in any further correspondence of hers which may come to light.

It is so, yet in a happier sense than usual, with these letters which follow.

The illnesses, as we can now see, in the quiet perspective of collective evidence, and with the help of Sir James Crichton-Browne's admirable introduction to the "New Letters and Memorials," were those of an intensely nervous temperament, educated under too strenuous conditions, high-strung and quick both in sensation and in reaction, "the flame of life in her brilliant yet ever flickering and flaring."

Her fits of despondency, of morbid depression, of groundless jealousy, of exhausting insomnia; the incessant attacks of influenza, the sick-headaches, even the threatened mental disorder and suicidal promptings—all these are to be traced back to, and based upon, her highly neurotic nature. This is not, of course, in any sense to say that these things were not, *for her*, overwhelmingly real and terrible, or that she would have felt in any way the better for being informed that her physical troubles were the outcome of "cerebral neurasthenia," and her spiritual *malaise* was a "climacteric melancholia"!

But it does help *us*, as we read, to discount and appraise more nearly at their proper value many things in her letters which otherwise sound harsh, despairing, extravagant, or unfair; many wild outcries,



JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

THIS PORTRAIT OF MRS. CARLYLE WAS TAKEN BY MR. TAIT ABOUT THE TIME THESE LETTERS WERE WRITTEN.

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exaggerated descriptions, unreasoning cynicisms, disordered fancies, querulous reproaches.

These things were not, any of them, part of her real, her true self. They were symptoms of a malady which attacked, and even threatened to overwhelm, her, but which, eventually, she emerged from victoriously. She was conscious that the being which, in her dark hours, possessed her was alien to her natural self, a thing, indeed, of falsehood. "It is not," she wrote, "a natural vice of mine, that sort of egotistic babblement that has been fastened in me by the patience and sympathy shown me in my late long illnesses." And again: "Not only do I forget utterly particulars of quite recent date, but I *remember* particulars of no date at all! That is to say, imagine to remember *minutely* things that never happened—never were. Since I became aware of this freak of memory in me I have felt a toleration which I never felt before for—'white liars.'"

"I might have known," she wrote, ruefully, "by myself, that the excitability of nerves which makes amusing letters is very compatible with serious ailment." And, again: "Your journal, all about feelings, aggravates whatever is factitious and morbid in you; that I have made experience of."

In a letter written to her husband from Scotland in 1857, she says, after telling him about herself:—

"But 'oh, my!' what a shame, when you are left alone there, with plenty of smoke of your own to consume, to be puffing out mine on you from this distance! It is certainly a questionable privilege one's best friend enjoys, that of having all one's darkness rayed out on him. If I were writing to—who shall I say?—Mr. Barlow, now, I should fill my paper with 'wits' and elegant quotations and diverting anecdotes; should write a letter that would procure me laudation sky-high on my 'charming unflagging spirits' and my 'extraordinary freshness of mind and feelings'; but to you I cannot for my life be anything but a bore."

It was, I think, John Sterling's brother who once told Mrs. Carlyle that "she would be much more aimable if she weren't so damnably clever"; but the conception of her as "a bore" is in no circumstances possible.

The allusion to her husband as "one's best friend" is a true, delightful touch. For the essential fact emerges, to be remembered always, that behind and beneath and beyond all these mephitic vapours and vapourings there remained, to the very end, the true Jane Welsh Carlyle, brilliant in wit, generous in judgment, sensitively tender in her affection for all living things, proud of her home and its cares; above all, and through all, attached to and beloved by her husband with a pride, a solicitude, and devotion which was clouded, at times, by illness or by misunderstandings, but which nothing could, or ever did, permanently quench.

Concerning the servant and household worries, the cares of bread which furnish so prolific a topic in the letters, it has to be remembered that Mrs. Carlyle's highly nervous condition on the one hand exaggerated the importance of much that was really insignificant, and on the other tended, no doubt, to make her far too observant and expectant a house-wife.

Her mental equilibrium was much too sensitive and capricious to allow of her being what is generally understood by "a good mistress." She tried to, but could not, cultivate the blind eye for things below-stairs; her preferences and dislikes were swiftly and intensely engaged; and, as a result, there was no impartiality of domestic governance, but she was always doing her servants a great deal more, or a little less, than justice.

Yet her intense interest in the human side of her servants, the warm affection which welled up instantly at the touch of sympathy and fellowship, however clumsy and simple, is always a charming feature of what she wrote about them to her friends; and nowhere, surely, has this responsive affection been more delightfully evinced than in these letters which follow, to her little Charlotte.

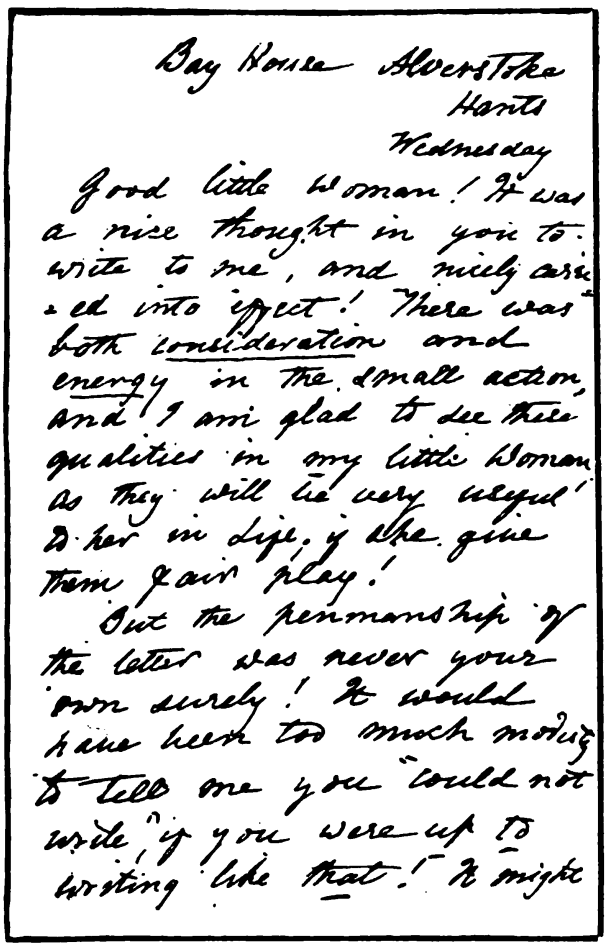
They were carefully and affectionately treasured by their recipient to the end of her life—about ten years ago; and were eventually brought to me by her family, with a view to their possible publication and disposal.

Charlotte Southam (*née* Watson) entered Mrs. Carlyle's service at Cheyne Row in June, 1858.

Her parents had died in her childhood, and she had been adopted by her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Southam, whose name she took and with whom she had lived at one of the little houses in Lawrence Street, just west of Cheyne Row.

Mrs. Carlyle, having made some not very encouraging experiments with servants who were supposed to be fully trained in their domestic duties, had somewhat heroically decided that she would take a young girl straight from home, and train her as maid herself. Charlotte was one of two Chelsea girls sent her by an acquaintance to whom she applied. Mrs. Carlyle asked Charlotte if

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Bay House Alverstoke
Hants
Wednesday

Good little woman! It was a nice thought in you to write to me, and nicely carried into effect! There was both consideration and energy in the small action, and I am glad to see these qualities in my little Woman as they will be very useful to her in life, if she give them fair play!

But the penmanship of the letter was never your own surely! It would have been too much modesty to tell me you could not write, if you were up to writing like that! It might

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST AND LAST PAGES OF ONE OF MRS. CARLYLE'S LETTERS TO CHARLOTTE.

herself into Norfolk. But I think I will leave, by myself, on the Saturday, which will make *even* time—and my luggage will be so much safer with *no* footmen to take charge of it!

I will tell Mr. Larkin to give you six more shillings next Monday or Tuesday.

I continue much better in health—sleep more like a Christian—eat regularly *two* dinners, one at half past one, and the other at eight! Cough very little, and am up to whatever is proposed. But my bonnet ribbons are getting frightfully dirty and my white shawl *ditto!* I had to buy goloshes at Portsmouth having forgot my own—All good be with you little woman.

Yours kindly,
JANE CARLYLE.

Bay House—Tuesday [August, 1858].

Dear Charlotte,

(This pen will hardly mark, but it must do, there is no other.) I told you in my last letter that I should be home next Saturday; and I sent you a message yesterday, thro' Mr. Larkin, to the same effect. As I like keeping my word, even in matters of *no* moment; I should not have altered my day for my *own* pleasure; but it would be both ungrateful and impolite if I did not alter it for Miss Baring's; she wishing and pressing me to stay over Sunday—that we may all leave here the same day—viz. on Monday (23d).

After all it will be better so! What could I do with the Sunday at home if I had it?—since improved tho' I am in strength and *courage* I have not enough of either, yet, to *go to Church!* And I am too good a Presbyterian (if you have the slightest conception what *that* is!) to pursue either business or amusement on Sundays! So you are not to expect me till Monday—in time for dinner—about three o'clock you can have it ready. I shall probably arrive soon after two. That you mayn't be troubling your youthful brain with uncertainties as to *what* I would like; I will order the dinner *now*, a week before hand!! "Mrs. Newnham's dish (the minced mutton browned before the fire) and a ground-rice pudding." And you must please to give me *encugh!!* I should like, you see, to be let down soft; for all the time I have been here I have eaten *two* considerable dinners a-day!

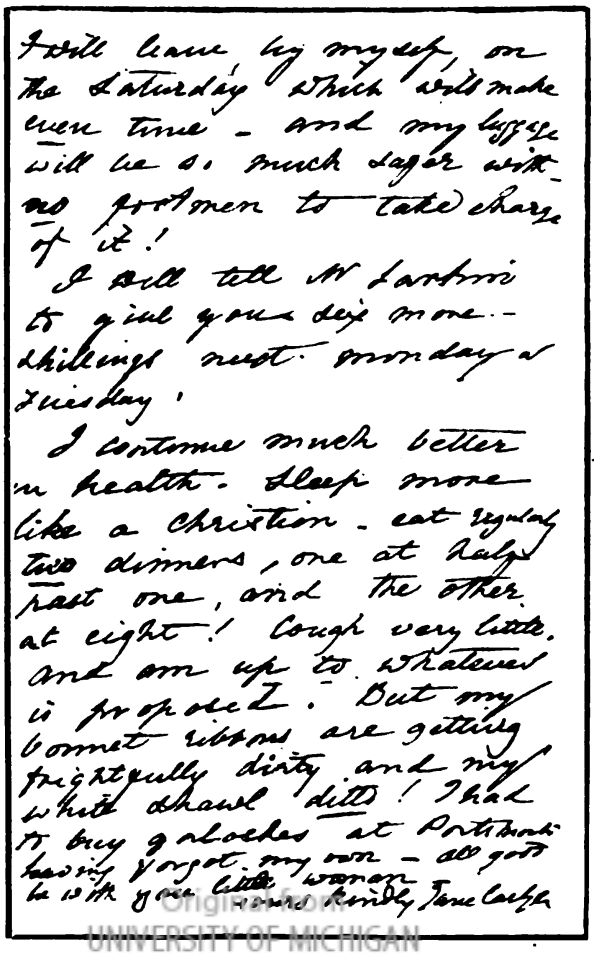
I hear from Mrs. Huxham this morning that "the bird" is not only "still living" but "picking up"—"washes and pecks himself"—for which the Heavens be duly praised! and Mrs. Huxham's "*bosom*"!

I told Mr. Larkin I should like that he came to tea on Saturday evening. I must now put him off till Monday evening.

You can take the inclosed down to the *Bridge* Pier in time for him tomorrow morning—as Mr. Carlyle used to leave his notes with the man at that Pier—love to Nero.

Yours truly,
JANE CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle returned to Chelsea from Bay House on August 24th for a day or two, and then went north to pay a visit to her friend,



I will leave by myself on the Saturday which will make even time - and my luggage will be so much safer with no footmen to take charge of it!

I will tell Mr Larkin to give you six more shillings next Monday or Tuesday.

I continue much better in health. Sleep more like a christian - eat regularly two dinners, one at half past one, and the other at eight! Cough very little, and am up to whatever is proposed. But my bonnet ribbons are getting frightfully dirty and my white shawl ditto! I had to buy goloshes at Portsmouth having forgot my own - all good be with you little woman. Yours kindly Jane Carlyle

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Mrs. Pringle, who had a large, comfortable house at Lann Hall, near Thornhill, in Dumfries-shire; Charlotte and Nero, "who would come and see me off," George Cooke, and Mr. Larkin, "with a freshly-gathered bouquet," all going to the station to help her departure; and from thence she addressed the next letter to her small maid at Chelsea.

Carlyle, meanwhile, had gone from Edinburgh to Hamburg, and thence to Carzitz, Berlin, Brieg, Breslau, Prag, and Dresden, visiting the "Friedrich" battlefields preparatory to writing his description of them in the great History.

The next letter is from Lann Hall.

Lann Hall, Tynron,
Dumfries,
Friday [September 3, 1858].

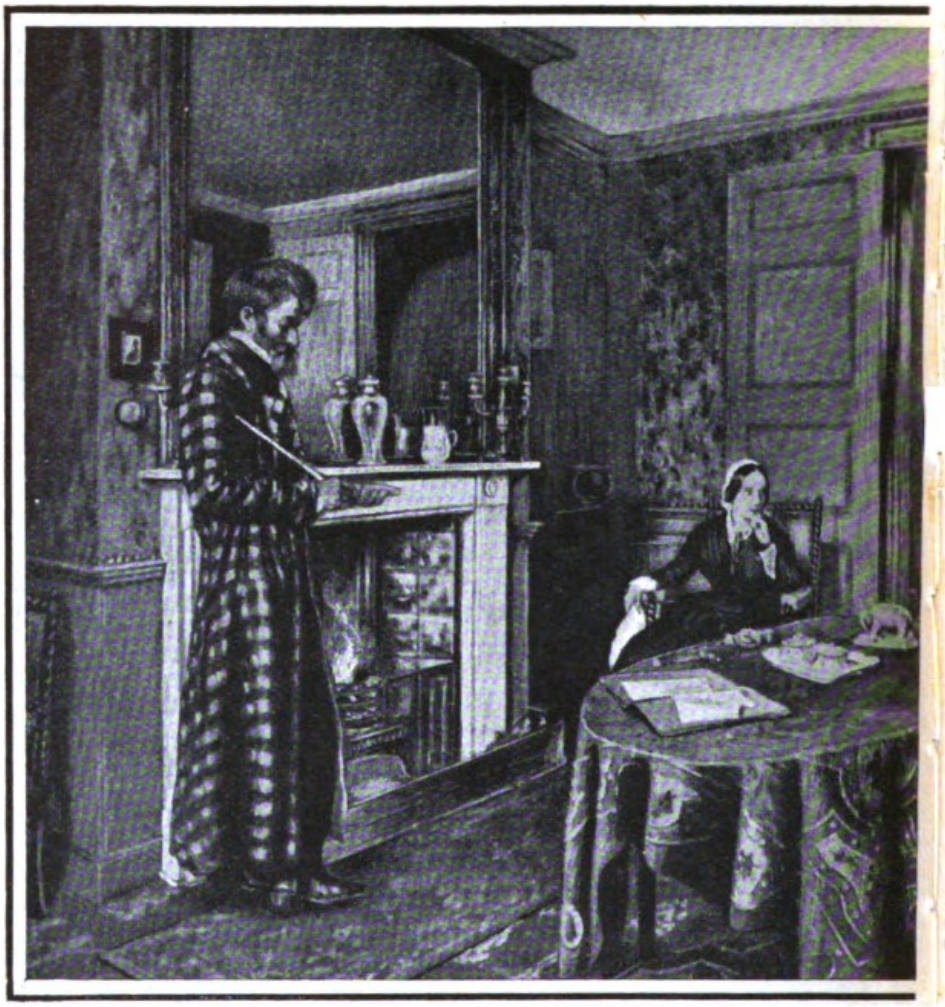
Dear Charlotte,—I sent you, on my arrival here a few lines, inclosed to our Postman (Mr. Bullock) about a little gold ring, I hoped you might find for me on my basin-stand or somewhere. And I hoped to have heard from you, yes or no, before this.

The ring is of little value in itself, but *I* valued it highly for the sake of the person who gave it me. And I should be rejoiced to hear that it was found.

It is not about *that* however that I write to-day; but to tell you that I don't expect Mr. Carlyle will stay long in Germany, and that you must get on with your house-sorting—that you may not share the fate of the seven foolish virgins in the Scripture who were found with their lamps untrimmed.

It will be a great shame to you, if you have not the house perfectly sorted when we return—having for so long had no family to attend to but Nero—In particular, I wish you would give the drawing room grate not *one* but several good scourings—I did not at all admire the state in which you were letting it lie over till wanted!

If the people at Waterloo House have not sent home the bed-tick; you had better ask Mrs. Gilchrist (if she have returned) or Mrs. Royston to be so kind as to hasten them about it; for it would be better to fill it in Mr. Carlyle's dressing room as you proposed—and at the same time, *his* rooms ought not to be left till the last moment.



THOMAS CARLYLE AND MRS.

THIS IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ROBERT TAIT'S PICTURE OF THE THERE IN 1857. THE DOG SEEN IN THE LOWER RIGHT-HAND CORNER ELEVEN YEARS, AND IS FREQUENTLY

I don't remember the *name*, but *Waterloo House* near Charing-cross is direction enough.

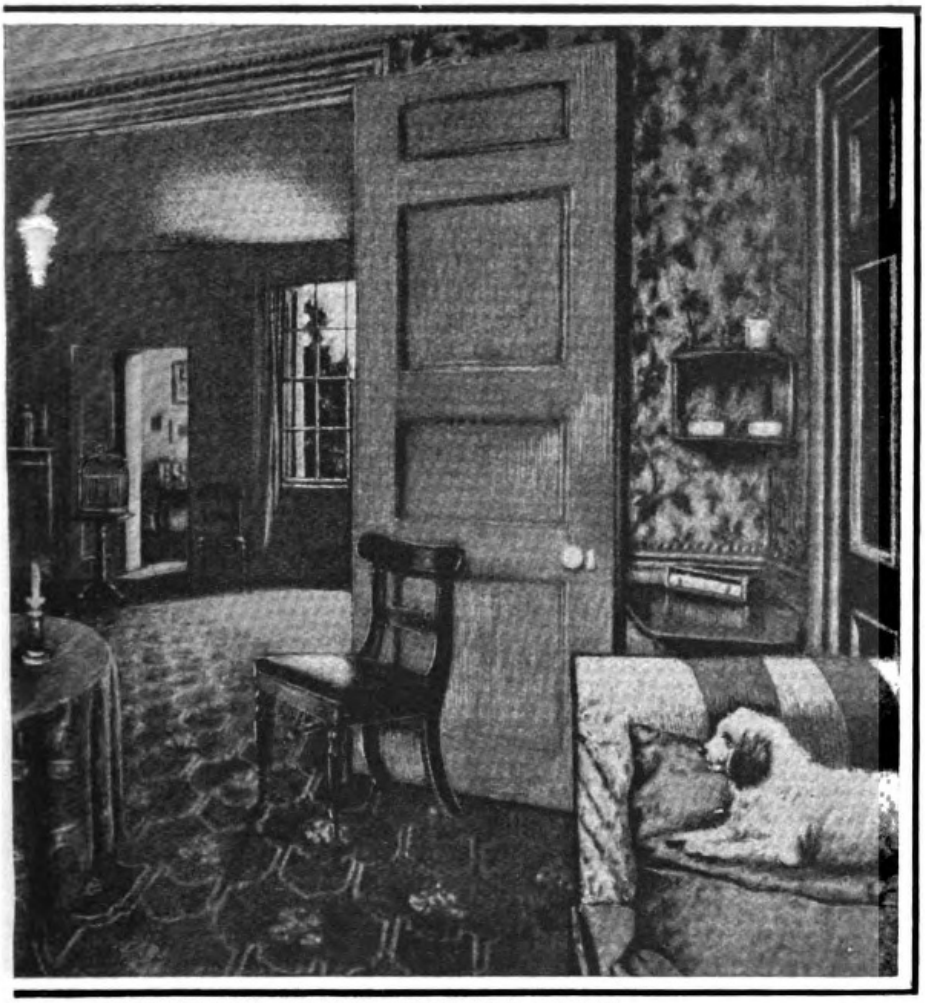
In the last letter I had from Mr. Carlyle he said it was likely he would get thro' all he had to do in Germany in a couple of weeks—I don't know yet whether he will go straight to Chelsea or come back thro' Scotland and pick me up. But even if he do come this way he won't like putting off more time here. And if he go home by himself, *I* should put off no time in returning. So you see the need of letting no grass grow under your feet! I think myself it will probably be *three* weeks before we return, but as it may be *rather* less you must be prepared for that.

When you have put down the carpet in the drawing room don't bring out any china or little things—Dr. Carlyle is dangerous for *breaking* when he has the run of the house.

When you clean the furniture ask Mrs. Newnham to mix you some beeswax and soap, as *she* knows how—and then use it *very sparingly* indeed, having first *carefully washed the furniture with soap and warmish water*—you should rub up the four posted beds as well as the dining room chairs &c.—

If you saw how all the things *do shine* in this house! and yet I should say by the look of her

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CARLYLE IN THEIR CHELSEA HOME.

GROUND-FLOOR ROOMS AT NO. 5, CHEYNE ROW, PAINTED BY HIM IS "NERO," WHO WAS MRS. CARLYLE'S CONSTANT COMPANION FOR REFERRED TO IN THESE LETTERS.

face, that the housemaid here is neither so active nor so clever a girl as you are! and she is but some two or at most three years older. But the Lady is *very* particular and *will* have things right about her; and I observe that those who demand most of their fellow creatures always get best attended to! which does not say much for human generosity.

Yesterday I dined at a mere farm-house; and of all the well-cooked dinners I ever sat down to, it was the foremost! Such puddings and pastry it would have defied Lord Ashburton's gentleman-french cook, at three hundred a year, to make the like of!—It was all done by a country girl with the assistance of her mistress! *"Ladies"* here are not ashamed to be *useful* as well as ornamental—and a great blessing *that* is to their Husbands and visitors.

I felt quite envious yesterday of that Lady's talent for housekeeping—and would have liked to put myself apprentice to her. It *is* Honourable to any woman to be able to produce as much comfort and elegance on some eight hundred a year as most people *cannot* produce on eight thousand. We must improve, you and I.

Yours truly,

JANE CARLYLE.

After staying nearly three weeks with Mrs. Pringle at Lann Hall, Mrs. Carlyle moved on about the middle of September to spend a few days with Dr. and Mrs. Russell at Thornhill; and here she heard from her husband of his probable return from Germany to Chelsea direct, instead of to Scotland, as she had imagined. The next letter written from Thornhill to Charlotte reveals her anxiety about Carlyle's homecoming in her absence. To him she wrote from Thornhill: "Oh, my dear! I hope that Nero will know you and welcome you in his choicest mood; and I hope that Charlotte will '*not* fall but *rise* with the emergency' (as Miss Anderson says she does). . . . Meanwhile whatever are you to do about *finding* things? Charlotte is rather good at *finding!* Take her up gently, tell her what you want in plain English, and I have no doubt you will find her very docile and 'quick at the *uptak*.'"*

Thornhill, Dumfries,
Thursday [Sep. 16, 1858].

Dear Charlotte,

Your letter hit me today in the most beautiful manner just in the transit from the Place where I have been these three weeks, to this Place where I shall stay some days at least. I have only, a few minutes as usual for writing in; but if I wait till tomorrow the Sunday intervenes and you will not be able to get any letter till Monday.

The winter stock of coals had best not be ordered till I return and can see about the price &c. but if you are in danger of running out altogether, you must order a ton from Aldin to be brought in on Monday morning—that the oil cloth may be put down clean in time for Mr. Carlyle. I have no further news from him; indeed ever since he went abroad, my knowledge of his movements has been gained chiefly from the newspapers—he has been too hurried and flurried for writing—

If he keep to the intentions he expressed in his last letter to me he will be home to you next Monday—that is the 20th. but I hope you will

* "New L. & M.," ii, 198.

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receive some direct instructions from himself, thro' Dr. Carlyle.

I should like that he had stayed away a week or two longer that I might have been at home to receive him; but not expecting him so soon, I have staid all my time at one place and have several friends and relations to visit still before I leave this country, and it would be a pity to have incurred so much expence of travelling for less than a month's stay. Besides *harry-scurrying* back in time for *him* would probably undo any good I have got by coming. So I must just trust to your making him comfortable for a week or so, and the week after next I will return; and relieve you of your responsibility at least.

You know his ways and what he needs pretty well by this time. Trouble him with as few questions as possible. You can ask him whether he will take tea or coffee to breakfast? and whether he would like broth or a pudding to dinner? you must always give him one or other with his meat, and either an egg to breakfast or a slice of bacon.

I think you can now cook most of the things he takes oftenest, boiled fowl, mutton broth, chops and bread and ground rice puddings. If you take pains to please him I have no doubt you will. And if he look fussed *and cross*, never mind, so long as you are doing your best; travelling always puts him in a fever, and nobody can look and speak *amiably* with sick nerves. I myself know and so do you, a young lady called Charlotte Southam who whenever she is *ick* and has a headache, looks exactly as if she were ever so *sulky!* and I daresay, she isn't sulky tho' looking it! any more than Mr. Carlyle is "cross" tho' *looking* it to perfection.

If you *can* catch Mr. Edwards the gardner it would be well to have the garden done up. Only tell him to be careful of all my little pet plants.

You need not order in anything till Mr. C. arrive—or till he tell you he is positively coming—then get what is needed at your own discretion, without troubling *him*.

Heaven help you and him well thro' it!

Take care your kitchen is in order—when he goes to light his pipe—he will see.

Yours truly,
JANE CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle herself got back to Cheyne Row a few days later, and found all in good order at Chelsea. "My house was all right; indeed, I never found it as thoroughly cleaned, or the general aspect of things as satisfactory. She is a perfect jewel, that young girl; besides all her natural work, she had crocheted out of her own head a large cover for the drawing room sofa! . . . I found myself the enviable mistress of a kitten . . . black as soot! Charlotte had taken the opportunity of my absence to discover 'there were mice in the house' and bring home a new pet for herself! The dog and it are dear friends for a wonder."*

To Mrs. Russell also she wrote: "I find all extremely right here. A perfectly cleaned house and a little maid radiant with 'virtue its own reward.' Charlotte said yesterday, 'I think Scotland must be such a fresh airy place! I should like to go there! You did smell so beautiful when you came in at the door last night!' She is quite a jewel of a servant. Far more like an adopted child than a London maid of all work. And, upon my word and honour, her bread is a deuced deal better than that loaf of Mrs. ——'s."*

Students of Mrs. Carlyle will probably feel some little trepidation, on reading these high encomia, for poor little Charlotte's future history. Such praises seem altogether too good to last. And indeed Mrs. Carlyle herself had similar forebodings, for we find in a letter to Mrs. Russell, written early in the following year (1859), "My little Charlotte continues to behave like the good girl in the fairy tale. The only drawback to my satisfaction with her is that it seems too great to last—in a world of imperfections!"†

Yet it did last, most persistently, and in spite of recurrent illnesses and sleeplessness, yet a while.

In the spring there was a brief visit to the Ashburtons' farm at Addiscombe, "beautifullest cottage in the world," as Carlyle described it, whence the next letter to Charlotte is directed, warning her of their homecoming:—

Addiscombe Farm, Croydon,
Saturday. [Spring of 1859?]

I hope, Charlotte, you are being good and busy! It will disappoint me much if either plants or birds or dog have any ill to say of you on my return! or if I see no evidence in the *grates* &c, that you have been working (in moderation) tho' I was not there to bid you. Do you know the Proverb? *"The Devil is always at the elbow of an idle Body"!* Remember *that;* little Woman! and be sure that of all idle Bodies, it is the *idle girl* that the Devil makes most haste to, and brings to worst harm!

We keep to our intention of being home on Monday. I cannot fix the precise hour; but I shall take care to be in time for ordering Mr. C's dinner; and you may light the Drawing room fire by ten or so, to have the room well aired. Mrs. Gilchrist said she would give me a loaf of bread when we came that there might be no bother of baking, the first day.

Shakespear should be told beforehand, that the usual quantity of milk will be required on Monday, in case, being taken unprepared, he have to fall back on the pump! The *best* cream that can be got out of Mr. Wright's cows will find little enough favour with Mr. C, after the thick yellow coloured thing called cream of which he takes here, every day, enough to bathe a baby in!

* "L. & M.," ii, 382.

* "L. & M.," 386. † "New L. & M.," ii, 203.

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My love to Nero and tell him to look out on Monday—and to be sure and have on a clean shirt!

Yours truly,
JANE CARLYLE.

It was during this summer of 1859 that Carlyle, "after months of uselessness and wretchedness," fighting his way desperately through the heartrending enterprise of "Frederick the Great," determined to take the "tolerable upper floor" of the farm-house of Humbie, close to Aberdour, in Fife; and thither he went in June by steamer to Granton, accompanied by "clever little Charlotte, my horse, and Nero."



No. 5, CHEYNE ROW (Now No. 24).

THE FAMOUS HOUSE AT CHELSEA, WHICH WAS THE HOME OF THE CARLYLES FOR SO MANY YEARS, IS NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC AS A MEMORIAL.

Mrs. Carlyle followed them by rail to Haddington on June 24th, and went on to Humbie a few days later. The change was probably good for both of them, though neither was prepared altogether to admit it; and Charlotte, at any rate, seems to have been well satisfied with the Scotland which she had so much desired to see.

"Charlotte," Mrs. Carlyle wrote from Humbie, "is the happiest of girls! not that she seems to have much sensibility for the 'beauties of Nature,' nor that her health was susceptible of improvement, but that the 'kindness of Scotch people' fills her with wonder and delight.

"Young men that don't so much as know her name, passing her on the road, say to her, 'Bonnie wee lassie!' And the farmer here gave her 'a little sugar rabbit,' and said to her, 'Little girl, you are growing quite pretty since you came.' Did I ever hear of such kind people?"*

In August they moved on from Humbie Farm to Auchtertool House, near the cousins at the Manse, and here they stayed till the latter half of September, when Carlyle went to the Gill, and later to Scotsbrig, whilst his wife returned to Chelsea to make ready for his advent.

Little Charlotte had preceded her by steamer from Granton, in charge of Carlyle's horse Fritz. "Charlotte," Mrs. Carlyle wrote to her husband, "was very frightened that the Prince's horse (which came on the same steamer) might have 'some bad complaint,' as the people said on board it was ill, and to see the Prince's groom giving our horse water

* "L. & M.," ii. 397. "New L. & M." ii, 219.

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and corn out of the same dishes which the other horse had used, alarmed her so much that she went to Silvester's (where Fritz was stabled) after her arrival and begged him to 'give the horse some physic in case of his catching anything!'" But Fritz was none the worse, and Silvester reported him "in capital condition, so fat and so spirity that he never——"

Mrs. Carlyle once more found "everything in the house perfectly safe; no bugs, no moths, grates unrusted, much more care having been taken than when Ann was left in it."

Mrs. Southam, Charlotte's "mother," had been left in charge, and "Charlotte is already the better for being back beside her—away from Thomson's and Muat's." Carlyle notes these as merely unknown names, but it looks as if the "bonnie wee lassie" had found admirers north of Tweed. Evidently she had greatly enjoyed her time in Scotland; and Mrs. Carlyle, in a long letter to Mrs. Southam written from Humbie, and dealing with Cheyne Row domesticities, such as opening of windows, shaking of furs, etc., says:—

"Charlotte is perfectly well and seems charmed with Scotland—as is not surprising; everything being *new* to her, and very pleasant besides. We have now a donkey of our own, and Charlotte rode him to the village on her errands, with great delight—at *first*—but now she finds she 'can go much quicker on her own feet.' The donkey is a great godsend to *me*, however, who have no feet of my own with strength to carry me many yards. I asked her just now if she had any message to send; she took ten minutes to think and then said, 'Just to give my love to father and mother; and I should like to hear from them.' We hear dreadful accounts of the heat in London and the smell of the river! We are lucky to be *here*, I think, where it is quite cool and nothing smelling but roses."

To Charlotte herself she writes, a week later:—

"I was glad to hear from Mr. Larkin that you had had a pleasant voyage and were safe home with your quadrupeds. I keep to my intention of being home on Friday . . . keep a good fire in the parlour and my bedroom. *Pray do* attend to this! It would be no saving of trouble to you to have me catch cold the first thing on arriving. . . . You need not prepare any dinner for me as I may prefer tea when I arrive and we are no longer five miles from butcher's meat. I hope after all your travels and 'sights' you will settle down to your work and be a good girl."

Mrs. Carlyle got back to Chelsea on September 23rd, stopping a night at York *en route*, and plunged into household preparations for her husband's return. He paid a short visit to Lady Stanley at Alderley Park, Congleton, on his way south, and came home to Chelsea at the beginning of October. It was the very night before his arrival that poor little Nero, out shopping with Charlotte, was run over by the furiously-driven butcher's cart, and "brought home in her arms all crumpled together like a crushed spider"; and there is a pathetic description of the accident in Mrs. Carlyle's letter of October 30th to Mrs. Russell.* "I dare not show all my grief," she writes. "Charlotte was so distressed, and really could not have helped it."

It was during this autumn of 1859 that Carlyle received from Germany the Order of Knighthood of the White Falcon. "Charlotte," his wife writes, "told our charwoman with great glee that the Master might call himself 'Sir Thomas, if he liked.' 'My,' said the charwoman, 'then the Mistress is Lady now!' 'Yes,' said Charlotte, 'but she says she won't go in for it. Such a shame!'" †

And so, "in the valley of the shadow of Frederick the Great," and in the nursing of Nero, the little, ended the year 1859.

At the New Year (1860), both Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were glad to escape, if only for ten days, from the cold and gloom of London to Lord Ashburton's large, well-warmed Hampshire house, The Grange, where the second Lady Ashburton, who was to prove so staunch and warm a friend to them both, was entertaining a large house-party; and the next two letters to Charlotte are dated from thence. It was quite a successful little visit, though curtailed by Carlyle's impatience to be back at his desk and his "monstrous" task.

Charlotte, we note from the second letter, had evidently been given a companion at Cheyne Row during their absence.

The Grange, Alresford, Hants,
Tuesday [January 3rd, 1860].

Dear little Woman,

I haven't a moment's time to tell you about anything but the business on hand.

I have gone and put a wrong key on my ring!—have left the key of my writing desk behind and brought that of an old hat-box instead!—There! that is stupider than anything *you* ever did!—And I can't get my white gloves which are in the desk! And must go down in bare hands—which is about as bad as going down with bare feet—

Look in the little glass drawer and I think you will find little keys and make a parcel of them and send them by post tomorrow—it is a round key—for a little bramah lock.

* "L. & M.," iii, 11. † New "L. & M.," ii, 220.

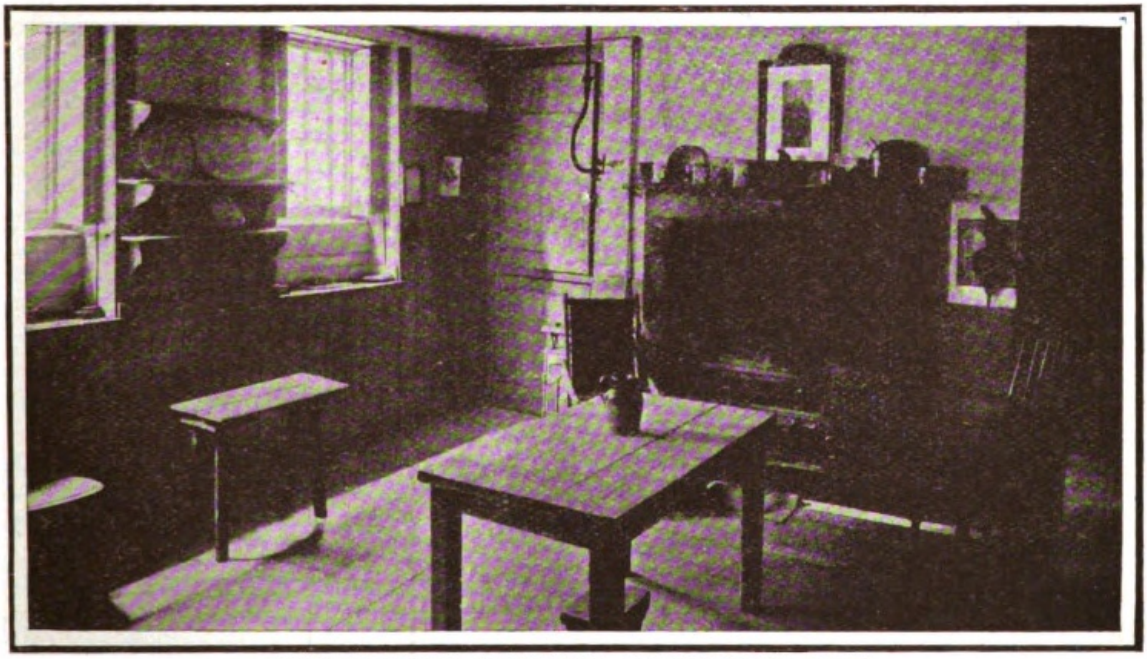
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If you cannot find it—in the drawer where the pills lie—then *I* don't know the least in the world where I put them—when I took them off the ring this morning—and you must ask Mrs. Gilchrist to buy me or must go and buy me yourself two pairs of white kid gloves of the size *seven and three quarters* and send them by post.

Oh dear what shall I *do?*

Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.



CHARLOTTE'S KITCHEN AT CHEYNE ROW.

The Grange,

Friday [January 6, 1860].

Dear Charlotte,

Luckily I didn't give way to a too confident gladness, when I felt *little* keys thro' the paper of your note; or I should have been ready to dash my brains out against the wall, on inspecting them, and recognising *one* as the key of an old padlock! and the other as a key found on the streets! the only thing I ever *found* to the best of my recollection, except once a solitary ha'penny in Cook's Grounds!

But never mind! I dare say I put the right key away in some place where you couldn't be expected to find it. And in the meantime the worst difficulties of my mistake are obviated for me by the help of friends. There was nothing in the desk absolutely indispensable for my comfort, except the white gloves and my sewing materials (needle-book reels of cotton &c)—my pearl necklace and bracelets are in the locked desk; but one *can exist* without these!—and, but for my absurd *pride*, I needn't have been put about at all—having only to state my difficulties to Miss Emily Baring, or to Lady Ashburton, and immediately Lady's Maids were despatched to my room with more white gloves, and reels, and needles, than I should use in a year!! Writing paper and envelopes are always at the command of the visitors to any extent—so it is "all right" in the matter of the missing key. But it is anything but *all right* in the matter of Mr. Carlyle. He has his headache very bad—and talked seriously of going home the very first day after we came and again he told Lady A. last night that he must go home on Saturday (tomorrow) but would leave *me* here. *That* I set my face against—he might go if he *would*, but if he went, I would certainly go too—and so, tho' very angry at what he calls my *perversity*, he is meaning to try to stay a little longer, but I have small hope we shall make out the *fortnight!* and shouldn't wonder if he went tomorrow after all! However you don't need to make any preparations for our arrival unless you have had it officially intimated to you—*only*,—take care to be in the way, that if he do start off all on a sudden, he mayn't be put in a rage at the end of his journey by finding nobody to get him some dinner, or what he needs.

As for the cleaning—don't have more than *one* thing in hands at a time—and then you can't be found in any *irremediable* muddle come when we may!

I have been very well since I came here—and walk out every day—the House is full of company as usual—and they are people I like, most of them. The baby is a perfect Darling—but has *her own apartments* in a distant part of the House—so one has to make a long solemn journey to get a kiss of her!

Lady A. is kindness's self!—really twenty angels melted into one couldn't make up a kinder more loveable creature.

I hope you are both good girls, and that I shall find you well and well doing when I come home.

Poor old Sambo the first Lady's pet dog is grown so feeble and spiritless! he reminds me so of little Nero! tho' a big dog—and when he sets up long wailing howls, I fancy he is wailing for his old mistress—and can hardly keep from bursting out crying—what nonsense!

Kindly yours and Sarahs,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

(To be concluded.)

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The Pirate's Garden

From the French of Frédéric Boutet

Illustrated by Frederick Gardener

THE unknown caller seated himself on the chair which M. Aubergeois offered him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "for having insisted on seeing you, and for thus intruding without even giving my name. I have important reasons for acting in this way. Indeed, I should not have dared to take such a liberty with one of a less lofty intellect, or of a less firmly established reputation and stainless honour than yourself."

M. Aubergeois was a big man of fifty, wealthy and vain, who, possessing in a western country town a beautiful house surrounded by a large garden, considered himself a person of distinction. The mysterious preamble of his visitor, a well-groomed young man of about thirty, flattered him, even while he felt disposed to resent the liberty. He made no reply, but fanned himself majestically with his handkerchief, for it was summer, and the weather was very warm.

"I will now explain my errand," continued the stranger. "There is in your magnificent garden a structure, originally a pigeon-house, the lower part of which is now used as a rabbit-hutch and the upper part as a hayloft. One of your old gardeners has supplied me with these details. In the loft, under the roof, are two dormer windows, which overlook your garden, and in front there is a large aperture which commands a view of the garden next door. Now, sir, I have come to beg this favour—a strange one, I confess, but one of vital importance to me—that you will permit me to-night, and on the two following nights if necessary, to station myself at this window, for the purpose of watching the neighbouring garden."

"You mean the pirate's garden?" said M. Aubergeois.

"Yes, sir. I believe that it is so called. I venture to hope that you will not refuse my somewhat unusual request. As I have already stated, I have most urgent reasons for making it—reasons, however, which I may on no account disclose. Therefore, should you be willing to grant me this favour, let me beg a further one—that you will ask no questions."

M. Aubergeois kept silence for a moment. The strange request of this stranger seemed to him alarmingly uncanny. At the same time, he felt deeply interested. The house next to his own, now empty, had formerly been occupied by a mysterious man who lived in strict seclusion, his only companion being

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the old negro who waited on him and who never talked to anyone but his master.

Strange stories had been told concerning this recluse. People called him the " pirate." It was said that in the course of his lawless expeditions and voyages to distant lands he had accumulated a vast store of ill-gotten gains, and that he spent his nights in trying to dull the pangs of remorse by counting up his money.

The " pirate " had now been dead for three years. The negro had disappeared. The house was offered for sale, but no one seemed inclined to purchase it.

M. Aubergeois, recalling these details, scented some enthralling mystery. The dread of compromising himself, and the inclination to refuse an indiscreet request, contended with his devouring curiosity. The latter triumphed.

" Sir," he said, pompously, " your words sound to me like those of an honest man——"

" Pray believe that, sir," interrupted the other, eagerly; " an honest man in imminent danger of falling a vict—— But, no—I am pledged to silence."

" Well," said M. Aubergeois, " I will grant the permission you desire upon one condition, necessary for the satisfaction of my own conscience. I must watch with you during these three nights. What you observe I must observe also; I must be an eye-witness of your proceedings. You will understand that, since you choose to make such a mystery of the affair, it is my duty to assure myself that there is no harmful intention in all this."

The stranger made a quick gesture of vexation, which he instantly repressed.

" You are right, sir," he said. " This prudence is worthy of your high character. I, too, desire that you should be a witness to the innocence of my motives. I will be here to-night about eleven o'clock."

By half-past eleven that night the two men had begun their vigil in the loft, where at this time there was very little hay.

M. Aubergeois had himself opened the door to his mysterious visitor, and led him across the fair garden, delicious in its coolness and fragrance. But the younger man was too preoccupied, and the elder too intensely curious, to take notice of the charming, dream-like effects of the summer night. They had mounted to the pigeon-house loft by a ladder, and, not without difficulty, had opened the worm-eaten shutter.

In the uncertain light of a half-moon, and between the leafy branches of the trees, they could see the " pirate's " garden, wild, deserted, neglected, overrun with straggling grass and weeds.

In the centre stood the half-filled basin of a fountain. Beyond that was a sundial, and facing the watchers, near the enclosing wall, a well. By leaning out of their window they could see to the right the wall which separated the garden from the public road, and on the left the long, low-roofed, picturesque house of the " pirate," dropping into ruins beneath the encroaching ivy.

They waited in silence. The clock in a steeple near by struck midnight, then one, then two. Nothing happened. M. Aubergeois fell asleep standing. At length came dawn.

" Sir," said the stranger, calmly, " be good enough to accept my apologies and thanks. We shall meet again to-night."

" To-night," growled M. Aubergeois, in a very bad temper.

Having seen the other off the premises, he went straight to bed.

The following night the vigil in the pigeon-house was resumed. But this time the two men had watched scarcely an hour when, just after twelve o'clock, the silence of the night—so noticeable in the country—was broken by a rasping sound. It was the sound of a key in a lock. The gate of the " pirate's " garden opened and a man stole in.

" It is he ! " whispered the young man in the pigeon-house, excitedly. " Let us draw back out of sight."

The watchers withdrew their heads into the shadow cast by the thick foliage surrounding the window. The man in the garden below advanced cautiously. He carried a short spade. This he placed against the sundial. He took from his pocket a huge sheet of paper, which he spread out and examined by the light of a small electric lamp. Then he put back the paper, turned off his light, and placed the lamp also in his pocket. Lighted now only by the moon, the intruder approached the house. Turning his back upon the steps, and starting from the foot of the flight, he took twelve carefully-measured footsteps in the direction of the sundial. At the twelfth he stopped and drove a little stake into the earth.

" That's it, that's it ! The rascal ! He has discovered the plan ! "

The stranger in the pigeon-house, in his apparently uncontrollable agitation, seized M. Aubergeois by the arm.

" Hush, hush ! He will hear you," whispered the other, himself bubbling over with excitement.

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"HE HAS FOUND IT, HE HAS FOUND IT! THE THIEF! HE IS ROBBING ME, RUINING ME!"

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But the man in the garden seemed too much engrossed in his occupation to heed anything else. He now went towards the wall facing the pigeon-house. With his back to the well, he took ten carefully-counted steps in the direction of the central basin and stuck another stake into the ground. Then he stretched a tape from one stake to the other, and at a third of its length marked the spot with a little bit of wood. This was just at the foot of a great chestnut tree. The man now took his spade, removed with care a large patch of turf, and began to dig vigorously. The stranger in the pigeon-house watched him with breathless interest.

After digging for an hour, the man in the garden, leaving the hole which he had made, mopped his perspiring forehead and looked around him. He seemed disappointed. Having re-lit his electric lamp, he again consulted his plan. Again he paced and measured, and arrived again at the same spot, where, apparently with fresh courage, he again laboured diligently at his hole.

Suddenly he uttered a stifled cry. He had heard the ring of metal beneath his spade. With feverish eagerness he dug on for a few moments, but presently flung down his tool and began to claw away the earth with his hands. Then the watchers saw him stoop, holding his lamp low down, that he might see to the bottom of the cavity. Evidently the sight was a highly satisfactory one, for the man sprang up with a howl of joy and danced around the hole like a maniac.

"He has found it, he has found it! The thief! He is robbing me, ruining me! But I will be even with him yet!"

The companion of M. Aubergeois, as he gasped out these words, seemed as demented, though in a different way, as the man in the garden. But suddenly the latter, in his gambols, made a false step. He stumbled and fell heavily, with one foot in the hole which he had dug. He must have been badly hurt, for he gave a smothered groan, dragged himself up painfully, and sat down on the ground, nursing his right ankle, and swearing under his breath.

After some minutes he attempted to stand on his feet, but nearly fell again. With great difficulty he managed to pick up his spade; then he filled up the hole, without removing anything which he might have found there. He worked slowly and very painfully, pausing many times to rest, with many a low moan and groan. When the cavity was almost filled the man replaced the turf, scattered the loose earth which remained, and by strewing the ground with dead leaves and sticks obliterated all trace of his operations.

Limping and stooping, and helping himself along by holding on to the trunks of the trees, the suffering man reached the well, into which he dropped his spade. Finally he quitted the garden by the gate opening on to the road, and disappeared as stealthily as he had come.

"You have prevented the perpetration of a great injustice," said the young stranger. "Now I know all, and there will be no need to watch another night. The accident which has interrupted this wicked attempt gives me time to defeat his criminal designs. You have earned my eternal thanks, and I trust shortly to have an opportunity of proving my gratitude."

After making this speech, the stranger politely took his leave.

That night—or rather morning—M. Aubergeois did not go to bed. After the stranger's departure he remained for an hour sitting in his garden. His body was inert, his mind extraordinarily active. He sat there calculating, planning, devising. At the end of the hour he rose, fetched a hammer and a stout nail; then, in the soft darkness that precedes the dawn, passed noiselessly into the road. He went straight to the gate of the "pirate's" garden, and there, with his hammer—which he wrapped in his handkerchief in order to deaden the sound of the blows—he drove the nail into the ancient lock. Certain that no one could now enter the gate, he returned to the house.

The same morning, before noon, he had an interview with his lawyer.

"The pirate's house?" said that individual. "Oh, yes. The sale of it is in my hands. It belongs, you know, to the old man's two nephews."

"He must have left them a considerable fortune," remarked M. Aubergeois, in a careless, off-hand tone.

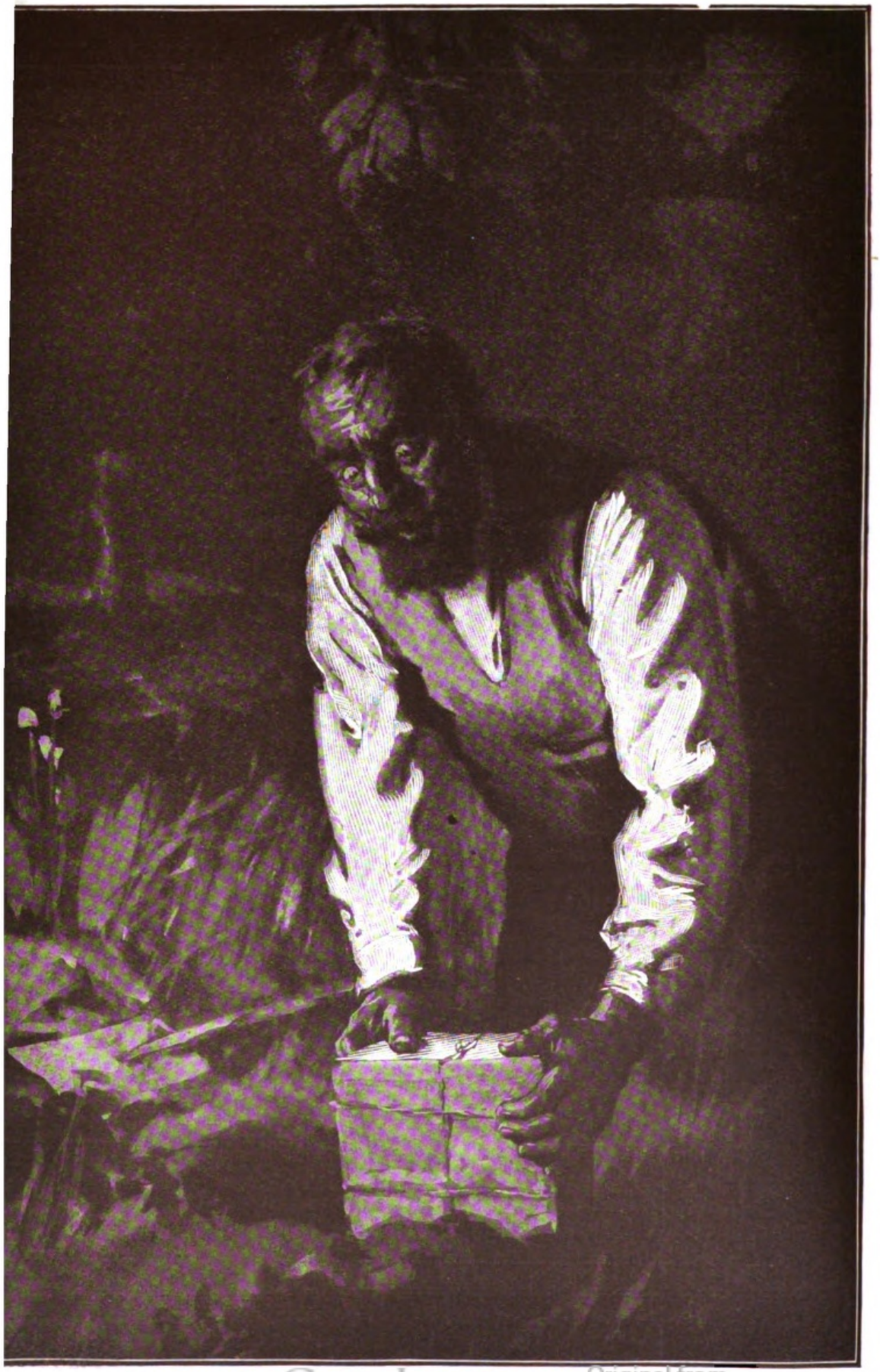
"By no means. Everybody thought that they would inherit an enormous sum, and everybody was very much mistaken. There was nothing. Well, barely five thousand francs. The nephews were furious. Each accused the other of having defrauded him. Still keeping up the quarrel, they have returned to Paris."

"Ah! I fancy I saw them when they were here. Fair, are they not?"

"No, very dark. The elder has a monocle and a heavy moustache."

"My visitor," said Aubergeois to himself.

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"M. AUBEGEOIS LIFTED OUT OF THE HOLE A FIRMLY-CLOSED BOX."

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"The younger is a bigger man, with a full beard."

"The man of the garden—I am sure of it," thought Aubergeois.

"This younger one," continued the lawyer, "came to see me three days ago. He asked for the key of the garden gate, as he desired to visit the house, and this very morning he came here again, as soon as the office was opened. He was just leaving by the ten o'clock train. The poor fellow had sprained his foot so severely that he could not walk, and I had to go downstairs and get into his carriage to talk with him. Against my advice, he insists that the price of the house shall be raised. It is sheer folly. Even at the lower price there was small chance of finding a purchaser. It will be quite impossible to sell it now."

"But why impossible? It is a pretty house, and the garden would suit me perfectly as an extension of my own. I should rather like to buy it."

In spite of himself, M. Aubergeois could not help reddening a little as he spoke these words. The whole thing appeared to him as clear as a mountain stream. His covetous soul was puffed up with a wild hope.

"Upon my word, M. Aubergeois," exclaimed the lawyer, in some surprise, "if you really wish to buy this property, I shall have great pleasure in selling it to you. The house, as you say, *is* a pretty one, though the price—— That was originally ten thousand, but now, since this morning, I am forbidden to let the place go for less than thirty thousand francs."

M. Aubergeois started.

"Thirty thousand!"

"Yes. It is a stiff price. But perhaps, in talking things over——"

"Oh, well"—M. Aubergeois had recovered his equanimity—"property has gone up lately, we know. And then—well, it's a whim of mine. If you can sell the house, I will take it."

The lawyer seemed dumbfounded for a moment. Then he said:—

"M. Aubergeois, I have the necessary powers, and we can arrange the matter as soon as you please."

When M. Aubergeois actually held in his hand, together with the key which his own act had rendered useless, the document which declared him proprietor of the house and garden, "and of all things contained therein"—he had insisted on the insertion of this clause—he felt a thrill of indescribable joy. Impatiently he awaited the coming of night, for he considered secrecy necessary for his purpose.

About one o'clock in the morning he went down into his garden. Bearing a spade strapped upon his back, and with the aid of a ladder, he got over the wall which separated him from his newly-acquired property. In that wild waste of a garden, at the foot of the large chestnut tree, he had no difficulty in finding the spot where he had seen the eager searcher at work. Now he dug in his turn, with all his might. For more than an hour he toiled, energetically, enthusiastically.

At length the spade clashed against metal. With intense excitement, M. Aubergeois lifted out of the hole a firmly-closed box, resembling a biscuit-tin. This he seized, and bore away as swiftly as possible, over the wall, into his house, into his study. He was breathless when he put down the precious thing.

With bounding pulse, more agitated than ever before in the whole course of his existence, M. Aubergeois hastily severed the wire which was fastened around the box. He raised the lid, broke open the leaden wrapper in which was enclosed a tied-up packet, drew forth from the packet a tin case, and from the case a large sheet of parchment, rolled up, and covered with writing.

M. Aubergeois unrolled the parchment. This is what he read:—

"RECIPE,

by the Brothers Dupray,

showing how to sell for thirty thousand francs an old house worth only ten thousand.

"Take an Aubergeois, with an inclination to believe in hidden treasures, and also to steal them from their rightful owners——"

M. Aubergeois read no more. His face became livid, then violet, and he put his hand to his throat. He was seized with a rattling in the throat; then he fell forward in a swoon, with his head on the "recipe."

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Are We Inheriting Beautiful Feet?

By ONÈRA A. MERRITT HAWKES, M.Sc. (B'ham.), B.Sc. (Lond.).

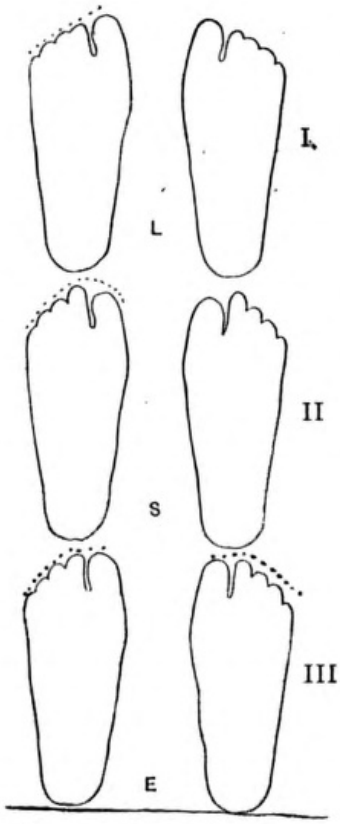


FIG. 1.—OUTLINES OF THE THREE TYPES OF FEET.

THERE are probably few people who realize that feet are not all of one kind, and that there are types of feet just as there are types of faces.

Amongst the various races of men three types of feet occur. These types are shown in the first illustration. The first foot has the great toe longest, the second foot has the second toe longer than the great toe, whilst the third foot has the first two toes equal. If a line is drawn across the tips of the toes in the first drawing it is seen to be straight, hence this type of foot will be called the even-toed foot, and, as the outline round the toes of the second foot is curved, this foot will be known as the arch-toed foot. The third type of foot, with the two first toes of the same length, will be called the equal foot.

Certain pure races have one type of toe which is characteristic of each race. Thus, the Zulus, the Basques, and probably most pure Celts have the even-toed foot, whilst the Papuans, the Boschmen, and a number of African tribes, as well as both ancient and modern Egyptians, have the arch-toed foot. Many European nations, however, have a mixture of the three types. But it is certain that amongst the English, and probably among Germans, French, and Greeks, the even-toed foot is the commonest.

An examination of over three thousand English people shows that eighty-nine per cent. of the men and eighty-one per cent. of the women have the even-toed foot. A good example of this type of foot can be seen in the photograph of the foot of an Englishman (Fig. 2). The remaining eleven per cent. of men and nineteen per cent. of women have almost entirely feet of the arch-toed type. If, however, we turn to the immature foot—that is, the foot of the unborn child and the child up to the age of one or one and a half years—we find a very different state of affairs, for the arch-toed foot is the commonest. At that age, however, when the child begins to walk, the characteristic adult type gradually displays itself, and in a short space of time a child's foot may pass from the arch to the even-toed type.



FIG. 2.—THE EVEN-TOED FOOT OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

We have little idea of what a foot is really like. Having no knowledge, the

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majority have a confirmed prejudice that all modern feet, except those of children, are ugly, and that beautiful feet can be found only in Greek statuary.

What is it that distinguishes the foot of a Greek statue? What makes it beautiful? A typical foot can be seen in the photographs of two statues which are in the British Museum —"Mercury" (Fig. 3) and "The Figure of a Girl Playing Astragale" (Fig. 4). These feet are comparatively slim, the toes are long and slender, especially the second toe, which protrudes beyond the first, or great, toe. From these examples it is clear that the beautiful sculptured foot of the Greeks was of the arch-toed type, and therefore has the curved outline which is such a contrast to the straight outline characteristic of most modern feet. Now, it is just this outline, combined with the slimness of the foot, which gives to the feet of Greek statues their supposed æsthetic superiority. For, according to some connoisseurs in art, the curved line has variation and movement in it, whilst the straight line must for ever be abhorred of artists.

If we wish to study the modern representative of the sculptured arch-toed foot, it must be sought among women rather than among men.



FIG. 3.—THE FOOT OF A GREEK STATUE—THE "MERCURY" IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
Photo. Mansell.

Having found it, it will be seen to differ considerably from the foot of Mercury, as the modern foot is less slim and the second toe protrudes a little way only beyond the great toe. A good example is seen in the photograph of the foot of an English girl (Fig. 5), and a somewhat ugly one in the flower-girl of Ford Madox Brown's "Work" (Fig. 6).

The "Crucifixion," by Bouguereau (Fig. 7), has a special interest, as it contains both types of feet, Christ having the even-toed foot and both the Marys the arch-toed foot. In another picture by the same artist, "Innocence" (Fig. 8), it is now the woman, the mother, who has the same foot as the Christ, and the baby has, what most babies do have, an arch-toed foot.

Any judgment respecting the beauty of the feet of a Greek statue is, however, prejudiced, for it is of a type with which we are all familiar, as it constantly occurs in Roman, Renaissance, and modern sculpture, and in nearly all pictures, whether classical or modern. Familiarity undoubtedly greatly influences our appreciation of beauty, as all who have noted and compared national facial types must have realized.

The modern Greek foot is not like the characteristic foot of a Greek statue, for the former, as stated above, is usually of the even-toed type. What, then, were the feet of the ancient Greeks who posed as models



FIG. 4.—"THE FIGURE OF A GIRL PLAYING ASTRAGALE"—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE TYPICAL GREEK FOOT.
Photo. Mansell.

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for these statues? About that we can only surmise. As will be seen on inquiry into the hereditary characteristics of feet, the even-toed foot tends, in ordinary circumstances, to replace the arch-toed foot, so that between the time of Pericles and the present time there may have occurred a great numerical change in the toe-type of the Greeks, the number of persons with the arch-toed foot being lessened and those with the even-toed foot increased. But, when the history of art-form is considered, we are inclined to think that the Greek sculptor was adopting a tradition, and not copying the feet he daily saw before him, much as the modern artist and the modern sculptor are doing to-day.

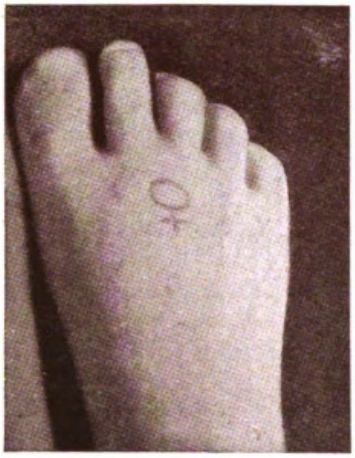


FIG. 5.—THE FOOT OF AN ENGLISH GIRL—A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE MODERN ARCH-TOED FOOT (SEE FIG. 6).

Historically, Greek sculpture was an outgrowth of Egyptian, hence the Greeks adopted the Egyptian conventions, especially in unimportant details. In Egyptian bas-reliefs and statues the second toe was longer than the first, although not to the extent found in the "best" period of Greek art.

If the feet in such an Egypto-Greek bas-relief as the well-known "Throne of Venus" are studied the second toe is found to be slightly longer than the first, and the whole foot is not unlike the same type we find to-day.

It is curious that art has led us astray as to the shape of the foot. Moreover, there is the convention of representing the feet so much smaller than they should be in proportion to the figure. One cannot but wonder if one of the results of this is that women, who in the everyday practical affairs of life are the more earnest seekers after beauty, should have attempted to make their feet appear artistically small, either by small boots, high heels, or a false form of shoe.

The Romans, who borrowed their art from the Greeks, copied the arch-toed type of foot in all their statues, and from plastic art it was adopted by the primitive Italian painters.

The Tuscan school of painting, which was the greatest influence in Italian and ultimately in European art, again reproduced this type of foot, and it has thus passed down to us. The Tuscans, who are said to be derived from a race of Asia Minor, still inherit the arch-toed foot of their ancestors. If, therefore, artistically the Tuscan school tended to adopt this type of foot from classic works, its use would presumably be further impressed upon them by the actual feet of their models. On the other hand, we know now that the earlier painters had conventions about hair, hands, feet, and ears,



FIG. 6. — THE FLOWER-GIRL IN FORD MADOX BROWN'S "WORK" PROVIDES A SOMEWHAT UGLY EXAMPLE OF THE MODERN ARCH-TOED FOOT.
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from which they did not easily depart, and that in these matters they paid no attention to individual models.

It is interesting and remarkable that with a very slight break there should have been continuity in the tradition of art as to the shape of feet from the time of the ancient Egyptians to the present time, a continuity independent of race, of climate, and of time.

The foot of the earlier Greek statues was broad and the toes about the same length as in "The Foot of an Englishman." But as art evolved and became more sophisticated, there was a distinct tendency to elongate the foot and the toes, until toes such as those of "Mercury" are common. The arch-toed foot, when unexaggerated, has a greater feeling of stolidity than the even-toed foot. Compare, for example, the mobility and sensitiveness of the feet of the Christ in "Crucifixion" with the feet of the flower-girl, or even with the feet of the Greek statue, "The Girl Playing Astragale." It is interesting to find, therefore, that a number of people, having a sense of beauty and not over-prejudiced by the Greek tradition, actually have a preference for the even-toed foot. From this point of view beautiful feet may be found even to-day in Western Europe.



FIG. 7.—BOUGUEREAU'S "CRUCIFIXION" IS SPECIALLY INTERESTING—CHRIST HAVING THE EVEN-TOED FOOT AND THE OTHER FIGURES THE ARCH-TOED.

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The earlier masters no doubt perceived the artistic limitations of the arch-toed foot, and therefore exaggerated its slimness. This tendency is seen in the work of Cranach, one of the earliest students of the nude. His picture of "Adam" (Fig. 9) is reproduced to show the very long and almost finger-like toes which Cranach gave to his figures.

Amongst modern painters no one has so out-Greeked the Greeks as Burne-Jones. In his "Sibylla Delphica" (Fig. 10) he has not only produced a classic second toe, but he has in his enthusiasm elongated the third and the fourth toes until they are longer than the first, a condition unknown in any race or in any Greek statue. And yet this pseudo-Greek foot has a great toe bent outwards as if it has worn a mere modern boot instead of the sandal or cothurne, which was surely the correct thing in Delphi.

The break in the tradition of the correct foot in artistic representation was made by the Pre-Raphaelites. In their attempt to draw things as they are,

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and not as they had been represented for thousands of years, they studied the foot as the foot really is. Consequently, among the pictures of J. E. Millais, Holman Hunt, and Ford Madox Brown are found both the arch-toed and the even-toed foot.

Rodin, the modern exponent of realism in sculpture, also knows the foot as it is, for to him no part of the body has been unworthy of careful study and of representation as he finds it. Thus in "The Age of Bronze," the statue which was said to have been taken from a cast of the living model, the second toe is a little longer than the first, whilst in "Eve" the first toe is clearly the longer. The feet of the "Eve" are the typical feet of a woman of middle age who has been "well-booted." The whole foot has been squeezed by the boot, the great toe being bent outwards and at the same time pushing the second toe outwards, the joint is enlarged, and the little toe is bent inwards. It is not that the modern foot *left to itself* is unbeautiful, but that modern fashions demand the deformation of the man's foot to a small degree, and of the woman's foot, as in the universal "Eve," to a considerable extent.



FIG. 8. — IN BOUGUEREAU'S "INNOCENCE" THE MOTHER HAS THE EVEN-TOED FOOT AND THE CHILD THE ARCH-TOED.
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The frequent preference of artists and others for the arch-toed foot is one of our curious psychological anomalies, for it is the more primitive foot, the type which is nearer to the foot of an ape. It is rare that a primitive feature in man is regarded as an adjunct to beauty; as a rule, those physical features which are most removed from our anthropoid ancestors are those that appeal most to our æsthetic sense. That the female of all animals—including man—tends to retain primitive characters longer than the male is here borne out by the greater prevalence of the arch-toed foot amongst females.

We may now turn from art to a consideration of the beauty of the foot of a real child, of which no photograph could give a better representation than the statue of Brahmstaedt (Fig. 11). These feet are characteristic of all feet in repose, the toes being flexed and therefore giving an appearance of greater breadth than is obtained

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from the foot when in use. How much narrower the foot appears in the "Mercury" than in the "Astragale Player" — partly because the latter, somewhat rarely for a



FIG. 9. — THE FEET FROM CRANACH'S PICTURE OF "ADAM," SHOWING THE VERY LONG AND ALMOST FINGER-LIKE TOES WHICH HE GAVE TO HIS FIGURES.
Photo. by L. Levy & Sons.

classical statue, has the foot in repose. Now, it is this little squarish child's foot which we admire so much in comparison with the foot of the adult. But if this uncoloured picture of the child's foot is compared with the picture of the foot of an Englishman, one will realize that the child's foot makes its appeal, not because of its beauty of line, but much more because of its beautiful colour and texture.

These children, and the Greek statues here illustrated, have the great toe in a straight line with the inner margin of the foot. This condition is to-day found in a number of adult men, in a very few women, but occurs in all children before they begin to wear "grown-up" shoes.

A recent writer has greatly emphasized the small use the Greeks made of the little toe, as if this was a special Greek characteristic worthy of our careful imitation and cultivation! The little toe was degenerating in the time of the Greeks, not because the Greeks chose that it should, but on account of the general process of evolution. It has degenerated still further to-day. The process has gone so far that in a number of individuals there are only two bones in the little toe. Formerly there would have been three. It has been stated that this change is taking place more quickly in men than in women, so that man's progress is distinguished from woman's both by the greatness of his great toe and the littleness of his little toe!

One may well speculate as to what is to be the toe-type of the future. It is found that if both the parents have even-toed feet, then the children have with very few exceptions the same type of foot. If the parents differ, one having the even-toed and the other the arch-toed foot, the children again have mostly the great toe of the even-toed parent, whether that parent is the mother or the



FIG. 10. — BURNE-JONES'S "SIBYLLA DELPHICA," SHOWING A TYPE OF FOOT UNKNOWN IN ANY RACE OR IN ANY GREEK STATUE.
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father; a few of the children, chiefly the girls, may have the second toe longest, and some may have the two feet differing as regards the length of the toe.

This means that persons with the arch-toed foot must gradually almost disappear from Western European populations, just because such persons will not be born. A parallel case is the reduction, almost to disappearance, of fair-haired people. Most adult Anglo-Saxons are now brown-haired, although we know that many of our ancestors had the fairest of locks. These flaxen-haired progenitors of ours married with dark Celts or Danes, and their children had mostly dark hair, so gradually the flaxen-haired man or woman has become a rarity because such are rarely born. The children retain the fair hair for a time, just as for a time also they retain the arch-toed foot of their anthropoid ancestors. There is only one chance for the persistence or increase of persons with the arch-toed foot, and that is that that type should have some special racial advantage. But as the only advantage is the possibility of the artistic superiority of that type of foot, and as our feet are normally covered, the possession of an arch-toed foot cannot be an added inducement to marriage! The only characteristic which has been connected with the type is a bad one—feeble-mindedness, Lombroso having found this type particularly frequent among feeble-minded women, but his observations have not been confirmed.



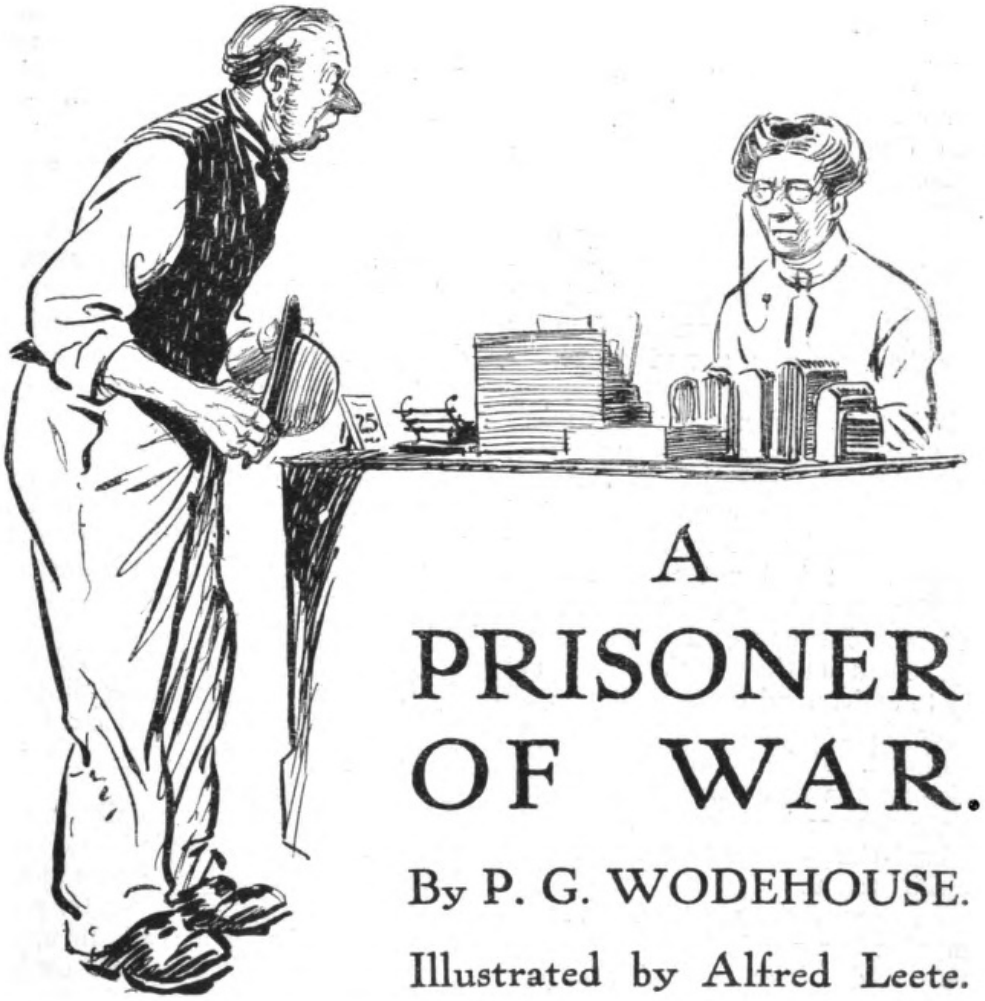
FIG. II.—NOTHING COULD GIVE A BETTER REPRESENTATION OF THE BEAUTY OF A CHILD'S FOOT THAN THIS STATUE BY BRAHMSTAEDT.

Photo. by N.P.G.

There is much diversity of opinion as to whether beauty demands a space between the first and second toes; on the whole, Greek sculptures of the unclad foot show rather more space than is found among the feet that have been examined. But how far this was natural and how far due to the wearing of sandals it is impossible to state. Even sandals may deform a foot.

If we seek beautiful feet we must entirely alter our foot-wear, and no doubt the partial abolition of shoes, promised as a fashion for 1915, would be an aid. Then, for the first time, modern civilized man would discover what type of feet existed, and of these which he would most admire.

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A PRISONER OF WAR.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

MRS. LORA DELANE PORTER, that great woman, was condescending to argue with Herbert Nixon, a mere menial. The points under discussion were three :—

(*a*) Why had Herbert been absent from duty between the hours of 3 p.m. and midnight on the previous day ?

(*b*) Why had he returned singing ?

(*c*) Why had he divested himself of his upper garments and stood for twenty minutes before the front door, daring the Kaiser to come out and have his head knocked off ?

Those were the main counts in Mrs. Porter's indictment, and she urged them with the skill of one who for many years had been in the forefront of America's Feminist movement. A trained orator and logician, she made mincemeat of Mr. Nixon.

Herbert's official position was that of odd-job man to the house which Mrs. Porter had taken for the summer in England. He had gone with the place as a sort of bonus.

" You don't understand, ma'am," he said, pityingly. " Being a female, you wouldn't understand. It's polerticks. This 'ere country 'as 'ad to go to war——"

" And so you had to go and stupefy the few brains you possess at the village inn ? I don't see the connection."

" I can't *argue* with you, ma'am," said Mr. Nixon, patiently. " My 'ead don't seem just right this morning. All I know is——"

" All *I* know is that you can go right away now and look for another job."

" 'Ave it your own way, ma'am, 'ave it your own way. If you don't want me, there's others that'll be glad to 'ave me."

" Don't let me keep you from them," said Mrs. Porter. " Good morning."

Herbert vanished, and Mrs. Porter, dipping her pen in the ink, resumed the chapter of " Woman in the New Era " which his entry had interrupted.

Sybil Bannister came into the room. She was small and fluffy. Mrs. Porter greeted her with an indulgent smile. Ruthless towards the Herbert Nixons, she unbent with Sybil. Sybil was her disciple. She regarded

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her as a gardener regards some promising young plant.

Six months before Sybil had been what Mrs. Porter called undeveloped. That is to say, she had been content to live a peaceful life in her New York home, worshipping her husband, Mrs. Porter's nephew Hailey. The spectacle of a woman worshipping any man annoyed Mrs. Porter. To see one worshipping Hailey, for whom she entertained the contempt which only strong-minded aunts can feel for their nephews, stirred her to her depths.

Hailey, it is true, had not been a perfect husband. He was a rather pompous young man, dictatorial, and inclined to consider that the machinery of the universe should run with his personal comfort as its guiding motive. But Sybil had not noticed these things till Mrs. Porter pointed them out to her. Until Mrs. Porter urged her to assert her rights, she had not thought the matter out sufficiently to understand that she had any.

That determined woman took the situation strongly in hand. Before Hailey knew what had struck him the home was a battlefield, and when the time arrived for Mrs. Porter to go to England things came to a head. She invited Sybil to accompany her. Hailey forbade her to go. Sybil went. That is the whole campaign in a nutshell.

"I have just dismissed Nixon," said Mrs. Porter. "I have no objection to England going to war, but I will not have my odd-job man singing patriotic songs in the garden at midnight."

From the beginning of hostilities Mrs. Porter's attitude towards the European War had been clearly defined. It could continue, provided it did not bother her. If it bothered her it must stop.

Sybil looked uncomfortable.

"Aunt Lora, don't you think—I've been thinking—I believe I ought to go home."

"Ridiculous! You are perfectly safe here."

"I wasn't thinking so much about myself. I—I believe Hailey will be worried about me."

Mrs. Porter directed at her shrinking *protégée* one of the severe stares which had done so much to unman Mr. Nixon at their recent interview. This was backsliding, and must be checked.

"So much the better. It is just what Hailey wants—to have to worry about somebody except himself. The trouble with Hailey has always been that things have been made too comfortable for him. He has never had proper discipline. When Hailey was a child I once spanked him with a clothes-brush. The effects, while they lasted, were extremely gratifying. Unfortunately, immediately after the incident I ceased to be on speaking terms with his father, so was not able to follow up the good work."

Sybil shifted uneasily. She looked mutinous.

"He's my husband," she said.

"It's too late to worry about that."

"He was always very kind to me."

"Nonsense, child! He treated you like a door-mat. When he was in a bad temper he snarled at you; when he was in a good temper he patronized you."

"He's very fond of me."

"Then why doesn't he try to get you back? Has he written you a single letter, asking you to go home, in the last two months?"

"You don't understand Hailey, Aunt Lora. He's so proud."

"Tchah!"

When Mrs. Porter said "Tchah!" it was final. There was nothing ill-tempered or violent about the ejaculation: it was simply final. Sybil withdrew.

It was Mrs. Porter's daily practice, when she had made her simple breakfast and given her household staff its instructions, to walk briskly out of her garden-gate, proceed for a mile down the high road, then, turning, to walk back and begin work on her current book. The procedure had two advantages. It cleared her brain, and it afforded mild exercise to Mike, her Irish terrier.

On the morning after the rout of Herbert Nixon, she had just emerged from the garden, when she was aware of a ragged figure coming towards her down the straight white road. She called to the dog, who was sniffing at an attractive-smelling dead bird which he had located under the hedge.

"Mike!"

Lora Delane Porter was not afraid of tramps; but it is no sign of fear to mobilize your forces; it is merely a sensible precaution in case of accidents. She mobilized Mike. He left the bird, on which he had intended to roll, with a back-glance of regret, and came trotting to her side.

"To heel!" said Mrs. Porter.

The tramp was a typical ruffian of his species. He was unkempt and grimy; he wore a soiled hat, a grey suit of clothes picked out with splashes of brown and green, and there was no collar round his neck. He walked as if he had been partially hamstrung by a bungling amateur who had made a bad job of it.

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As she drew level with him he looked at her, stopped, and said: "Aunt Lora!"

Mrs. Porter made it a rule to pass the ordinary tramp without a glance; but tramps who addressed her as "Aunt Lora" merited inspection. She accorded this inspection to the man before her, and gave a little gasp. His face was obscured by dust and perspiration, and he had a scrubby beard; but she recognized him.

"Hailey!"

To preserve a perfect poise in the face of all of life's untoward happenings was part of Mrs. Porter's religion. Though, for all her stern force of character, she was now inwardly aflame with curiosity, she did not show it in her manner.

"What are *you* doing here, Hailey?" she inquired, calmly.



"YOU LOOK LIKE A WALKING PLOUGHED FIELD."

He passed the ruins of a silk handkerchief over his grimy face and groaned. He was a shocking spectacle.

"I've had an awful time!"

"You look it."

"I've walked every step of the way from Southampton."

"Why?"

"Why! Because I had to. Do I look as if I were doing this for my health?"

"It's an excellent thing for your health. You always did shirk exercise."

Hailey drew himself up and fixed his aunt with a gaze which was a little too bloodshot to be really dignified.

"Aunt Lora, do not misunderstand me. I have not come to you for sympathy. I have not come to you for assistance. I have not——"

"You look like a walking ploughed field."

"I have merely come——"

"Have you been sleeping in those clothes?"

Hailey's hauteur changed to a human irritation.

"Yes, I *have* been sleeping in these clothes, and I wish you wouldn't look at me as if I were a kind of freak."

"But you are."

"Aunt Lora, I have not come to you for sym——"

"Bless the boy, don't tell me all the things you have not come to me for. What *have* you come for? In the first place, why are you in England at all? Have you come to try and get Sybil to go home?"

"I have not. If Sybil is to return home, she must do so of her own free will. I shall not attempt to persuade her. I am here because, on the declaration of war, I was obliged to leave Paris, where I was spending a vacation. When I reached Southampton and tried to get a boat back to New York I found it impossible. My traveller's cheques and my letter of credit were valueless, and I

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was without a penny. I had lost all my baggage. I set out to walk to you because you were the only person who could tell me where Professor Tupper-Smith lived."

"Professor Tupper-Smith?"

"Certainly. Professor Tupper-Smith. The English bore you planted on me when he visited New York last year."

Hailey spoke bitterly. Over the unconscious head of this same Professor Tupper-Smith there had raged one of the most serious of the battles which had shattered his domestic peace. The professor was a well-known English writer on sociology, who had come to New York with a letter of introduction to Mrs. Porter. Mrs. Porter, wishing to house him more comfortably than he was being housed at his hotel, had taken him to Sybil. Hailey was out of town at the time, and the thing had been done in his absence. He and Sybil had had one of their first quarrels about it. In the end the professor had stayed on, and incidentally nearly driven Hailey mad.

Now, if a man had nearly driven you mad in New York, bursting with your meat the while, the least he can do, when you call on him, destitute, in England, is to honour your note-of-hand for a few hundred dollars.

That was how Hailey had argued, and that was what had driven him to his aunt. She knew the location of this human El Dorado; he did not.

"Why do you want to see Professor Tupper-Smith?"

Hailey kicked the hard road in his emotion.

"I want to ask him for his photograph. That's all. Of course, I entertain no idea of getting him to lend me money so that I can get back to New York. As he is the only man I know in England, naturally that had not occurred to me."

Mrs. Porter was a grim woman, sparing with her smiles, but at these words she laughed heartily.

"Why, of course! Do you know, Hailey, I think I must be getting stupid. I never realized till now what a complete fix you were in."

"Will you tell me that man's address?"

"No. At least, not for a long time. But I'll do something else. I'll give you a job."

"What do you mean?"

"Hailey, you always were an undisciplined child. I often told your father so—when we were on speaking terms. Rich men's sons are always like that. I was saying to Sybil only yesterday that what you needed was discipline. Discipline and honest work! They may make something of you yet. My odd-job man left me yesterday—you shall take his place. You know what an odd-job man is, I presume? He does odd jobs about the house and garden. For instance"—she looked past him—"he washes the dog. I see that Mike is rolling again. He cannot understand that we don't like it. You had better catch him and wash him at once, Hailey. Take care he does not bite you. Irish terriers are quick-tempered."

"Aunt Lora, do you imagine for a moment that I am going to——"

"You won't find out where Professor Tupper-Smith lives if you don't."

Hailey's unshaven jaw fell. There was a silence broken only by the pleased snortings of Mike.

"Aunt Lora, if it is your wish to humiliate me——"

"Don't be absurd, child. Humiliate you, indeed! You talk as if you were a prince of the blood. I am doing you a great kindness. This will be the making of you. You have been spoiled since you were a boy. You treated Sybil as if you were a Sultan. You were a mass of conceit. A month or two of this will——"

"A month or two!"

"Or three," said Mrs. Porter. "Well, make up your mind quickly. You have a perfectly free choice. If you prefer to go on tramping through England, by all means do so."

A minute later Mike, busy with his bird, felt his collar grasped. He gazed up into a set, scrubby-bearded face. It was the face of a man with a hidden sorrow.

"Under the tap in the stable-yard is the best place," said Mrs. Porter.

Of the two principals in the ablutions of Mike, the bather and the bathed, it would have been hard for an impartial spectator to have said which looked the unhappier. Mike's views on total immersion were peculiar. To plunge into any river, pond, or other sheet of water was one of his chief pleasures. In a tub, with soap playing a part in the proceedings, he became a tortured martyr.

Nor did Hailey approach the operation in a more rollicking spirit. He had never washed a dog before. When his dog in New York required washing, some underling below-stairs did it. The thought crossed his mind, as he wrought upon Mike, that whatever that underling's wages were, they were not enough.

He was concentrating tensely upon his task when Sybil entered the yard.

Sybil was in the grip of a number of

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emotions. When Mrs. Porter had informed her of Hailey's miraculous appearance, joy had predominated. When she learned of his misfortunes, it had been succeeded by pity. Then the curious fact came home to her that, though Hailey was apparently there, he had not yet appeared before her. And when this mystery was explained by the information that he was washing the dog in the stable-yard, her astonishment grew. Finally, when she had grasped the whole position of affairs a great dismay came upon her. She knew Hailey so well—his pride, his sensitive fastidiousness, his aloofness from all that was rough and undignified in the world. This was terrible. She pleaded with Mrs. Porter, but Mrs. Porter remained resolute.

Then she sped to the stable-yard, to witness the horror for herself.

Hailey looked up. Silence reigned in the stable-yard. Hailey looked at Sybil. Sybil stood there without a word. Mike shivered miserably, as one on the brink of the tomb.

"Well?" said Hailey, at length.

"Oh, Hailey!"

"Well?"

"Oh, Hailey, it *is* nice seeing you again!"

"*Is* it?"

Sybil's mouth quivered, and her eyes grew large and plaintive. Hailey did not soften. Sybil, he reminded himself, was in Mrs. Porter's camp, and it was Mrs. Porter who had inflicted this beast of a dog on him.

He removed Mike from the tub and enveloped him in the towel.

"Hailey, dear, don't be cross."

"Cross?"

It is difficult for a man conscious of a four days' beard and perhaps a quarter of an inch of English soil on all the exposed parts of his person to raise his eyes with chilly dignity, but Hailey did it. He did it twice.

"Cross?"

"I begged Aunt Lora not to——"

"Not to what?"

"Not to—to make you do this. I begged her to ask you to—to stay with us."

"I am staying with you."

"I mean as a guest."

A third time Hailey raised those dusty eyebrows.

"Do you imagine for a moment that I would accept my aunt's hospitality?"

There was a pause.

Hailey released Mike, who shot out of the yard like a torpedo.

"Why did you come to England, Hailey?"

"I was on a vacation in France, and had to leave."



"OH, HAILEY, IT IS NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN!"

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"You didn't come to—to see me?"

"No."

"Hailey, you don't seem very fond of me."

Hailey picked up the towel and folded it.

"If Aunt Lora tells you where Mr. Tupper-Smith lives, I suppose you will go back to New York again?"

"If Mr. Tupper-Smith will lend me the money, I shall go by the first boat."

He lifted the tub with an air of finality, and emptied it down the drain. Sybil paused irresolutely for a moment, then walked slowly away.

The days which followed did nothing to relieve Hailey's depression. Indeed, they deepened it. He had not imagined that he could ever feel sorrier for himself than he had felt by bedtime that first night, but he discovered that he had merely, so to speak, scratched the surface of gloom.

On the second day he sought audience of his aunt.

"Aunt Lora, this cannot continue."

"Why? Have you decided to become a tramp again?"

"You are taking an unjustifiable advantage of my misfortune in being helpless to resent it to——"

"When you were a small boy, Hailey, you came to visit me once, and behaved like a perfect little devil. I took advantage of your misfortune in being helpless to resent it to spank you with a clothes-brush. My mistake was that I stopped the treatment before I had cured you. The treatment has now begun again, and will continue till you are out of danger."

"Aunt Lora, you cannot realize the humiliation of my position."

"Nonsense! Use your imagination. Try to think you're a pioneer out in the West."

"I have no ambition to be a pioneer out in the West."

"Your real trouble, Hailey, is that you think the society beneath you."

"I am not accustomed to hob-nob with cooks."

"It is exceedingly good of my cook to let you hob-nob with her. She knows you came here without a reference, after having been a tramp. It shows she is not a snob."

Hailey returned to his hewing of wood and drawing of water.

For a rather excessively fastidious young man with an extremely high opinion of himself there are more congenial walks in life than that of odd-job man in a country house.

The duties of an odd-job man are extensive and peculiar. He is seldom idle. If the cook does not require him to chop wood, the gardener commandeers him for potato-digging. He cleans the knives; he cleans the shoes; he cleans the windows; he cleans the dog. In a way his is an altruistic life, for his primary mission is to scatter sweetness and light, and to bestow on others benefits in which he himself cannot share; but it is not an easy one.

Hailey did all these things and others besides. His work began at an hour which in happier days he had looked on as part of the night, and it ended when sheer mental fatigue made it impossible for those in command over him to think up anything else for him to do. When this happened, he would light his pipe and stroll moodily in the garden. It was one small count in his case against Fate that he, once known for his nice taste in cigars, should be reduced to a cheap wooden pipe and the sort of tobacco they sell in English villages.

His was not a nature that adapted itself readily to deviations from habit, particularly when such deviations involved manual labour. There were men of his acquaintance in New York who would have treated his predicament in a spirit of humorous adventure. But then they were men whose idea of enjoyment was to camp out in lonely woods with a guide and a fishing-rod. Newport was the wildest life that Hailey had ever known. He hated discomfort; he hated manual labour; he hated being under orders; and he hated the society of his social inferiors. To treat his present life in a whimsically adventurous spirit was beyond him.

Of all its disagreeable features, possibly that which he resented most was the sense of inferiority which it brought with it. In the real fundamentals of existence, he now perceived, such as reducing unwieldy blocks of wood to neat faggots and putting a polish on a shoe, he was useless. He, Hailey Bannister, respected in Wall Street as a coming man, was continually falling short of even the modest standard of efficiency set up by his predecessor, Mr. Nixon. The opinion below-stairs was that Herbert had been pretty bad, but that Hailey was unspeakable. They were nice about it—but impatient, distinctly impatient; and it wounded Hailey. He tried to tell himself that the good opinion of the masses was not worth having, but he could not bring himself to believe it. For the first time in his life he found himself humble, even apologetic. It is galling for a young man's self-esteem to be in Rome and fail through

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sheer incompetence to do as the Romans do. There were moments when a word of praise from the cook would have given Hailey more satisfaction than two successful deals in Wall Street.

It was by chance rather than design that Sybil chose the psychological moment for re-entering his life. His moods since his arrival had alternated between a wild yearning for her and positive dislike. But one night, as he stood smoking in the stable-yard, he was longing for her with a sentimental fervour of which in the days of his freedom he had never been capable. It had been a particularly hard day, and, as he stood poisoning the summer night with his tobacco, a great loneliness and remorse filled him. He had treated Sybil badly, he told himself. He went over in his mind episodes of their life together in New York, and shuddered at the picture he conjured up of himself. No wonder she shunned him.

And, as he stood there, she came to him.

"Hailey!"

She was nervous, and he did not wonder at it. A girl coming to speak to the sort of man he had just been contemplating might have been excused if she had called out the police reserves as an escort.

"Yes?"

He was horrified at the gruffness of his voice. He had meant to speak with tender softness. It was this bad tobacco.

"Hailey, dear, I've brought you this."

Wonderful intuition of Woman! It was the one thing he desired—a fat cigar, and, as his trained senses told him, a cigar of quality. He took it in a silence too deep for words.

"We were calling on some people. The man's study-door was open, and I saw the box—I hadn't time to take more than one—I thought you would like it."



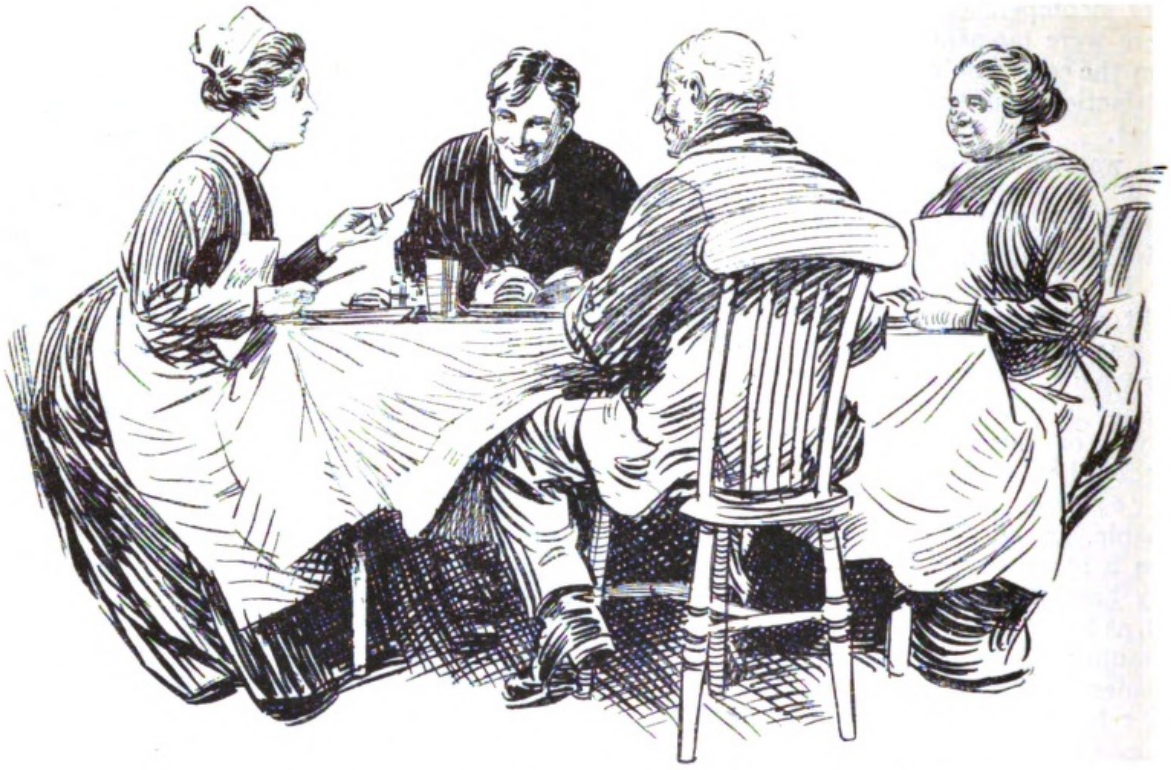
"HAILEY, DEAR, I'VE BROUGHT YOU THIS."

Hailey could not speak. He was overcome. He kissed her.

He was conscious of a curious dizziness.

In the old days kissing Sybil had always been one of his daily acts. He had done it first thing in the morning, last thing at night. It had not made him dizzy then. He had never even derived any particular pleasure from it, especially in the morning, when he was a little late, and the car was waiting to take him to business and the butler standing by with his hat and cane. Then it had sometimes been

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"THE PARLOUR-MAID EXPOSED GERMANY'S ENTIRE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN."

almost a nuisance, and only his rigid conscientiousness had made him do it. But now, in the scented dusk of this summer night—well, it was different. It was intensely different.

"I must go back," she said, quickly. "Aunt Lora is waiting for me."

Reluctantly he released her, and the night swallowed her up. It was a full minute before he moved.

He became aware of something in his right hand. It was the broken remnants of a crushed cigar.

They fell into the habit of meeting in the garden after dark. All day he looked forward to these moments. Somehow they seemed to supply something which had always been lacking in his life. He had wooed Sybil in the days before their marriage in ballrooms and drawing-rooms. It had seemed quite satisfactory to him at the time; but this—this stealthy coming together in the darkness, these whispered conversations under the stars—this was what he had always been starving for. He realized it now.

His outlook on life seemed to change. He saw things with different eyes. Quite suddenly it was borne in upon him how amazingly fit he felt. In New York he had been exacting in the matter of food, critical, and hard to please. Now, if supper was a trifle behind time, he had to exercise restraint to keep himself from raiding the larder. Hitherto unsuspected virtues in cold mutton were revealed to him. It might be humiliating for a young man highly respected in Wall Street and in the clubs of New York to chop wood, sweep leaves, and dig potatoes, but these things certainly made for health.

Nor had his views on the society in which he moved remained unaltered The cook—what a good, motherly soul, always ready with a glass of beer when the heat of the day made work oppressive. The gardener—what a sterling conversationalist! The parlour-maid—what a military expert! That night at supper, when the parlour-maid exposed Germany's entire plan of campaign, while the cook said that she never did hold with war, and the gardener told the story of his uncle who had lost a leg in the Indian Mutiny, was one of the most enjoyable that Hailey had ever spent.

One portion of Hailey's varied duties was to walk a mile down the road and post letters at the village post-office. He generally was not required to do this till late in the evening, but occasionally there would be an important letter for the morning post, for Mrs. Porter was a voluminous correspondent.

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One morning, as he was turning in at the gate on his way back from the village, a voice addressed him, and he was aware of a man in a black suit, seated upon a tricycle.

This in itself would have been enough to rivet his interest, for he had never in his life seen a man on a tricycle. But it was not only the tricycle that excited him. The voice seemed familiar. It aroused vaguely unpleasant memories.

"My good man—why, Mr. Bannister! Bless my soul! I had no idea you were in England. I am delighted to see you. I never tire of telling my friends of your kindness to me in New York."

The landscape reeled before Hailey's blinking eyes. Speech was wiped from his lips. It was Professor Tupper-Smith.

"I must not offer to shake hands, Mr. Bannister. I have no doubt there is still risk of infection. How *is* the patient?"

"Eh?" said Hailey.

"Mumps is a painful, distressing malady, but happily not dangerous."

"Mumps?"

"Mrs. Porter told me that there was mumps in the house. I trust all is now well? That is what has kept me away. Mrs. Porter knows how apprehensive I am of all infectious ailments, and expressly forbade me to call. Previously I had been a daily visitor. It has been a great deprivation to me, I can assure you, Mr. Bannister. A woman of wonderful intelligence!"



PROFESSOR TUPPER-SMITH.

"Do you mean to tell me—do you live *near* here?"

"That house you see through the trees is mine."

Hailey drew a deep breath.

"Could I speak to you," he said, "on a matter of importance?"

In the stable-yard, which their meetings had hallowed for him, Hailey stood waiting that night. There had been rain earlier in the evening, and the air was soft and mild, and heavy with the scent of flowers. But Hailey was beyond the soothing influence of cool air and sweet scents. He felt bruised.

She had been amusing herself with him, playing with him. There could be no other explanation. She had known all the time that this man Tupper-Smith was living at their very gates, and she had kept it from him. She had known what it meant to him to find the man, and she had kept it from him. He waited grimly.

"Hailey!"

There was a glimmer of white against the shadows.

"Here I am."

She came to him, her face raised, but he drew back.

"Sybil," he said, "I never asked you before. Can *you* tell me where this man Tupper-Smith lives?"

She started. He could only see her dimly, but he sensed it.

"N-no."

He smiled bitterly. She had the grace to hesitate. That, he supposed, must be put to her credit.

"Strange," he said. "He lives in that red house down the road. Curious your not knowing, when he used to come here so often."

When Sybil spoke, her voice was a whisper.

"I was afraid it would happen."

"Yes; I'm sorry I have not been able to amuse you longer. But it must have been delightful while it lasted. You certainly

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fooled me. I didn't even think it worth while asking you if you knew his address. I took it for granted that, if you had known, you would have told me. And you were laughing the whole time! Well, I suppose I ought not to blame you. I can see now that I used to treat you badly in New York, and you can't be blamed for getting even. Well, I'm afraid the joke's over now. I met him this morning."

"Hailey, you don't understand."

"Surely it couldn't be much plainer?"

"I couldn't tell you. I—I couldn't."

"Of course not. It would have spoiled everything."

"You know it was not that. It was because—do you remember the day you came here? You told me then that, directly you found him, you would go back to America."

"Well?"

"Well, I didn't want you to go. And afterwards, when we began to meet like this, I—still more didn't want you to go."

A bird rustled in the trees behind them. The rustling ceased. In the distance a corn-crake was calling monotonously. The sound came faintly over the meadows, emphasizing the stillness.

"Don't you understand? You must understand. I was awfully sorry for you, but I was selfish. I wanted to keep you. It has all been so different here. Over in New York we never seemed to be together. We used to quarrel. Everything seemed to go wrong. But here it has been perfect. It was like being together on a desert island. I couldn't end it. I hated to see you unhappy, and I wanted it to go on for ever. So——"

Groping at a venture, he found her arm, and held it.

"Sybil! Sybil, dear, I'm going back to-morrow; going home. Will you come with me?"

"I thought you had given me up. I thought you never wanted me back. You said——"

"Forget what I said. When you left New York I was a fool. I was a brute. I'm different now. Listen, Sybil. Tupper-Smith—I always liked that man—lent me fifty pounds this morning. In gold! He tricycled five miles to get it. That's the sort of man he is. I hired a car, went to Southampton, and fixed things up with the skipper of an American tramp. She sails to-morrow night. Sybil, will you come? There's acres of room, and you'll like the skipper. He chews tobacco. A corking chap! Will you come?"

He could hear her crying. He caught her to him in the darkness.

"Will you?"

"Oh, my dear!"

"It isn't a floating palace, you know. It's just an old, rusty tramp-ship. We may make New York in three weeks, or we may not. There won't be much to eat except corned beef and crackers. And, Sybil—er—do you object to a slight smell of pigs? The last cargo was pigs, and you can still notice it a little."

"I *love* the smell of pigs, Hailey, dear," said Sybil.

In the drawing-room Lora Delane Porter, that great woman, relaxed her powerful mind with a selected volume of Spinoza's "Ethics." She looked up as Sybil entered.

"You've been crying, child."

"I've been talking to Hailey."

Mrs. Porter dropped Spinoza and stiffened militantly in her chair.

"If that boy Hailey has been bullying you, he shall wash Mike *now*."

"Aunt Lora, I want to go home to-morrow, please."

"What!"

"Hailey has met Mr. Tupper-Smith, and he lent him fifty pounds, and he motored into Southampton——"

"Mr. Tupper-Smith?"

"No; Hailey."

"*That's* where he was all the afternoon! No wonder they couldn't find him to dig the potatoes."

"And he has bought accommodation for me and himself on a tramp-steamer which has been carrying pigs. We shall live on corned beef and crackers, and we may get to New York some time or we may not. And Hailey says the captain is such a nice man, who chews tobacco."

Mrs. Porter started.

"Sybil, do you mean to tell me that Hailey proposes to sail to New York on a tramp-steamer that smells of pigs, and live on corned beef and crackers? And that he *likes* a man who chews tobacco?"

"He said he was a corking chap."

Mrs. Porter picked up her Spinoza.

"Well, well," she said. "I failed with the clothes-brush, but I seem to have worked wonders with the simple-life treatment."

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THE MAN WHO SAVED CONVICTS.

By TOM GALLON.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

HORACE WELTER had probably assisted the escape of more runaway convicts — thereby earning gratitude more or less undying, and setting many erring and repentant men upon new roads which should lead to higher things—than any man living. He may be said to have specialized in the business.

This is written, of course, in the fictional sense alone. Truly speaking, Horace Welter had never seen a convict in his life, save in pictures; but the subject had always fascinated him. Horace Welter, as, of course, you know, was the man who wrote "Who Was Convict 101?"—that sensational story which fascinated the readers of a certain paper for many weeks, and was only brought to a more or less definite conclusion with the last number. That particular story started Horace Welter on the road to fame, and he may be said never to have looked back.

He had originally taken up story-writing as a hobby. Possessed of considerable means of his own, and having a rather fine collection of old and valuable gems and curios, which he had designed at a later time to present to the nation, Horace had no real need to work for a living. But the idea of writing a sensational story around that more or less romantic figure, the modern convict, shut away behind walls, had first occurred to him in an idle moment; and, as he expressed it afterwards, he had "jotted the thing down." And after that, of course, the demand for stories of that nature was very great, and Horace set himself sedulously to fulfil it.

The stories he wrote, both long and small, all eventually turned upon the one subject. Almost invariably the particular convict hero had been innocently convicted, chiefly through the machinations of the villain; and the convict hero had very properly made up his mind to put an end to an intolerable state of things by escaping. There was invariably someone he loved outside the prison—a young and struggling wife and, usually speaking, a child; and his passionate longing was to get at them. In all cases, as one finds when examining Horace Welter's stories, some friendly hand was stretched out to him outside the prison, and he was enabled to escape.

It had never occurred to Horace Welter to alter the style of his stories, perhaps for the simple reason that nothing else was demanded of him. Moreover, he had moved with the times. Beginning years ago, before the days of swift traction, he had concealed his convict hero in a hay-cart, or in some antiquated horse-drawn vehicle; it was only

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in the later period of his writing that he turned to motor-cars as a simple and swifter expedient.

"You see, it's such a very simple matter," he said once to his admiring friend, Rayson. "The fellow escapes usually at dead of night—boring himself out of the place, as you might say, by means of something he has concealed about him, and which he had originally taken from the blacksmith's shop. He is alone in the darkness; but the inevitable dawn is coming, when he must be tracked down and discovered. In the old days it was, of course, inevitable that the first thing he should do would be to conceal his prison-like appearance as much as possible. That meant breaking into a house and securing a suit of clothes, which might or might not fit him."

"Just chance or luck, I suppose?" interjected Rayson.

Horace Welter nodded. "I can assure you, my dear fellow, that in the old days it was extremely difficult," he answered, feelingly. "You had absolutely to invent a man that would be almost the tailor's measure of the escaping convict; and if he was a big man he must necessarily be a coward, in order to be properly overawed, either on a lonely hillside or in his own house; if he was a little man it did not matter so much. With the coming of the motor-car things were changed."

"You got him away quicker?" suggested the unintelligent Rayson.

"That was not the point," retorted Horace. "The real point was that you had to your hand a complete and sufficient disguise; you could have driven the man through an army of warders, and not one of them would have recognized him. You simply put him into a motor-coat, a cap well down over his ears, and the inevitable goggles. His own mother would not have recognized him. Personally, though I do not depend upon this business for a living, I bless the advent of the motor-car. Beside being a pleasant mode of locomotion, it has lifted up my style of fiction immensely and added a new zest to it."

It is probable that, much as he liked his self-imposed work, Horace Welter would never have taken himself so seriously as he ultimately did had not a misguided paper sent a man to interview him. The misguided paper had determined to refer to him as a "new note in fiction"; and Horace Welter was surprised and strangely uplifted. In a sense he let himself go, and said a great many things on the spur of the moment that he might not have said in cold blood. Some of the things came out strangely and startlingly in print.

"Yes, the subject has always fascinated me. It is the last touch of romance in a decadent world. The unfortunate wretch who has been shut away behind prison bars is to me an appealing and a pathetic figure; and from the moment when his craving for the free air overwhelms him, and he makes that bold dash for liberty which may end for him with a warder's bullet in his back, I range myself with sympathy beside him. With a heart beating strongly I watch his desperate flight across country; I observe him as he hides and dodges; I find myself unconsciously praying for his safety. His crime against society is forgotten; he is to me a hunted wretch — and I am on the side of the hunted."

"You have never actually experienced that about which you have written so often and so ably, I believe, Mr. Welter?" the interviewer suggested. "I mean that it has never been your good or bad fortune to come face to face with a desperate man of that type?"

"Only in imagination," replied Horace Welter. "But in imagination I can see myself doing exactly what I have so often described in my stories; helping, to the best of my ability, any unfortunate wretch who might chance to come to me in such a plight. The law is strong enough to look after itself; I would at least give my convict a sporting chance. Besides"—Horace Welter smiled at this point, and the interviewer made a note of it—"it would be fine experience for me; I should be working on the actual material, and I should know exactly what to do."

"Let us hope, for your sake, Mr. Welter, that such a thing will not happen," said the interviewer. "You might come across a really desperate criminal——"

"Pardon me; however desperate the man might be, I think that I should turn him into a grateful criminal," said Horace, simply. "And now come and be introduced to Mrs. Welter; and after that you must see my famous collection of gems before you return to London. I should rather like, between ourselves, for you to mention the famous collection of gems," Horace added, softly.

Horace Welter sent his guest to the railway-station in time to catch the one train back to London; and he sent him in his new and expensive motor-car. As the interviewer stood for a moment on the steps of the house, he nodded his head towards a long

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line of buildings that topped the hill in the distance—about the only building in sight.

"What's that place?" he asked.

"That, my dear sir, is the prison," answered Horace, complacently. "I am, as you see, on the spot."

"That's very interesting," said the interviewer, making a hasty note in the book he pulled out of his pocket.

"Yes. It provides me with local colour, and, if I may say so, feeds the imagination. The governor of the prison is a personal friend of mine; but even that wouldn't make any difference to my attitude in the event of any one of his prisoners escaping; I've told him so. And now good day to you, and a pleasant journey. My man will see that you reach the station in time. And don't forget to mention my collection—will you?"

"I'll be sure to put it in, Mr. Welter," said the interviewer, and the car drove off.

That interview provided quite a sensation and incidentally did Horace Welter a great deal of good. There was a sudden and brisk demand for his stories; and in subsequent descriptions of marvellous escapes of entirely innocent and wrongly-convicted convicts he may be said to have excelled himself. He grew more daring, and in one instance even brought his convict face to face at a dinner-party with the governor of the very prison from which he had escaped, accounting for the man's closely-cropped hair as a mere eccentricity on his part. It even happened to him that he received more or less illiterate letters, from persons who had suffered imprisonment wrongfully, who applauded his courage and kindliness of heart, and who usually ended by begging for a small loan to enable them to make a fresh start in life.

I pass to the night of the great adventure. It was a summer night, and the day that preceded it had been oppressively hot. Horace Welter had been unable to work, and had given up the attempt; he had lain stretched at full length in a hammock chair on the veranda of his house, sighing for a breath of wind, and praying for the evening and for some degree of accompanying coolness. He had glanced once or twice at the sky, with the instinctive feeling that a storm was brewing; but it was not until after dinner, when lights were beginning to twinkle in the house, that the storm actually burst. It is still spoken of in those parts as a record storm, and people remember the date of it.

It began with sullen thunder and the hiss and crackle of lightning; and then, as though the thunder had split the heavens, a very deluge poured down—rain that was almost tropical in its force and violence and volume. The rooms were lighted up from time to time with the vividness of the lightning, and Horace had to shout on one or two occasions to Mrs. Welter to make his voice heard at all above the continuous roaring of the storm. Mrs. Welter, it may be mentioned, was absolutely terrified.

"There's nothing to be frightened of," shouted Horace, to reassure her.

"It's the loneliness of the house, my dear, and the fact that it stands in such an exposed position," said Mrs. Welter. "I never liked the place at all, and on a night like this—— What on earth's that?"

In a lull of the storm there had floated to them the long, mournful howl of a dog. After that there came to their ears the barking of other dogs on distant parts of the estate; it might almost have been said that those noises accompanied something or someone that was moving, like a grim Fate, towards the house itself. The storm was less incessant now, but was perhaps the more startling when, from time to time, the thunder and the lightning broke down upon the house.

It was still muttering sullenly and savagely when the servants locked up the house and went to bed. They locked up all but one room, which was that in which Horace worked. He told his wife that he would in all probability work late to-night; the storm had excited him, and he felt in the mood for burning midnight oil. Moreover, he had reached the most sensational point of a very sensational story.

"He's going to make a fight for it, my dear," he said to his wife, rubbing his hands, and alluding, of course, to that convict who was at that very time engaged in making a miraculous escape. "He has been tied hand and foot by some stupid peasants who have gone for help; but I have caused him to make friends with a dog, who is now successfully chewing through the ropes. It's a new idea, and I don't think it has been done before. More than that, it adds a sympathetic touch, as showing the man's power over animals."

Gradually Horace heard the sounds die away in the house; only now and then came the distant rumble of thunder—the last mutterings of the storm. He had mixed himself a mild whisky-and-soda, and had lighted a cigar; the room was very comfortable, and he told himself that quite a number of the blank sheets under his hand would be filled before he retired to rest. With a placid

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smile upon his features he settled down to work.

He must have been writing steadily for over half an hour when his pen stopped, and he looked up with a little frown upon his face, listening. It seemed incredible, but he could have sworn that he had heard a cautious shuffling step upon the veranda outside. He listened a moment longer, and then smiled, and took up his glass and sipped at the contents; he bent again over his paper.

"These stories do move one so," he said, happily. "It was only imagination."

He wrote three words, then very slowly and very softly he laid down the pen. His eyes were glued upon a heavy window-curtain as he moved softly out of his chair and away from the desk; on an impulse he tiptoed back to the desk, and noiselessly opened a drawer of it and took out a revolver. Still with his eyes upon the curtain, he backed away to the side of the room, and, fumbling for the switch, plunged the room into sudden darkness.

He had time for some very rapid thinking while he stood there in the darkness clutching the revolver. As a matter of fact, Horace did not like revolvers at all, save as necessary adjuncts to a sensational narrative. He had bought this one some time back as a concession to Mrs. Welter's nervousness. The man from whom he had bought it had explained the mechanism carefully, and had shown him exactly how it should be aimed in order to operate with the most deadly effect. He was secretly annoyed that his hand should shake a little as he stood there, gripping the weapon, in the darkness.

A cool wind, with the damp tang of the rain in it, blew into the room; he knew that the window was open, and that someone had in all probability passed through the curtains into the room. Properly speaking, according to the stories, there was one thing he ought instantly to have done; with one hand he should have switched on the light and with the other, holding his weapon steadily, he should have covered his man. As a matter of fact, he heartily wished that he was out of the room, with the key turned in the door on the other side.

It was the more disconcerting that the other person in the room should be softly and tunelessly whistling through his teeth. The whistling came a little nearer—just the mere breath of a sound; and Horace knew that the shuffling feet he had heard outside on the veranda were now moving towards him, deadened by the thickness of the carpet. It was in a very panic at last that Horace almost mechanically moved the switch, and lighted the room. But for the life of him he could not get up the revolver.

A tall man, who had been standing within two yards of him, suddenly recoiled and darted behind the writing-desk. That action gave Horace courage; waveringly he contrived to get the revolver on a level line with the man's head; he called out to him, in a voice sharpened by nervousness:—

"Stop! I shall shoot if you don't!"

The man stopped, eyeing him furtively; he even came a step nearer. Horace, looking at him, and beginning with shoes that absolutely oozed damp, and so letting his glance travel up the man, saw what a ludicrous figure he cut. The legs of his trousers were half-way up his shin-bones; the waistcoat did not meet the trousers at all, but showed a roll of shirt in between; the man's long arms stuck out of the sleeves of a tweed jacket, which also was much too small for him. But the crowning point of all, as the eyes of Horace Welter travelled over the clean-shaven face, was the man's hair.

It was clipped close to the skull!

"Who are you?" demanded Horace, in a voice that was husky.

The man seemed to still the chattering of his teeth with an effort; he shivered and touched his drenched shoulders.

"What's it matter?" he said, in a curiously refined voice. "A thing out of the night—something born of the storm and the thunder and the warring of the elements. Isn't all that stamped upon me?"

"Where have you come from?" It was an absurd question, but it forced itself through the lips of Horace Welter quite against his will. The man shivered again and glanced over his shoulder towards the window.

"There's a great prison over there," he said, with a jerk of his head. "A place where they shut away men as they shut away dogs—where they herd them together like swine. Haven't you heard the bell?"

Horace turned a pallid face to the man and slowly shook his head.

"I couldn't hear anything in a storm like this," he said. "You—you've escaped?"

The man nodded. "Two hours ago," he said. "I've been doubling about like a hare ever since—except when I met the chap that wore these clothes. Heavens!"—he laughed in his throat at the recollection—"I never saw anybody in such a blue funk in all my life as he was, when I got hold of him and made him strip. And it was coming down heavens

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hard, too, at the time; he whined like a baby, and said he'd catch cold. Bad fit, aren't they?" The man held out his half-naked arms.

The writer in Horace sprang uppermost. Not with any great rapidity, but rather in the sense that the man recollected something, and began, as it were mechanically, to perform an old habit. For this was all as it should be; it was simply one of the long procession of the lost and damned that had escaped in reality, and now stood before him. It was wonderful, in a sense, even while there was a frightening element in it. For a moment it seemed that Horace smiled upon him, as one smiles upon a vision realized.

"It's just my cursed ill-luck to run against anyone like you—and armed, too," said the man, with a glance at the revolver. "I got in on the chance of food and drink; as Heaven's my witness, I would have gone away again, and taken my chance outside. But the game's up now. What are you going to do with me?"

The man was leaning heavily against the table; in the utter weariness that was upon him it seemed as though he must presently sink to the floor. Looking at him more intently, Horace saw that he must once have been a handsome enough fellow, and that he was so still, save for that closely-cropped hair and for the livid mark of a long scar down his right cheek, extending almost from the eye to the teeth. But it was a fine face and a strong one.

"You shall have food—and drink," said Horace. And the man started suddenly and looked up at him in amazement. "What sort of man do you think I am to turn upon a poor wretch like you?"

The man looked at him for a long moment or two in silence; then he turned away abruptly and threw an arm across his eyes. "God bless you!" he exclaimed, huskily. "I didn't think there were men of your sort left in the world."

"Now suppose we give you a brandy-and-soda to begin with," said Horace, briskly. "Also here are sandwiches." He moved across to a table at the side of the room, on which the wifely care of Mrs. Welter had caused food and drink to be set out for the man who might be working far into the night. "So please help yourself. You're perfectly safe here."

The man looked at him for a moment, as though he would say some further word of thanks; moved across to the table, and began to eat ravenously. He half filled a tumbler with spirits and drained it; he looked at Horace, and smiled, even while he shuddered as the fiery liquid went down his throat.

"Feeling better?" asked Horace, genially.

The man nodded slowly and smiled for the first time.

"Feeling better than I've felt for three long years," he answered. "At least—I think it's three years; one loses count of time in a place like that."

"What do you think you're going to do—I mean, after you leave here?" asked Horace. And, to show his complete confidence in the man, and his own sense of holding the situation, he dropped the revolver into the pocket of his dinner-jacket and seated himself on the edge of his desk.

"I don't know—and I'm hanged if I care," said the man, with a reckless laugh. "'Fate cannot harm me; I have dined.'"

"Well, I'll see what I can do for you," said Horace. "You're about my height, though a little thinner, perhaps; I dare say you could get into a suit of my clothes. You needn't be afraid," he added, as the man looked at him queerly. "I'm not in the least mad. I simply want to help you. The servants have gone to bed and I'm quite alone here."

Horace had now entirely regained his confidence; it was rather a nice thing to be able to patronize and help this poor, hunted, desperate creature who was so utterly dependent upon him. Moreover, long experience had taught him what to do; this was the easiest game he had ever played. It was quite interesting to see the wolfish fashion in which the man swallowed the sandwiches; he seemed to take a surprising quantity of raw spirits without apparently being affected in the least.

Suddenly, however, the man wheeled round upon him half menacingly.

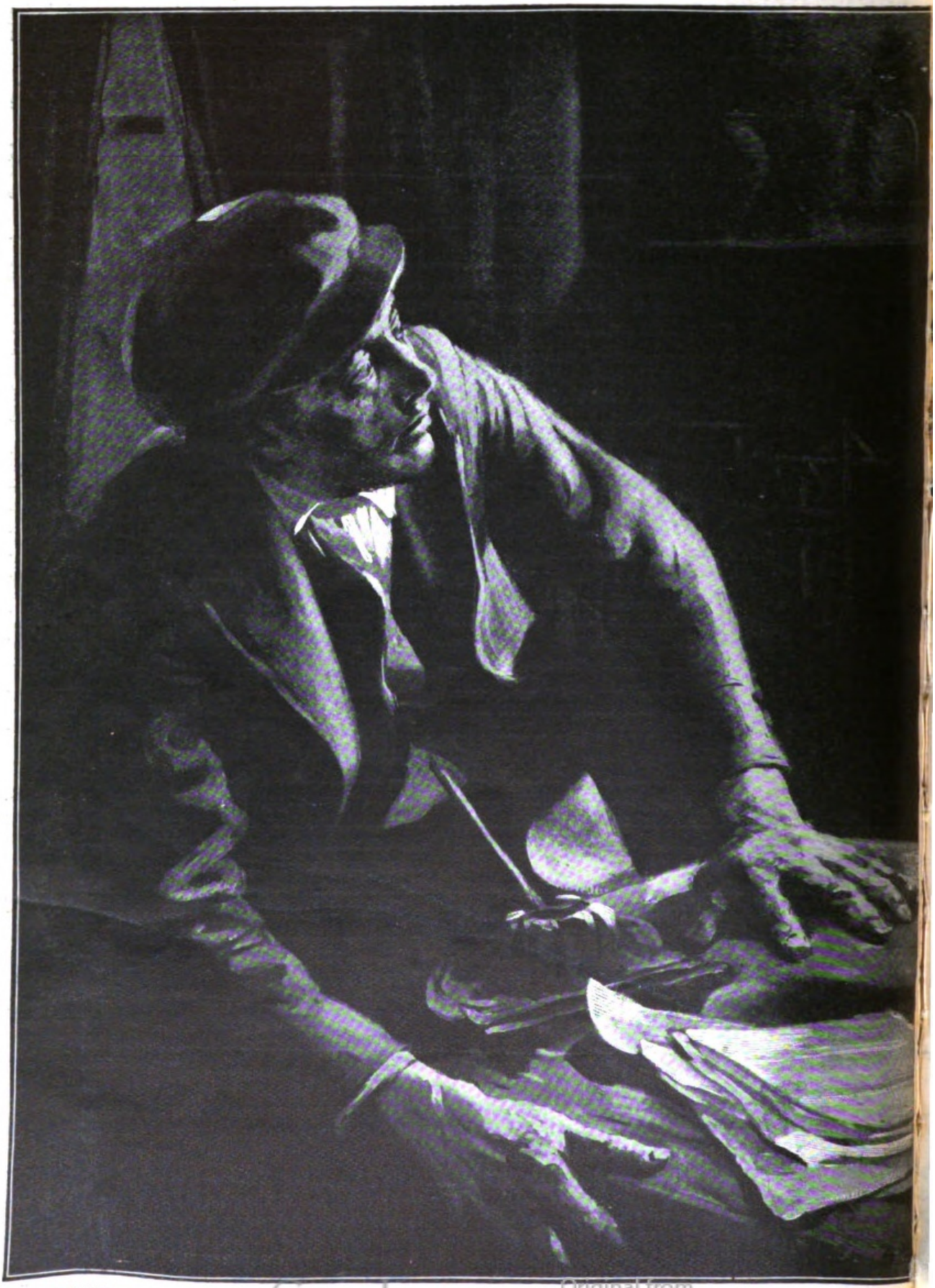
"Look here—what's the game?" he asked. "Is this a trap?"

"What do you mean?" asked Horace.

"If you were the sort of white-livered skunk that was trying to get my confidence and presently meant to send off for the warders, and have me taken—— By the Lord, I'd strangle you here in your own house!"

"My good man, your suspicions are perfectly natural in the circumstances," said Horace. "You, of course, feel that every man's hand is raised against you. You can dismiss those suspicions at once, I assure you. I do not view these things as other men do. It is my full intention to feed you, and warm you, and presently to clothe you. More than

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"HORACE CONTRIVED TO GET THE REVOLVER ON A LEVEL LINE WITH THE MAN'S HEAD. HE CALLED

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OUT: 'STOP! I SHALL SHOOT IF YOU DON'T!' THE MAN STOPPED, EYEING HIM HURTIVELY."

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that, I intend to assist you to escape. Before daylight you shall be far away."

"This seems to be my lucky day," said the man, with a sudden laugh that was half a sob. "I humbly ask your pardon for doubting you for a moment. You won't mind if I finish the sandwiches; after the food I've been having lately, they are perfectly delicious."

"Finish them by all means," said Horace. "By the way, I should like to know your name—and perhaps your offence."

"I'll tell you—as a secret; to the world of men generally I am dead. My name is Lennox Vale; my offence—murder."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Horace, in a whisper. "That's rather terrible."

"I killed my man with these hands!" exclaimed the other, with a sudden ferocity that sent Horace Welter back a step or two. "It was a crime of violence; he was armed, and I was not." He suddenly touched the scar on his cheek. "His knife did this. He had ruined a dear woman whom I loved; if he stood before me again to-day I would kill him again. Don't let us talk of it."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," said Horace. "I mean, sorry to have touched upon such a painful subject. In a sense I am glad, because for a moment I had feared that yours might have been a mere sordid crime—quite uninteresting. I can assure you I am quite relieved. Now, if you've finished your meal, you can come with me, and I'll give you some clothes—something more likely to fit you and something that is at least dry."

With a finger to his lips Horace went to the door and opened it, and peered out. There was no one stirring, and he beckoned to the other man to follow him. The stranger drew back for a moment, and then, as if ashamed of his own cowardice, tiptoed after Horace. They crept up the stairs, and Horace opened the door of a room and turned on the light. He got out some linen and an old tweed suit of his own, and pointed to them without a word. Then he opened the door of the room and went outside.

"I say, where are you going?" asked the man, in a whisper, as he thrust a white face through the doorway.

"Only to keep watch, in case anyone should come," whispered Horace, in reply.

"My old distrust," said the man, with a smile. "But when I think of it, and of the danger I'm running, I'd rather you went downstairs and kept watch there. It's the warders I'm afraid of; and if they should come you could put them off the scent."

"A good idea," said Horace. "I ought to have thought of that. Be as quick as you can."

It seemed a long time to Horace, pacing about in his study, and sometimes going to the door and listening for sounds. But presently he heard a slight movement upstairs, and then the man came gliding down the staircase, carrying a pair of Horace's shoes in one hand. He tiptoed into the room, and stood for a moment before his new friend as if for inspection.

"Am I all right?" he asked.

"Except for the hair," replied Horace. "And I think we might manage even that. Would you like another drink?"

"You're extremely kind," murmured the man, in his well-bred voice, as he mixed for himself. "I wish you'd join me."

"Thanks—I will," said Horace. "This is quite a new experience for me. Would you like a cigar?"

"You're spoiling me," said the man, with a little, soft laugh. "I haven't tasted tobacco in seven long ages. Fine tobacco, too," he added, as he lighted a long cigar and puffed at it luxuriously. "Yes—this *is* my lucky day!"

Carrying his tumbler in one hand and having the cigar between his teeth, the man strolled round the room, and, with something of the air of a connoisseur, examined the pictures and bookshelves. Suddenly he stopped and started, and literally wrenched out one volume from its place on the shelves.

"I say—do you know this?" he asked, a little excitedly.

Horace smiled complacently and passed his hand over his clean-shaven face.

"A—a little," he said.

"One of the finest things ever I read," the man said. "Funny thing I should light on it like this," he went on, turning the leaves. "I little thought, when I read this a few years back, that it might come to my turn to be in the sort of hole this chap was. I've thought of it many and many a time in my cell over there."

"You may be interested to know that I wrote it," said Horace.

The man turned upon him with an incredulous stare—a stare that turned to a delighted smile.

"You don't mean to tell me that you are Horace Welter?" he asked, in a voice of awe. "Not *the* Horace Welter that wrote 'Who Was Convict 101?'"

"That is my name," said Horace.

The man glanced at the book fondly,

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"HE SUDDENLY TOUCHED THE SCAR ON HIS CHEEK. 'HIS KNIFE DID THIS.'"

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almost tenderly; then, on an impulse, he stretched out his hand to the other. "This *is* my lucky day indeed!" he exclaimed. "After this, I don't mind if they catch me; I don't mind in the least."

"They sha'n't do that," said Horace. "I'm going to get you away, and I'm going to do it quite neatly and easily; you'll laugh to think afterwards how very easily the thing has been done. I'm going to send you away by motor-car——"

"Just as in your books!" exclaimed the man, with a boyish laugh. "Oh, you've been sent to me by a special Providence. I feel quite excited."

"You mustn't get excited; you've got to keep cool," said Horace. "If you've read any of my books you will know that there is no more complete disguise than a motor-cap and goggles and a motor-coat."

"It never struck me so forcibly as it does to-night," exclaimed the other.

"Disguised in that fashion, you will be far on the road to wherever you want to go before daylight," went on Horace. "I will place a sum of money in your hands to enable you, if necessary, to get out of the country; and you will, of course, leave the car at any spot that seems convenient to you on the road."

"Are you going to drive me?" asked the man, eagerly.

"I don't understand driving myself; I have never mastered the technicalities of the business. But I have a most excellent chauffeur—a man named Tucker—and he will drive you wherever you wish to go."

Lennox Vale seemed troubled. "I don't quite like that," he said. "I trust you; I'd trust you with my life. But I don't like the idea of the other man. How are you going to explain about me? How are you going to explain my presence in this house? No one saw me get in except yourself. This fellow will suspect in a moment. Even if you didn't hear the bell in the midst of that storm, the thing is sure to be talked about. No, thanks; I'll take my chance some other way."

"It's a nuisance," said Horace, puckering his brow. And then, as a thought flashed across him, he asked, quickly: "I suppose you can't by any chance drive yourself, can you?"

The man laughed a little ruefully. "I know a bit about it," he said. "Before disaster fell upon me I did a little in the way of lowering records at Brooklands."

"Very well, then," exclaimed Horace; "it's perfectly simple. Drive yourself, and leave the car at some appointed place; I can send my man up to get it."

The man stared at him in open-eyed amazement. "You don't really mean that you'll trust me to that extent?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'll trust you," answered Horace, with a laugh. "There's a friend of mine in London who's got cars of his own——"

"I should like to get to London; I have friends there, too," broke in Vale, quickly.

"Capital! My friend's name is Rayson; I'll jot down his address for you. Leave the car there in his garage and place yourself absolutely at his disposal. He's a gentleman in every sense of the word, and shares the views I do in regard to"—he coughed deprecatingly and delicately—"escaping convicts."

"I'll do it," said the other, in a voice of emotion. "And it *is* just like your books—isn't it?"

Vale seemed to know all about cars, as he had suggested. He deftly and silently made everything ready, and, starting the engines, drove the car out on to the wide road that pointed to London. The storm was past, and a bright moon shone fitfully through the clouds. Horace stood in the dead stillness of the night beside the tall, muffled-up figure for a moment, before Vale took his seat at the driving-wheel.

"Good-bye—and good luck!" said Horace.

"Good-bye. I simply can't thank you," said the other, in a choked voice. The car started; Vale waved his hand, and disappeared like a flash round a bend of the road.

Horace Welter went back into his study like a man in a dream. He looked round the room—at the glass out of which the man had drunk, at the book he had so fondly handled, and which lay on the desk; it all seemed incredible. He was glad to have had this strange experience. With what verve and fervour he would write in the future concerning these helpless, hopeless, hunted men! The story he had been writing seemed pale and feeble as compared with what he could write in the future. With a new enthusiasm he tore up several sheets and started to re-write the story. He worked until it was almost daylight.

"I must tell Muriel," he said to himself, thinking of that wife who had lain sleeping calmly through all the strange happenings of the night. "Muriel will be tremendously interested."

Mrs. Welter was not only tremendously interested; she was excited and alarmed.

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That all this could have happened during the night, while her husband had calmly and courageously faced a desperate man, upset her terribly; she clung to him and begged that he would at least, should such a thing ever happen again, summon her to his assistance.

"Horace, darling, they may not all be men of that type," she urged.

It seemed impossible for Horace to settle to work that day; he kept on telling his wife scraps of the story—bits that he had forgotten. How the man had said this and that, and what he had looked like at the beginning, and what he had looked like at the end; how he had praised the wonderful book, and the very real emotion he had shown when he had realized that he was face to face with the writer of it.

The fact that Horace had had no sleep the previous night induced a slumbrous condition in the afternoon; Horace went to his room to lie down. He awoke refreshed, to find Mrs. Welter sitting beside him with a curious look on her face. It was a look so startling that Horace sat up and asked what was the matter.

"I'm sorry, darling—but something has happened that I can't understand in the least," said Mrs. Welter. "All the cabinets in the gallery have been forced open and most of the jewels—the very best of them—have gone. The cases are scattered about as if someone had taken them in a desperate hurry. One of the maids told me just now, but I didn't care to wake you; I thought perhaps it might be——"

Horace was out of the room before she had finished speaking, and was tearing up the stairs at a great rate. His face blanched a little as he proceeded rapidly to examine the cases which had contained his treasures; a horrible suspicion seemed to be taking shape in his mind. Yet he banished that suspicion at once; the thing was impossible. Nevertheless he sent a telegram to his friend Rayson. The reply was prompt and puzzling:—

"Have seen no one. Car not arrived. Wire instructions."

It was a week later that, in response to a discreet advertisement in a motoring journal, regarding a lost car lettered "TZ 58492," Horace received a call from a very much muffled-up gentleman in a long grey racing-car—a gentleman with a strong American accent. He was a pleasant fellow, and he told his story jovially enough, after Horace had told some portion of his.

"I'd been telling the tale to some of the boys in the club, and one joker put me wise to your ad. I got your car for fifty dollars—spot cash. Your friend had tried to hit the sky-line and had run up a bank instead. He didn't seem particular about getting her home; he said she was scrap-iron to him, and a hundred dollars would buy her, including the cushions and spares. I closed on fifty, and he left. Nice, civil-spoken chap. You can have her back for what I gave—all in."

"Thank you very much," said Horace. "I don't think I want her."

Two days later that genial gentleman the governor of the prison dined with the Welters, and incidentally mentioned that no prisoners had attempted to escape for nearly three months. It was a record, and the genial gentleman laughingly touched wood.

The end of the story came from a little, alert gentleman from Scotland Yard.

"Yes, Mr. Welter, we've only traced one of the gems, and I've got a description of the man who tried to sell it. Long fellow, with a cut on his cheek; speaks nicely, with a drawl. That your man?"

"I think so," said Horace.

"He's no more Lennox Vale than you are, Mr. Welter. His name's Jim Settle, and he's about the smartest thing we've ever tried to deal with and haven't succeeded. The scar on his cheek was got by him from a woman; she vowed she'd mark him, and she did."

"But the cropped hair?" faltered Horace.

The man from Scotland Yard laughed.

"Oh, I expect he's growing that again now. You see, Mr. Welter, he tumbled to the meaning of that long interview with you, and he played the game for all it was worth. Smart chap, Settle, I give you my word."

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This is the famous crown of Saitapharnes, which the Louvre bought as an antique for eight thousand pounds. It proved to be a forgery, made by an Odessa goldsmith—Rouchomowski. Rouchomowski was brought to Paris, locked in a room, and made to produce part of the crown from memory. He succeeded so admirably that the crown was removed from the Louvre.

The Best-Paying Crime.

By

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT.

IN the spring of 1914 Mr. P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, purchased, for a price said to have been fifty thousand pounds, a matchless piece of armour known as the "Helmet of the Morosinis," which once belonged to Vincenzo Morosini, one of the most celebrated Venetian patricians of the sixteenth century. In 1909 Henry J. Duveen paid three thousand three hundred pounds for two postage stamps—one-penny and twopenny philatelic rarities of Mauritius, which were engraved by a Port Louis watchmaker in 1847, and which every stamp collector has dreamed of owning. At the Hoe

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sale, which took place in New York city three and a half years ago, a Gutenberg Bible was knocked down to Henry Huntington for ten thousand pounds.

These are record prices, to be sure. But every year, at Sotheby's and Christie's in London and at the Hotel des Ventes in Paris, staggering sums are received for antique pictures, jewellery, statuary, books, and engravings from open-handed millionaires who have turned their attention from the collection of wealth to the collection of Dutch masters or Chinese pottery. Is it any wonder that many a deft but unscrupulous artist and craftsman should turn criminal and become a forger of the antique?

It is so much safer than highway robbery, so much more lucrative than safe-breaking, so much more respectable than coining false money, so considerately ignored by the law officers and the police that the forgery of old art objects has been all but degraded from a kind of specious art in itself to a factory industry. In the Faubourg Montmartre Louis-Quatorze furniture and tapestries are produced regularly; in Egypt the making of scarabs and statuettes is a household industry; in Siena the production of early Italian masters is so well established that "worm-eaten" panels, on which saints are to be painted in the sixteenth-century manner by a twentieth-century hand, are shamelessly placed before the dealers' shops so that the gold backgrounds may dry.

There are exposures enough when the manufactured "antique" is unusually crude. But few are the art criminals who have ever been prosecuted and sentenced to prison—partly because the transaction between dealer and purchaser is very much like horse-dealing, which means that the buyer must be on his guard and must assume all the risk, and partly because a millionaire who would never make a contract without consulting a lawyer, and who would even turn up a box of strawberries to see that he is not misled by a seductive top layer, has no burning desire to pose in the newspapers as having bought an artistic gold brick. The game of fooling the millionaire collector is so easily played that the makers of fraudulent antiques trade even upon the names of living artists. Corot, Henner, Inness, Wyant, and Homer Martin were all dishonestly and successfully mimicked in their lifetime. T. Sidney Cooper once examined two hundred and eighty-six works attributed to him, and pronounced two hundred and fifty-five to be spurious.

When huge sums are paid for the work of famous masters the collector usually engages an expert on whose opinion he relies absolutely. There are savants, like the late Professor Adolf Furtwängler, who can tell from the mere curling of the hair on a marble bust whether it is genuine Roman work of the best period or a skilful modern counterfeit; there are archæologists whose knowledge of ancient manuscripts is such that they know the exact changes of Greek letters in every century; there are antiquarians who, from the mere marks of a tool, can determine whether a chair was made in the twentieth or the seventeenth century. But they are not many, these all-wise, all-knowing connoisseurs; not more, perhaps, than a score or two in the whole world. And even they can be deceived.

A whole committee of them were hoodwinked so completely that on their advice the Louvre lost a small fortune. That happened when Schapschelle Hochmann, a Russian, appeared in Paris and offered for sale a magnificent ceremonial head-piece of pure beaten gold, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was given to the Scythian king Saitapharnes by the Greek colony of Olbia in 200 B.C. The Louvre paid Hochmann two hundred thousand francs (eight thousand pounds) after its own committee of experts had vouched for the tiara. Hochmann left Paris in twenty-four hours.

That the tiara was beautiful no one could deny. Such was its workmanship that it totally eclipsed anything that could be expected of a modern goldsmith—so it was declared. Benvenuto Cellini might have made such a crown, averred André Falize and Maître Lalique, but no mere nineteenth-century craftsman.

One day, some years after its purchase, a letter from Lifschitz, a jeweller, appeared in a Parisian newspaper, a letter in which Lifschitz stated that he had actually seen the tiara of Saitapharnes made in Odessa by a certain Rouchomowski, who had received a paltry two thousand roubles (two hundred pounds) for his trouble. Immediately two camps sprang up—the tiarists and the anti-tiarists. They waged a bitter epistolary war in the columns of the Press.

Finally an enterprising Parisian editor brought Rouchomowski on from Odessa. The French Senate asked Professor Clermont-Ganneau to make an investigation. Clermont-Ganneau gave Rouchomowski some gold, told him to reproduce parts of the tiara from memory, and then locked him up. Rouchomowski performed his task with much the

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same accuracy as an automatic piano reels off a Bach fugue over and over again. Clermont-Ganneau was satisfied; so was the Louvre; so was Paris. The tiara was forthwith transferred to the Conservatoire des Arts Décoratifs. Why? Because it had ceased to be beautiful? Or was it because it must never be admitted that a stupid Russian is the artistic peer of a Cellini?



The renowned forged marble bust of Lucrezia Donati, by Giovanni Bastianini, the great Italian art forger. Bastianini was one of the ablest sculptors of the nineteenth century, and so dazzled contemporary artists, that they accepted his terra-cottas and marbles as genuine Renaissance productions. This bust deceived the keenest experts for years.

Emperor William and the "Flora" Bust.

Only a few years elapsed after the Louvre's sad experience, when the art world was again shaken by a blunder, made this time by Dr. Wilhelm Bode, Germany's foremost authority on Italian art. As the curator of the Emperor Frederick Museum in Berlin, Bode purchased for eight thousand pounds a waxen bust so exquisite in modelling and style that he decided it must be the work of Leonardo da Vinci or one of that school. Other connoisseurs were not so cock-sure and gave expression to their doubts in no uncertain terms.

To settle this nice point in art, Emperor William visited the museum in person and inspected the "Flora" bust, as it had become known. The Emperor, as all the world is aware, has a happy gift of settling once and for all matters that puzzle engineers, generals, admirals, artists, and musicians. Has he not himself painted pictures? Has he not designed battleships? Has he not composed operas? Has he not adorned the Siegesallée of Berlin with a phalanx of statues famous for their hideous mediocrity? Is he not, therefore, the one competent person to decide whether or not the "Flora" bust is a work by Leonardo or not? One penetrating glance from the imperial eye and the question was immediately settled. "The bust is genuine," decreed the Emperor. After that, only some graceless enemy of Germany, some feeble-minded, malicious foreigner, would continue to reflect on "Flora's" authenticity and Bode's scholarship. He turned up in the person of an Englishman named Lucas, who maintained that the bust was the work of his father, a gifted but unappreciated artist in his Victorian day, and that as a boy he had watched his parent at work upon it. When an expert has once decided how and when a canvas has been painted or a statue modelled, the testimony of a mere eye-witness is not taken too seriously. Lucas had some difficulty in proving his case. Bits of the waistcoat of Richard Cockle Lucas, old newspapers, and spermaceti forming part of the bust's composition convinced the art world that Leonardo had not made the "Flora" bust.

In justice to the forgotten sculptor Lucas, it must be said that he had never dreamed of making a counterfeit Leonardo. He had moulded his bust from a painting in the possession of the Morrison family, and his work eventually found its way into the hands of dealers in art objects. That he should have hit upon the manner of Leonardo and his school was largely accidental.

It was otherwise with Bastianini, who was assuredly one of the ablest sculptors of the nineteenth century, and who so dazzled contemporary artists that they readily accepted his terra-cottas and marbles as genuine Renaissance productions.

Long before he attracted attention, Bastianini was employed as the salaried forger of Giovanni Freppa, a Florentine art broker, for whom he turned out early Renaissance fireplaces and a Holy Family in bas-relief so fine that it was sold as a genuine

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Verocchio. Fame came to Bastianini when he made a statue of the poet Benivieni. Freppa, his employer, paid three hundred and fifty lire (fourteen pounds) for this bust, and later foisted it on de Nolivos, who supplied many collectors and museums with antiques. Nolivos, in turn, sold the bust to Count de Nieuwerkerque, general director of the Louvre, for fourteen thousand six hundred francs (five hundred and eighty pounds). Bastianini's forgery found a merited place in the Louvre beside the works of Michelangelo and Cellini.



A bust of Savonarola, by Bastianini, now displayed as a forgery in the British Museum. Lord Leighton put a photograph of it over his bed and spoke of it as a "sacred image." The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia intended to build a special temple to house it. An Italian expert proved the work to be a "fake."

From Italy came the rumour that the bust was a fraud. Nieuwerkerque declared himself quite willing to pay fifteen thousand francs (six hundred pounds) to any sculptor who could duplicate the work, whereupon Bastianini promptly claimed the money in a letter to the *Diritto*. The usual controversy was waged in newspapers and in pamphlets, which ended when irrefutable documents were received from Italy: Freppa's confession of his part in the swindle; the affidavits of several tobacco-factory hands to the effect that their fellow-worker, Bonajuti, had posed for Bastianini; and declarations of reputable artists who had seen the bust in Bastianini's studio. Thereupon the Louvre turned the bust over to the Musée Sauvageot.

Bastianini made dozens of wonderfully artistic reliefs and statues which deceived the foremost experts and artists of Europe. He is the author of the "Florentine Singer," an exquisitely-modelled figure that has become known through engravings. His bust of Savonarola easily passed as a contemporary sculpture. Lord Leighton kept a photograph of it "like a sacred image" at the head of his bed, and the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia wanted to build a special structure in which it might be worthily housed. Dr. Foresi finally succeeded in unmasking its pretensions.

Extraordinary as it may seem, there has even grown up a business of forging forgeries. Albrecht Dürer in his lifetime suffered much from the activities of a certain Marc Antonio, by whom Italy was flooded with good copies of Dürer engravings signed with the great German's initials. In desperation Dürer went to Venice and, through the courts, sought to restrain Marc Antonio. The court decided that it could not prevent Marc Antonio from copying, but that it could and would restrain him from using Dürer's name. Marc Antonios are still sold as genuine Dürers. What is more, they have acquired a certain value as interesting forgeries, with the result that they are in turn forged.

Dozens of "Genuine Portraits" of Shakespeare.

If a collector acquires a forgery solely for its intrinsic merit—a forgery by Bastianini or Marc Antonio, for example—he may readily be forgiven. He is not even a dupe. But what fitting epithet can be hurled at a man who buys, on the flimsiest evidence of authenticity, a picture for which all the world has been seeking through two centuries and more, and which must fulfil certain long-established requirements? Over and over again that epithet could be applied to those who claim to possess the only true portraits of William Shakespeare.

Everyone knows that the only likenesses of Shakespeare that deserve serious consideration are the bust at Stratford-on-Avon and the Droeshout engraving in the First Folio

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edition, and that neither of these was made from life. But M. H. Spielmann, an art critic who has scoured every corner and nook in art, finds that there are at least two dozen paintings of Shakespeare and dozens of miniatures that were trustingly bought as genuine by their present owners.

Two unscrupulous restorers, Holder and Zincke, are responsible for several of these Shakespeare paintings; they even supplied verses ingeniously ascribed to Ben Jonson in order to envelop their impositions in an Elizabethan atmosphere. If you find a seventeenth-century picture of a high-browed, thoughtful man, with soulful eyes, wired ruff, and a goatee, you have only to supply it with a date ("1603," "1605," or "1609") and to hint that it may be Shakespeare in order to command a good price. That, at least, seems to be the history of some alleged Shakespeare portraits, such as the "Ely Palace" portrait, the "Felton" portrait, the "Ashbourne" portrait, and others. It is hard to convince the possessor of a Shakespeare likeness, thus acquired, that it is not to be worshipped on bended knees.

With Sheraton furniture it is the same. Of Thomas Sheraton's actual manufacture, only one piece is known with certainty—a glass-fronted bookcase stamped "T. S." on the inside of a drawer. Sheraton could never have made the shiploads of chairs, tables, sideboards, and secretaries that bear his name; for he never possessed anything more than a small shop, and had a grievously hard time making two very inelastic ends meet.

The delight of unearthing for oneself an antique relic that seems to be priceless blinds even the professional buyers for museums. For more than two decades Michel Kaufman, a cunning German mason, thus made sport of the leading scholars of his country. He did his work so well that occasionally it is still asserted that his frauds are what they purport to be.

In the presence of Jakob von Hefner-Alteneck, director of the Bavarian National Museum and an authority in his day on Roman art, Kaufman permitted his skilful fabrications to be "discovered." The first find was a Roman oven. It may have been genuine — at least, von Hefner-Alteneck thought so. Year after year more ovens were dug up, until finally Kaufman had one hundred and seventeen to his credit. As he progressed he grew bolder. His later ovens contained finished and half-finished pots, prepared clay, and bowls.

"These are the finest examples of the Roman potter's art thus far discovered," von Hefner-Alteneck asserted.

All the discoveries were eagerly bought by the museums of Speier, Luxemburg, Paris, and Munich, as well as by private collectors. The suspicions of the Minister of State were finally aroused. Von Hefner-Alteneck was sent to investigate; he brought back reassurances. Kaufman became bolder. He dug up a relief portrait of the Emperor "Antonosus," mounted on a plumed charger, clutching the imperial sword of state and adorned with a Louis XIV. periwig. That was too much even for an innocent bespectacled archæologist. Kaufman was promptly exposed, but he died unpunished.

The scientific consequences of such frauds are often far-reaching. An entire new cast may be given to history, and the painstaking work of earnest students all but undone. A pertinent instance of the error into which the scientific world may fall because of some knavery is the deception to which Alphonse de Candolle and Count Sternberg were subjected. Both men were botanists of reputation. Both independently determined to investigate the germinating power of seeds; both determined to experiment with seeds found in Egyptian tombs; and both applied, curiously enough, to the same scholar to supply their needs—a Cairo student who in turn obtained what was wanted from a dealer.

Elaborate treatises were published by de Candolle and Sternberg on the tenacity of life displayed by wheat and barley seeds thousands of years old; for both succeeded in raising excellent grain from the seeds sent on from Egypt. The results of their researches appeared in popularized form in the daily Press, in histories, and in school books. Scientific conclusions of importance were based on their work. Finally Edmond Gain and Maspero proved that de Candolle and Sternberg had been tricked. The Cairo dealer had simply bought last year's seed and sold it, at an advanced price, as a specimen obtained from an old tomb.

The Most Cultured Criminal in the World.

The historical and technical knowledge demanded in the preparation of art counterfeits must equal that of the average University professor or museum curator who may be called in as an expert. If the cultured "gentleman" criminal is to be found anywhere outside of the pages of detective stories, he is certainly to be seen among sellers of pseudo-antiquities. He must combine all the

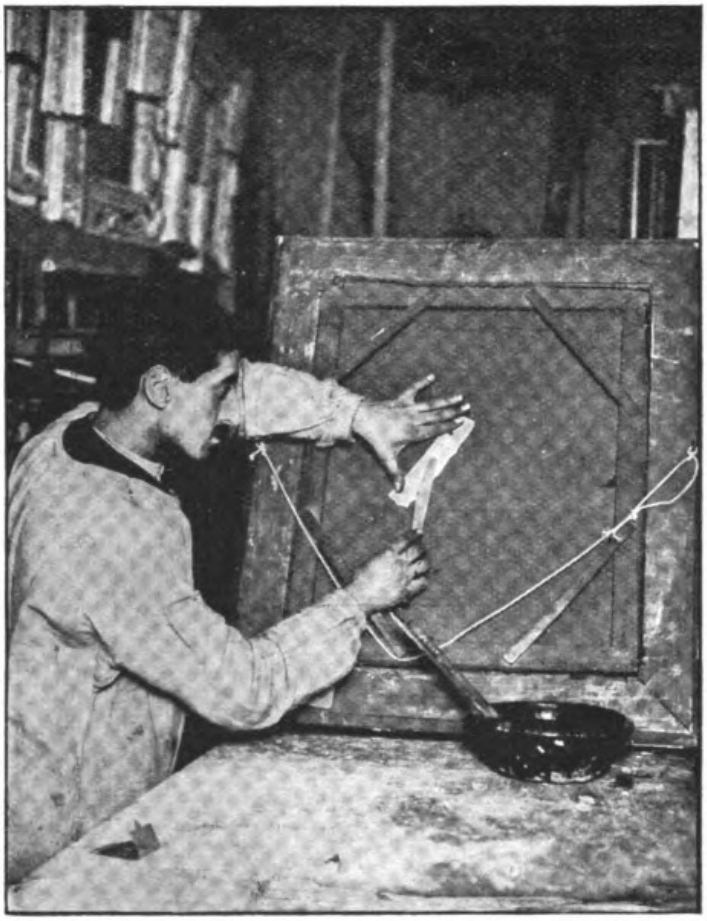
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graces of a polished man of the world with a bespectacled academician's knowledge of the past. He must deal with business men as a business man in transactions that may run into many thousands of pounds, and he must match his intellect against the intellects of the best Universities in Europe. No wonder that the game has its fascination.

The technical processes of preparing art objects are as well understood among the manufacturers of decoy antiques as the stratagems of card-sharpers among cheating gamblers. A gold necklace or bracelet, shaken up with broken eggs from time to time, will acquire a beautiful old patina in three months. Is an ivory carving to be aged? The piece is cracked by dipping it in hot water and drying it over a hot fire. Are you looking for a mediæval chair or table? Old wooden joists are ingeniously pieced together with real antique nails. The piece is carved and painted, but the paint is rubbed down with potash, so that only faint traces may be seen here and there. Must the chair be worm-eaten? Maceration in acid or a judicious use of the gimlet will give you all the worm-holes your heart desires. If you are wise you will test the holes with a knitting-needle. Even the worms of old were no more given to biting straight channels in furniture than are modern wood-borers.

Step into a Parisian antique picture-factory and you will find that the ageing of a canvas is as much an art as is the wielding of a brush. The canvas must be old. Fortunately, the peasants of Austria and South-Eastern Europe still weave canvas as it was woven three centuries ago. If such canvas cannot be obtained, genuine but cheap old paintings are bought; the paint is dissolved off with lye; and the old surface is reprepared to ensnare its future purchaser.

The painting must be cracked to convince you that it is old? The twentieth-century Renaissance artist bakes it in an oven, like so much bread, until the paint cracks and even peels. The paint is too bright? That defect can be cured by boiling the canvas in liquorice or tobacco-juice. Milk, fine ashes, and lampblack rubbed in with the hand will produce that rich golden tone that you admire so fervently. Must you have dirt? The back of the canvas is sprinkled with powdered resin and floor-sweepings rubbed in with the hand. You insist on mildew? A brushing with lime-water and a month in a humid cellar will raise a green crop that will surely satisfy you. Bring on your expert now, and let him dare say that this is not a genuine work of the sixteenth century.



Step into a Parisian antique factory and you will find that the ageing of canvas is as much an art as is the wielding of a brush. The painting must be cracked to convince you that it is old. The forger bakes it in an oven, like so much bread, until the paint cracks and even peels.

But the painting itself, after all, is the thing. How is the style and handling of the Italian Renaissance so admirably mimicked? It requires a great technician who wields a sure brush. A hand is copied from this master, a smile from that, a drapery from a third, a pose from a fourth, parts of a background from a fifth, sixth, and seventh. The finished product is a mosaic, to be sure, but a mosaic that can be detected only if too few originals have been plagiarized.

As in the battle waged by safe-makers and burglars, by

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armourplate-makers and gun-smiths, much is learned by both sides, so collectors and tricksters have educated each other. It no longer pays to age paper by fuming it or by dipping it in coffee. The paper must bear the water-mark of a past century. Hence all Europe has been scoured for old registers, Bibles, legal documents, and deeds. Upon the fly-leaves of old books, upon documents bought or purloined from parish registers, impressions from "old" blocks are taken or drawings made with ink diluted to give it the faded aspect of lapsed generations.



The paint is too bright. That defect can be cured by boiling the canvas in liquorice or tobacco juice. Milk, ashes, and lamp-black, rubbed in with the hand, will produce that rich, golden tone that you admire. The back of the canvas is sprinkled with powdered resin and floor scrapings, rubbed in with the hand. Bronzes are aged by burying them for a few months in the earth.

In the effort to disarm suspicion a deliberate modern touch may turn the tide in the forger's favour. Just as a false tooth may be given the appearance of an honest but damaged incisor by providing it with an unnecessary gold-filling, so a manufactured archaic painting will plead its age with the aid of "repairs." It was made yesterday; but the damage that it has sustained in the course of centuries of abuse has rendered it necessary to restore it in places. The wooden panel on which it has been painted (planed from an old parquet floor or wainscot) has been repaired with a piece of obviously modern wood or cement. Thus is the corrosion of time travestied.

Perhaps your eye has detected signs of an older painting beneath a later surface. You turn the thing over to a renovator, who brings to light the hidden beauty of a masterpiece that had escaped the imbecile dealer who sold the picture. You are proud of your astuteness. So is the dealer of his—for he had two pictures painted on the same panel.

Detecting Forged Paintings by X-Rays.

The time is near when these snares, cunning as they may be, will fail to attract. Within the last two years scientific men have brought their processes and implements to bear, so that trustworthy tests of authenticity are gradually being developed. Thus, Dr. Alexander Faber, of Weimar, has worked out an ingenious method of studying paintings with the aid of X-rays, a method which, while it is still so new that it has not as yet been widely applied, will unquestionably prove a valuable aid in determining whether a picture is an original, a restoration, or a falsification.

When a questioned canvas is photographed with the X-rays a more or less distinct outline becomes visible, which seems like a fantastic sketch of the painting. Such a photograph bears only a general resemblance to the original. The relative brightness of the colours is changed; the contours are not always the same; and ugly spots or stripes mar the artistic effect of the whole. This curious transformation is due to the different densities of the pigments employed. Certain pigments are very transparent to X-rays, for which reason some concealed parts of a

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painting are more easily penetrated and photographed with the rays than others. Heavy, moderately heavy, and light colours, such as lead and mercury, zinc and iron, and aluminium, affect the photographic plates differently under the action of the X-rays.

Hence Dr. Faber has been able to compile a scale of penetrability which, when compared with a colour scale obtained by ordinary photography, enables him to determine with accuracy what pigments underlie the surface of a painting. Just as a bone appears distinctly in an X-ray photograph, despite its covering of flesh, so a heavy pigment appears distinctly beneath a light pigment. An ordinary photograph presents only the surface of the painting; an X-ray photograph all the layers of colour, so that it may be regarded as a kind of cross-section of the painting.

Changes made by the artist himself, as well as subsequent restorations, are at once revealed by the X-rays. The painting out of a white drapery and the substitution of a dark form, the correction of a badly-drawn hand, the addition of a new figure to enhance the effect of a composition, are disclosed so unmistakably that one can almost see the artist or his restorers at work.

A mere copyist's reproduction would hardly disclose these evidences of conscientiousness; for a copyist has only to follow the thing before him and not to interpret. Hence it becomes an easy matter to determine whether or not certain famous paintings in European galleries which have been in dispute are really originals or not.

Professor A. P. Laurie, of Edinburgh, approaches the problem in another and equally effective way. He has devised a scientific method of examining pigments and brush-work which, when it becomes more generally known, will make it easier to detect fraudulent old masters. He found that, because illuminated manuscripts can be dated with great accuracy, because no forger has had the courage to reproduce them from end to end, because they have been rarely restored, because in their chromatic decoration the pigments were laid on pure and with little medium, they were a veritable mine of chemical information. He analysed the pigments on missals as old as the seventh century and on documents as recent as the beginning of the eighteenth century. After that he framed a chemical table of pigments which shows exactly what colours were available for eleven centuries. Woe betide the counterfeiter who uses Prussian blue to produce a sixteenth-century portrait! Professor Laurie has only to remove from the canvas a speck of paint no bigger than a pin-head to discover the anachronism.

The study of brush-work Professor Laurie carries out photographically. He uses a "micro-camera," an instrument which is a hybrid camera and microscope, and which makes photographic enlargements of selected portions of a disputed painting. Connoisseurs have used the lens for many years, it must be admitted; but the lens is an imperfect weapon, because the memory of brush-work must be carried from picture to picture. A set of micro-photographs forgets nothing.

A practical test of the method came when Professor Laurie was asked to pass on the authenticity of a Teniers in a private collection. His first step was to make enlargements of a genuine Teniers in the National Gallery of Edinburgh and of one in the National Gallery of London. He found that Teniers used short, broad, straight strokes in painting faces, with the addition of very fine lines, slightly curved for reproducing the hair of a beard. The head in the privately-owned picture under examination was modelled up by a totally different method. At once Professor Laurie knew that the picture was not a genuine Teniers, although it bore that master's name.

More scientific work like that of Dr. Faber and Professor Laurie is needed to place the appreciation of art works on a more substantial footing than it now possesses. The art connoisseur, however learned he may be, is subconsciously swayed by emotional interest, prepossession, and unadmitted personal bias. He tries hard to be objective; but, since his chief tool is his instinct, his sense of the fitness of things—in a word, his good taste—he must of necessity make costly and ridiculous mistakes. At best his judgment is a higher kind of guessing or intuition. A scientist, charged with establishing the period at which a landscape was painted or a chair fashioned, may not know the difference between a Botticelli and a Correggio or an Adam and a Chippendale—may, indeed, be totally devoid of artistic taste; but in a laboratory equipped with all the delicate appliances of modern chemistry and microscopy, he can perform his allotted task by handling the object as if it were a mysterious solution or compound, the true nature of which is to be fathomed. There will always be art forgers, but their number will be few and their difficulties many when the scientist with his X-rays and his chemicals supplants the guessing of the connoisseur.

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Sam Briggs Becomes a Soldier.

III.

TWO STRIPES.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Charles Pears.

I'M an officer—that's what I am—an officer in the British Army! If anyone had told me, only last July, that I should ever be an officer in the British Army, I unhesitatingly affirm that I should have thought the man mad. Yet here I am, a lance-corporal. I wrote to the mother, and I wrote to Dora—I spread the news around, and on the following Sunday they both of them came down to see me.

"Sam," said my mother, as she stood



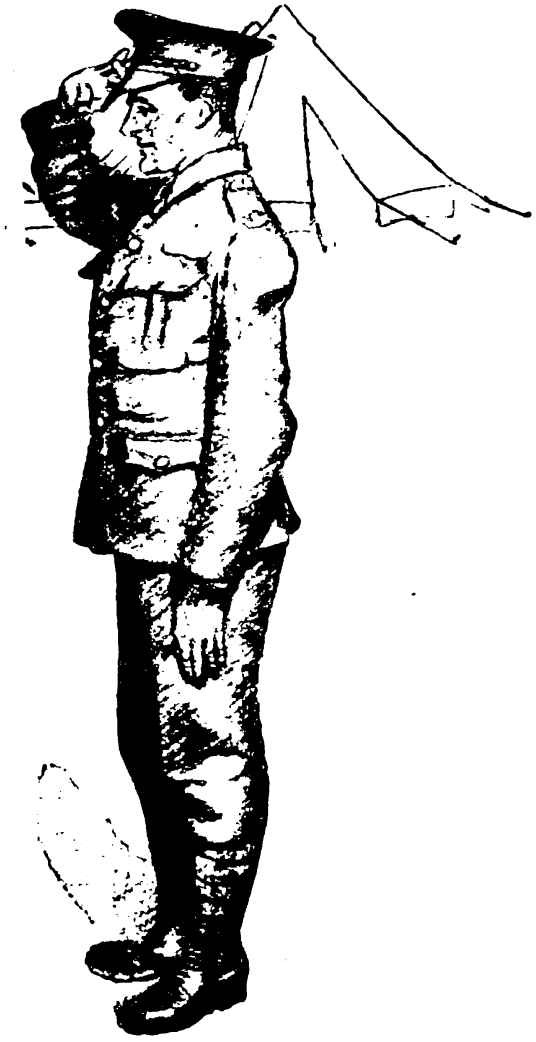
"MOTHER, THIS IS PRIVATE SPARROW, OF MY SECTION."

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looking at those thousands and thousands of men assembled together to fight for their country, and the miles and miles of canvas—there were lots of other regiments besides ours—" I never thought that I should see an army on the cliffs of my native land. Why, there are soldiers everywhere, wherever the eye can turn. It's wonderful! It takes my breath away."

I held up my hand and I beckoned with my finger. " Private Sparrow," I observed—I don't know that I should have done it if it had been anybody else but Bob Sparrow, because every chap isn't so impressed by the authority of a lance-corporal as I felt he ought to be; but Sparrow, he came forward and he saluted, because he knew it would please me. So I introduced him to the ladies.

" Mother, this is Private Sparrow, of my section. Bob, this is my mother, and this is Miss Dora Wilkinson, of whom you've heard me speak. The ladies have come down to see the camp; perhaps you wouldn't mind showing my mother round."



Bob saluted both my mother and Dora—he knew they'd like it, too. There's more in Bob than you might think.

" Mrs. Briggs," he remarked, in a stand-at-attention sort of attitude, " your son's an officer, I'm only a private—perhaps you'll look over that. I hope to be an officer myself one day."

Mother looked at Sparrow, then she looked at me.

" An officer, is he? So I'm told. There doesn't seem to be much difference on the outside of you, does there? "

" Mrs. Briggs," explained Bob, " the difference, perhaps, has escaped your notice. Your son has a stripe upon his sleeve; I have none."

Bob pointed to what he meant. Still mother didn't seem to be impressed.

" A stripe, has he? That doesn't seem to be much difference. What is to prevent your putting a stripe on your sleeve? It's easily done."

" Extraordinary ideas," I observed to Dora, as she strolled off with me in one direction and Sparrow with mother in another, " women do have. Fancy mother asking Bob Sparrow why he don't put a stripe on his sleeve like mine! It isn't the chap himself that puts the stripe on his sleeve; it's the Army—the British Army. This represents authority."

She slipped her arm through mine and came closer.

" And what is a lance-corporal, Sam? Yes, I know he's an officer; but what has he to do besides being a soldier? I saw in a paper the other day that every officer has special duties to perform. Has a lance-corporal any special duties, Sam? "

" A lance-corporal is a non-commissioned officer; it's the first step on the road to being a general."

" Is it, Sam? Think of that, now! "

" His first duty is to call the British Army; to see that it gets out of bed. It's his duty to see that it doesn't oversleep."

" Sam! Is it really? The whole British Army—by yourself? "

Her eyes were wide open. I explained that one man could hardly be expected to do that single-handed.

" I don't know how many lance-corporals there are in the British Army; they call it as a whole. Each one calls his own particular company—that's sixteen sections, say a hundred and sixty men. Réveillé—

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that's the first bugle-call—I'll whistle a few notes so that you may know what it sounds like—goes at a quarter past five. As soon as it sounds I go round the tents where the men are sleeping, and I call out in each of them, 'Show a leg!'—like that. They all jump up, and by six they are all dressed, and they fall in."

"Fancy the hours, Sam! And your mother used to say it was so hard to get you up in the morning."

"So it was, but it's different now; everything's different when you're a soldier—especially in a place like this. When the men are up I've got to take the names of the sick; every man who feels he'd like to see the doctor has got to tell me, and I've got to see that he does. After I've got the names of the sick I've got to take the orderlies to fetch rations for breakfast. The bugle sounds; it says, 'Come to the cook-house door; come to the cook-house door.' I go to the cook-house door with the orderlies. We have breakfast. Then there's another bugle-call; it says, 'Another letter from home, boys; another letter from home.' That means that the letters have come. I have to hand them round. And let me tell you, Dora Wilkinson, that there are few things a soldier likes better than to have a letter from home. Remember that next time you're thinking whether you can't put off writing till to-morrow."

"Oh, Sam, I do write to you as often as I possibly can."

"I don't say you don't; I'm not complaining; but every time I see your writing outside an envelope it's a sight for sore eyes. You bear that in mind, that's all."

"I will, Sam, I promise you. You are a dear. And do you have to go on working as you've been telling me, all day and every day?"

"I do not—or there would be nothing left of me. A lance-corporal always has his special duties to perform." I hurried on lest she should ask me what they were. I could see there was nothing about a lance-corporal which she didn't want to know, and, as there were one or two trifles I didn't know myself—although I was a lance-corporal—and I wanted to keep my flag flying, the sight of Bob Sparrow coming down the slope with my mother at his side was welcome. I had arranged to have dinner with the ladies and Bob down the town.

We did ourselves well. I'm bound to say that prices, quantity, and quality were all that could be desired. That's what we all felt. Then, while we were having our pudding, mother started to talk.

"As it says in the good Book," she began, "'I have been young, and now I am old,' but it was never till quite recently did I speak to a soldier in my life. Until the last few weeks you never used to see a soldier. Now here, for instance, you see nothing else. It's wonderful to think that all these gentlemen are going to battle. Now, how many regiments are there here?"

It was Sparrow who answered.

"In a way, Mrs. Briggs, this room represents England. Within a mile or two of where you are sitting there are representatives from all her four quarters—Worcesters, Leicesters, Suffolks, Norfolks, Lancashires, Yorkshires, Devons. The men in the Devons are mostly countrymen, sometimes a bit slow, I'm told, but mostly big-boned and broad-shouldered—they'll make a sort of heavy brigade. When they charge they'll carry everything before them by mere force of brawn and muscle. The Lancashires are a lot of them miners. They are men of a different build—shorter, smaller, but they are all muscle, and it's a sight to notice how quick they are. They've got the next camp to ours. It does you good to watch how they swing along when they're route-marching or on parade. Mrs. Briggs, I tell you what!"

Sparrow leaned over the table, as if he wanted my mother to follow every word.

"Round about where you are there's a sample of one of the finest armies in the making that the world's ever seen—and I'll tell you why; because the men in it are all volunteers. They haven't enlisted for the King's shilling, or because they don't know what else to do, or anything of that sort. Every chap among them has been 'called,' like they are at a revival meeting or a Salvation Army meeting, if you've ever been to one. They've been 'called' to stand up and testify for their country—and they're doing it. And they're going to keep on doing it, with all their might and all their main, while there's breath left in their bodies. There are men of all classes in the ranks. In my own regiment we are most of us Londoners—there are rich men and poor, clerks, mechanics, hawkers, representatives of good families, doctors, parsons' and lawyers' sons, chaps from the public schools, chaps who don't seem to have been to any school at all. Sam, here, will tell you that two or three hundred young fellows who have been in the habit of playing hockey together, in matches and such-like, have joined a certain regiment—which I'm not going to name—in a body, because they can't get commissions and

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they've had the 'call' to fight. They are gentlemen's sons; they are, and they themselves are gentlemen, and not poor ones either. They're just 'Tommies' like the rest of us. The place is full of such chaps—'called' to stand up and testify for their country."

Sparrow was coming out in what was to me a new character.

"And what made you, Mr. Sparrow," asked my mother, as he paused—it might be—to take breath, "join the Army?"

He's rather a queer-looking chap, is Sparrow, and one of the queerest things about him is the way in which his whole face alters when he smiles—and he smiled then.

"You don't look as if you were very strong," added my mother; "and yet, from your looks, I shouldn't have thought there was much the matter with you. I should have thought you were healthy."

"Yes, I am—considering; though I'm not strong, I'm a giant compared to what I was. Mrs. Briggs, I'm not very good at hating anyone or anything, but there is one thing I've always hated—and that is war."

"You hate war—and you a soldier!"

"I hate war because I'm a soldier, and I'm a soldier because I hate war. War is a disease, that's what war is; and if men, as nations or individuals, were to live the lives they ought to live, most of the diseases which prey upon humanity would cease to exist. I have always felt that I would like to be a doctor, and make war upon disease; but if you come to think of it, in a way a soldier's a doctor."

"A soldier's a surgeon, that's what he is!"

The unexpected interruption came from Sergeant Judkins, who was sitting with an elderly lady near to where we were. I don't know that Sparrow was talking loud, but a sort of silence had come over the room, and, without our noticing, people had begun to listen to what he had to say; and, being all friendly-like together, some of them joined in. Sergeant Judkins was the first. Before Sparrow could go on, a young chap who was sitting close behind me added something to what the sergeant had said.

"The Germans are the disease; they're like a mass of gangrene which has attacked the health of the world. Gangrene has to be cut away, all signs of it destroyed; until it has been there will be health for no one. We, as surgeons, have got to take our operating knives in our hands and fight the gangrene, knowing very well that it is so deadly a thing, that if so much as a speck of it touches us we are dead as ninepins—knowing very well, also, that there will be no chance of health for us until it is utterly destroyed."

"That's something like the idea," agreed Sparrow; "that's the idea which made me a soldier and brought me—I take it, brought all of us—where we are. We hate disease, and because we hate it we're going to put up the best fight we can to stay its course. A doctor or a surgeon has to be educated and trained till he is as well fitted for his job as he can be made. They are fitting us for our job. Great Britain is doing all that experience, science, and money can do to make us accomplished fighters."

"I hope you'll never have to fight, Mr. Sparrow, all the same."

My mother said it with a sigh. I knew she had the corners of her eyes on me.

"If the disease is extirpated, stamped out, destroyed utterly, root and branch, I'm with you, Mrs. Briggs; but so long as it threatens danger we all of us hope that the day is not far distant when we shall be in the fighting-line. I speak for every man in England who is training to be a soldier. There is a strip of water between us and the disease, but it isn't a very wide one, and any night or day those German microbes may take advantage of some germ-carrying breeze to get across it. Think what you'd feel, Mrs. Briggs, if even ten thousand Germans set foot in England, bringing disease, death, destruction, to English homes."

That night, after mother and Dora had gone, we had the first storm of the season. The weather couldn't have behaved better while they were with me. Sparrow and I went to see them off at the station.

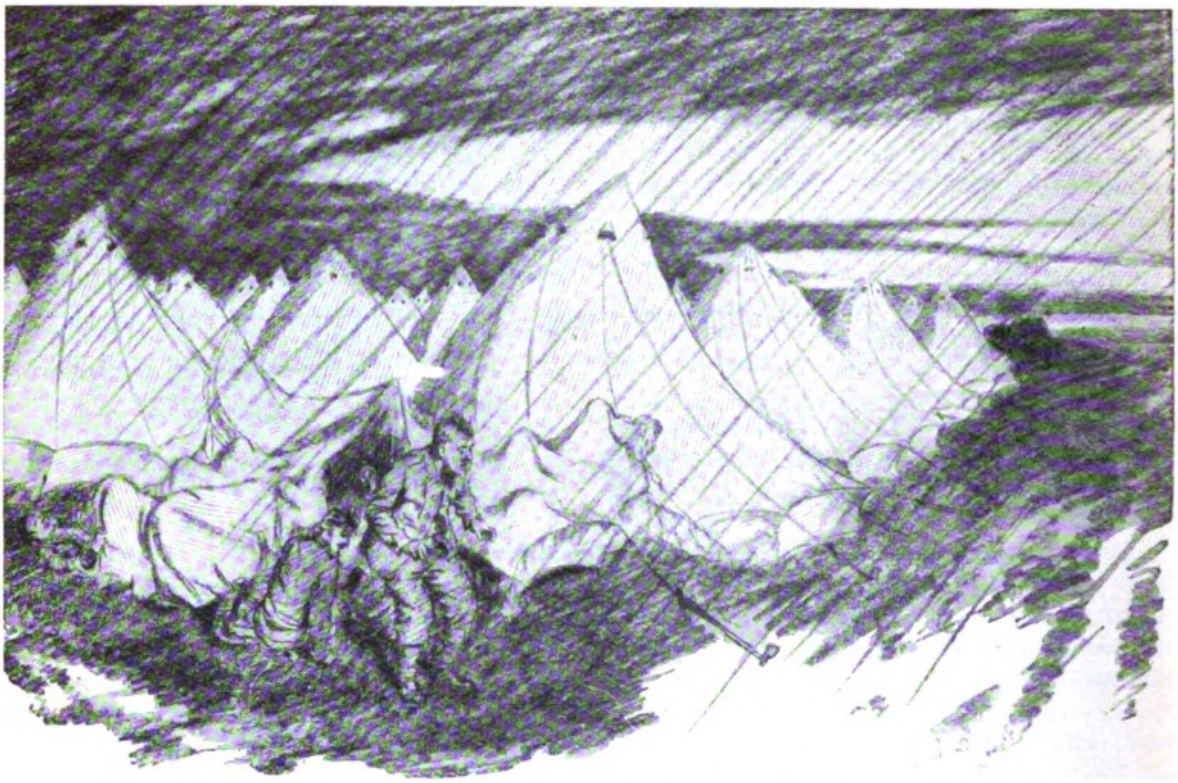
"That's a nice girl, Miss Wilkinson," he remarked to me as we were coming away. "If you'll excuse my saying so, Sam, you're in luck. I hope one day to meet your sister—I understand her name's Louisa. Your mother was good enough to say that she'd like to introduce me to her."

I looked at Sparrow—I wondered how it was that mother came to talk to him about Louisa. I shouldn't have thought he was a lady's man; but I've had experience of the world enough to know that that's a subject about which you never can be sure. What I said to him was:—

"There's going to be a change in the weather, and something's going to happen."

Something did happen. Clouds came rolling across the sky—they might have been waiting for Dora and mother to start; in less than

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"SCARCELY HAD I PUT MY NOSE IN THE OPEN AIR WHEN THE TENT BLEW DOWN."

no time there wasn't any blue to be seen. And all day there had been nothing but blue. Where the clouds came from all of a sudden was a mystery—and they were clouds—inky masses. Presently it began to rain. I turned into the recreation-tent with Sparrow—chaps were crowding in.

After a while the wind got up; all of a sudden it was blowing half a gale. It was all Sparrow and I could do to stand up straight against it as we walked from the recreation-tent to our sleeping-tent. When "Lights Out" sounded the rain was coming down in such torrents, and the wind was blowing so strong, that, what with them and the noise the tent was making, we had to shout to hear each other speak, and then it wasn't easy. It didn't look as though there was going to be much sleep for us that night—and there wasn't.

I don't know if the storm seemed worse because we were on the open cliffs beside the sea, but I know that in that sleeping-tent we had a sort of feeling that it was the worst one that had ever been—and every moment it seemed to be getting worse. We none of us undressed, though we got between the blankets and hoped for the best. What kept the tent from blowing right away beat me—it seemed as if we were going to be blown away if the tent wasn't. The wind got under our bed-boards and our mattresses and lifted us right off the ground—funny it was, the way we got jumbled together. The mystery was how the rain kept out as it did; every moment we expected it to come through the canvas and drown us out.

As soon as ever it was light enough to see your hand before your face I got up and went outside. Scarcely had I put my nose in the open air when the tent blew down—it was like a conjuring trick. You might have thought that I had pulled a string or something which set machinery in motion and brought the whole thing down.

A fine spectacle the camp presented when it was light enough to take it all in. Tents were down, or nearly down, all over the place. The poles of the big recreation-tent were still standing, but the canvas had been cut as if by knives. Tables and chairs were all over the place—some of them were never found again. The canteen was gone; the tent, which I understood the canteen caterer supplied himself, had been blown to smithereens.

That was the day we went into the hutments. They had been building them about a quarter of a mile from where the camp was, lower down the hill, more protected from the wind and the weather; and though some of them weren't quite finished, luckily they were ready enough for us to take possession. After all those weeks under canvas it was a change to live in what seemed to be

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substantial buildings, with doors and windows and boarded floors, and walls in which you could stick a nail.

It seemed as if mother's visit to camp had broken the weather. I don't think we had two fine days running after that Sunday evening on which Sparrow and I had seen her and Dora off by the train. But the weather didn't stop our working—not much!

Dora once wrote that she hoped I was keeping well in spite of the bad weather. She need not have worried, as I wrote and told her. I soon learnt that one secret of keeping well was having plenty to do—in any weather. We had that. It's odd how many things it takes to make a soldier—that's another thing which I soon found out.

Look how we put our backs into it that bad weather. The drills we got through! Don't think it was overdone, because it wasn't. We were in the hands of those who knew just how much a chap wants to bring him to the pink of condition, and who take care that he gets it. There was no risk of their training a chap till he went stale. Health was what they were aiming at—perfect health.

"Keep a chap healthy," old Judkins used to say, "and he's happy; it's the happy man who makes the good soldier; and when I say healthy"—he used to hold out his cane and point it at us, as if that helped him to get what he was driving at home to us—"I'm not talking of the chap who thinks he's healthy because he can eat and drink and sleep well, or enjoy a stroll along the front, or up and down a pier. Plenty who can do that are rotten." He would wave his cane as if he had to. "The chap who physically is in condition—as fine condition as he can be, without an ounce of spare flesh on him, whose muscles are like whipcord and india-rubber, and his skin like satin, who doesn't know what it is to sweat or tire, who is not hurt by heat or cold, wet or dry, who can do all the human body can do—do it easy, on his head, as it might be, and be all the better for it afterwards—that's the chap I call healthy, and that's the kind of health which makes a good soldier."

The difference training of that sort made in some of our chaps had to be seen to be believed. It was wonderful! Look at me. It made me taller—it's a fact. That's because I held myself better. I got a chest that was a chest, and shoulders. The way strength came to me! Compared to what I used to be I grew as strong as a horse. I became handier, quicker, sharper, more all there. There were some in my office in the old days who talked about punching my head—I should have liked to see them have a try at punching it then!

In part the improvement which was made in us was owing to the different sorts of drill they put us through. Swedish drill is good for a fellow whose limbs are rusty and whose joints want oiling; so is gym. Then there are various exercises — bayonet exercise, to take one example, wants a bit of doing. The man who can go through a course of bayonet practice without losing breath or getting a trifle warm has not got much the matter with him.

A bayonet's a funny thing—just a long knife, with a point and a sharp edge, which a sergeant carries instead of a sword, and which a private attaches to his rifle to cut and thrust with. Men have told me that in an actual bayonet charge troops attacked seldom wait for the attack to get right home; they discharge their guns, and if that doesn't stop the gentlemen coming on, just as the points of the bayonets are getting uncomfortably close, not seldom they up and run. I don't know how true this is; I shall one day. Anyhow, I don't wonder that few people want to wait to have bayonets stuck into them. It's a horrid weapon. As with all weapons, there's a wrong and a right way of using it. Our instructor used to tell us that if you thrust it into a man the wrong way you could never get it out again; you might be killed yourself half-a-dozen times over while you were struggling to get it free.

That was a cheerful idea. I found it was an awkward article to handle; and somehow never got to like the idea of using it against anyone, or of anyone using it against me. I doubted if the time ever would come when I should really enjoy the idea of taking, say, a trench at the point of the bayonet; though I expect that when I am out for business, and we are formed in line with bayonets fixed and the word is given to charge, I shall be as ready, and as keen, to do a bit of persuading with what some of them call the "toasting-fork" as any of the rest. Ormiston, who used to sleep in the next bed to me, who was a big man, with ideas of his own on the subject of fighting, said to some of us after bayonet practice one day:—

"I'm fighting for pleasure, because it will be a pleasure for me to fight those German brutes, who boast of their intention to turn England into a smoking ruin, and of putting our women and children and old men, if they raise a finger to try to stop them, to the sword; but I'm also fighting for business; and as I

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hope to have other occupations in life besides fighting, I want to bring that business to a conclusion as soon as I can. I have got an idea for bringing it to the rapidest possible finish which I believe would be fair for all parties concerned. I'd turn all the soldiers who mean business, supplied by all the nations interested, on to a huge plain, or other convenient place, and supply them with nothing but rifles with bayonets fixed, and then I'd let them fight it out until one side or the other was wiped out. Victory would go to the one which could make the best practice with its bayonet—that is, use it to the greatest advantage. Personally, I like a bayonet, and I like bayonet practice, and every time I am moving to the charge I like to think that there are at least half-a-dozen Germans in front of me, and that it all depends upon my adroitness whether I stick the lot before one of them sticks me. I don't object to the support of big guns, and trenches have their uses, but when it comes to business I like to do my fighting in the open; because where there's no cover—as in a sixteen-foot ring—it becomes simply a question of who's the better man."

Each to his taste—for Ormiston a bayonet, for me a rifle; which means that musketry practice was what I liked. It is chock-full of interest from the very start. Every chap likes a gun—though it isn't everyone who gets a chance of handling one, not by a long way. He doesn't know how much—from the trained soldier's point of view—there is to know about one till he begins to find out. I wonder how many men who think they do know something about a rifle could say right off how many parts there are in it. Our instructor taught us that there were a hundred and four. When we got our rifles in our hands he put us through a sort of drill.

"Private Parkes, show me the cut-off." He would expect Private Parkes to hold his rifle out and show him the cut-off before you could say "Sam Brown." Then he'd pass to someone else. "Private Dawes, the body-head; Private Wilkes, the nose-cap; Private Short, the magazine-catch; Private Griffin, the bolt-rib."

By this time—the orders were sometimes given so quickly you hadn't got time to breathe—some of the men had perhaps got things a little mixed. There would be a pause in the proceedings. Sergeant Turpin—he was our instructor—would probably express himself with some freedom.

"Of course, if none of you men know one end of a gun from the other, let the same be mentioned, and we'll start afresh. No, Private Wilkes, that is not the nose-cap, nor, Private Dawes, is that the body-head. Can anyone point out the muzzle?"

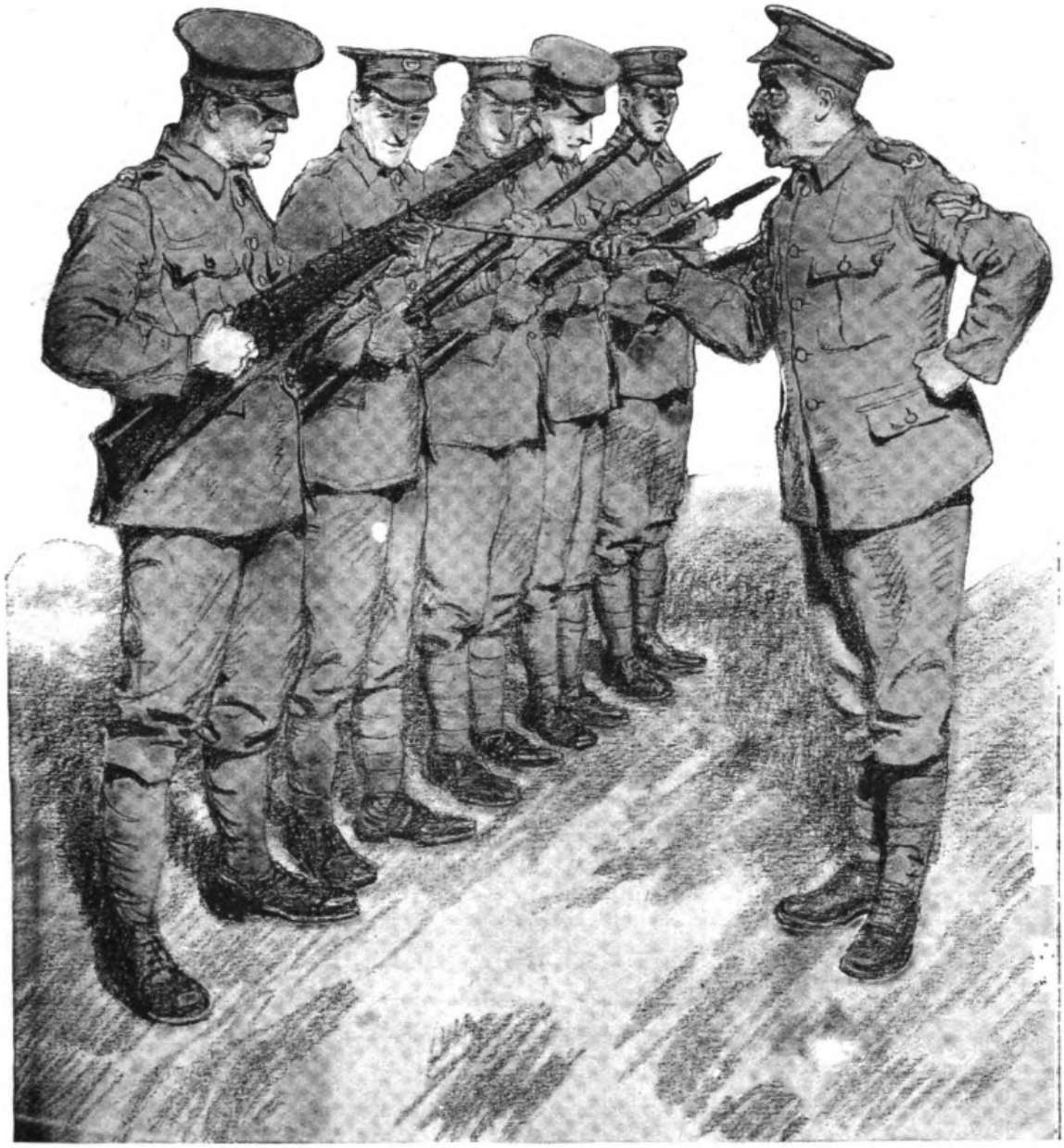
Those men who did not know the sergeant would be quick in complying with this request—which quickness on their parts would not be received with enthusiasm.

"It's a comfort to know that in this lot of first-rate soldiers—Heaven save the mark!—there are some who know which the muzzle is. Perhaps some of you will be able to tell which the trigger is before you've done."

My idea of musketry exercise was that they'd give you a rifle and let you start off firing at a target right away—not much! You've got to be what some would call an expert before you ever see a rifle—anyhow, the rifle you're going to fire. When we started our practice there weren't enough rifles to go round—nor even a quarter enough. And they weren't wanted. They gave us dummies. With those you had to learn not only the mechanism of the piece itself, and the names and uses of the different parts, but just how to handle it, and the exact way in which to take up positions when firing. It's easy enough for the sportsman, who goes out rabbit shooting, or popping at sparrows, or something like that, to say that any fool knows how to hold a gun, and in what position to stand when firing—that's just what every fool doesn't know; also a good many who aren't fools.

You must remember that, so far as our lot were concerned, probably a good three-quarters had never touched a gun. Practically, I hadn't—beyond having penny shots at bottles and corks, and such like, at fairs and that sort of thing; and perhaps it was just as well I hadn't, because I soon found out that there are plenty of people who think they can shoot, who know that if you pull the trigger the gun goes off, and that is about all. Sportsmen will tell you that they've been shooting rabbits and birds for years who know no more about shooting as it is practised in the Army than they know about shooting at the moon. Sniping is all right; you go out sniping, you pick out your mark, you watch your chance, and you take your time—you've nothing else to think of but yourself and the man you're aiming at. I'm not sure that sniping is pretty sport, and I'm dead certain that sniping isn't much good in the Service. So far as I can make out, the sportsman only thinks of himself and of his bag, and he don't mind wiping someone else's eye. That sort of chap is not wanted in the Service.

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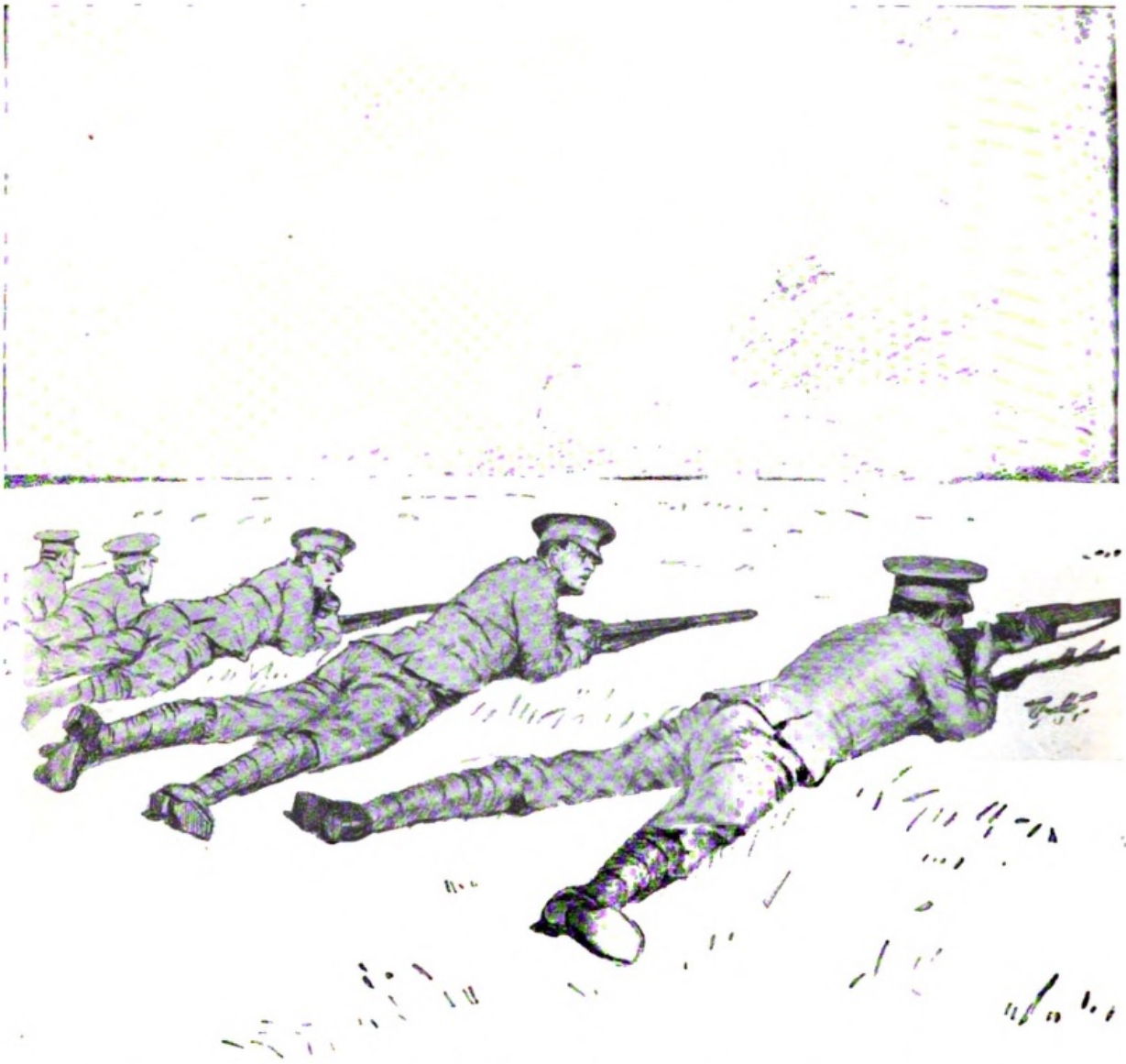


"PRIVATE PARKES, SHOW ME THE CUT-OFF."

The soldier hasn't got to think of himself at all, he's only got to think of his comrades—and the word of command. Firing at the word of command and when it pleases yourself are entirely different things. It's wonderful how well they teach you your business nowadays in the Army. I used to read in the papers about what good marksmen British soldiers were; it seemed as if every soldier could shoot well. Before I had got through my musketry practice I understood how that was.

You do more than half your work before you touch a gun. Not only, as I have said, are you taught to know your gun, both inside and out—how to hold it, how to stand, or sit, or lie, or kneel in I don't know how many positions, when firing, but also a good many things besides. They teach you aiming, range-finding, rapidity of firing, collective firing; they train the eye before you're ever asked to use it. The trick—or the art, whichever you like—of range-finding, I am told, is quite new. A range-finder is a cunning little instrument; knowledge of how to use it to the best advantage, and putting that knowledge into practice, is an explanation of a lot of good shooting. If I had been told before I joined the Colours that I could be taught to hit a man I couldn't see, and never had seen, I should have been rude. I've learnt better manners now. I know that, in one way, you shoot better at a man you can't see—it's done with the range-

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"IT IS SURPRISING WHAT A GOOD AVERAGE WAS REACHED THE VERY FIRST TIME."

finder. Fighting goes on nowadays sometimes for quite a while, you kill lots of the enemy, to say nothing of the wounded, and you never see one of them. Battles are sometimes lost and won without one side ever getting a glimpse of the other. That's why Ormiston says he likes the bayonet; according to him, it is a satisfaction to see who you are killing.

Not that good shooting doesn't count, because a great part of it's mechanical. It does—as we soon learned. When we'd got through the preliminaries, rifles were issued and each man was given a chance to show what he could do. Some units start with the Morris tubes; we didn't—we began with the Service rifle right away—twelve shots at two hundred yards. It was surprising what a good average was reached the very first time, especially considering the weath
wasn't very good, half a gale was
fits and starts, there were occasional splashes of rain. The conditions were not good, but none of us gave an exhibition of incapacity. Sergeant Turpin himself admitted, when the practice was over, that the results might have been worse—and for him that was saying a good deal. It was just a proof, he was good enough to say, that they teach even blindworms to shoot in the British Army. Personally, I was quite a success. I don't want to say what my score was, for fear of seeming to brag. When I wrote to Dora I mentioned that when I did come in sight of a German, and had got a rifle in my hand and was allowed to use it, you might count him out.

What surprised myself were the results I

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got at rapidity of firing—eight shots a minute at a figure target. You've got to put eight cartridges in your magazine, load, aim, fire, and eject—the whole eight shots, using a figure target at two hundred yards—and do it all inside a minute. It isn't everyone who can fire eight shots a minute and keep anything like a steady hand, to say nothing of direction. When I had fired my eight I expected to find that my score was expressed by a single figure—it was twenty-nine, within three of the possible. I am not pretending that it was I who did it—it was the training I'd had. That's how they train you to shoot in the British Army.

I don't know how things used to be in the old times; in the present year of grace I don't think there is anything in the world to equal it—the training, I mean, they give the soldier in all directions. They're training soldiers—they're training us—at a disadvantage. There weren't guns to go round, there weren't uniforms, there weren't quarters. It has all been makeshift, and in some respects it still is—and we're all the better for it. You may write that down as the considered opinion of yours faithfully, Sam Briggs, Esquire. They say that the German army is like a machine—moves like one, works like one, and, so far as I can judge, thinks like one. Everything is done for the German soldier; he's just part of the machine—he does not have to think at all. He is led into battle like a sheep to the slaughter, and he's killed in the shambles without ever being given a chance to live; as they used to say, he's just "food for the cannon." So I am told.

We haven't had facilities for turning out soldiers on those lines in England; we haven't had the machinery, nor the time. We've had to do in a few months what takes a German years, and we haven't had the tools to do it with—we've just had ourselves and our brains, and we've been as keen as mustard. That's the secret of how the English quickly-made soldier has been equal—and more than equal—to the German machine-made article. Every man-jack in the Army—the brand-new Army which is still in the making—is keen as mustard, officers and men. And he has not gone stale—that's a factor. No doubt it does take a term of years to train some armies; people who know say so, so I say nothing; but the chap who's been doing a thing five years is more likely to get tired of it than the one who's been doing it five months—I do know that.

None of the fellows in our lot have gone stale, and they're not going to go stale till they're through their training and the war as well. We've had some pretty rough times. The weather was a fair treat—the men in the trenches got wet, but they couldn't have got much wetter than we did sometimes. The hutments were badly built—oh, those Government contractors! Ormiston, who is a scholar, told us that the first Duke of Wellington—the Great Duke—said, even in his day, that he'd like to hang a few British Government contractors; and so said all of us. They were badly built, of bad materials—scamped work most of it was. The drainage

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was wrong—everything was wrong. But it was all good training for us, hardened us for what was coming; that's the way we looked at it. I read about the chaps at the Front getting out of the trenches soaked to the skin, lying down just as they were and going to sleep straight off, and not one of them getting a touch of pneumonia, or even a cold. That's how we're going to be when our time comes—hard as nails inside and out. And our time was coming. It was flying about all over the place that the Ninth Royal British Rifles was down for foreign service at an early date—which meant that we had got on so well that our C.O. was satisfied that we should do credit to King and Country. And so we shall—although I say it—you watch out and see! It was in the early days of the rumours that I got my second stripe and was made full corporal—another step upwards towards becoming field-marshal—a real, proper non-commissioned officer. They count the lance-corporal hardly anything. Corporal Briggs, that is who I was from that day on. Paid ten shillings a week and allowances—making altogether, as things were there and then, nearly sixteen shillings a week, and everything found.

"DEAR DORA,—You will be glad to receive the intelligence, which may be published, if desired, in the daily and weekly Press, that I am yours always, CORPORAL BRIGGS."

That was the postcard I sent to Dora directly the news reached me. She began the letter which she wrote back "Dear Corporal"—which showed that she had a proper sense of what the situation required. I showed the beginning of her letter to Bob Sparrow, and I'm blowed if he didn't begin about my sister Louisa!

"Are you going to ask Miss Wilkinson down to see you? If so, don't you think you might ask your sister as well?"

That is the remark he made to me. How my mother came to mention Louisa to him I can't think. He's never stopped talking of her since.

"I should like to meet her before we go to the Front." That's what he said next. While I was wondering what on earth the man was after he seemed to be thinking; then he added, "You know, Briggs, my life has been a queer one; one day I'll tell you all about it. But, do you know, I've never really known a woman, that you might call a girl—not to speak to. You've got to be my friend, the first I've ever had, if you don't mind my saying so. Perhaps it's because you are my friend, and I've met your mother, that I'd like to meet your sister—before we go out to the Front. I do hope, if you ask Miss Wilkinson, that you'll ask her too."

I could not make Sparrow out a little bit. I did hope that mother hadn't been drawing fancy pictures about Louisa. I'm not saying that she's not all right, as a sister; but, my word! when you compare her to Dora—but of course that's different. No one would think of comparing her with Dora—it simply can't be done. But I did trust that nothing my mother had let fall in the course of conversation was going to upset Sparrow's mind.

For more than a week after I'd got them, every time I put on my tunic I looked at those two stripes. I was a soldier, that's what they meant—a trained soldier, considered competent by those who were able to judge to be set in authority over other trained soldiers. And soon I was going to the Front, to fight for King and Country. Properly sorry I was for those who weren't. There would come a day when they would be sorry for themselves. I can see in imagination a time coming—after the war is over—when a Royal Proclamation will be issued summoning all those who fought in the war to meet—somewhere, I don't know where—and be presented with the insignia of the Legion of Honour. All masculine England will be there, except the blind, halt, deaf, dumb, very old, or very young—and a few male odds and ends who will be left outside.

But I see that in imagination only; perhaps—may it be!—there will be no one left outside. At present what concerns me most is that I'm a trained soldier, I've got two stripes, I'm a full-blown corporal, and soon, with the rest of the chaps, I am going to the Front. The bugle calls—to me!

[In next month's instalment, entitled "Baptism of Fire," we follow Sam Briggs into the firing-line.]

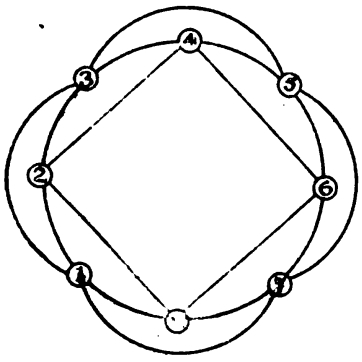
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

236.—THE STRATEGIC RAILWAYS.

THE diagram shows a system of railways surrounding a town in Prussia. It will be seen that the lines connect up eight stations in various ways. The counters, numbered 1 to 7, are seven trains at as many stations, and one station is vacant. For strategic reasons the enemy required to reverse the order of these trains, so that 1 should be in the place of 7, 2 in the place of 6, and so on. But only one train can move at a time to the station for the time being vacant. Now, the officers who directed this reversal operation got the trains into such confusion, and took so much time, that the Russians were able to defeat their plans and make the usual "appreciable progress." If only the enemy had done it in fifteen moves the result might have been very different. Try it with counters on an enlarged diagram and see if you can perform the reversal operation in fifteen moves.

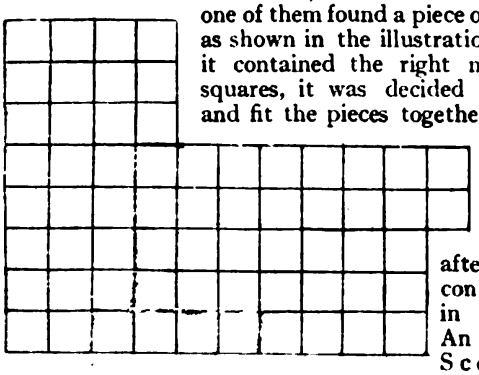


237.—A MILITARY PUZZLE.

AN officer at —— (as the Censor would express it) wished to form his men into twelve rows, with eleven men in every row, so that he could place himself at a point that would be equidistant from every row. "But there are only one hundred and twenty of us, sir," said one of the men. Was it possible to carry out the order?

238.—THE IMPROVISED DRAUGHTS-BOARD.

SOME Englishmen at the Front wished to pass a restful hour at a game of draughts. They had coins and small stones for the men, but no board. However, one of them found a piece of linoleum as shown in the illustration, and, as it contained the right number of squares, it was decided to cut it and fit the pieces together to form a board, blacking some of the squares afterwards for convenience in playing. An ingenious Scotsman showed how this could be done by cutting the stuff in two pieces only, and it is a really good puzzle to discover how he did it. Cut the linoleum along the lines into two pieces that will fit together and form the board, eight by eight.



239.—ANOTHER STREET PUZZLE.

THE little puzzle of the Louvain houses that I gave in our last December issue has so interested various correspondents that I will give a new variation of it. A long street in Brussels has all the odd numbers of the houses on one side and all the even numbers on the other—a method of street numbering quite common in our own country. (1) If a man lives in an odd-numbered house and all the numbers on one side of him, added together, equal the numbers on the other side, how many houses are there, and what is the number of his house? (2) If a man lives on the even side and all the numbers on one side of him equal those on the other side, how many houses are there, and what is his number? We will assume, as before, that there are more than fifty houses on each side of the street and fewer than five hundred.

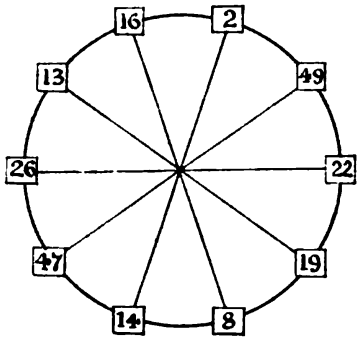
240.—CARRYING THE BAGS.

HERE is a little puzzle for our more juvenile readers. A gentleman had to walk to his railway station, four miles from his house, and was encumbered by two bags of equal weight, but too heavy for him to carry alone. His gardener and the boy both insisted on carrying the luggage, but the gardener is an old man and the boy not sufficiently strong, while the gentleman believes in a fair division of labour, and wished to take his own share. They started off with the gardener carrying one bag and the boy the other, while the gentleman worked out the best way of arranging that the three should share the burden equally among them. Now, how would you have managed it?

Solutions to Last Month's Problems.

232.—CIRCLING THE SQUARES.

THERE are six ways of inserting the six numbers. We show one of them. The difference between the squares of opposite numbers must always be 192. One quarter of this number is 48, which may be expressed in five pairs of factors, thus: 1 × 48, 2 × 24, 3 × 16, 4 × 12, and 6 × 8. The difference and sum of each of these pairs are 47, 49; 22, 26; 13, 19; 8, 16; and 2, 14. These are the actual numbers employed.



233.—THE RAJAH'S DIAMONDS.

THERE must have been 6 sons and 36 diamonds. Working backwards, it is obvious that the last son must have received the seventh part of nothing, or there would be something remaining. It is also clear that there must be a difference of 6 between the numbers dealt with at successive operations. The rest is then easy.

234.—STRANGE, THOUGH TRUE.

IF the horse is put in a chaff-cutter, or any mill in which he travels in a circle in a clockwise direction, the near legs pass over more ground than the off legs, since they make a larger circle. This applies not only to Sussex, but to anywhere.

235.—AN HISTORICAL PUZZLE.

READ the first line of the first verse, then the first line of the second verse, next the second line of the first verse, then the second line of the second verse, and so on, when the treasonable character of the lines will be apparent.

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"As Funny as They Can."

IX.

MR. CHARLES HARRISON.

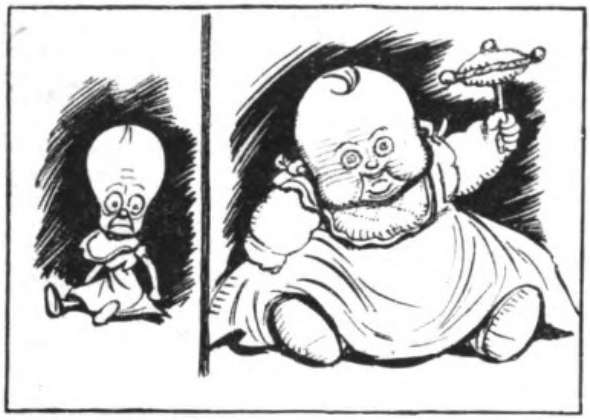
This series is founded upon an entirely new idea — a different well-known humorous artist assuming the post of editor every month and doing his best to make his particular instalment "as funny as he can."

Mr. Charles Harrison has taken into collaboration as a writer Mr. Walter Emanuel, of "Punch."

It will be interesting to hear from our readers at the end of a few months which editor they consider has been most successful in making them laugh.



MR. CHARLES HARRISON.
Photo. by J. Russell & Sons.



Early portrait of the artist — before and after taking a well-known infants' food.

IT amuses me, 'pon my word it does, how these artists who are commissioned to do comic drawings come to me to provide their productions with light relief. They will be wanting me to do the drawings themselves next. First it was Tony Sarg, then Harry Rountree, and now this Mr. Harrison begs me to do my best to make his sketches palatable.

Now what am I to say about these Harrison drawings?

I must confess that many of them strike me as extraordinarily childish productions for a man who, I am credibly informed, is over twenty-one years old.

It is curious how many of these so-called comic artists, though they draw with all the seriousness of grown-ups, appear to have the intellects of little

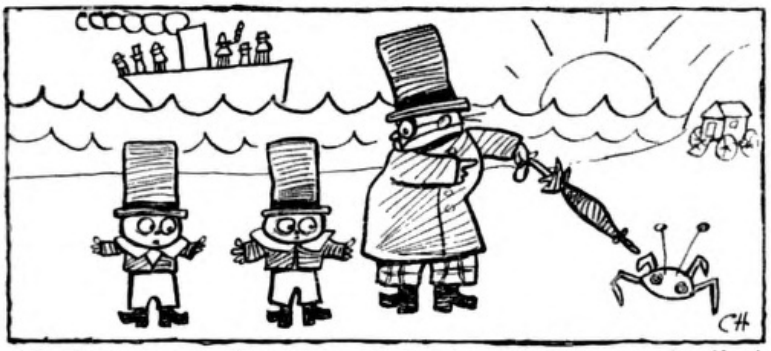


A later portrait drawn from memory from a photo. in the family album.



The World's Great People—Very early attempts at art drawn on copy-book margins.

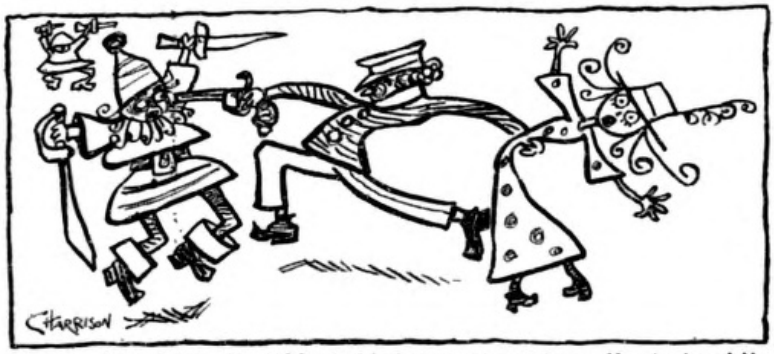
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Mr. Barlow proceeding to narrate an instructive story to Sandford and Merton.



Hubert and Prince Arthur.

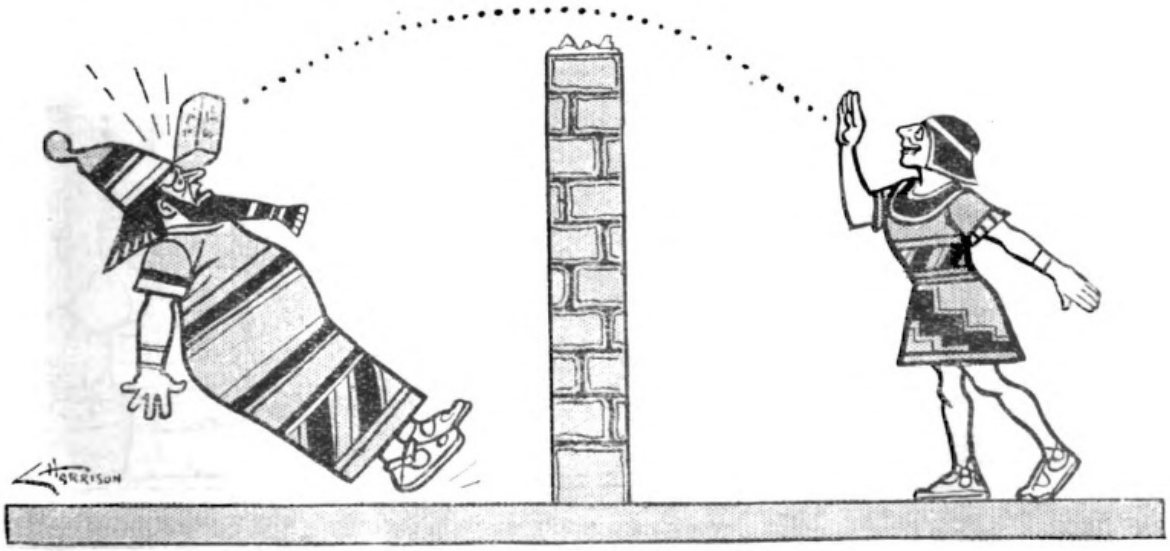


A sensational novel—"He held the pistol at the ruffian's head."

EARLY ATTEMPTS AT ILLUSTRATION.

children. I believe it is what is known in medical circles as "arrested development." Still, it is something that there is nothing vicious or spiteful about these sketches. Indeed, I find one or two of them distinctly amusing. Take, for example, the one entitled "Over the Garden Wall." Some literary man, I fancy, must have given him that idea. And the brick is capitally drawn. I am not sure, in fact, that Mr. Harrison would not do well to confine himself to drawing bricks. Again, in the picture of the microbe family on another page I find the germ of humour.

The "Early Portraits of the Artist" are, I should say, seeing who has drawn them, obviously flattered. I then come to "The World's Great People." This is the sort of thing that leads to a scarcity of Great People, many mediocrities fearing to advance on account of the penalty. I caution Mr. Harrison that he had better keep his pen off me. I regret the attempt to make fun



OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

When love-letters were written on bricks—Father receiving a missive intended for his daughter.

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Millionaires, Vestrymen, and Magnates should always incline to stoutness.

See that Rajahs have plenty of diamonds.

And the Oldest Inhabitant is weak about the knees.

Yokels must always be depicted grinning.

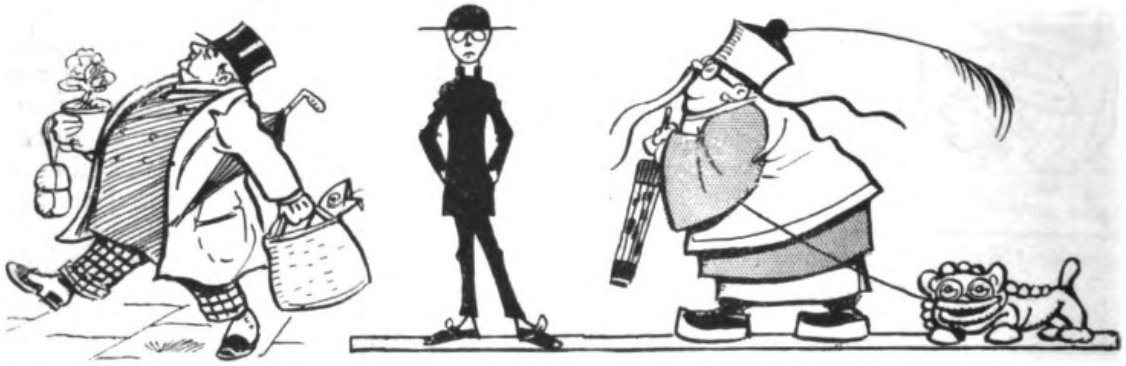


Always give a Russian Count plenty of fur.

It is unpardonable to draw a Duchess without a lorgnette.

Professors should always have brainy domes.

Lodging-house Domestics should have an air of untidiness.



Business Gentlemen usually bring home something from the City.

Curates should turn the scale at about nine stone.

Don't forget those funny little dogs—Chinese Mandarins are never seen without them.



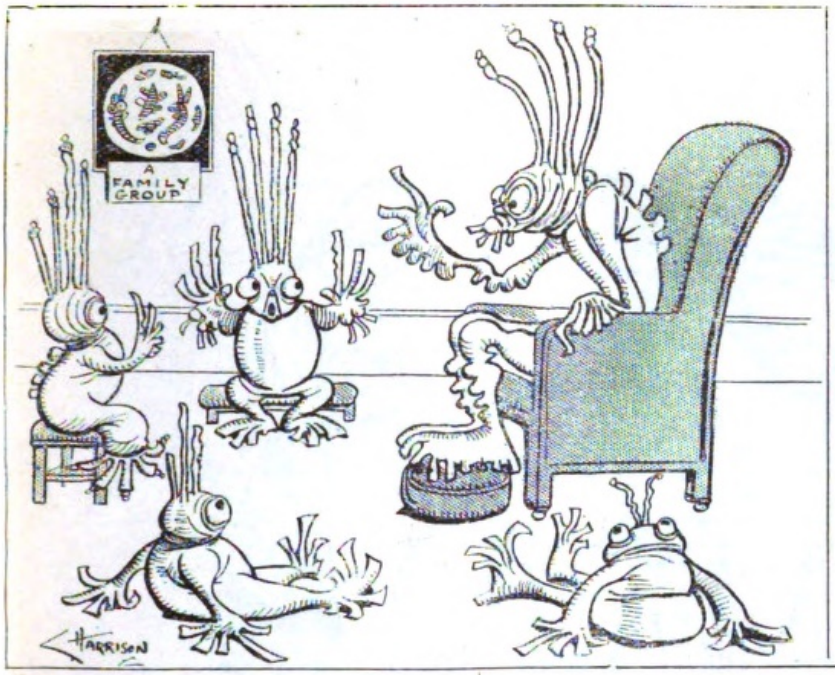
The Rich Uncle from Australia—never think of drawing him without whiskers.

Judges are usually shown in the last stage of senility.

And Butchers should have a dignified appearance.

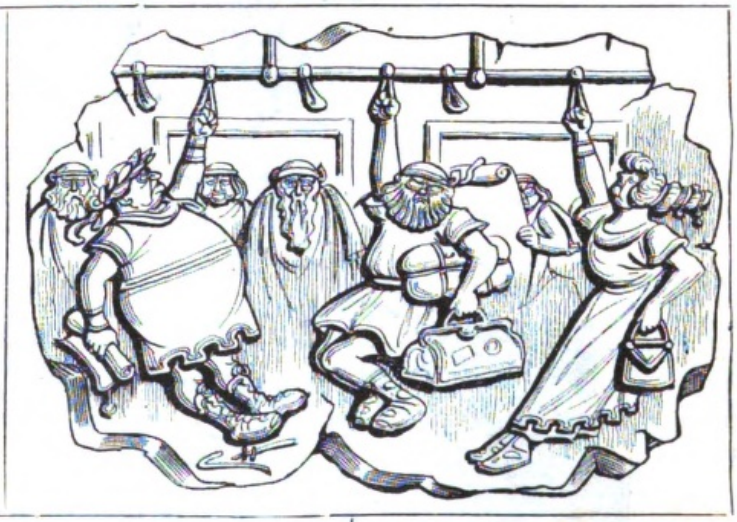
ADVICE TO COMING HUMOROUS ARTISTS.

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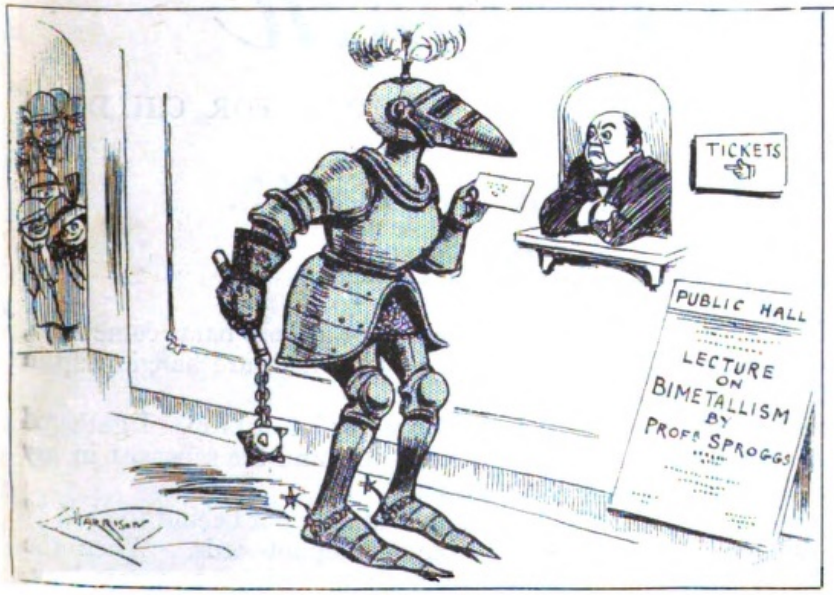


Old Microbe telling his grandchildren of his hairbreadth escapes from death by germ-killer.

of "Sandford and Merton," seeing how few and far between are really improving and edifying books. But in these days no one seems to have any respect for anything. We shall have someone making fun of the Kaiser next. Artists, by the way, have long been a by-word for ignorance. We have a shocking example of this in Mr. Harrison's "Tube" drawing. He has evidently never heard of Julius Cæsar's famous speech beginning with the words, "Et tube brute!" I am afraid I fail to grasp the point of the Fancy Dress Ball picture. The costume of the man in armour is peculiarly appropriate for a lecture on bimetallism. I have never seen a man with more metal about him. The "Advice to Coming Humorous Artists" seems to me to be a



One must never be surprised should a carving be dug up showing that the Tube railway system was in vogue in ancient Rome.



Attendant at Public Hall: "You've made a mistake in the date, sir. The fancy dress ball was last night; this evening it's a lecture on bimetallism."

perfidious attempt to prevent Mr. Harrison's trade rivals from earning a living. By the by, the drawing of the pavement on which the City Gentleman is walking strikes me as being exceptionally well done, and Mr. Harrison might be well advised to become a pavement artist pure and simple.

WALTER EMANUEL.

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The Story of a Silly Woman

A BOHEMIAN STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Retold in English by E. DYKE.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

I AM going to tell you about a woman who, with the best intentions in the world, did no end of foolish things.

One day she asked her husband a whole string of questions.

"What," she said, "will be done with the flour in the granary?"

"It will be soaked, in order to be eaten," was the man's reply.

"And where did all those hams come from, and those sausages which are hanging up in the chimney?"

"Oh, they are my latest crop. I gathered the hams in my field and the sausages in my kitchen-garden."

"And what is in that pot behind the bed?"

"Only some pumpkin-seeds. When the pottery and crockery merchant comes along, we will give them to him in exchange for a new pot, as our own is somewhat damaged."

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The pot, in reality, was full of money, but the man, knowing the character of his wife, would not tell her so, lest she should spend the money in some foolish manner.

On the next morning the husband, as he was about to set off to his work, told the woman that he wished her to wash some clothes for him. He should not be back, he said, until rather late.

"All right!" said his wife. "I will have everything ready for you."

He had only just gone when the pottery and crockery merchant came along with a cart full of pots. As soon as the woman saw them, she remembered that her husband desired to buy one; so she quickly fetched the old pot from behind the bed, and ran to the door, calling the merchant.

"Hi, there! Stop a moment. I want to make a bargain with you."

"What is it, my little lady?"

"Here are some pumpkin-seeds. For a long time my husband has been looking for you to pass, that he might give them to you in exchange for a new pot."

When the crockery merchant saw the potful of money he understood pretty well the facts of the case. Complimenting the woman on her fine pumpkin-seeds, he bade her choose in exchange for them several pots. She was delighted, and took four. The merchant then hurried away with the money, while the poor, silly woman began joyfully to arrange her new property on a shelf. She placed three pots there, but there was no room for the fourth.

"Now, my little fellows," said the woman, "squeeze yourselves up; press as closely to each other as you can, that this small brother of yours may find a place beside you." And then, as the pots did not budge, the woman took a stick and began to beat them, trying so to push them nearer together. Thus treated, they soon flew into a thousand pieces, which lay scattered upon the floor. But the woman placed the little pot on the shelf, and felt quite satisfied.

"Now," said she to herself, "I must put everything in order, so that my husband may be pleased with me when he comes home. Let me try to remember what he said to me."

She went first to the kitchen, took down the hams and the bacon which were hanging beneath the mantelpiece, and carried them into the garden, where she laid them carefully on the grass, that they might ripen in the sunshine. Scarcely had she done this when her dog and the other dogs of the neighbourhood rushed to the spot and devoured the lot. The furious woman again seized the stick, with which she drove away the dogs of her neighbours. Her own dog she punished by shutting him up in the cellar. In order that he should not escape, she tied him securely to the tap of the wine-cask. The animal, tugging at the cord, either turned or broke off the tap. The wine poured out. Seeing this, the woman ran to the granary, brought out all the flour, and flung it into the pool of wine, in which she soaked it with a vengeance!

Then she remembered that she had still to wash her husband's clothes. She went up to his room, took all the vests, trousers, caps, and other articles of apparel that she could lay her hands on, bundled them pell-mell into the wash-tub, soaped them well, gave them a good rinsing, and set them to dry.

When her husband came home, she ran to meet him, and related with pride—not omitting the smallest detail—all her doings of that day.

And as she talked and talked, the man felt his hair rise and stand on end; he thought that he would like to thrash his wife. "My word!" he exclaimed. "I ought to throttle you, for you have no more sense than a cow's horn!"

The poor woman could not understand why her husband should be so angry. He had begun to explain, and to show her all the blunders which she had made, when he interrupted himself. "No!" he said. "It's of no use to cry over spilt milk. Let us run as fast as we can, and try to overtake that crockery merchant. You shall go to the left, and I to the right, and the first to catch sight of the rascal must call to the other. Be sure you let me know as soon as you see him."

So off they started, one to the left, the other to the right, and almost immediately the woman cried out: "Hullo, my man! come quickly! I am holding him—the scoundrel!"

The man ran at the top of his speed, and arrived at the spot out of breath, to see his wife clinging to a scarecrow—a manikin set up to frighten away the sparrows—which she had mistaken for the merchant.

"Heavens!" yelled the wrathful husband, "how *can* one get anything into the head of such a stupid creature as this? It is a hopeless task! What is to be done with her? and whatever will become of us? She will end by bringing me to the workhouse!"

Then an idea, which he considered a very clever one, came into his mind.

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"My little wife," he said, gently and tenderly, as if nothing out of the way had occurred, "have you heard that we are now at war with the Turks, and that even the women must go into battle?"

"How dreadful! Is it possible?"

"Certainly. Would you, then, be afraid to fight against the Turks?"

"Oh, yes! yes! Supposing they come here, how can I escape from them?"

"You have nothing to fear. I will hide you so well that they will never find you."

"At once, my dear husband! Oh, hide me at once!" entreated the woman.

The man took her by the hand and led her into the forest. They came to a very solitary spot, where the husband dug a deep hole. He made the poor simpleton descend into this pit, which he then filled up with earth, leaving only her head visible above the surface. After advising her to remain



"HULLO, MY MAN! COME QUICKLY! I AM HOLDING HIM—THE SCOUNDREL!"

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"SUDDENLY, CLOSE BESIDE THEM, THEY HEARD A FRIGHTFUL SHRIEK."

there without speaking or moving until he came to seek her, the man went away.

At midnight the poor woman was still there, patiently awaiting her husband's return. Suddenly she heard the sound of voices, and perceived the gleam of a light, which drew gradually nearer. Some men were stealthily approaching; they were robbers, who had just been pillaging a house. "Let us stop here," said their captain, when they reached the spot where the woman was. "This is a nice, safe place in which to count our gold. Put down the light on that tree-stump over there." What he took for a tree-stump was nothing else than the woman's head!

When the captain's order had been executed the robbers spread out before themselves a big pile of gold. Suddenly, close beside them, they heard a frightful shriek. They thought that they were discovered. In terror, they hastily extinguished their light and, leaving their booty behind them, hurried away.

It was the poor woman who had uttered the cry. The candle had burned down on her head until her hair was set on fire, and when her head began to burn she had been unable to repress a scream of pain. But the robbers knew nothing about that, and they did not dare to return for their treasure. Thus, when in the morning the man came to look for his wife, he was greatly astonished to find her in the company of such riches. He got her quickly out of the hole, and put the gold into a sack; after which they went home together. They had now plenty of money wherewith to buy flour, hams, new clothes, and a beautiful house into the bargain. And, as the woman was rich, people no longer cared to say that she lacked sense. Even her husband came round to the opinion that she was not so very silly after all!

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THE GHOST-LADY OF THE KAISER'S HOUSE

FROM THE FRENCH OF G. LENOTRE.

[This is a legend, but a remarkable one, mentioned by all the historians, and even now, in this twentieth century, taken seriously by our German opponents. Whatever may be its origin, it assuredly sheds a strange light on the manners and mentality of the Hohenzollerns. We feel certain that not one of our readers, after perusing this able and arresting study by M. Lenotre, the most eminent of living French historians, will fail to put the question: "And has the ghost appeared this time?"]

"THE White Lady" is a phantom who, it is said, shows herself at the moment when some imminent and dire calamity threatens the princes of the House of Hohenzollern.

The enormous gloomy building known in Berlin as "the Old Palace" stands beyond the bridge which terminates the Unter den Linden. It is a sort of mountain of stone, which conveys the impression of being crushed down by its heavy dome. Frederick, the first King of Prussia, began to build this palace in 1699, with the frankly avowed aim of eclipsing Versailles. Strictly speaking, this is the only picturesque bit of Berlin, the only spot which at all lends itself to anything in the way of legend and romance.

The Mysterious Tower.

The Old Palace has a tower—"the Tower of the Green Hat." Here, in the time of Frederick "Iron-Tooth," was lodged the notorious "Maiden," now to be seen in the Castle of Nuremberg. This is a hollow statue of wood, which opens like a cupboard. Its interior is lined with enormous steel spikes. MM. Neukomm and d'Estrée, in their curious work on "The Hohenzollerns," tell how, when the court-martial (always hard at work in Berlin) had, for lack of proof, acquitted an accused person, he was conducted to the "Maiden." "Render thanks to our Holy Mother," was the order given him. Then he was pushed inside the statue, which, worked by some secret mechanism, closed upon him, crushing the unhappy man in its cruel embrace and piercing him with its thousand spears. A trap-door beneath the statue opened, and the remains of the victim were swallowed up in the depths of the *oubliette*.

It is in this Tower of the Green Hat that the White Lady is said to reside. With respect to her habits statements differ. Some say that every night she passes silently through the six hundred chambers of the Old Palace, traversing with gliding, velvety footstep the Chevaliers' Gallery, the Throne Room, the White Hall, but never entering the Royal apartments except on the eve of a

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Hohenzollern prince's death. Others affirm that she dwells in some secret retreat, and, invisible to all others, shows herself to him only who is about to die.

Which of the Three?

Who is this White Lady? Upon this point also opinions differ. Some claim her as a daughter of the people, Anna Sidow, whose bright eyes, in the sixteenth century, turned the head of Elector Joachim II. This prince ruined himself for his favourite. In order to surround her with luxury, he had recourse to an alchemist, Irenius Philoponus Philaretus, who undertook to provide him, by means of a single chip of the philosopher's stone, with three hundred million golden thalers. As, however, his experiments failed to produce a sufficiently quick result, Joachim employed a surer method of obtaining money —the heavy taxation of his unfortunate subjects. After his death, the Elector John George imprisoned Anna Sidow at Spandau. She never again saw the light of day, but died there miserably. Her soul it is, say some, that, unable to detach itself from earthly splendour, wanders continually through the wide halls of the palace built by the descendant of her Royal lover.

According to others, the White Lady is a certain widow, and mother of two children, the Countess d'Orlamunde, with whom, in the olden time, the Margrave Albert the Beautiful, one of the most distinguished ancestors of the Hohenzollern family, fell in love. This Margrave is reported to have said, "I would gladly wed the fair widow, were I not restrained by the force of four eyes." Erroneously interpreting this remark as an allusion to her two children, the ambitious countess put them to death by running a gold pin into their heads.

But the Margrave, when he uttered these words, had been thinking of his parents, who were opposed to the marriage. Beautiful, wicked Agnes, discovering her fatal mistake, lost her reason, and her tortured spirit is doomed to wander without rest in the gloomy dwelling of her timid lover's successors. Such is version number two.

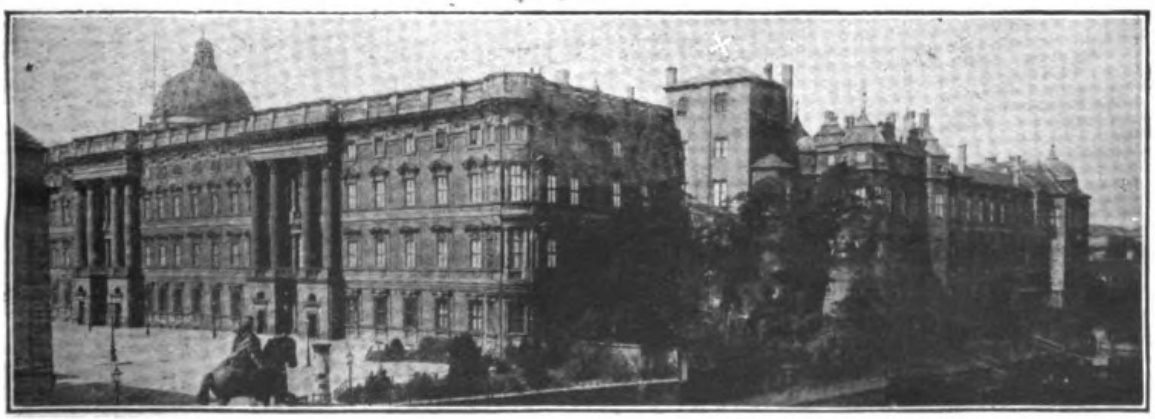
There exists a third version, according to which the ghost is that of the nameless woman who served as model for the iron-spiked "Maiden" of sinister renown.

The horrible effigy is (as already stated) hollow. It is a wooden body without a soul, and she who was its model is now the instrument employed to punish, to the remotest generation, the descendants of its cruel inventor, Frederick of the Iron Tooth. Her mission it is to linger on the earth in order to visit them on the night before their death, and to warn them that they are about to be called to their account. Such is the chastisement inflicted upon each one of them for the detestable profanation of which their forefather was guilty in concealing beneath the lineaments of the compassionate Virgin that most frightful instrument of torture.

The Messenger of Death.

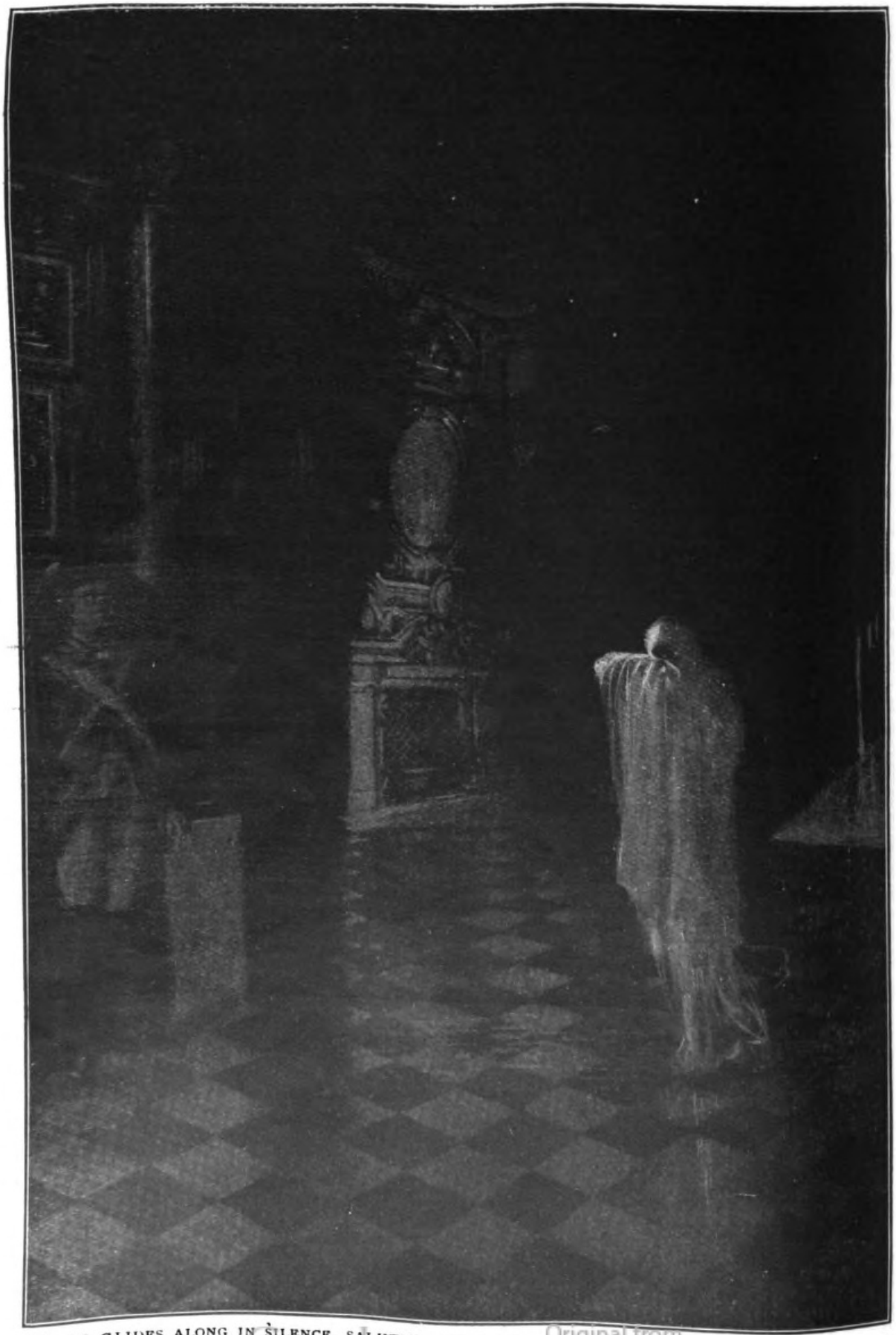
But although her origin is, as we have seen, a subject of dispute, the White Lady of the Old Palace at Berlin is not a myth. She exists, she has been seen. She glides along in silence, saluting with a movement of the head the trembling mortals who stand aside to let her pass. None dare question her, for all know that such audacity would meet with severe and immediate punishment.

One night, indeed, an insolent and sceptical page, encountering the White Lady in a corridor of the Old Palace—this occurred during the reign of John Sigismund, the



THE ROYAL PALACE, SHOWING THE TOWER (X) IN WHICH THE WHITE LADY IS SAID TO RESIDE.
Photo. by F. Frith & Co.

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"SHE GLIDES ALONG IN SILENCE, SALUTING WITH A MOVEMENT OF THE HEAD THE TREMBLING MORTALS WHO STAND ASIDE TO LET HER PASS."

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father-in-law of Gustavus Adolphus—boldly approached her, and, actually touching the lady, said, with a gesture of sadly misplaced familiarity: "Whither are you going, madam?"

The White Lady made no answer; she did not even look angry; but she brought down on the page's head the key which she was carrying—that magical key which opens for her each one of the castle's six hundred doors. The blow killed the page, and the Elector John Sigismund died on the following day.

Has She Appeared?

We are not told that Frederick William, the successor of Frederick I., had any dealings with the family ghost. Even if this second King of Prussia *had* seen her, the apparition would have amalgamated itself so well with his habitual drink-hatched hallucinations that he would have been unable to distinguish with any certainty the entrance upon the scene of this particular phantom. Neither, it appears, was Frederick II. visited by the White Lady. The sceptical friend of Voltaire treated women with disdain, and was never happy save in the society of his drums. The lady's attentions, therefore, would have been wasted on *him*. He died of indigestion, brought on by a surfeit of beef, lobster, and crabs, under conditions anything but favourable to the poetic evocation of a visitant from the other side.

The familiar spirit of the Old Palace took her revenge upon the succeeding Sovereigns. It is recorded that in 1792 Frederick William II., who had invaded Champagne at the head of his troops, in order to bring France to reason, made a hasty retreat after the cannonade of Valmy, at the very moment when he had just announced his victorious arrival under the walls of Paris. The reason for this strange withdrawal was that, during the King's brief sojourn at Verdun, the spirit of his predecessor, the great Frederick, paid him the compliment of appearing to him in the cellar of an inn, when he threatened him with the White Lady if the Prussian army did not immediately retreat.

This story has been printed, certified, and recognized because it explains and casts a fresh light upon hitherto unintelligible happenings.

During the years which followed the spirit had much to do. We see her passing through the halls of the Old Palace in the early autumn of 1806, before Jena, when the Prussians promised to re-conduct "with whip-lashes" the army of Napoleon to the banks of the Seine. At this time Prince Louis of Prussia, at an evening party given in his honour in the castle of Rudolphstadt, said to a young girl seated at the pianoforte:—

"Play me some tunes."

"How many, Highness?" asked the girl. "Would you like the tunes to equal in number the Frenchmen whom you will slay to-morrow with your sword?"

The young prince acquiesced, and himself fixed the number.

"Twenty," he said.

The pianist played until dawn. The "Highness," as he mounted his horse to ride away, called to his officers: "Forward, gentlemen, to crush Napoleon!"

That night his corpse lay at Saalfeld, in a chamber of the Castle of Coburg, receiving funereal honours, being watched by two grenadiers of the Imperial Guard.

Frederick William and his wife, Queen Louise, understood then why the White Lady had lately shown signs of activity. They lost heart and fled from their capital, abandoning the place to Napoleon, who installed himself for two months in the Old Palace.

During the period of his sojourn there the White Lady never appeared. Strictly speaking, there was for the time being no Prussia, and the phantom had no longer (for the present) to keep watch and ward over the family of its fugitive and humiliated Sovereigns.

It would be superfluous to enumerate further the various appearances of this fantastic being, charged by destiny to mark the last hour of the Hohenzollern princes. Let it suffice to add that when one of them is ill or in danger the Berlin folk, still superstitious on this point of local history, ask themselves in a whisper, not without a slight shiver of fear, "Has the White Lady appeared?"

The people of Berlin laugh at the legend, but *they believe in it yet*. I feel sure that at this very moment, at the hour when night descends upon the Spree, persons crossing the river, as they come to the bridge adorned with the statue of the Great Elector, raise their eyes to the Tower of the Green Hat, to see whether they can discern behind the blindless windows the white form whose advent spells disaster.

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Gramophone Tricks.

By H. C. S. COLBORNE.

GRAMOPHONES are extremely entertaining instruments, and a large collection of good records is almost a joy for ever; but even the largest stock of the very best records becomes well known at last, and, as the ever-enthusiastic operator lovingly starts off another on his beautiful machine, the bored listener comes out harshly with that awful cry, "Oh, we've had that one before!"

This is the time to play "tricks." Many remarkable tricks can be done which one would never have dreamed of with quite an ordinary machine, and with a few seconds' preparation only. Indeed, a highly comical effect can be obtained by twisting the "time button" sharply up and down at every note while you are running a sentimental love duet. Have you ever tried it? When the lady sings high, run it up to a perfect shriek, and then, when the loving Bass comes in, run him down into the wine-cellar. The effect is charming beyond description.

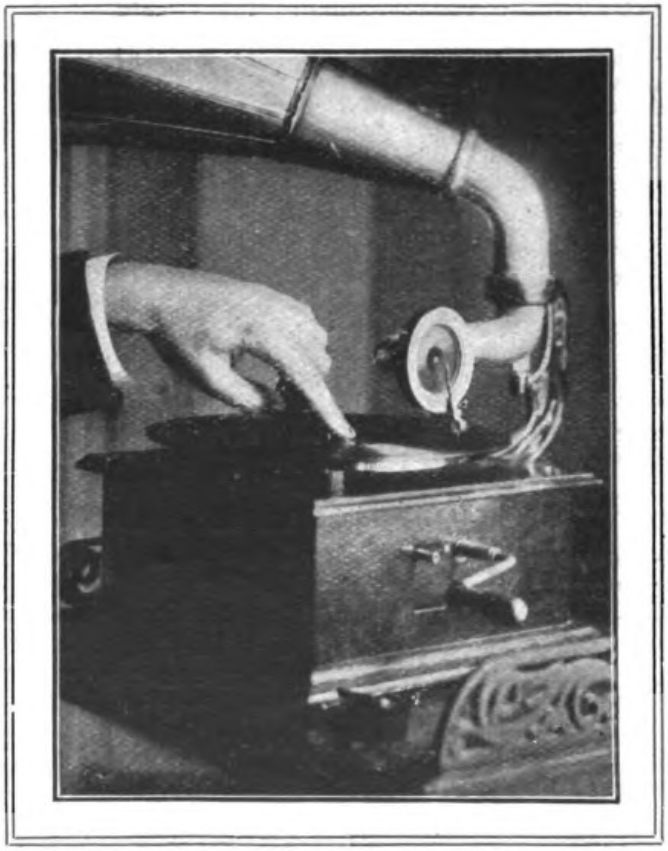


FIG. I.—PLAYING A GRAMOPHONE RECORD BACKWARDS.

Perhaps the most curious experience in human life is to hear backwards. Such an idea seems impossible; it is quite a simple "trick" on a gramophone. You have seen, doubtless, a film run through backwards at the cinematograph entertainments. It can be done in exactly the same manner on the gramophone, only we are dealing, of course, with sound instead of action. The operation is very simple. Twist the "sound-box" into a perpendicular position, or rather with a slight slope *backwards*, in order that the disc may run in the opposite direction to what is usual. Start the pin near the centre of the disc, turning lightly with the finger (see Fig. 1). It will not injure the machinery of the gramophone, but it is advisable not to experiment with a favourite record—at least, to start with—as one is liable to get a very bad scratch right across the plate and very deep! But the effect is worth the danger; it is unique. If you play a brass band even the composer himself would not recognize his masterpiece; if you put on a talking record, the man appears to be speaking a foreign multisonous language. But the most remarkable effect is to put on a "chime of bells." In this reversed manner there is no "strike" of the bell; the sound simply rushes up in ever-increasing waves, and then suddenly ceases, just when you are expecting the clash of the hammer. The sound of the bell is reversed, and the ear is not startled with a sudden strike. The effect is pathetic and beautiful, something like cats at night.

The neatest thing in gramophone tricks is to offer to bet any member of the company present twenty-five pounds that you can play a record without the machine. It is a perfectly straightforward matter. When somebody has laid the money on the table, you calmly take out a lead-pencil and a small piece of note-paper, and explain that that is all you are going to use. Then with great coolness—always keep calm when performing tricks, especially before ladies—fix the lead-pencil into the hole of the disc, so that it can be set spinning on the point, like a child's "teetotum." Now make a fold on the piece of paper, which should be thin and crisp, and simply hold the sharp point of the paper in the groove of the record very lightly, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the spinning disc. The record will be distinctly played, only faintly, very faintly, of course, as you are substituting a somewhat primitive "reproducer" instead of the patent

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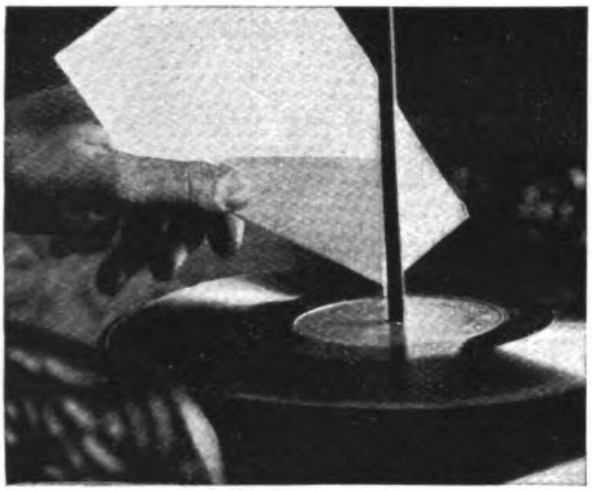


FIG. 2. — PLAYING A RECORD WITH PENCIL AND PAPER.

sound-box. But it is surprising to hear a record played so simply. Our photograph (Fig. 2) shows the trick in progress. A little practice will probably be found necessary regarding the "teetotum" part of it. Of course, the effect can be obtained with the disc running on the machine in the usual manner, and using the paper instead of the pin and sound-box.

Different articles placed in the "holder" instead of the pin also make interesting experiments. An ordinary needle plays very well, but very quietly, as its length loses the vibrations. A thorn carefully put in the holder plays a very nice and soft tune, but soon wears down. Even an ordinary wooden match cut to a point will play for a short time. Naturally these are very quiet effects, but interesting, and the enthusiastic operator may experiment with many articles.

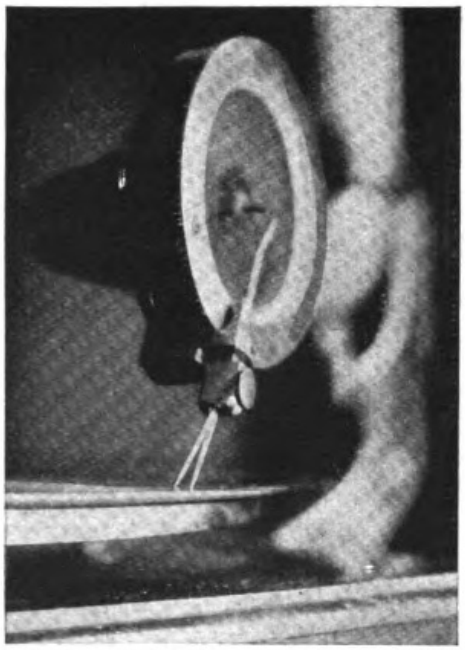


FIG. 3. — USING A DOUBLE PIN PRODUCES A REMARKABLE EFFECT.

If you particularly wish to obtain a loud effect, cut an ordinary gramophone pin in half, which can easily be accomplished with an ordinary dinner-knife and a smart blow with a hammer (but have a care that the point does not fly in your eye). A half pin makes a very strong tune, but it puts considerably more "wear" on the record.

A very remarkable effect can be obtained by manufacturing a double pin. Cut the heads off two ordinary pins, and carefully adjust them in the holder, as shown in the photograph (Fig. 3), so that they run parallel to each other but in different grooves of the record. The effect is as if two bands were playing simultaneously the same tune, only one band a few bars ahead of the other; although the tunes are separate and quite distinct, yet there is that delightfully confusing "clash" which reminds one of the characteristic grandeur of Coronation processions or Empire Days. It is somewhat remarkable that a single diaphragm can be made to play two full band pieces at one and the same time, but such is the power of this modern instrument.

Another very interesting little experiment is to detach the sound-box from the horn-arm, and to hold it instead in the hand; a record can be played quite easily in this manner, the only requisite being a steady hand and sporting disregard of scratches. Set the disc in motion, and bring the point of the pin down gently and calmly; you may come down on any part of the tune at will. The illustration (Fig. 4) gives the correct attitude.

The "timbre" of a gramophone greatly depends on the correct adjustment of the pin; when the tone-arm is too tightly screwed up the resonance and truth of tone are greatly impaired; on the other hand, when the adjusting-screw is permitted to become too loose you obtain that well-known and very objectionable "rattle" on high notes and heavy chords. The records of Sousa's marches, for example, certainly do not require an over-loose pin. Also the slope of the pin is no unimportant matter; when the pin is too perpendicular, the result, though sharp and clear, is harsh. Violin or voice pieces are played best with the maximum slope on the pin.

Some people never change their pins. A friend of mine will often play thirty or forty records right off on the same pin, and when the thing begins to slip and squeak like a tram-car rounding a corner he looks surprised. It is no use explaining such little things as the avoidance of dust and grit to such people. A record is a tender thing only to the lover. But in the name of humanity let the courageous operator who embarks on the perilous voyage of original experiments listen to a genuine word of warning and "be careful," or his dearest and sweetest records will with heart-breaking and surprising rapidity acquire the appearance of an astronomical chart or one of Euclid's most difficult propositions in scratches.

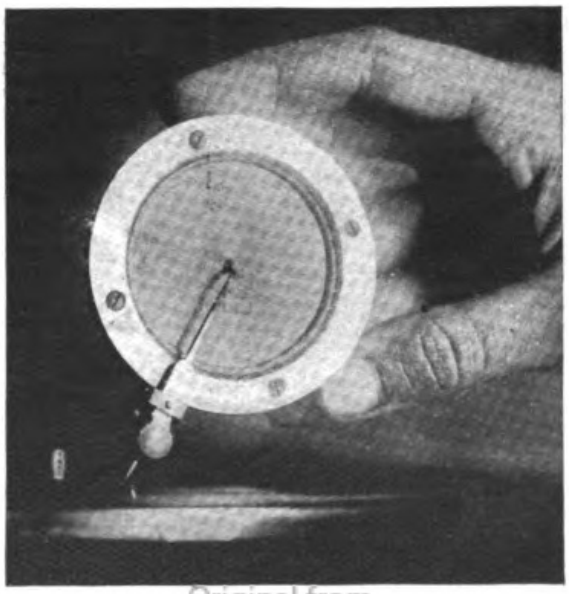


FIG. 4. — PLAYING A RECORD WITH THE SOUND-BOX HELD IN THE HAND.

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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



EVERY BIRD ITS OWN FLY-CATCHER.

WHEN "softbills" are kept in captivity it is important that they should have plenty of insect food, or otherwise they may have sore feet and rough plumage and get into bad condition. This photograph shows a simple fly-catching apparatus which I arranged to be worked by the bird itself. An endless paper band covered with sticky material runs over a cotton reel mounted in a wire frame, and is held taut by another reel hanging below. The top reel has ratchet teeth cut on one edge in which a double ratchet of wire works, the lower end of this ratchet being pivoted to a wire lever which projects inside the cage underneath one of the perches, which rests on it, the latter being held up by a small spiral spring. Each time the bird hops from the upper to the lower perch (or *vice versâ*) the reel is turned round a tooth, and as soon as any flies caught come within reach they are eagerly pecked off the band. It will be noticed that the top perch is thicker than the others, being made in two parts, held together by a couple of screws, so as to fix a strip of fine sandpaper on the under-side in order to keep the bird's claws from overgrowing. The bird is a robin, which keeps in fine form thanks to a roomy cage and proper food. It is a constant singer—by daylight or gaslight, and its song, though not so loud as when wild, is, on the other hand, more continuous. It is shown in a favourite attitude—on account of which the present fair owner has, I understand, conferred on it the honorary degree of K.C.B.—Mr. A. F. Scott, Bradford

A STUDY IN MONIKERS.

THE following collection of "Monikers" will no doubt be of interest to STRAND readers as a unique memento of two daring naval exploits and of the fight for Calais.—Mr. John Hague, 18, Peel Street, Bedford.

The War has made the combination of letters found in

JOF / FRE AND KAI / SER
FRE / NCH SER / VIA

famous. They have been named "MONIKERS."

A MONIKER NAVAL MESSAGE. DECEMBER, 1914.

Admiral Lord FIS / HER as HER / ALD *stated*

that STUR / DEE DEE / PLY *sunk* VON / SPEE SPEE / DED *this was*

the VIC / TOR *his* TOR / QUE *wearing* AND / REW *earned* REW / ARD *well-earned of praise &*

Bravo Admiral Sturdee, officers, and men, all are RAT / HER HER / OES

No more from DAN / GER GER / MAN *raiders who shocked our* SYS / TEM TEM / PER *and*

Congratulations also to Lieut. Com. N. D. Holbrook and crew of Submarine B11 for sinking the Turkish ship "Messudiyeh."

We'll sing The B—ELE / VEN VEN / ITE *in praise, &c.*

A MESSAGE FOR THE ARMY.

"God moves in a mysterious way," and has raised up such men as

Gen. JOF / FRE assisted by Gen. FRE / NCH to defeat the KAI / SER's ambition The SIR / DAR K. of K.

and the Allied Armies, who will very soon put an end to this ARMAGEDDON.

Hoping we may soon give a long WAR / FARE FARE / WELL

All from DAN / GER GER / MAN's *past.* HAT / RED RED / EEM'd.

EUR / OPE OPE / NED *again.* *The* KAI / SER SER / VED *with banishment for life.*

Poor old PER / HAPS HAPS / BURG *would prefer* HEA / VEN *to* VEN / ICE *or —*

All the Brave Boys and our Allies have taught the Enemy that the FIS / CAL *of* CAL / AIS *position is too costly.*

Accept this as a good, sound TREN / CHES CHES / TNUT *From The* MONI / KER KER / NEL

Compiled and arranged by J. H., Bedford.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Last Month's Chess Problem.

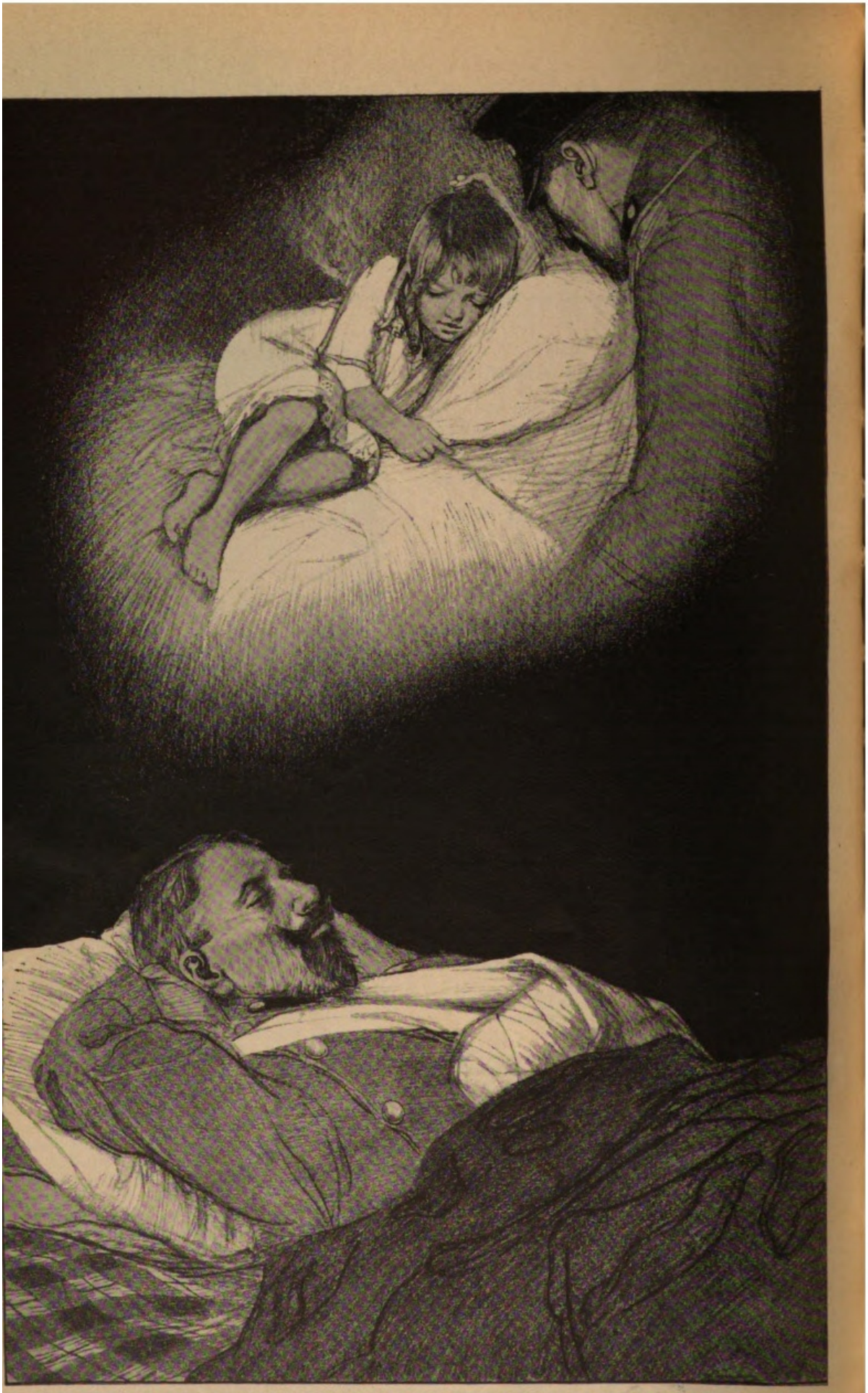
THE solution is :—

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K Kt 4, ch.	1. P to B 4
2. P takes P *en passant*, mate	
1.	1. K to K 2
2. B takes P, mate	
1.	1. K to K 4 or Q 4
2. Q to K 4, mate	

Mr. H. Dudeney says of this problem :— "A key-move with a check or capture is not usual, and not ordinarily recommended, but such a move *may*, of course, be employed when it is necessary (as in this case) to the illustration of a theme. The effect produced by the capture *en passant* is distinctly pretty."

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"'SLEEP, DARLING, SLEEP, LITTLE ANGEL,' HE MURMURS."
(*See page* 368.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1915.
Vol. xlix. No. 292.

The Rules of War.

From the Russian of

VASILI NEMIROVICH-DANCHENKO

Translated by ALDER ANDERSON.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

How little, even now, the leading Russian writers are known in this country is well exemplified by the case of Vasili Nemirovich-Danchenko. He is one of the most popular of living Russian authors in almost every branch of literature—the novel, the short story, poetry, history, travel, biography, and war correspondence—and he has excelled in each. Yet how many English readers have even heard his name?

Born in 1848, his earliest years were passed in garrison towns in Daghestan and Georgia, and his education was completed in the Alexandrovski military school in Moscow. Literature, however, attracted him rather than soldiering, and his first sketches, published when he was barely out of his teens, stamped him as belonging to the true race of writers.

In 1877, on the outbreak of the war with Turkey, by the side of his friend Skobeleff, he went through the whole terrible campaign, in which he gained the Cross of St. George for personal valour. His correspondence from the Front brought him immediate fame, and the volume of personal reminiscences of the "White General" is a classic of its kind. At the present moment he is acting as representative of a Russian newspaper at the Front.

Though he has more than forty popular novels to his credit, the short stories of Vasili Nemirovich-Danchenko contain perhaps his best work. His acquaintance with all military matters is unrivalled, and this combination of precise knowledge and literary ability lends to all his war-stories a flavour of realism which renders them as vivid as scenes of actual life.

The following story—a characteristic specimen, beautiful with human sympathy, like all his work—is one which we are glad to make known to readers in this country.

A FUSILLADE had just started between the Russian and Turkish outposts. The fog was so dense that even the Balkans were barely discernible; the confused masses looked like clouds rather than mountains. A distant red stain on the dismal curtain might have been either the reflection from a Turkish camp or the conflagration of some isolated farm. In vain the Cossacks strained their eyes in that direction; no sight, however keen, could penetrate such gloom.

It was the Turks who had opened the fire; the Russians had merely replied to it. Neither side saw anything of the enemy. The firing was being kept up more from dread of the fog than for any other reason; an enemy might otherwise have crept quite close before he was detected. In such circumstances men shoot naturally, almost involuntarily, as if to mutually warn each other of their proximity.

As night drew on, gradually blotting out the dead bodies strewn on the snow, the firing became more and more intermittent, the sound more and more muffled by the damp, muggy atmosphere, until, at last, the silence was broken only at long intervals by the groan of a wounded man or the expiring plaint of a horse. The soldiers, worn out by the day's hard march and the evening fighting, had not even sufficient energy left to think of removing their fallen comrades. Their one and only desire was to rest, to sleep.

"Not much of a New Year's Eve for us, Major," said the Colonel, who was short and stout, addressing a tall, thin man, with an arm in a sling. The two were seated together on the balcony of a Turkish house.

"By Jove, no! Not even any letters."

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"'WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE BLOOD ON THE PRISONER'S SHOULDER?' THE COLONEL DEMANDED, STERNLY."

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legs at us like a grasshopper. Then Kyrilieff lost his temper and gave him a bit of a prick. That made him come out at last. We wanted to be done with him, then and there, but Lieutenant Vassilieff said we must take him alive to you."

"Simon, bring a chair forward for the prisoner."

The Turk, after placing his hand on his forehead, next on his mouth, and finally on his head, sat down heavily. He appeared still more wretched now. It was very obvious that he expected no good from his new masters. The big nose seemed to have collapsed into the moustache, the head to have almost disappeared between the shoulders.

The Major, who had seen a good deal of service on the Caucasian frontier, had picked up sufficient Turkish to be able to do without an interpreter.

"We have met before, I think?" he began. "Are you not Mahmud Bey?"

The Turk's head sank still lower. His whole attitude denoted the very extremity of despair.

"Correct me if I am wrong. Am I mistaking you for somebody else?"

"I have never spoken that which is not the truth"—the prisoner had risen to his feet with an effort. "Yesterday I escaped from Kazanlik; to-day I have been taken again by your men. It is not easy to go very far on foot"—he gave a wry smile—"especially when you are wounded both in the head and the leg. Now there is this new wound in my shoulder, which——"

"Sit down," said the Major, trying his hardest, but in vain, to adopt an official tone. "You are aware that, by the rules of war——"

"You need not remind me of that. You have won. Order me to be shot. I perfectly realized the risk I took when I ran away yesterday. I have played and lost. Death is the penalty."

The Major's tone became frankly kind.

"Had you any complaint to make about your treatment?"

"None whatever. No man could have been more generous than the Russian officer who lodged me. He made me take his own bed. He gave me food and drink. He treated me in every way as a brother, not as an enemy."

"Did you expect worse treatment, then, if you were sent to Russia?"

"I know that Russians treat all their prisoners well."

"Why did you run away, in that case?"

"What matters my reason now? Here I am, in your power. Do your duty; but do it quickly—do it quickly."

A sound suspiciously like a strangled sob came from the old Turk. He seemed on the point of collapsing altogether.

"I can't imagine what you hoped to gain. The Turks are retreating everywhere. Your army is starving, the whole population is in flight. Surely you might have had a little patience. This war must soon be over now, and you would then have been allowed to go home quietly."

"Home? Where is home?"

"Excuse me. I am afraid I don't quite follow you."

"I will explain. I know exactly what is happening. I have no illusions. An order has recently gone forth from Stambul that everyone is to go to Asia Minor, and my family will have started with the others. How shall I find them again? Bah! To say more is but waste of breath. I have done what I believed to be my duty. Do yours. There is no escape from death. What must happen, must happen. It is written. No man can live beyond the hour fixed by Fate. What I did was not done for my own sake——"

The prisoner's voice broke. He made a helpless gesture with his hand.

"You spoke about your family. I, too, have a family," said the Major, gently.

"Esteem yourself fortunate that you are able to return to it, and give thanks to Heaven that you are not a prisoner in the hands of the enemy."

"Understand that if I am putting these questions to you, it is precisely in the interest of your family."

There was a long silence.

"Ask him how many children he has," said the Colonel.

"Four." Mahmud's voice was scarcely audible.

"Are they grown-up?" asked the Major.

"No—quite young. My eldest little girl is just six."

"Exactly the age of my eldest youngster," said the Major, as if speaking to himself.

"My daughter will be very beautiful when she is older"—the prisoner became almost animated; "she has big eyes that flash fire already. It is five months since I saw her last, and she cried when I bade her good-bye. My youngest boy is not one yet. He could not walk when I left home. They live near Adrianople, where I have a nice house and garden. We were perfectly happy. Then this war must needs break out. May whoever

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"'WHAT IS THE

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Upon my soul, I feel as if I would like to send the whole lot to the devil. Let us try to forget the wretched business—until to-morrow at least. Ask him if he takes wine. In any case, he will have supper with us."

The prisoner lay down in the same room as the Colonel and the Major. Everything was now quiet, save for the sound of a stray shot or two, half stifled by the fog; but, in the end, even Turks get tired of useless shooting.

The Major could not get to sleep. He turned over and over under the felt mantle that served him as a covering, now throwing it off, now pulling it up again. For the tenth time he tried to read a newspaper, but it at once fell from his hands. Now and again he would throw a furtive glance at the sleeping Turk, from whose lips vague troubled phrases escaped. His own thoughts obstinately came back, always to the same point—children; not the prisoner's children, but his own.

Even when he finally closed his eyes his brain continued to work in the same direction. He travelled thousands of versts to the small Russian town where his family lived amid the profound peace of the surrounding fields. There were no battles here, no dead bodies, no ocean of disasters rolling waves of blood.

Suddenly the Major is in a moderate-sized room. Before the ikon, in one corner, a small lamp is quietly burning, and the feeble light is just sufficient to show the outlines of two small beds, behind the white curtains of which regular, cadenced breathing is audible. The Major draws back the curtain of one of the beds. The little girl lying within is too warm and has thrown off the blanket. The small, plump legs are pulled up to her body; the lips are slightly opened. She is in a dreamless sleep. The little rogue is thoroughly tired out with all the wonderful adventures of the past day. What has she not done? Look at her now, slipping a rounded little hand behind her head. Would you not declare she is about to open her eyes, then to close them again, and once more to open them, laughing into her father's face as he bends over her? For a long time his eyes rest lovingly upon her.

"Sleep, darling. Sleep, little angel," he murmurs, making the sign of the Cross over her.

Now for the second little bed.

See that little scrap of humanity. He is not yet two years old, but he does nothing but fight all day long. His cheek is covered with scratches, though an armistice has evidently been concluded with one of his enemies, for the cat, a furry grey ball, lies curled up beside him. What a big stout fellow the Major's boy is! The round head is covered with curly hair that looks almost white, it is so blond, and at the elbow there is a dimple which the Major has the greatest difficulty in preventing himself from kissing. But he must not awaken the child. Once more the Major makes the sign of the Cross.

On tip-toe the Major makes his way into the adjoining room, where his eldest son is sleeping with his mother. He is six, and looks down with supreme disdain upon his sister and his mite of a brother. Mother and son are illumined by the rays of a blue-shaded lamp, turned very low. A small table near the bed has the Major's photograph upon it, and beside it lies a newspaper opened at the place where there is something about his detachment. His wife had certainly been reading about him just before she fell asleep. On the walls of the room are more portraits of the Major. He is evidently not forgotten here. With infinite precautions he bends down and just touches the parted lips of his wife; then, closing his eyes, he kisses her on the forehead.

Everything here breathes peace, love, serenity. An angel's prayer might be floating in the warm atmosphere of the two rooms, warding off from these cherished heads all thought of evil, all despair, all hate.

Anyone who, at that moment, had looked upon the face of the sleeping Major would have noticed a happy smile flit across the face of the long, lean man.

So supremely happy is the smile that the old Turk, lying near, is unable to support the view. He is himself a prey to terrible imaginings. Over and over he rolls on his couch, and a burning tear steals down his cheek. Then Night, touched by the contrast between the two men, sends the Turk a mysterious vision. No sooner does he perceive it than his expression immediately changes. The tense muscles relax, a smile hovers at the corners of the mouth, which a moment before had been almost hidden under the big nose. On the cheek the tears have dried. The prisoner's dream is so happy that Night, satisfied with her work, glides towards the Major to complete her task.

What has happened to the Major? you may well ask yourself. An extraordinary change has come over his face since last you looked at it. Every feature expresses astonishment and—terror. He is trying to rise, to shake off the heavy chains which bind him, but he is powerless. He sees something—something

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so strange, so extravagant, that his blood runs cold in his veins. An indescribable murmur fills the rooms that were so quiet just now. The children are sitting up in their beds. Their eyes, dilated by terror, are fixed on a black, threatening cloud that moves slowly above their heads. What does that cloud conceal? The father's heart is beating as if ready to burst.

And all the time the cloud is coming lower and lower.

The children spring from their beds. From the next room the little boy comes running in. They call for nurse, but no one answers. Then they scream for their mother, but the black cloud comes between and shuts her out from their sight. And there they are, face to face and alone with that dread, mysterious shape, which has now almost reached the ground. Its outlines are gradually becoming defined. At last, both the Major and his children see what it really is—the long, dead body of a man, a body of enormous length, and around it are four strange little children, sobbing as though their hearts would break, their big black eyes brimming with anguish.

Slowly gathering courage, the Major's children draw near and begin to examine the body. But the Major himself does not need to be told whose body it is. It is only too clear. There is the scar on the forehead, the big grey head, the bristling grey moustache. Everything is there, down to the recent wound in the shoulder, the blood on the tattered cape, the feet in their horrible ragged coverings.

"Who—who has done this?" asks the Major's little girl, her rosy cheeks suddenly pale.

"Who has killed him?" asks the Major's eldest son.

The four strange little people with the swarthy complexions and flashing dark eyes all point accusing fingers at the Major.

"It is he who killed our father. It is he who has thrown us out into the street and made beggars of us."

The Major tries to cry out, to speak. His tongue is paralyzed. His own children draw away from him, horror on their faces. The youngest boy, the baby, even raises his hand, as if to protect himself. The Major approaches his daughter, but she, too, flies from him, her features convulsed with fright. Then she turns and points at her father's hands.

"Blood! blood!" she screams.

The Major looks at his hands. The child is right; they are covered with blood.

Again the Major tries to speak, but he cannot articulate a syllable. It is as if an iron hand had gripped him by the throat and were seeking to choke him. He struggles wildly, desperately, makes one supreme effort, and then—awakes.

He throws back the covering and springs from the bed.

The Turk has been up for some time. He and the Colonel are already seated at table.

"Well, Major, you have at least taken your fill of sleep for New Year's morning."

"Yes, I've been dreaming."

"What, you also?" says the Colonel, looking somewhat embarrassed.

"What do you mean by 'you also'?"

"I have had a preposterous dream myself. I could never have believed I could be so sentimental."

"What did you dream about — the prisoner?"

"Naturally. About whom else would you expect me to dream? But you remember my little Vollodia, I dare say?"

"That's a nice question to put to the boy's godfather."

"By Jove, what an ass I am! Decidedly my head is going wrong. Well, the confounded little beggar has been at my heels the whole night through, insisting that I must let him have the Turk. 'What for?' I asked, and he kept answering me, 'He, too, has little Vollodias, and I want him to be free, so that he may go to them.' Did you notice anything peculiar about the wine last night?"

The Major was looking fixedly at the Colonel.

"Let me tell you my dream."

"Upon my word, it is enough to make a fellow superstitious," said the Colonel, when the Major had finished. "But we must come to some decision, you know. There is nothing for it but to send him to the General as soon as possible. It is for the General to say what his fate shall be, not us. If we keep him here any longer, it would not surprise me to see both of us go mad."

"I have a particular favour to ask you. Give me permission to take the Turk to the General myself. May I?"

"I don't see any reason why I should refuse you," said the Colonel, looking everywhere so as not to meet the Major's eyes. "You'll need a horse for him, of course."

"There is no difficulty on that score. We've taken enough horses from the Turks."

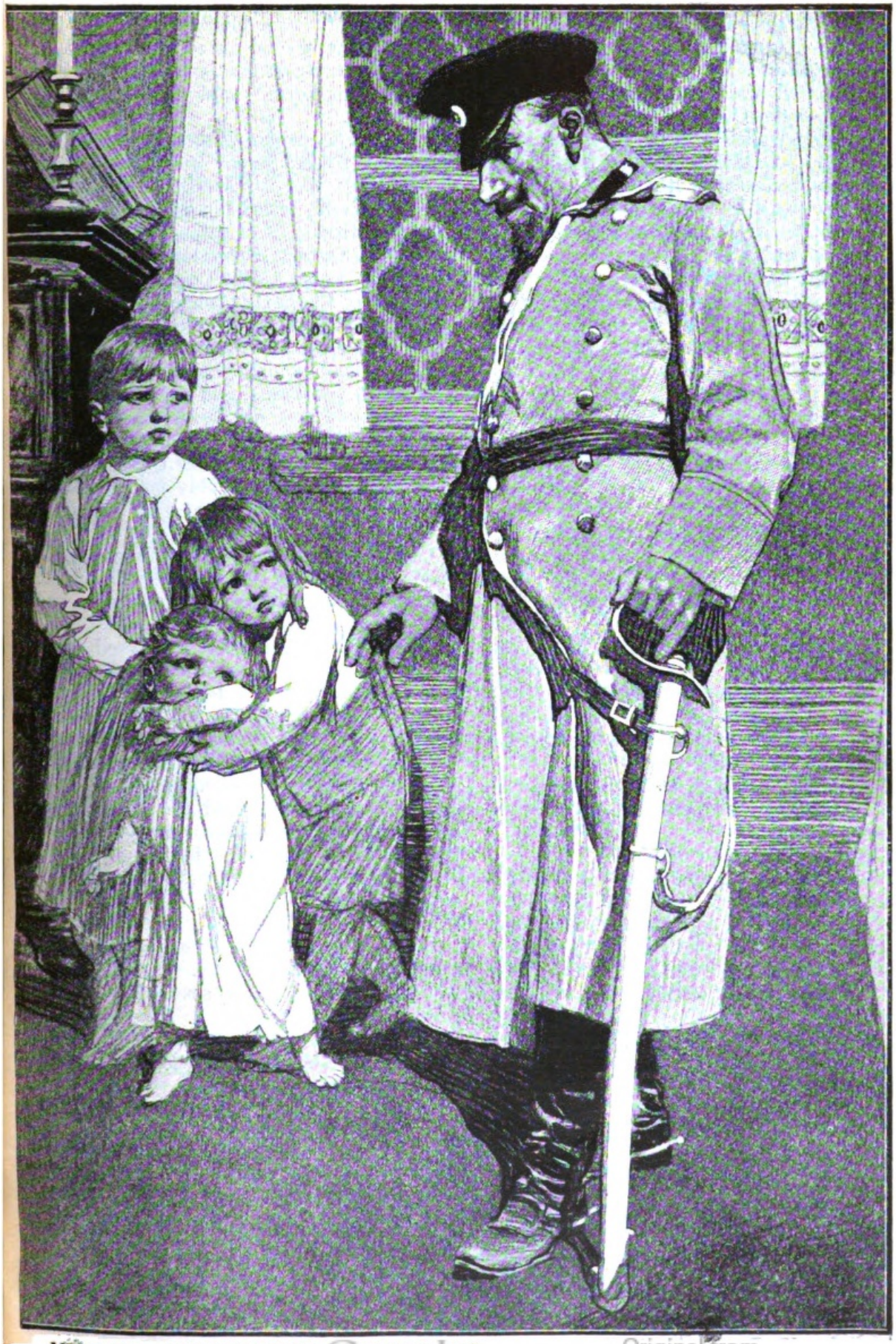
"You can start as soon as you like, then. Hand over the prisoner to the General," said the Colonel, using the tone of a superior officer giving an order to a subordinate.

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"'WHO—WHO HAS DONE THIS?' ASKS THE MAJOR'S

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LITTLE GIRL, HER ROSY CHEEKS SUDDENLY PALE."

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Slowly, accompanied by Mahmud Bey, gloomy as ever, the Major reached the last Russian outposts.

A mounted Cossack emerged from the fog. Two more Cossacks lay stretched out on the ground, their tethered horses nibbling some hay. At sight of the officer both men quickly jumped to their feet.

"Where does this lead to, my fine fellows?" asked the Major, pointing to a deep ravine that opened at his feet.

"Straight to the enemy's lines, sir."

"Have you seen any Turks to-day?"

"Not one, sir. They are much quieter this morning. Yesterday they went on like madmen, but, God be thanked, they are giving us a little peace now."

The Major signed to the prisoner to follow him, and the two horsemen began slowly to descend into the ravine. They had not gone very far before one of the Cossacks galloped up to the Major's side.

"Well, what is it?" asked the Major.

"I thought I ought to tell you to look out, sir. You never know what these Turks are up to. They are not very far away."

"That's all right. I'll keep my eyes open."

"But your prisoner may escape, sir."

"There's no fear of that. He has promised to point out the Turkish positions to me. Get back to your post."

The Cossack obeyed, and the two horsemen proceeded for quite a long time in silence.

Then the Major drew up.

"Listen to me, Mahmud Bey. The Turkish army is not far off now. Off with you! Go to Adrianople to your youngsters. Don't you hear? I have youngsters of my own. Well, what are you waiting for? Cut off and be quick about it. You have not a minute to lose. If you wait too long I may change my mind, you know. Heavens, man, don't you understand?"

Mahmud Bey seemed absolutely petrified. His eyes only were blinking. Things had now got quite beyond his comprehension.

"I tell you again that you are free to go back to your home," said the Major, very deliberately.

At last the prisoner's brain grasped the wonderful truth. Before the Major could realize what was happening Mahmud Bey had bent down, seized his hand, and kissed it passionately.

"Listen, Russian!" he stammered; "you have put me under a debt I can never repay. I may not say I hope that you will some day be a prisoner and find a Turk as good as you are. But this I do say. There is but one God. Religions may be different, but God is one. I swear to you that I and my children, for so long as we live, will never cease to pray God daily for you and to implore Him to preserve you for your children as you have preserved me for mine. May you be spared for many long years. Good-bye, Russian—good-bye."

Then, as if seized by sudden fear that the Major might, after all, change his mind, Mahmud Bey struck his horse sharply and quickly disappeared.

Before returning the Major allowed a few minutes to elapse, so as to let the Turk get well on his way. As he approached the Russian outposts, he was met by the same Cossack who had come after him.

"You were perfectly right," said the Major—"the Turk did get away."

The Cossack scrutinized the Major more attentively than a soldier usually does his superior officer before replying:—

"Good luck to him, sir. It's not prisoners we're short of."

"Well?" asked the Colonel, shortly, when the Major entered the room.

"Put me under arrest, sir. I allowed my prisoner to escape."

But the Colonel's only answer was to spring towards his friend and wring him warmly by the hand.

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All About General Joffre.

Though the name of General Joffre is now as familiar in our mouths as household words, how few of us know anything of the personality of the man in whose hands lies the fate of the Allies in the West! The following article—the second part of which is published by arrangement with a well-known French magazine—will give our readers, perhaps, their first real insight into the personality of the man and the nature of his work.

I.—A PORTRAIT-STUDY OF THE MAN.

WAS it prophetic that old Mme. Joffre, the wife of the cooper of Rivesaltes, decided that César should be added to the Christian names of Joseph Jacques bestowed upon the boy born to her on January 12th, 1852?

No one, of course, not even his greatest admirers, claims for General Joffre those administrative qualities which made Cæsar so wonderful an empire builder and statesman as well as a soldier. Yet there are points of similarity in the success of both. Joffre, like the Roman patrician, is a cool, calculating mathematician; a born strategist, a builder of forces and a maker of men. He has a knack of transforming and reorganizing raw and inadequate human material into successful units.

"The task is a hopeless one; Joffre will never accomplish it," said the pessimists when, three years ago, he was placed in supreme command of the French army, and practically asked to bring it to a state of efficiency, after varying turbulent Parliaments had done their best to turn the military departments into a state of chaos. But the French War Office had the greatest faith in the bourgeois general. It agreed with General Pau, the one-armed idol of France, who, at the meeting which was to decide upon a new chief of the General Staff, pointed to General Joffre and said:—

"That is the only possible man."

The Only Possible Man.

Thereupon Joffre, quietly, methodically, but none the less quickly—for, like the late Lord Roberts, he fully realized the menace of Germany and the necessity for preparing for the great day of trial—went to work. He organized the infantry on more modern lines, made his cavalry as efficient and daring as any in Europe, staggered France by dismissing five generals who had been found incompetent in manœuvres, reorganized the whole system of fortifications, and, what was of the most vital importance, although few realized it at the time, preached preparation for war on twentieth-century lines.

He was one of the few eminent soldiers to foresee the kind of war which we are now witnessing—a war long-drawn-out over an enormous front, in which patience is more precious than daring, and dash less valuable than calculation. "I remember hearing him say," remarks one of Joffre's few intimates, who has been admitted to that little house in Auteuil where France's great soldier took his bride a quarter of a century ago, "'It is no longer the general-in-chief who will henceforward win the battle; it will be the colonels and even the humble captains. Battles will be engaged over fronts of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles in length, and over such an extent the will of a single man can scarcely get a grip. Combinations and ruses are scarcely possible nowadays. The troops which win will be those which hold out longest, which have the greatest power of endurance, the most energy, and the strongest faith in the final success.'"

On the field the man who in private life loves to potter about the garden of his house in Auteuil, accompany his wife on shopping expeditions, who is very fond of a musical evening with his daughters, Marcelle and Annette, who have on occasions persuaded their father to exercise his bass voice, and

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GENERAL JOFFRE'S BIRTHPLACE.
THE HOUSE IN RIVESALTES IN WHICH THE COOPER'S SON WHO BECAME COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMY WAS BORN.

who might often be seen in the morning riding with his girls in the Bois de Boulogne, is, although amiable and genial to his intimates, imperturbable, arbitrary, and assertive.

The Secret of His Good Health.

Perhaps one of his most curious characteristics is that he will tolerate no interference, so far as the exigencies of the situation allow, with the systematic personal habits which he has followed for many years, and to which he attributes not a little of his good health. This is illustrated by an incident which happened during the retreat from Mons.

Late one night at Joffre's headquarters a Staff officer arrived with a very urgent despatch. The Commander-in-Chief had retired, and the officer was informed that on no account whatever must the General be disturbed. "But he must be roused," said the Staff officer, "for a whole division is in danger of being surrounded." "The General," came back the reply, "has given orders that in no circumstances is he to be awakened before six a.m. Furthermore, there is no need to do so, for he has left all the necessary instructions for possible emergencies in envelopes marked one, two, and three." The Staff officer on duty thereupon opened the despatch, selected envelope Number two, which met the case, and instructions were immediately telegraphed to the commander who had sent his despatch, and who was promptly reprimanded next morning by Joffre, when he had heard what had taken place, for using the motor instead of the telegraph.

He endeavours to follow, as far as circumstances will permit, the same regular mode of life to which he has been accustomed almost since his marriage. Every morning previous to the war he would be up and dressed, having previously had a vigorous ten minutes in a room next to his bedroom, which is fitted up as a miniature gymnasium, ending with a cold shower-bath. An hour later he might be seen trotting briskly on horseback through the leafy bridle-paths of



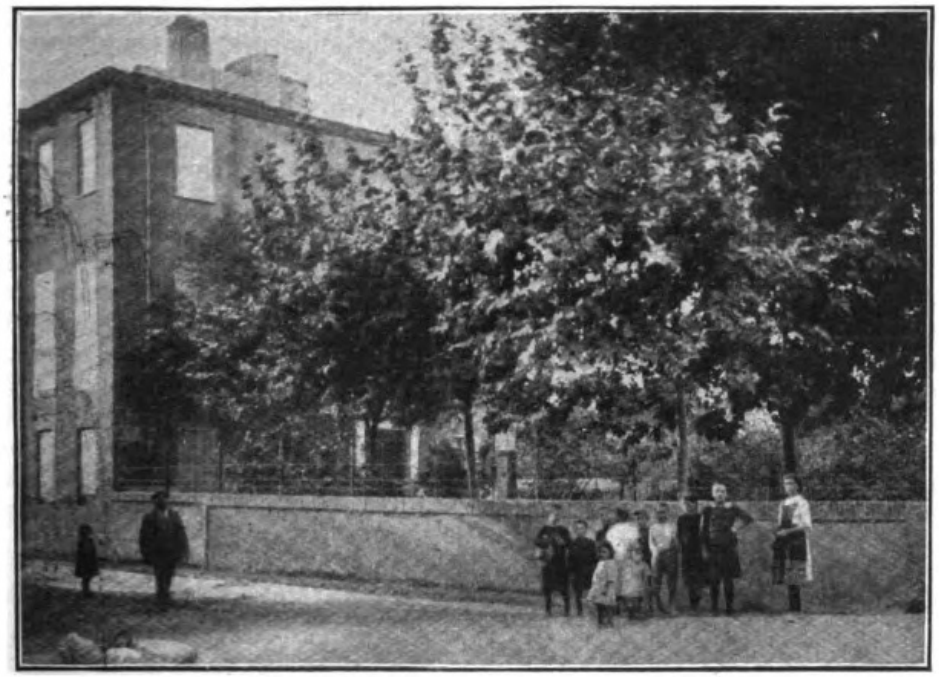
JOSEPH JACQUES CÉSAR JOFFRE AT THE AGE OF 17.
Photos. by courtesy of Mlle. Clara.

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the Bois du Boulogne, sometimes in company with other officers, but more often with one of his daughters, followed at a discreet distance by his orderly.

Social functions never appeal to him. And if disinclined for music in his leisure moments he would turn to his books and spend an hour with military works or the fiction of Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, and Dickens—the latter being a great favourite. Or if friends dropped in he might take a hand at bridge or whist. The simple habits which he imbibed in his youthful days at Rivesaltes still cling to him. His only surviving sister, Mme. Artus, says that even after he became a general the Commander-in-Chief insisted on remaining to his friends plain Joseph Joffre. He made a practice of paying frequent visits to the family home at Rivesaltes, and one of his great pleasures during his brief holidays at home were long card games in the evening with his father and his friends.

A favourite game was "mouille," and it was during one of these games, Mme. Artus tells us, that he explained to his father how to dig slanting trenches on his property as a protection against the ravages of spring rains. "You should, father," he said, "dig slanting lines of trenches across your farm at Bompas. They will drain the land and prevent floods in spring; and I think I can claim to know something about trenches," he added, with a laugh.



GENERAL JOFFRE'S HOME AT RIVESALTES.
Photo. by courtesy of Mlle. Clara.

Trenches—in Peace and War.

It cannot be said that Joffre's relatives and friends marked out for him a brilliant career in his early days. For, although he astounded at times the village *curé* and his playfellows with his wonderful grasp of mathematics, and the ease with which he would solve the most intricate problems, he was regarded, to quote the words of one who knew him in his boyhood days, as "too slow and methodical to compete in the race for success." And when he left for Paris at the age of fifteen and a half to prepare for the entrance examination of the École Polytechnique—the Woolwich of France—his place on the list was rather low—fourteenth.

The reason for his comparative non-success has, in the light of later events, a certain piquancy, for the examiners said that, while young Joffre was exceedingly good at mathematics, he had failed to grasp the intricacies of German grammar, a language for which he showed a pronounced distaste.

Joffre's family, however, were full of hopes when he received his commission as second lieutenant when the Franco-Prussian War broke out and he was attached to the Engineer Corps in besieged Paris. How, after the conclusion of peace, he was employed in reconstructing the Paris fortifications, and how his work so pleased Marshal MacMahon, when he came to inspect it, that he made the lieutenant a captain on the spot is a story which has often been told. But, although this promotion

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came to him at the early age of twenty-two, Joffre was not contented, particularly when, having made a name as an engineer, the authorities, for several years, kept him busy organizing and perfecting defensive works.

"It is all very fine," Joffre is reported to have said, about this time, "but I don't want to spend the rest of my days building fortifications. I want to command troops and see some fighting."

So they sent him to Tonkin, where the French-Indo-China War was in progress, and there Joffre had an opportunity of commanding troops and leading his men to victory with sword in hand.

A Believer in Luck.

Hard-headed, unsentimental soldier though he is, it is one of the curious traits in Joffre's character that he is a firm believer in luck. He will tell you that his star was in the ascendant on that memorable march to Timbuctoo in January, 1894, when he avenged the murder of General Bonnier and his men and achieved the distinction of being the first French army officer to reach Timbuctoo. It should be remembered at that time Timbuctoo was a sort of Lhassa of the tropics. Only four white men had set foot within its walls. Joffre himself has related in his story of the expedition how he set out from Segou on Christmas Day, 1893, to the conquest of Timbuctoo, then in the hands of the Tuaregs, the terrible "veiled men" of the Western Soudan, who had the worst reputation of any brigand race on the face of the earth. The expedition was divided into three parts. Colonel Bonnier went up the Niger by water, preceded by Lieutenant Boiteux in a gunboat, while Joffre commanded the land column, a small force of some thirty Europeans and three hundred natives, who took an arduous route along the Niger banks.

Bonnier and Boiteux reached Timbuctoo and occupied the citadel. But, unfortunately, Bonnier himself, setting out a day or two afterwards against the Tuaregs, was surprised by night and massacred with all his men. Meantime Joffre was pushing ahead with his little force, and although harried by the Tuaregs, who hoped to surprise him as they did Bonnier, they never caught him asleep. Through deadly swamps and waterless desert, under a blazing tropical sky which caused the death of many men and horses, they steadily pushed ahead, and Joffre relates how he not only took the precaution of making friends with the local chiefs, but he brought them along with him whenever possible, even at the price of much-regretted delay, due to having to "sit up all night" in friendly palaver.

Knew When to Disobey.

What Joffre's feelings were when, at the end of this eight hundred miles' arduous march, he found his comrades dead can be better imagined than described. What was more galling still, he found instructions at Timbuctoo telling him to return immediately and leave a junior officer in charge, "preparatory to evacuation." With the instinct of genius, Joffre knew when to disobey. He stayed, and by doing so ultimately earned the gratitude of the French Government. For not only did he administer a crushing blow to the Tuaregs, clearing the district round about for two hundred and fifty miles, and, in four separate expeditions, defeating the most dangerous of the neighbouring tribes, but while carrying on this terrific guerrilla warfare he introduced many reforms in Timbuctoo itself which ultimately transformed a ruined and desolate town into one which could look forward into a period of security and prosperity.

"Luck was on my side," Joffre said, modestly, when he was afterwards congratulated on his brilliant achievement and promoted lieutenant-colonel for his valuable work. "I might," he said, "have met with the fate of Bonnier and Boiteux had the Goddess of Good Fortune not attended me," refusing to acknowledge that it was really his caution, foresight, military genius, and indefatigableness which enabled him to bring his column through so successfully.

At the same time, a little incident occurred on this expedition which might have brought about quite a different result. While still some distance from Timbuctoo Joffre's left eye was attacked by a poisonous insect. The doctor feared that the commander might lose his eyesight, and advised a bandage. But the patient refused, saying, "I could not command my troops if I were blindfolded." "Then you must wear blue spectacles," said the doctor. But the desert is not the place to find blue spectacles, and General Joffre's eye became worse. The doctor foretold blindness, but Joffre merely smiled. His luck would hold good, he said. Sure enough one day the mail brought a package to a soldier who had been sent to the rear, from General Loyre, the man's uncle. General Loyre being a personal friend of Joffre, the latter took upon himself to open the package, and the first thing he found was a pair of blue spectacles.

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"You see, I was right in having faith in my luck," Joffre is reported as having explained, and in this way his sight was saved, although his eye has ever since been clouded over with a thin veil.

The Man and His Methods.

What are the chief personal characteristics of this military genius who, to his friends who ask him how things are going in the war, remarks, with a twinkle in his eye, "*Laissez-moi faire. Je les grignette*" ("Leave me alone. I am nibbling at them"), and of whom the Germans themselves say, talking of the qualities of the French soldiers, "At their head stands an army commander who, though he has won no decisive victory, has secured a name in the list of the most famous generals"?

Picture to yourselves a man who at first appears too stout to be physically fit, and yet whose bull-neck, crowned by a massive head and a strong jaw, betrays super-energy and great mental force. Joffre is five feet nine inches in height, and he is very powerful in physique and capable of the most strenuous exertions.

"No German," to quote the words of one who knows him intimately, "could be more thorough; for him no lasting results can be achieved without the utmost care. And joined with an extraordinary capacity for detail are a breadth of view rare in the extreme and limitless patience. His methods resemble those of the head of a great business, while his strength is that of a man who, by sheer force of character and intellect, has mastered himself and mastered his task. Whatever he achieves he will richly deserve."

Joffre never poses, and while neat in dress he has had too many hard knocks, in attaining his position, to give time to the study of effects before the camera and on dress parade. Hero-worship he abhors, and he is indifferent to praise. When he has an object to achieve he goes stolidly forward, and if, as the result of his hard work in the present war, he is made a demi-god by future historians, it will not be his fault.

II.—A DAY AT THE FRONT WITH GENERAL JOFFRE.

WHAT could be more entrancingly interesting for any one of us than to witness the daily work of the great Commander-in-Chief who directs the operations of the Allies? But what, you may ask, could well be more difficult than to gain admittance to his headquarters? Yet we have succeeded in doing so, and now invite the reader to accompany us thither. Thus he will learn to understand how, moment by moment, the General is kept in touch with every part of a firing-line extending over some hundreds of miles.

The Brain of Militant France.

Misled by descriptions given in books, we picture to ourselves a general's headquarters as a sort of show place, seething with life, where brilliant officers, bedizened with gold lace and constellations of decorations, throng around their chief; where horses continually prance, motors incessantly throb, and couriers for ever rush to and fro. How different the real thing is from this imaginary picture!

Nothing denotes the existence of the headquarters—unless it is that at the entrance to the town the gendarmes and territorials demand your passes, which they examine with scrupulous attention. Through the streets of the peaceful town the inhabitants pass to and from their ordinary work. The silence of the neighbourhood is broken only by the occasional blare of a military automobile racing along at high speed, or by the gallop of a courier's horse. Thus you arrive at the *Grand Quartier Général* (or, to adopt an abbreviation used in the Army, the "G.Q.G.") almost without knowing it.

The residence in which the Commander-in-Chief eats and sleeps is a modest villa of pleasant aspect. A little farther on stands the large brick building which serves General Joffre as an office. Here, as we shall presently see, he works, assisted in his arduous and ceaseless labours by two hundred officers and a host of secretaries. Here, indeed, is the brain of military France. Note the intricate network, the telephone and telegraph wires, the antennæ of wireless telegraphy. Are not these the nerves which set in motion that huge body, the Army?

From this quiet country town, where is heard neither roar of cannon nor rattle of musketry, the fateful orders go forth to more than a million combatants, whose battle-line extends from the North Sea to the banks of the Rhine. Here it is that the will of one man works the enormous war machine, than which anything more formidable has never been seen.

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GENERAL JOFFRE AT THE AGE OF 37.

Imperturbable.

One can understand, though but faintly and partially, how heavy must be the burden which, night and day, rests upon the shoulders of the Commander-in-Chief. He supports it with a courage which never fails for a single moment. Endowed with an excellent physique, short of stature, but massive as a granite tower, he possesses, as his appearance denotes, the indomitable energy, the strong-willed tenacity, which will eventually ensure to us the victory. Moreover, he knows how to husband this strength, how to make the most of it by regularity of life and calm though constant labour. Wisely he dreads and avoids the enervation produced by worry, and takes care to keep himself in good health for this hard campaign which he must conduct unfalteringly to the end.

In summer and in winter he rises at six a.m. He requires eight hours of sleep.

"In order to keep well," he says, "you must take your fill of food and sleep."

The General spends little time over his toilet. His breakfast also is soon disposed of. Then, with his *képi* pressed down over his eyes, he quits the quiet villa in which he has passed the night, and goes forth, with alert step, to his headquarters.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JOFFRE AND HIS WIFE.
Photos. by courtesy of Mlle. Clara.

The Chief at Work.

See now General Joffre in his study, or office. You could imagine nothing more simple. It is a large schoolroom, with paved floor and big bay windows. The forms on

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which a few weeks ago the little scholars sat have disappeared, and in their place are a large table of white wood, half-a-dozen rough rush-bottomed chairs, and a blackboard. Maps drawn by staff officers, showing the positions and activities of the allied armies, are pinned on the walls. These maps are adorned with numerous symbols—squares, circles, crosses, arrows—black when they denote the French, British, and Belgian troops, blue when they denote those of the enemy.

On the table stand a common water-bottle, a shabby ink-stand, and a telephone apparatus.

As soon as the General enters he summons to him his most intimate co-adjutors, the men who form, as it were, his privy council, those who are honoured with his confidence, and are the depositaries of his thoughts. Amongst these are three especially notable officers. For the present their names must not be divulged, but when the time comes for lifting the veil of anonymity we shall not know how to thank them sufficiently. For they, together with their great chief, will have been the saviours of their nation, the creators of victory. Still young, they are already members of our corps of staff officers, which has no rival in all the world.



GENERAL JOFFRE AT THE FRONT.
THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIES PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."
Photo. by Photo Press.

They it was who prepared for and accomplished the marvellous mobilization of last August, and who since that time have so skilfully superintended the operations of our forces.

One is the strategist upon whom devolves the duties of transporting and directing our armies to the fighting-line. Another devotes his energies to the commissariat, the distribution of ammunition, the ambulance work, and other of the numerous activities carried on in the rear or at the base. The third is the superior artillery commander.

News From Every Part of the Front.

And now the secretaries of the staff bring to the Commander-in-Chief and his privy council the reports, telegrams, and messages which have arrived during the night. These are enclosed in envelopes of different colours, according to the various sections of the Army to which they refer. Orders are immediately sent to the commanders of the forces. The large masses to be put in motion, the formidable dimensions, the immense range, of "the Front," clearly make a direct personal omnipresent supervision on the part of General Joffre an impossibility. As the supreme commander, he issues to his subordinates instructions on a broad, free scale. That is to say, he indicates to them the

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general situation, the position of the enemy, the "connection" of the forces occupying the neighbourhood, the object to be aimed at. And as these subordinates possess his confidence, and are in perfect sympathy as well as in constant touch with him, we can understand how an order dispatched from headquarters can be executed within a few minutes at any point, however distant, of the Front.

The General-in-Chief is also in continual communication with the heads of the allied armies. Every moment officers of the Allies arrive or depart, some on horseback, others in aeroplanes, the majority in motor-cars. Every moment telephones "ring up"; night and day, without cessation, telegraph and radiograph are busy.

And—*mirabile dictu*—all these messages to and from the "G.Q.G." cross without getting mixed. In passing through the schoolrooms in which are the installations the visitor is amazed as much at the smooth working, the flexibility, of this mighty mechanism as at its simplicity. All the members of the staff, officers and secretaries, labour quietly but unceasingly. Animated by devotion to duty, and no mere slaves of discipline, all are proud to share in the great work on which our country's safety depends.

The morning's orders having been given, General Joffre quits for a time the "G.Q.G.," and takes a stroll. Almost always alone, he wanders quietly through the streets of the little town. This walk gives him time to think and plan, to carry on mentally some strategic operation already begun, to compose some proclamation, to formulate some "order of the day." He walks with his hands clasped behind his back. The townsfolk are careful not to disturb his meditations.

He returns to the villa which is his temporary abode. At *déjeuner* he is usually joined by several officers of his staff. The meal is a hasty one, frequently interrupted by the arrival of couriers and telegrams.

Again the General visits his office, where fresh reports and telegrams await him. His work pursues him relentlessly all day long. At eight o'clock he dines, at nine o'clock he retires, to enjoy the well-earned repose which, according to orders, is not to be interrupted unless urgent news from the Front necessitates an immediate decision.

Thus, ruled as exactly as music-paper, passes the day of the Army Chief.

The Confidence of the Troops.

Certain days, however, are exceptions—those on which the General makes his rounds of inspection, and shows himself to his troops. In the courtyard of the "G.Q.G." four automobiles are always in waiting. These carry on their bonnets the tricolour banner, to which is attached a broad white ribbon fringed with gold, the special distinguishing ensign of the Commander-in-Chief.

In a pleasant, paternal, unaffected way, the Generalissimo questions his men concerning their health and their food. His attractive personality wins for him the confidence of his officers and the adoration of his fighting men. We select one example from amongst a thousand.

The incident occurred on the day after the victory of the Marne. The first division of infantry of Morocco had covered itself with glory; its cavalry had given proof of extraordinary pluck. It had been honoured in "the order of the day." But the General deemed such distinction an insufficient reward. He gave the *accolade* to General Humbert, the commander of the division.

"Humbert," he said to him, "it is you who have prevented the Germans from reaching Paris. In the name of France I congratulate and embrace you!"

The French soldier is grateful to the Chief for his constant care to avoid unnecessary slaughter of his men. General Joffre has known how to inspire all with confidence. At no moment has he despaired of his country's safety. He has now stemmed the tide of the formidable German invasion. He has broken for ever the spirit of the enemy, whom he holds in his grip and, to use the General's own expression, "nibbles at."

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BILL THE BLOODHOUND.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

THERE'S a divinity that shapes our ends. Consider the case of Henry Pifield Rice, detective.

I must explain Henry early, to avoid disappointment. If I simply said he was a detective, and let it go at that, I should be obtaining the reader's interest under false pretences. He was really only a sort of detective, a species of sleuth. At Stafford's International Investigation Bureau, in the Strand, where he was employed, they did not require him to solve mysteries which had baffled the police. He had never measured a footprint in his life, and what he did not know about bloodstains would have filled a library. The sort of job they gave Henry was to stand outside a restaurant in the rain, and note what time someone inside left it. In short, it is not "Pifield Rice, Investigator. No. I.—The Adventure of the Maharajah's Ruby," that I submit to your notice, but the unsensational doings of a quite commonplace young man, variously known to his comrades at the Bureau as "Fat-head," "That blighter what's-his name," and "Here, you!"

Henry lived at a boarding-house in Guilford Street. One day a new girl came to the boarding-house, and sat next to Henry at meals. Her name was Alice Weston. She was small and quiet, and rather pretty. They got on splendidly. Their conversation, at first confined to the weather and the moving-pictures, rapidly became more intimate. Henry was surprised to find that she was on the stage, in the chorus. Previous chorus-girls at the boarding-house had been of a more pronounced type—good girls, but noisy, and apt to wear beauty-spots. Alice Weston was different.

"I'm rehearsing at present," she said. "I'm going out on tour next month in 'The Girl From Brighton.' What do you do, Mr. Rice?"

Henry paused for a moment before replying. He knew how sensational he was going to be.

"I'm a detective."

Usually, when he told girls his profession, squeaks of amazed admiration greeted him. Now he was chagrined to perceive in the brown eyes that met his distinct disapproval.

"What's the matter?" he said, a little anxiously, for even at this early stage in their acquaintance he was conscious of a strong desire to win her approval. "Don't you like detectives?"

"I don't know. Somehow I shouldn't have thought you were one."

This restored Henry's equanimity somewhat. Naturally a detective does not want to look like a detective, and give the whole thing away right at the start.

"I think——you won't be offended?"

"Go on."

"I've always looked on it as rather a *sneaky* job."

"Sneaky!" moaned Henry.

"Well, creeping about, spying on people."

Henry was appalled. She had defined his own trade to a nicety. There might be detectives whose work was above this reproach, but he was a confirmed creeper, and he knew it. It wasn't his fault. The boss told him to creep, and he crept. If he declined to creep, he would be sacked instanter. It was hard, and yet he felt the sting of her words, and in his bosom the first seeds of dissatisfaction with his occupation took root.

You might have thought that this frankness on the girl's part would have kept Henry from falling in love with her. Certainly the dignified thing would have been to change his seat at table, and take his meals next to someone who

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appreciated the romance of detective work a little more. But no, he remained where he was, and presently Cupid, who never shoots with a surer aim than through the steam of boarding-house hash, sniped him where he sat.

He proposed to Alice Weston. She refused him.

"It's not because I'm not fond of you. I think you're the nicest man I ever met." A good deal of assiduous attention had enabled Henry to win this place in her affections. He had worked patiently and well before actually putting his fortune to the test. "I'd marry you to-morrow if things were different. But I'm on the stage, and I mean to stick there. Most of the girls want to get off it, but not me. And one thing I'll never do is marry someone who isn't in the profession. My sister Genevieve did, and look what happened to her. She married a commercial traveller, and take it from me he travelled. She never saw him for more than five minutes in the year, except when he was selling gent.'s hosiery in the same town where she was doing her refined speciality, and then he'd just wave his hand and whizz by, and start travelling again. My husband has got to be close by, where I can see him. I'm sorry, Henry, but I know I'm right."

It seemed final, but Henry did not wholly despair. He was a resolute young man. You have to be to wait outside restaurants in the rain for any length of time.

He had an inspiration. He sought out a dramatic agent.

"I want to go on the stage, in musical comedy."

"Let's see you dance."

"I can't dance."

"Sing," said the agent. "Stop singing," added the agent, hastily.

"You go away and have a nice cup of hot tea," said the agent, soothingly, "and you'll be as right as anything in the morning."

Henry went away.

A few days later, at the Bureau, his fellow-detective Simmonds hailed him.

"Here, you! The boss wants you. Buck up!"

Mr. Stafford was talking into the telephone. He replaced the receiver as Henry entered.

"Oh, Rice, here's a woman wants her husband shadowed while he's on the read. He's an actor. I'm sending you. Go to this address, and get photographs and all particulars. You'll have to catch the eleven o'clock train on Friday."

"Yes, sir."

"He's in the 'Girl From Brighton' company. They open at Bristol."

It sometimes seemed to Henry as if Fate did it on purpose. If the commission had had to do with any other company, it would have been well enough, for, professionally speaking, it was the most important with which he had ever been entrusted. If he had never met Alice Weston, and heard her views upon detective work, he would have been pleased and flattered. Things being as they were, it was Henry's considered opinion that Fate had slipped one over on him.

In the first place, what torture to be always near her, unable to reveal himself; to watch her while she disported herself in the company of other men. He would be disguised, and she would not recognize him; but he would recognize her, and his sufferings would be dreadful.

In the second place, to have to do his creeping about and spying practically in her presence——

Still, business was business.

At five minutes to eleven on the morning named he was at the station, a false beard and spectacles shielding his identity from the public eye. If you had asked him, he would have said that he was a Scotch business man. As a matter of fact, he looked far more like a motor-car coming through a hay-stack.

The platform was crowded. Friends of the company had come to see the company off. Henry looked on discreetly from behind a stout porter, whose bulk formed a capital screen. In spite of himself, he was impressed. The stage at close quarters always thrilled him. He recognized celebrities. The fat man in the brown suit was Walter Jelliffe, the comedian and star of the company. He stared keenly at him through the spectacles. Others of the famous were scattered



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"HENRY LOOKED ON DISCREETLY FROM BEHIND A STOUT PORTER."

about. He saw Alice. She was talking to a man with a face like a hatchet, and smiling, too, as if she enjoyed it. Behind the matted foliage which he had inflicted on his face, Henry's teeth came together with a snap.

In the weeks that followed, as he dogged "The Girl From Brighton" company from town to town. it would be difficult to say whether Henry was happy or unhappy. On the one hand, to realize that Alice was so near and yet so inaccessible was a constant source of misery; yet, on the other, he could not but admit that he was having the very dickens of a time, loafing round the country like this.

He was made for this sort of life, he considered. Fate had placed him in a London office, but what he really enjoyed was this unfettered travel. Some gipsy strain in him rendered even the obvious discomforts of theatrical touring agreeable. He liked catching trains; he liked invading strange hotels; above all, he revelled in the artistic pleasure of watching unsuspected fellowmen as if they were so many ants.

That was really the best part of the whole thing. It was all very well for Alice to talk about creeping and spying, but, if you considered it without bias, there was nothing degrading about it at all. It was an Art. It took brains and a genius for disguise to make a man a successful creeper and spyer. You couldn't simply say to yourself, "I will creep." If you attempted to do it in your own person, you would be detected instantly. You had to be an adept at masking your personality. You had to be one man at Bristol and another quite different man at Hull —especially if, like Henry, you were of a

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gregarious disposition, and liked the society of actors.

The stage had always fascinated Henry. To meet even minor members of the profession off the boards gave him a thrill. There was a resting juvenile, of fit-up calibre, at his boarding-house who could always get a shilling out of him simply by talking about how he had jumped in and saved the show at the hamlets which he had visited in the course of his wanderings. And on this "Girl From Brighton" tour he was in constant touch with men who really amounted to something. Walter Jelliffe had been a celebrity when Henry was going to school; and Sidney Crane, the baritone, and others of the lengthy cast, were all players not unknown in London. Henry courted them assiduously.

It had not been hard to scrape acquaintance with them. The principals of the company always put up at the best hotel, and—his expenses being paid by his employer—so did Henry. It was the easiest thing possible to bridge with a well-timed whisky-and-soda the gulf between non-acquaintance and warm friendship. Walter Jelliffe, in particular, was peculiarly accessible. Every time Henry accosted him—as a different individual, of course—and renewed in a fresh disguise the friendship which he had enjoyed at the last town, Walter Jelliffe met him more than half-way.

It was in the sixth week of the tour that the comedian, promoting him from mere casual acquaintanceship, invited him to come up to his room and smoke a cigar.

Henry was pleased and flattered. Jelliffe was a personage, always surrounded by admirers, and the compliment was consequently of a high order.



He lit his cigar. Among his friends at the Green-Room Club it was unanimously held that Walter Jelliffe's cigars brought him within the scope of the law forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons; but Henry would have smoked the gift of such a man if it had been a cabbage-leaf. He puffed away contentedly. He was made up as an old Indian colonel that week, and he complimented his host on the aroma with a fine old-world courtesy.

Walter Jelliffe seemed gratified.

"Quite comfortable?" he asked.

"Quite, I thank you," said Henry, fondling his silver moustache.

"That's right. And now tell me, old man, which of us is it you're trailing?"

Henry nearly swallowed his cigar.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, come," protested Jelliffe; "there's no need to keep it up with me. I know you're a detective. The question is, Who's the man you're after? That's what we've all been wondering all this time."

All! They had all been wondering! It was worse than Henry could have imagined. Till now he had pictured his position with regard to "The Girl From Brighton" company rather as that of some scientist who, seeing but unseen, keeps a watchful eye on the denizens of a drop of water under his microscope. And they had all detected him—every one of them.



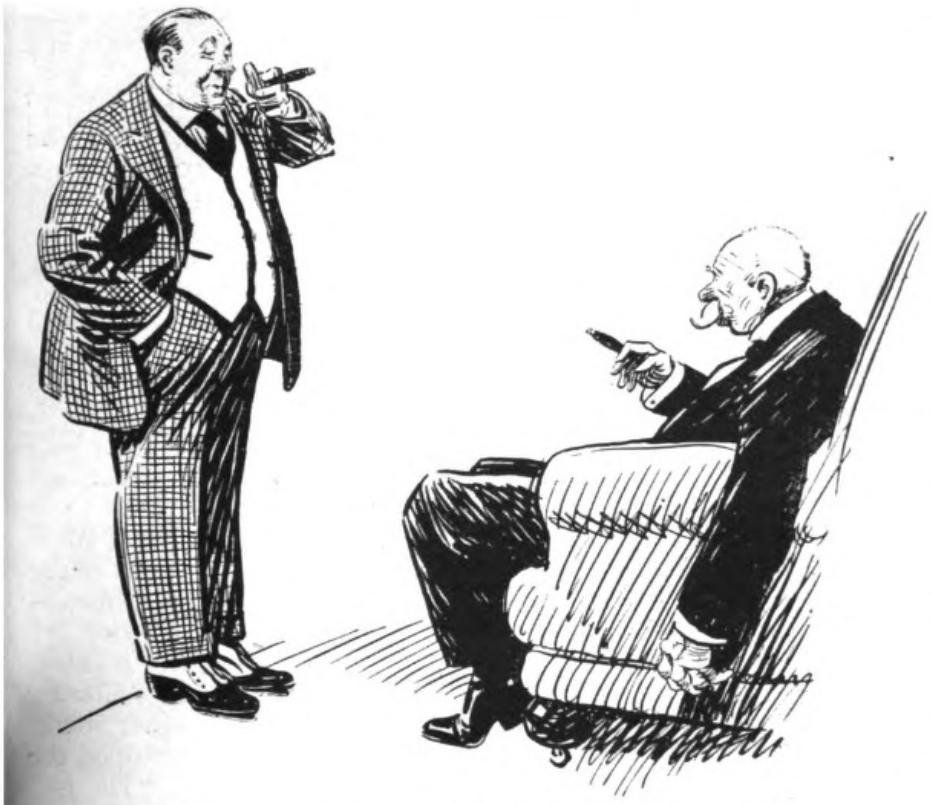
It was a stunning blow. If there was one thing on which Henry prided himself, it was the impenetrability of his disguises. He might be slow; he might be on the stupid side; but he could disguise himself. He had a variety of disguises, each designed to befog the public more hopelessly than the last.

Going down the street, you would meet a typical commercial traveller, dapper and alert. Anon, you encountered a heavily-bearded Australian. Later, maybe, it was a courteous old retired colonel who stopped you and inquired the way to Trafalgar Square. Still later, a rather flashy individual of the sporting type asked you for a match for his cigar. Would you have suspected for one instant that each of these widely differing personalities was in reality one man?

Certainly you would.

Henry did not know it, but he had achieved in the eyes of the small servant who answered the front-door bell at his boarding-house a well-established reputation as a humorist of the more practical kind. It was his habit to try his disguises on her. He would ring the bell, inquire for the landlady, and when Bella had gone, leap up the stairs to his room.

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"WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WHO'S THE MAN?"

Here he would remove the disguise, resume his normal appearance, and come downstairs again, humming a careless air. Bella, meanwhile, in the kitchen, would be confiding to her ally the cook that "Mr. Rice had jest come in, lookin' sort o' funny again."

He sat and gaped at Walter Jelliffe. The comedian regarded him curiously.

"You look at least a hundred years old," he said. "What are you made up as? A piece of Gorgonzola?"

Henry glanced hastily at the mirror. Yes, he did look rather old. He must have overdone some of the lines on his forehead. He looked something between a youngish centenarian and a nonagenarian who had seen a good deal of trouble.

"If you knew how you were demoralizing the company," Jelliffe went on, "you would drop it. As steady and quiet a lot of boys as ever you met till you came along. Now they do nothing but bet on what disguise you're going to choose for the next town. I don't see why you need to change so often. You were all right as the Scotchman at Bristol. We were all saying how nice you looked. You should have stuck to that. But what do you do at Hull but roll in in a scrubby moustache and a tweed suit, looking rotten. However, all that is beside the point. It's a free country. If you like to spoil your beauty, I suppose there's no law against it. What I want to know is, who's the man? Whose track are you sniffing on, Bill? You'll pardon my calling you Bill. You're known as Bill the Bloodhound in the company. Who's the man?"

"Never mind," said Henry.

He was aware, as he made it, that it was not a very able retort, but he was feeling too limp for satisfactory repartee. Criticisms in the Bureau, dealing with his alleged solidity of skull, he did not resent. He attributed them to man's natural desire to chaff his fellow-man. But to be unmasked by the general public in this way was another matter. It struck at the root of all things.

"But I do mind," objected Jelliffe. "It's most important. A lot of money hangs on it. We've got a sweepstake on in the company, the holder of the winning name to take the entire receipts. Come on. Who is he?"

Henry rose and made for the door. His feelings were too deep for words. Even a minor detective has his professional pride: and the knowledge that his espionage is being made the basis of sweepstakes by his quarry cuts this to the quick.

"Here, don't go! Where are you going?"

"Back to London," said Henry, bitterly. "It's a lot of good, my staying here now, isn't it?"

"I should say it was—to me. Don't be in a hurry. You're thinking that, now we know all about you, your utility as a sleuth has waned to some extent. Is that it?"

"Well?"

"Well, why worry? What does it matter to you? You don't get paid by results, do



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you? Your boss said, 'Trail along.' Well, do it, then. I should hate to lose you. I don't suppose you know it, but you've been the best mascot this tour that I've ever come across. Right from the start we've been playing to enormous business. I'd rather kill a black cat than lose you. Drop the disguises, and stay with us. Come behind all you want, and be sociable."

A detective is only human. The less of a detective, the more human he is. Henry was not much of a detective, and his human traits were consequently highly developed. From a boy, he had never been able to resist curiosity. If a crowd collected in the street he always added himself to it, and he would have stopped to gape at a window with "Watch this window" written on it, if he had been running for his life from wild bulls. He was, and always had been, intensely desirous of some day penetrating behind the scenes of a theatre.

And there was another thing. At last, if he accepted this invitation, he would be able to see and speak to Alice Weston, and interfere with the manœuvres of the hatchet-faced man, on whom he had brooded with suspicion and jealousy since that first morning at the station. To see Alice! Perhaps, with eloquence, to talk her out of that ridiculous resolve of hers!

"Why, there's something in that," he said.

"Rather! Well, that's settled. And now, touching that sweep, who *is* it?"

"I can't tell you that. You see, so far as that goes, I'm just where I was before. I can still watch—whoever it is I'm watching."

"Dash it, so you can. I didn't think of that," said Jelliffe, who possessed a sensitive conscience. "Purely between ourselves, it isn't *me*, is it?"

Henry eyed him inscrutably. He could look inscrutable at times.

"Ah!" he said, and left quickly, with the feeling that, however poorly he had shown up during the actual interview, his exit had been good. He might have been a failure in the matter of disguise, but nobody could have put more quiet sinisterness into that "Ah!" It did much to soothe him and ensure a peaceful night's rest.

On the following night, for the first time in his life, Henry found himself behind the scenes of a theatre, and instantly began to experience all the complex emotions which come to the layman in that situation. That is to say, he felt like a cat which has strayed into a strange and hostile back-yard. He was in a new world, inhabited by weird creatures, who flitted about in an eerie semi-darkness, like brightly-coloured animals in a cavern.

"The Girl From Brighton" was one of those exotic productions specially designed for the Tired Business Man. It relied for a large measure of its success on the size and appearance of its chorus, and on their constant change of costume. Henry, as a consequence, was the centre of a kaleidoscopic whirl of feminine loveliness, dressed to represent such varying flora and fauna as rabbits, Parisian students, colleens, Dutch peasants, and daffodils. Musical comedy is the Irish stew of the drama. Anything may be put into it, with the certainty that it will improve the general effect.

He scanned the throng for a sight of Alice. Often as he had seen the piece in the course of its six weeks' wandering in the wilderness he had never succeeded in recognizing her from the front of the house. Quite possibly, he thought, she might be on the stage already, hidden in a rose-tree or some other shrub, ready at the signal to burst forth upon the audience in short skirts; for in "The Girl From Brighton" almost anything could turn suddenly into a chorus-girl.

Then he saw her, among the daffodils. She was not a particularly convincing daffodil, but she looked good to Henry. With wabbling knees he butted his way through the crowd and seized her hand enthusiastically.

"Why, Henry! Where did you come from?"

"I *am* glad to see you!"

"How did you get here?"

"I *am* glad to see you!"

At this point the stage-manager, bellowing from the prompt-box, urged Henry to desist. It is one of the mysteries of behind-the-scenes acoustics that a whisper from any minor member of the company can be heard all over the house, while the stage-manager can burst himself without annoying the audience.

Henry, awed by authority, relapsed into silence. From the unseen stage came the sound of someone singing a song about the moon. June was also mentioned. He recognized the song as one that had always bored him. He disliked the woman who was singing it—a Miss Clarice Weaver, who played the heroine of the piece to Sidney Crane's hero.

In this opinion he was not alone. Miss Weaver was not popular in the company. She had secured the *rôle* rather as a testimony of personal esteem from the management than because of any innate ability. She sang badly, acted indifferently, and was uncertain

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what to do with her hands. All these things might have been forgiven her, but she supplemented them by the crime known in stage circles as "throwing her weight about." That is to say, she was hard to please, and, when not pleased, apt to say so in no uncertain voice. To his personal friends Walter Jelliffe had frequently confided that, though not a rich man, he was in the market with a substantial reward for anyone who was man enough to drop a ton of iron on Miss Weaver.

To-night the song annoyed Henry more than usual, for he knew that very soon the daffodils were due on the stage to clinch the verisimilitude of the scene by dancing the tango with the rabbits. He endeavoured to make the most of the time at his disposal.

"I *am* glad to see you!" he said.

"Sh—h!" said the stage-manager.

Henry was discouraged. Romeo could not have made love under these conditions. And then, just when he was pulling himself together to begin again, she was torn from him by the exigencies of the play.

He wandered moodily off into the dusty semi-darkness. He avoided the prompt-box, whence he could have caught a glimpse of her, being loath to meet the stage-manager just at present.

Walter Jelliffe came up to him, as he sat on a box and brooded on life.

"A little less of the double forte, old man," he said. "Miss Weaver has been kicking about the noise on the side. She wanted you thrown out, but I said you were my mascot, and I would die sooner than part with you. But I should go easy on the chest-notes, I think, all the same."

Henry nodded moodily. He was depressed. He had the feeling, which comes so easily to the intruder behind the scenes, that nobody loved him.

The piece proceeded. From the front of the house roars of laughter indicated the presence on the stage of Walter Jelliffe, while now and then a lethargic silence suggested that Miss Clarice Weaver was in action. From time to time the empty space about him filled with girls dressed in accordance with the exuberant fancy of the producer of the piece. When this happened, Henry would leap from his seat and endeavour to locate Alice; but always, just as he thought he had done so, the hidden orchestra would burst into melody and the chorus would be called to the front.

It was not till late in the second act that he found an opportunity for further speech.

The plot of "The Girl From Brighton" had by then reached a critical stage. The situation was as follows. The hero, having been disinherited by his wealthy and titled father for falling in love with the heroine, a poor shop-girl, has disguised himself (by wearing a different coloured necktie) and has come in pursuit of her to a well-known seaside resort, where, having disguised herself by changing her dress, she is serving as a waitress in the Rotunda, on the Esplanade. The family butler, disguised as a Bath-chair man, has followed the hero, and the wealthy and titled father, disguised as an Italian opera-singer, has come to the place for a reason which, though extremely sound, for the moment eludes the memory. Anyhow, he is there, and they all meet on the Esplanade. Each recognizes the other, but thinks he himself is unrecognized. *Exeunt* all, hurriedly, leaving the heroine alone on the stage.

It is a crisis in the heroine's life. She meets it bravely. She sings a song entitled "My Honolulu Queen," with chorus of Japanese girls and Bulgarian officers.

Alice was one of the Japanese girls.

She was standing a little apart from the other Japanese girls. Henry was on her with a bound. Now was his time. He felt keyed up, full of persuasive words. In the interval which had elapsed since their last conversation yeasty emotions had been playing the dickens with his self-control. It is practically impossible for a novice, suddenly introduced behind the scenes of a musical comedy, not to fall in love with somebody; and, if he is already in love, his fervour is increased to a dangerous point.



Henry felt that it was now or never. He forgot that it was perfectly possible — indeed, the reasonable course — to wait till the performance was over, and renew his

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appeal to Alice to marry him on the way back to her hotel. He had the feeling that he had got just about a quarter of a minute. Quick action! That was Henry's slogan.

He seized her hand.

"Alice!"

"Sh—h!" hissed the stage-manager.

"Listen! I love you. I'm crazy about you. What does it matter whether I'm on the stage or not? I love you."

"Stop that row there!"

"Won't you marry me?"

She looked at him. It seemed to him that she hesitated.

"Cut it out!" bellowed the stage-manager, and Henry cut it out.

And at this moment, when his whole fate hung in the balance, there came from the stage that devastating high note which is the sign that the solo is over and that the chorus are now about to mobilize. As if drawn by some magnetic power, she suddenly receded from him, and went on to the stage.

A man in Henry's position and frame of mind is not responsible for his actions. He saw nothing but her; he was blind to the fact that important manœuvres were in progress. All he understood was that she was going from him, and that he must stop her and get this thing settled.

He clutched at her. She was out of range, and getting farther away every instant.



"HE STAGGERED WITH IT INTO THE LIMELIGHT

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He sprang forward.

The advice that should be given to every young man starting life is—if you happen to be behind the scenes at a theatre, never spring forward. The whole architecture of the place is designed to undo those who so spring. Hours before, the stage-carpenters have laid their traps, and in the semi-darkness you cannot but fall into them.

The trap into which Henry fell was a raised board. It was not a very highly-raised board. It was not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'twas enough—it served. Stubbing it squarely with his toe, Henry shot forward, all arms and legs.

It is the instinct of Man, in such a situation, to grab at the nearest support. Henry grabbed at the Hotel Superba, the pride of the Esplanade. It was a thin wooden edifice, and it supported him for perhaps a tenth of a second. Then he staggered with it into the limelight, tripped over a Bulgarian officer who was inflating himself for a deep note, and finally fell in a complicated heap as exactly in the centre of the stage as if he had been a star of years' standing.

It went well ; there was no question of that. Previous audiences had always been rather cold towards this particular song, but this one got on its feet and yelled for more. From all over the house came rapturous demands that Henry should go back and do it again.

But Henry was giving no encores. He rose to his feet, a little stunned, and automatically began to dust his clothes. The orchestra, unnerved by this unrehearsed infusion of new business, had stopped playing.



AND TRIPPED OVER A BULGARIAN OFFICER."

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Bulgarian officers and Japanese girls alike seemed unequal to the situation. They stood about, waiting for the next thing to break loose. From somewhere far away came faintly the voice of the stage-manager inventing new words, new combinations of words, and new throat noises.

And then Henry, massaging a stricken elbow, was aware of Miss Weaver at his side. Looking up, he caught Miss Weaver's eye.

A familiar stage-direction of melodrama reads, "Exit cautious through gap in hedge." It was Henry's first appearance on any stage, but he did it like a veteran.

"My dear fellow," said Walter Jelliffe. The hour was midnight, and he was sitting in Henry's bedroom at the hotel. Leaving the theatre, Henry had gone to bed almost instinctively. Bed seemed the only haven for him. "My dear fellow, don't apologize. You have put me under lasting obligations. In the first place, with your unerring sense of the stage, you saw just the spot where the piece needed livening up, and you livened it up. That was good; but far better was it that you also sent our Miss Weaver into violent hysterics, from which she emerged to hand in her notice. She leaves us to-morrow."

Henry was appalled at the extent of the disaster for which he was responsible.

"What will you do?"

"Do! Why, it's what we have all been praying for—a miracle which should eject Miss Weaver. It needed a genius like you to come to bring it off. Sidney Crane's wife can play the part without rehearsal. She understudied it all last season in London. Crane has just been speaking to her on the 'phone, and she is catching the night express."

Henry sat up in bed.

"What!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"Sidney Crane's wife?"

"What about her?"

A bleakness fell upon Henry's soul.

"She was the woman who was employing me. Now I shall be taken off the job, and have to go back to London."

"You don't mean that it was really Crane's wife?"

Jelliffe was regarding him with a kind of awe.

"Laddie," he said, in a hushed voice, "you almost scare me. There seems to be no limit to your powers as a mascot. You fill the house every night, you get rid of the Weaver woman, and now you tell me this. I drew Crane in the sweep, and I would have taken twopence for my chance of winning it."

"I shall get a telegram from my boss to-morrow, recalling me."

"Don't go. Stick with me. Join the troupe."

Henry stared.

"What do you mean? I can't sing or act."

Jelliffe's voice thrilled with earnestness.

"My boy, I can go down the Strand and pick up a hundred fellows who can sing and act. I don't want them. I turn them away. But a seventh son of a seventh son like you, a human horseshoe like you, a king of mascots like you—they don't make them nowadays. They've lost the pattern. If you like to come with me I'll give you a contract for any number of years you suggest. I need you in my business." He rose. "Think it over, laddie, and let me know to-morrow. Look here upon this picture, and on that. As a sleuth you are poor. You couldn't detect a bass-drum in a telephone-booth. You have no future. You are merely among those present. But as a mascot—my boy, you're the only thing in sight. You can't help succeeding on the stage. You don't have to know how to act. Look at the dozens of good actors who are out of jobs. Why? Unlucky. No other reason. With your luck and a little experience you'll be a star before you know you've begun. Think it over, and let me know in the morning."

Before Henry's eyes there rose a sudden vision of Alice: Alice no longer unattainable; Alice walking on his arm down the aisle; Alice mending his socks; Alice with her heavenly hands fingering his salary envelope.

"Don't go," he said. "Don't go. I'll let you know now."

The scene is the Strand, hard by Bedford Street; the time, that restful hour of the afternoon when they of the gnarled faces and the bright clothing gather together in groups to tell each other how good they are.

Hark! A voice.

"Rather! Courtneidge and the Guv'nor keep on trying to get me, but I turn them down every time. 'No,' I said to Malone only yesterday, 'not for me! I'm going with old Wally Jelliffe, the same as usual, and there isn't the money in the Mint that'll get me away.' Malone got all worked up. He——"

It is the voice of Pifield Rice, actor.

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The Nation's Beauties.

Where Our Fairest Women Were Born.

By FREDERICK DOLMAN.

AN examination of the birthplaces of the fairest ladies whose lives are recorded in books of reference will be found to confirm popular impressions respecting the local distribution in the United Kingdom of the gift of beauty. The beauty of Irishwomen is traditional, and Ireland can claim, considering its relative population, a larger share of the nation's beauties than any other part of the United Kingdom. Among the English counties, Devonshire and Yorkshire take the first and second places, and if asked in what part of England the best-favoured lasses were to be found, nine people out of ten would probably mention Devonshire and Yorkshire.

Of the one hundred and forty-three beauties whose names we have culled from the best available sources of information, excluding those of the living, one hundred and five were born in England and Wales, fourteen in Scotland, and twenty-four in Ireland. Of the total, London contributes no fewer than twenty-three, whilst Dublin with nine names holds, considering its comparative size, a yet more remarkable record. It is still said that on a summer afternoon's stroll through Grafton Street, Dublin, you will see more pretty girls there than in a day's march through any other country in the world. None of the other great cities of the kingdom can be said to share the distinction of London and Dublin, although to Edinburgh belongs the credit of having given birth to five out of the fourteen beauties in Scotland's list.

Devonshire, with ten names, is easily first of the English counties. Of these names, Maria Foote is the most famous, and Cora Pearl the most notorious. Of Maria Foote, the daughter of a Plymouth theatre manager, Talfourd said that "her pure and innocent beauty enriched the imagination." This "pure and innocent beauty" extracted three thousand pounds damages from a jury in a breach of promise action, the defendant being a gentleman who rejoiced in the presumably fitting sobriquet of "Pea-Green" Haynes. Miss Foote left the stage in 1831, after a most triumphant career, being then thirty-four, to become the Countess of Harrington. Of Cora Pearl, the idol of the gilded youth of both London and Paris about the middle of the last century, we will say no more than that she was born at Stonehouse, and that there is abundant evidence of the splendour of her beauty.

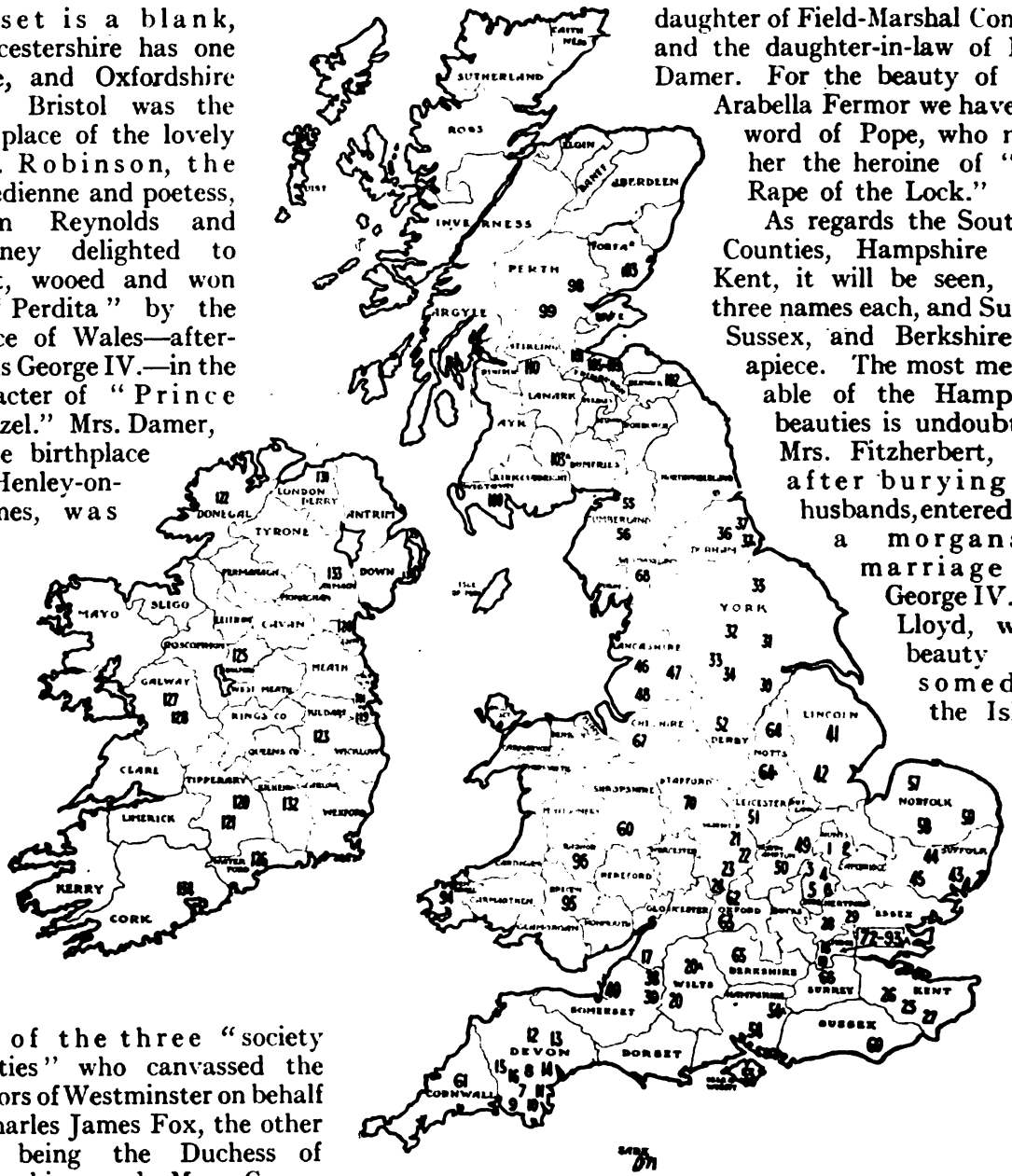
Of all the other Devonshire beauties, it can be said that posterity has knowledge of their charms solely because of the painter's art. Mary and Theophila Palmer, who were natives of Torrington, frequently sat for their uncle, Sir Joshua Reynolds, "Offy's" features being presented to us in "The Strawberry Girl," among other pictures. Miss Horneck, whose birthplace was Plymouth, was also one of Reynolds's models, and became widely known as "The Jessamy Bride" of Goldsmith. Miss Anne Bingham, Lady Jane Halliday, and Elizabeth Chudleigh, who became Duchess of Kingston, owed their celebrity to portraits painted by the same great Devonshire-born artist, whilst Miss Frances Woodley was similarly indebted to Romney.

Mrs. Davenport, a well-known actress (1765-1843), whose portrait was painted by Romney, is the sole representative of the adjoining county of Cornwall, Launceston being the place of her birth. Somerset, Devon's other neighbour, has three names—the beautiful singer, Miss Linley, with whom Sheridan made a runaway match at her native town of Bath; Mrs. Barry, the actress, who was also born at Bath; and the Ladies Waldegrave, the Three Graces, immortalized by the great Sir Joshua's brush. Wiltshire has two names, Moll Davis and Mrs. Chippendale, both actresses, the one of Charles II.'s time, the other of the Victorian era. Mrs. Chippendale was born at Salisbury, whilst Moll Davis, a favourite of the Merry Monarch, and the grandmother of the first Earl of Derwentwater, it is said, spent the first years of her life in one of the adjacent villages.

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Dorset is a blank, Gloucestershire has one name, and Oxfordshire two. Bristol was the birthplace of the lovely Mrs. Robinson, the comedienne and poetess, whom Reynolds and Romney delighted to paint, wooed and won as "Perdita" by the Prince of Wales—afterwards George IV.—in the character of "Prince Florizel." Mrs. Damer, whose birthplace was Henley-on-Thames, was one of the three "society beauties" who canvassed the electors of Westminster on behalf of Charles James Fox, the other two being the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Crewe. Mrs. Damer, who achieved some success as a sculptor, was a daughter of Field-Marshal Conway and the daughter-in-law of Lord Damer. For the beauty of Miss Arabella Fermor we have the word of Pope, who made her the heroine of "The Rape of the Lock."

As regards the Southern Counties, Hampshire and Kent, it will be seen, have three names each, and Surrey, Sussex, and Berkshire one apiece. The most memorable of the Hampshire beauties is undoubtedly Mrs. Fitzherbert, who, after burying two husbands, entered into a morganatic marriage with George IV. Mrs. Lloyd, whose beauty blossomed in the Isle of



WHERE THE NATION'S BEAUTIES WERE BORN.

THIS MAP IS TO BE STUDIED IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE LIST GIVEN BELOW.

ENGLAND.

HUNTINGDON.—Maria Gunning, 1; Elizabeth Gunning, 2.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, 3; Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, 4; Caroline Duchess of Marlborough, 5; Dorothy Osborne, 6.

DEVONSHIRE.—Miss Horneck, 7; Anne Bingham, 8; Cora Pearl, 9; Maria Foote, 10; Lady Jane Halliday, 11; Lady Bampfylde, 12; Frances Woodley, 13; Elizabeth Chudleigh, 14; Mary Palmer, 15; Theophila Palmer, 16.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—Mrs. Robinson ("Perdita"), 17.

MIDDLESEX.—Lady Dorothy Sidney, 18; Lady Frances Shirley, 19.

WILTSHIRE.—Mrs. Chippendale, 20; Moll Davis, 20A.

WARWICKSHIRE.—Mary Sumbel, 21; Anne Temple, 22; Mrs. Yates, 23; Mrs. Crewe, 24.

KENT.—Anne Boleyn, 25; Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, 26; Mrs. Nott, 27.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—Sarah Jennings, 28; Frances Jennings, 29.

YORKSHIRE.—Mrs. Rossetti, 30; Adelaide Neilson, 31; Miss Lawson, 32; Mary Berry, 33; Agnes Berry, 34; Misses Frankland (2), 35.

DURHAM.—Margaret Burns, 36; Jane Porter, 37; Anna Maria Porter, 37A.

SOMERSET.—Miss Linley, 38; Mrs. Barry, 39; Ladies Waldegrave (3), 40.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Lady Bellasys, 41; Lady Louisa Manners, 42.

SUFFOLK.—Mrs. Keeley, 43; Mrs. Inchbald, 44; Mrs. Gainsborough, 45.

LANCASHIRE.—Lady Hamilton, 46; Mme. Sherrington, 47; Rose Leclerq, 48.

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NELL GWYNN.
By Lely.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—Mrs. Bracegirdle, 49; Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, 50.
LEICESTERSHIRE.—Lady Jane Grey, 51.
DERBYSHIRE.—Dorothy Vernon, 52.
HAMPSHIRE.—Mrs. Lloyd, 53; Miss Woolgar, 54; Mrs. Fitzherbert, 54A.
CUMBERLAND.—"Fair Rosamond," 55; Mrs. Braddyll, 56. NORFOLK.—Lady Andover, 57; Lady Langham, 58; Amy Robsart, 59. SHROPSHIRE.—Lady Venetia Stanley, 60. CORNWALL.—Mrs. Davenport, 61. OXFORDSHIRE.—Mrs. Damer, 62; Miss Arabella Fermor, 63. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—Mary Anne Chaworth, 64; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, 64A. BERKSHIRE.—Lady Frances Vane, 65. SURREY.—"Stella," 66. CHESHIRE.—Mary Fitton, 67. WESTMORLAND.—Catharine Parr, 68. SUSSEX.—"Violet Fane," 69. STAFFORD.—Miss Sneyd, 70.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

SARK.—Molly Lepell, 71.

LONDON.

Miss Fanny Kemble, 72; Countess of Cork, 73; Mrs. Baddeley, 74; Mme. Vestris, 75; Mrs. Coventry Patmore, 76; Barbara Villiers, 77; Mrs. Billington, 78; Nell Gwynn, 79; Mrs. Abington, 80; Henrietta Hodson, 81; Kitty Clive, 82; Lucy Hutchinson, 83; Nance Oldfield, 84; "Vanessa," 85; Harriet Mellon, 86; Mrs. Cibber, 87; Lavinia Fenton, 88; Helen Faucit, 89; Jane Shore, 90; Kate Vaughan, 91; Lady Charlotte Bury, 92; Mrs. Nisbett, 93; Mrs. Crouch, 93A.

WALES.

PEMBROKESHIRE.—Lucy Walter, 94. BRECONSHIRE.—Mrs. Siddons, 95. RADNOR.—Miss Harriet Powell, 96. (COUNTY UNKNOWN).—Mrs. Swanborough, 97.

SCOTLAND.

PERTHSHIRE.—Lady Nairne, 98; Katie Glover, 99. WIGTOWNSHIRE.—Duchess of Gordon, 100. LINLITHGOWSHIRE.—Mary Stuart, 101. BERWICKSHIRE.—Lady Grizel Baillie, 102. FORFAR.—Mrs. Arbuthnot, 103. DUMFRIES.—Mrs. Carlyle, 103A. HEBRIDES.—Flora Macdonald, 104. EDINBURGH.—Mrs. Alison Cockburn, 105; Mary Ann Paton, 106; Hon. Mrs. Graham, 107; Elizabeth Inverarity, 108; Mary Bellenden, 109. GLASGOW.—Mrs. Maclehose, 110.

IRELAND.

DUBLIN.—Peg Woffington, 111; Hon. Mrs. Norton, 112; Lady Morgan, 113; Lady Dufferin, 114; Sarah Curran, 115; Duchess of Somerset, 116; Mary Molesworth, 117; Eleanor Ambrose, 118; Countess of Lanesborough, 119. TIPPERARY.—Lady Blessington, 120; Countess de Grammont, 121. DONEGAL.—Mrs. Bellamy, 122. KILDARE.—"Fair Geraldine," 123. LOUTH.—Miss O'Neill, 124. LONGFORD.—Miss Ffolliot, 125. WATERFORD.—Mrs. Jordan, 126. GALWAY.—Mary Bermingham, 127; Anne Bermingham, 128. DOWN.—Dolly Monroe, 129; "Varina," 130. LONDONDERRY.—Marchioness of Townshend, 131. KILKENNY.—Lady Chesterfield, 132. ARMAGH.—Mrs. Betterton, 133. CORK.—Miss Farren, 134.

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ELIZABETH GUNNING
(Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll).

Wight, was another notable sitter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, whilst Miss Woolgar, a native of Gosport, was a much admired vocalist of a somewhat later period. The trio of Kentish belles comprises Anne Boleyn, the most beautiful of Henry VIII.'s queens, who was born on her father's estate at Hever; Joan, the "Fair Maid of Kent," wife of the Black Prince; and Mrs. Nott, a fascinating maid of honour to Queen Catherine, Anne Boleyn's predecessor. Surrey's single star is "Stella," Miss Esther Johnson, whose more romantic pet name has been made immortal by the genius of her learned but cynical lover, Dean Swift, erstwhile secretary to Sir William Temple at Moor Park, Farnham, where "Stella's" girlhood was spent. Littlehampton, in Sussex, was the native place of the beautiful woman known to readers as "Violet Fane" and to society a few years ago as Lady Currie, the wife of Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador at Constantinople.

Of the other Home Counties, Middlesex and Hertford have each two names apiece, whilst our research has failed to discover a single beauty of celebrity whose birth can be definitely credited to Essex. Lady Frances Shirley and Lady Dorothy Sidney were natives of Middlesex. The latter lady was the "Sacharissa" of Edmund Waller's poetry, and Sion House, Isleworth, where she was born, is still to be seen. At St. Albans, Hertfordshire, two of the most celebrated beauties of their own or any age—Sarah and Frances Jennings—first saw the light. Sarah became the wife of the first Duke of Marlborough, whilst her sister attained to the same exalted rank as the Duchess of Tyrconnel.

Four names adorn Bedford on the map—Dorothy Osborne, Caroline Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Anne Fitzpatrick, and Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick. Dorothy Osborne, it will be recalled, became the wife of Sir William Temple after a seven years' courtship, in the course of which her beauty was ruined by smallpox. Caroline Duchess of Marlborough, who was a daughter of the Duke of Bedford, has had her beauty recorded by Reynolds, whilst the Ladies Fitzpatrick, daughters of the Earl of Ossory, were painted by more than one of the distinguished artists of the same period.

Two East Anglian counties, Suffolk and Norfolk, have three names apiece, including

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THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE.
By Reynolds.



MRS. SIDDONS.
By Lawrence.



CAROLINE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.
By Reynolds.

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MRS. ABINGTON.
By Reynolds.



MISS BINGHAM
By Reynolds.



SARAH JENNINGS
(Duchess of Marlborough).
By M. Dahl.



MRS. JORDAN.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

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"FAIR ROSAMOND."

FLORA MACDONALD.

GEORGIANA DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
By Gainsborough.

ELIZABETH FARREN (Countess of Derby).
By Lawrence.

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FANNY KEMBLE.
By Lawrence.

BARBARA VILLIERS
(Duchess of Cleveland).

MRS. ROBINSON.
By Gainsborough.

CATHARINE PARR.

MRS. SHERIDAN.
By Gainsborough.

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LADY HAMILTON.
By Reynolds.

Mrs. Keeley, the actress, who was born at Ipswich; Mrs. Gainsborough, wife of the artist, who was, with her husband, a native of Sudbury; and Amy Robsart, the Earl of Leicester's unfortunate wife, who was the daughter of a Norfolk squire. To the little county of Huntingdon belong the two Miss Gunnings, who in the opinion of their contemporaries at least were the supreme examples of female loveliness. The Gunnings were, however, an Irish family, and the birth of the two children at Hemingford Grey occurred during a temporary exile. Both young ladies, it may be recalled, married into the peerage, Elizabeth becoming the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll, and Maria the Countess of Coventry.

Coming to the Midlands, we find that Northampton has Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, born at Althorp, the seat of her father, Earl Spencer, the romance of whose beautiful portrait is known to everybody, and Mrs. Bracegirdle, the charming actress of the Restoration period, whose native place is said to have been the county town. This lady's beauty, which was the cause of the murder of Mountfort by Lord Mohun and Captain Hill, is described fully by contemporary writers. "She was," says one, "of a lovely height, with dark brown hair and eyebrows, black, sparkling eyes, and a fresh, blushy complexion . . . with a fine set of even white teeth."

Warwickshire's present-day reputation for comely ladies is supported by the names of Mary Sumbel, Anne Temple, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Crewe. Mary Sumbel, who was born at Birmingham in 1759, is perhaps better known to fame as "Becky" Wells—Wells being her married name—"the most beautiful actress on the stage" of her time, according to Downman, who did a portrait of her. Anne Temple, afterwards Lady Lyttelton, was a Court beauty of the time of Charles II.; Mrs. Crewe, to whom reference has already been made, an ancestress of more than one family in the peerage to-day; and Mrs. Yates, one of a group of the charming actresses in the London of the Restoration. To Leicestershire belongs Lady Jane Grey, whose unhappy fate is part of our national history, and to Staffordshire Miss Sneyd, the "Serena" of Romney's well-known picture. Derbyshire rejoices in the romantic halo surrounding

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LADY BLESSINGTON.

the name of Dorothy Vernon, the heroine of Haddon Hall, whilst Nottinghamshire is even more fortunate in Mary Ann Chaworth, Lord Byron's early love, who rejected the poet to become in later years the wife of a country gentleman of the name of Musters, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who, although now best remembered by her "Letters," was considered to be the most beautiful woman at the Court of George I.

Among the Northern Counties, Yorkshire's impressive total includes Miss Siddal, the Sheffield girl who became a model for Dante Gabriel Rossetti and eventually his wife; Adelaide Neilson, the great singer, who was a native of Leeds; and the sisters Mary and Agnes Berry, for whom Horace Walpole had a lifelong platonic affection, calling them his "twin wives." Emma Lady Hamilton is the "bright particular star" in the firmament of the sister county of Lancashire, Nelson's *inamorata* being a native of Preston; whilst Cheshire may well cherish memories of sweet Mary Fitton, a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, who is supposed to have been the "dark lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets, and is said to have been born at the village of Gasworthy.

In Durham the capital town should be glad to remember that it was the birthplace of two ladies who were celebrated in their time —the early part of the last century—both for their beauty and their literary talent: Anna Maria and Jane Porter, blonde and brunette, whom Mrs. S. C. Hall compared to Thalia and Melpomene.

Whilst Westmorland produced a Royal beauty in the person of Catharine Parr, Henry VIII.'s queen, who was born near Kendal, Cumberland was the native county of a woman whose charms were no less fascinating to a King, Fair Rosamond, the mistress of Henry II., as well as of Mrs. Braddyll, one of the celebrated society beauties of the Georgian period.

Of the Welsh counties, Pembrokeshire can claim the most famous beauty in Lucy Walter, the mistress of Charles II. and the mother of the Duke of Monmouth, who was born near Haverfordwest. Breconshire was the native county of the immortal Mrs. Siddons —her father and mother, who were strolling players, happening to be on tour there about the time of her birth. Miss Harriet Powell,

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one of the most beautiful women painted by Hoppner, was born in Radnorshire, whilst Mrs. Swanborough, the actress, is known to have been of Welsh origin, although the locality of her birth does not appear to have been ascertained.

We have not yet spoken of London's splendid contribution to the national gallery of feminine beauty. It includes queens of society—Barbara Villiers, the Countess of Castlemaine, the Countess of Cork, and Lady Charlotte Bury; queens of the stage—Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Baddeley, Mme. Vestris, Nell Gwynn, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Abington, Henrietta Hodson, Kitty Clive, Nance Oldfield, Harriet Mellon, Mrs. Cibber, Lavinia Fenton, Kate Vaughan, Mrs. Nisbett, and Mrs. Crouch; historical characters—Lucy Hutchinson, the Puritan beauty, and Jane Shore, the mistress of Edward VI.; the heroines of literary romance—Swift's "Vanessa" (Miss Esther Vanhomrigh) and "The Angel in the House" (Mrs. Coventry Patmore).

Chapters could be written about some of these fair ladies, but the careers of most of them are doubtless familiar to the majority of readers. Who has not heard, for example, of the amazing life-story of Lavinia Fenton, the daughter of a coffee-house keeper, whose beauty in the character of Polly Peachum in "The Beggar's Opera" moved London to enthusiasm and proved irresistible to the Duke of Bolton, who made her his second Duchess immediately after the death of his first? Still more familiar to our minds is the image of Nell Gwynn, the orange-girl who became the King's favourite, the ancestress of men and women of high degree, whose good nature, in spite of her frailty, has secured the affectionate regard of posterity. Mrs. Baddeley and Mrs. Crouch, who flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century, are not so well remembered, but according to all contemporary accounts their beauty was not less entrancing. It is recorded that on one occasion, when it was reported that Mrs. Baddeley would be refused admission to a place of entertainment, fifty gentlemen of the highest rank constituted themselves her bodyguard, drew their swords on the constables at the entrance, and compelled the manager to render an apology to the lady. As for Mrs. Crouch, who was an opera singer of Welsh extraction, her appearance is said to have been that of "a meteor dazzling from excess of beauty every spectator," and several leading men were worshippers at her shrine.

Scotland's most celebrated beauty is undoubtedly Mary Stuart, the hapless queen of whom it was declared that John Knox was the only man able to withstand the influence of her beauty, the palace of Linlithgow being her birthplace. Perthshire can boast of Katie Glover, "The Fair Maid of Perth," and Lady Nairne, "The Flower of Strathearn"; Wigtownshire of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, familiarly known as "Jenny of Monreith"; Berwick of Lady Grizel Baillie; Forfar of Mrs. Arbuthnot; Dumfries of Jane Welsh, afterwards Mrs. Carlyle; and the Hebrides of Flora Macdonald, the heroine of "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" escape. The city of Edinburgh, as already mentioned, was the birthplace of five beautiful ladies, and Glasgow of one upon our list.

There is more to be said about the names on our map of Ireland. Dublin's beauties include Peg Woffington, the actress who rivalled Nell Gwynn in charm and popularity; the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the much-wronged wife in the law case which Lord Melbourne so successfully defended as co-respondent; Lady Dufferin, the Queen of Beauty at the Badminton Tournament; Lady Morgan, a celebrated maid of honour to Queen Victoria; and Sarah Curran, beloved by the heroic Robert Emmet. Tipperary was the native county of two beautiful women of widely different character, the Countess de Grammont, the Miss Hamilton of the "De Grammont Memoirs" of the Court of Charles II., whose author she married, and Lady Blessington, a leader in London society.

Donegal can boast of Mrs. Bellamy, christened "George Anne" in mistake for Georgiana, the fascinating actress who numbered Fox and Garrick among her admirers; Kildare, Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, "The Fair Geraldine" of the Earl of Surrey's poems; Louth, the gifted actress, Eliza O'Neill, born at Drogheda, who afterwards became Lady Becher; Longford, Miss Ffolliot, known far and wide as "The Lily of Longford"; Waterford, Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress. The wilds of Galway bred the two beautiful Misses Bermingham, Mary and Anne, who with Dolly Monroe, a native of Down, were among the most memorable of Dublin belles in days when the gaiety of Dublin almost rivalled that of London. County Down—Belfast, in fact—also gave birth to "Varina," the least famous of Swift's three ideals of womanhood, Miss Waryng by name. By no means the least notable of Irish beauties was Miss Elizabeth Farren (1759-1829), the daughter of a Cork surgeon, whose theatrical triumphs culminated in a marriage with the reigning Earl of Derby.

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SETTLED OUT OF COURT

By

John Foster

Illustrated By

Sydney Adamson

I.

I GOT half of the materials for this story from a lawyer and half from a salmon fisherman, so it ought to be true.

Throw a stone to break the glass of a still pool on a Highland river, and watch the splash change to wavelets, to widening rings of ripples, and then settle again into stillness. Some agent in Nature mends the breakage with a soothing and miraculous hand. Even thus it came about in the Spiel salmon-fishing case, a dispute between two good neighbours. It was settled in five minutes by an agent far subtler than any of His Majesty's counsel learned in the law.

The two neighbours were General Sir John Stuart (Retired List) and Mr. Ronald Stewart, ex-planter. These worthy gentlemen owned lands that "marched," and up to a month before this story begins had been cronies at golf, at bridge, and, in the phrase of the North, at kirk and market. Their only conflicts of opinion were amiable ones concerning matters of little interest to a practical world. One was the spelling of the Royal name they bore—Stuart with "u" *versus* Stewart with "ew." The other touched the question of the aluminium *versus* the steel putter. From this it will be gathered that they had not much to differ about.

But the lute was broken. Old friends can give each other as ding-dong a match in the Law Courts as on the links or over a rubber. A chance question in a poaching prosecution led to a speculation, at first scarcely serious, as to the exact scope of their respective fishing rights in a short reach of the River Spiel. Conversation suddenly reached the "Pooh, pooh, sir!" stage. Correspondence between solicitors followed, and the two men, rod in hand, one fine morning met on the banks of the disputed reach of the fishing.

The General, although he had inherited some of the earth, was not meek. Nor was Mr. Ronald Stewart. Neither of them "lay down." On the contrary, there were winged words; a Homeric moment or two; a barbed shaft (the word "poacher," attended by certain adjectives) sped through the spring air, and the two old gentlemen wound up their reels, turned their backs on each other, and strode their separate ways homeward fuming, each fully conscious that the other had made an ass of himself; which, of course, was only and exactly half the truth.

Truth to tell, uncongenial idleness had something to do with the dispute. The General had finished an active career in the Indian Army. Mr. Stewart had also recently retired

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from a busy life in the East, and no one, General or planter, retired or otherwise, is exempt from the good Dr. Watts's pronouncement concerning the Accuser of the Brethren and idle hands. They had not enough to do.

In justice to the General and his neighbour they had tried their best to pretend that they were, if not busy, at least occupied usefully as befitted D.L.'s and J.P.'s. They attended courts where the Clerk of the Peace steered them and their colleagues free from legal quicksands, the while they administered the law to hardened criminals of the type of those who keep dogs without licences, allow their chimneys to go on fire, or ride bicycles without lights. They shot a little and fished a little and golfed a little.

A life placid enough; but the change from the active current of affairs to the sluggish backwaters of country-house life near a small country town, without a change, began to pall. Placidity had no part in their mental equipment. They dreaded the thought of merging into a fossiliferous stratum of life. Wherefore the Spiel fishing case came to them like dew upon a thirsty land.

II.

BEHOLD, then, the General, a keen-eyed, handsome Mutiny veteran, ensconced in his "study," the light of battle in his glance. Letters, bundles of titles, and documents lay before him in serried files. A short man, with a stoop and a paunch, sat on the right. This was Mr. Peter Knott, solicitor and notary public, from the little country town three miles away, often referred to by the General in the good old-fashioned phrase as his "man of business."

"Here is the rough draft of the summons, Sir John—that is, if you decide to go on," the lawyer said.

"*If* I decide! I've already decided, Knott," quoth his client, took the document, and adjusted his pince-nez.

"Um—um!" He began to read the formal commencement of a lawsuit in the Scottish form. "Whereby it is humbly meant and shown to us by our lovite Sir John Stuart of Lugas Castle——"

He turned to the other.

"I'm not a lovite, am I? What the devil is a lovite, at any rate? And '*humbly*'! '*Humbly*'! I'll see Stewart—er—far enough before I say 'humbly.'"

Mr. Peter Knott explained that the statement was supposed to be a gracious one from His Majesty the King that he, Sir John Stuart, was his "lovite" and had humbly laid the facts before the Sovereign. Somewhat mollified, the old gentleman read on to the end.

"I suppose it's all right, Knott, although, mind you, I don't think it's half strong enough," he said, at length. "On my word! On my word! When I think of it! I've golfed with Stewart and dined with him, and he has dined with me twice a week since he came to live here three years ago. It seems but yesterday since we cracked a bottle of the Waterloo port together. Then, Gad, sir! I find him fishing my own water, and there he has the audacity"—the General thumped the table—"the audacity, sir, to call me—*me*—a poacher!"

The man of law waved a fat and deprecating hand.

"Very true, Sir John! *Very* true. But, after all, this is an inquiry into titles and possession."

"Good heavens, Knott! I say the right belongs to me, as it belonged to my forbears. You're not going to *argue* about it with me at this time of day, are you?"

Now, this was precisely what the good Knott had not the slightest intention of doing. He had, he thought, a fightable, even a good case—"the right end of the stick." Besides, it promised to be a three days' "proof." Business was business.

"I repeat, Sir John," he said, with professional solemnity—"I repeat that my opeenion, and, as you know, I have fortified it by opeenion of counsel—Mr. Attwood; oh, a very good lawyer and a shrewd man—my conseedered opeenion is entirely in your favour. I shall be much surprised and disappointed if the Court holds as the other side suggests—that you or your predecessors fished these pools on the Spiel through misapprehainsion or—er—on—as it were—sufferance!"

"On sufferance!" thundered the General. "A Stuart on sufferance! By heavens, sir, I—shall—fight—this—cause—to—the—last—ditch!"

"Very well, Sir John," said Mr. Knott; "I'll set the machinery going this very afternoon." "Wull to Cupar maun to Cupar," was his thought, as he drank with a wary and obsequious *bonhomie* success to the lawsuit and took his departure.

Mr. Ronald Stewart, Sir John's adversary, was a man of fewer words, with as long a purse and more outward restraint than his neighbour; but under his quiet lay a fighting strain. Fresh, like the other, from a strenuous and successful career, the thought of surrender was new and bitter to him, and when the news came from his solicitor of the

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"BY HEAVENS, SIR, I—SHALL—FIGHT—THIS—CAUSE—TO—THE—LAST—DITCH!"

presentation of an ultimatum from the other side, his instructions were few, crisp, and to the point—namely, to give the General as good and early a fight in the courts as was humanly possible.

III.

JULIET, the General's daughter, was in the rose-garden at Lugas Castle with her mother. She was sweet and twenty, tall as a lily, lithe as a willow, a wholesome picture of the divinity of youth, inheriting a goodly stature from her father and radiant looks from her mother. Love of the open air told its tale in her shining, frank eyes, in the adorable flush on her clear skin. On this good summer morning, the sun burnishing the lustrous bronze of her hair, she looked the picture of a healthy and very beautiful young woman.

"I don't know what to make of your father these days, Juliet," said her mother. "He is so full of little whimsies. He always had an —an individuality, of course; but wasn't irritable—at least—er—not very."

"I shouldn't worry about it, mums," replied Juliet, briskly. "I believe I know him better than you do. It's this Spiel fishing case. It's upsetting the dad. He requires a change."

"A change!"

Miss Juliet sagely explained her diagnosis.

"Yes, a change. Papa's on cross currents between irritation and boredom. I'm sure I don't wonder. Why not pack up and go somewhere?" She flushed slightly and bent closer over a Gloire de Dijon. "Why shouldn't the three of us go to London for the season?"

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"I think that you have been strangely restless lately. I hope, Juliet, that neither you nor your father are tired of home."

"Not tired, of course. It's not very original to remark that there's no place like it." The Gloire de Dijon certainly required a great deal of attention. The girl bent over it again, her mother's quiet eyes on her. "And of course there isn't. But most girls leave home for good—some day," she said, a little irrelevantly, and waited for her mother to say something. But Lady Stuart was silent.

"One ought to see new faces occasionally," Juliet continued. "When women go into Parliament I shall make a law to compel people to move about from county to county like—I think it's Wesleyan parsons—you know what I mean—or—or in 'musical chairs.' For my own part, I can't think why papa must live here the whole year round. One misses so much."

"Juliet!"

"Yes, mums; I know what you are about to say—that it's our duty—that dad's great-grandparents did it. I have views—*views* on the subject. You hold that, because his ancestors did, is one of several very good reasons why we should. But our great-grand relatives had neither railways nor motors—let alone airships. It took them weeks in a stuffy stage-coach to get to London, and *crowds* of highwaymen supported wives and children off their takings in those sporting old days."

"Juliet! I beg that you will not permit yourself to repeat such things in your father's hearing. He would be quite—quite—er—upset!" She added, vaguely, "You will end by becoming a—a Socialist!"

"In the meantime, I'm going to begin by being a sociable. I'm going to take papa for a tramp this afternoon through the woods, then home by the Spiel. He wants cheerful society and conversation, and his amiable daughter Juliet proposes to supply them, and, *en passant*, to persuade him that a visit to the Metropolis would be of great benefit to us—I mean, to him; but, of course, we would all go."

"I wish, Ju, that you would take yourself more seriously, dearest," sighed her placid mother.

Her pretty daughter blew her a kiss and vanished, to reappear in ten minutes or so at the stables in search of her father—a dainty picture, point-device in grey tweed. At her heels stalked an old Airedale, on his grizzled jowl a wholly deceptive expression of canine cynicism.

Sir John came out of the stables, frowning. His had been a trying morning. A favourite mare had gone dead lame, in spite of his own treatment, which was contrary to the coachman's opinion. Further, a twelve handicap man had beaten him by six and four in the forenoon. He felt a slight twinge in his arm, too. Purely muscular, of course, he said to himself, although the fool of a doctor hinted at chronic rheumatism. Altogether, his temper hung on a hair trigger. His face cleared, however, when he joined his dearly-loved daughter.

"Shall we go through the woods and home by the banks of the Spiel, dad?" she said, and he fell in with her plans. He generally did.

Father and daughter, arm in arm, went up the hill. The clear northern air, the wholesome pungent odours of spruce and pine, jubilant June flying her bright banners under a blue sky, greeted them, and the General stepped out as briskly as any subaltern. His ruffled temper lost its edge, his mood changing under Juliet's gay chatter and the sweet and beloved environment of the countryside. He knew every nook of his property. Just below him, in an angle of a field, flanked by the woods, was the spot where long, long ago he had shot his first pheasant. Trees and hedgerows around him conjured up birds'-nesting, boyhood's long days and thoughts, old half-forgotten voices. Really, he soliloquized, he had a great deal to be thankful for. Yes, all things considered, he had nothing much to grumble about, he thought, as he glanced at Juliet's colouring and her hair inviting the wind.

How springy the turf was! He broke into a tune, on an elderly bass reed, "Tra-la-la-la—rum-te-um—tra-la-la-la—la!"

The dog laid aside his mask of cynicism and barked in sympathy, wagging his tail, chasing imaginary rabbits. He knew the General's moods almost as well as Juliet did.

"Bless me, my dear! How Time flies! It seems only a year or two ago since I proposed to your dear mother not a hundred yards from where we are."

Juliet, the diplomatist, had heard this before. She dissembled.

"You'll show me the exact spot, won't you? It's just round the corner, when we catch a glimpse of the river, isn't it? Meanwhile, sing that song again, *please*." She pressed his arm. "You must have had a nice voice, dad, when you were younger."

"Oh, the song's as old as the hills. Tom Moore, you know; I suppose he's not fashionable

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now — more's the pity. How does it go again? Tra-la-la—no, there's nothing half so swe-e-et in life as Lo-v-e's young dre-e-e-am!"

So went the end of the encore, and an astonished blackbird listening in the birches said, "*Hear, hear!*" twice, quite distinctly.

Now, Juliet thought, was the time to broach gently the subject of a visit to London.

"Dad," she began, "I've something to speak about."

"You generally have, Ju. We'll sit down and rest round the corner, and you shall unburden yourself."

The path led to a tree-covered shoulder of rock. There, the first glimpse of the shining river burst on them, and—*horresco referens*—smoking his pipe, calmly casting over the Rock Pool not a hundred yards from them, knee deep in his waders, was Mr. Ronald Stewart, the arch-invader of the sacred rights of property.

The girl's quick eyes saw him first. She was swift to sum up the situation. The men must not meet.

"Come quickly, dad! Let us turn before the horrid man sees us."

Sir John glared at the sight for one electric moment. Words failed him. The "horrid man," blissfully unconscious of the battery of eyes upon him, made another artistic cast. Absorbed, he looked neither to the right nor to the left.

The stricken General stood as one hypnotized, and then gave a paralytic gasp or two, groping for speech. His daughter took his arm gently, and he suffered himself to be led away, with a gesture indicating tragedy, tempered by a noble self-command.

He spoke but little on the way home, and that little to himself, and, as he was in the presence of a lady, what he did say was under his breath in choice and appropriate Hindustani.

On reaching the Castle, Juliet sped swiftly to her room. There she stamped a shapely foot once or twice. Like many divinities, she owned a touch of temper, just enough, a *sauce piquante*. In this she was her father's daughter. Anon she shook a little fist in the direction of the Spiel. Then she sat down, her shapely chin in her hands, her eyes full of half-shed tears. The Airedale shoved his nose under her arm. She rose suddenly, opened an escritoire, and produced a small cardboard parallelogram, smiled at it, and held it like some rare gem at different angles in the light. She replaced the mysterious charm, looked carefully at her eyes in the mirror, dabbed them artistically, and then called the Airedale, who had been watching her with bored gravity. On his head she wasted a kiss, and went downstairs with her chin in the air.

The magic cardboard was an amateur snap-shot of a personable, clean-shaven young man with a pipe in his mouth.

IV.

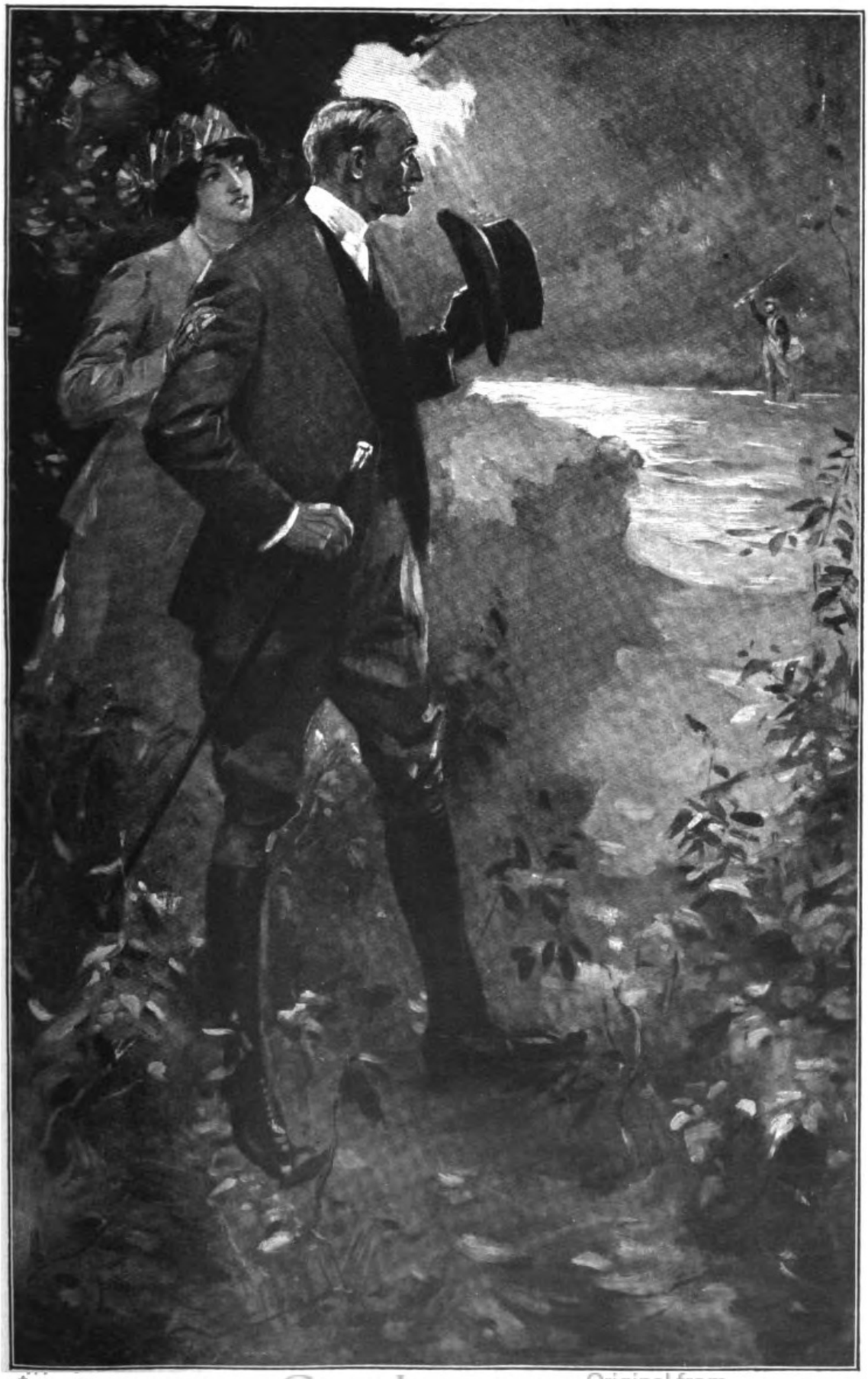
THUS did a couple of salmon pools estrange two neighbours, and the houses of Stuart and Stewart were as the Montagues and Capulets.

For two or three days nothing important occurred in the progress of the case. The General drove grimly to the county town every day, there to consult, or, to be accurate, to goad on, his law agent or use him as a safety-valve for his wrath. In return, if not in revenge, that worthy gave him full and brimming measure of Scots law concerning the history, rise, development, and eccentricities of fishing rights north of the Tweed from dim feudal distances to the latest flowers of *obiter* that for the most part blush unseen between the sober covers of the Session Cases. Much he spake concerning barony titles, conveyancing statutes, with (to his client) bewildering and turgid sections thereof; wise saws and modern instances; or rattled out glibly, like some human Latin Maxim gun, *Tantum prescriptum quantum possessum*, or *Expressio unius est exclusio alterius*, and other hoary and occasionally competing guide-posts in the shifting channel of litigation.

Sir John would come home, his head dizzy with these dark and unfamiliar phrases, but his heart undaunted, full of battle, eager for the day when his antagonist would call for quarter or the Judges would kick—*kick*, sir!—his ridiculous pretensions out of court. His wife and daughter avoided the subject of the case like the plague.

Now the Spiel and Juliet were old and close friends. The girl had been brought up beside the beautiful river, knowing every path under the colonnades of pines that glorified its noble banks, every inflection of its voice; the lilt of its current, lingering by the clean shingle, its hoarse, steady bass when the hill-burns filled it and it hurried past in bewildering, changing flashes, flinging snowdrifts of foam that held tiny rainbows over the drenched shoulders of the rocks up to the outstretched arms of the trees. Every morning its friendly hail greeted her—every night its faithful voice sang a serenade.

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"CALMLY CASTING OVER THE ROCK POOL WAS MR. RONALD STEWART, THE ARCH-INVADER OF THE SACRED RIGHTS OF PROPERTY."

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This morning she had gone out early, before breakfast, indeed, wandering at hazard until she stood in a ferny entrance to the glen. A wing-beat of a light air passing stirred the trees in a murmuring moment. From green arches cushats called; busy thrushes flickered to and fro; a leveret tried to scamper round his shadow; squirrels, gaily chattering, swung high up in the spruces; the hidden life of the woods sounded in a myriad faery fifes and drums; against the sky the white-sailed, unmoored summer clouds. Cunning places hid warm nests. The woods, green-veiled in the magic of June, were steeped in the exultant fragrance of youth. The girl, watching and listening in wide-eyed reverie, clasped to her heart one of the brightest gifts to mortal, the joy of life, telling herself the old, ever-new, sweet secret, "I am my beloved's."

She looked up from the woods to the Ben. There was a little film of mist clinging round the summit, and Juliet, alive to the weather signs, went down the slope for a glimpse of the river. There she nodded her pretty head in satisfaction. The Spiel was rising, she thought. It had been raining up-country during the night. She could see the wet twigs and the froth fringing the shingle. The fish would be stirring. All her instincts of sport were quickened. The river held enchanted memories for her, for she was a capable young woman at the end of a salmon rod. She was a past mistress of the "Spiel cast." She could tie her own flies, and knew the river's secret signs—hidden from the layman—when a "tight line" was likely. The wind was in the right quarter. Her fancy heard the symphony of the salmon reel. She would arrange a long day on the river for her father and herself, she thought—a long, delightful day. Then, suddenly, she remembered the fishing dispute, and the bright vision of the laughing water and a day in the open faded, for Sir John had vowed never to set foot in the little glen again until he had vanquished "the poacher" and secured the honours of war. How tiresome! The river might be down again to-morrow. A thought, with just a spice of adventure in it, touched her. *Carpe diem!* She looked at her watch. It was close on the breakfast hour. She turned and walked briskly back to the Castle.

Half-way through his breakfast kidneys and bacon Sir John announced that business called him to attend a county meeting. Whereupon Juliet's thought grew to a resolve. She would fish the two pools after breakfast herself, and, in the language of diplomacy, it was thought inadvisable to intimate this formally to the power concerned. She said nothing to her father.

"I suppose you don't particularly wish to come to the town, Juliet?" asked Sir John.

"No, thank you, dad. I've something else to do," she made demure answer, with strict adherence to truth, and Sir John drove off in due course to his meeting.

It did not take her long to change into her workmanlike fishing garb and her stout little boots. She did not take a gillie with her. She was not going to wade, and her mood chose solitude.

In half an hour she was on the river's bank, and in a few minutes matters mundane, including the Spiel fishing case, were forgotten in the crucial operation of choosing a fly. This done, she commenced to fish, throwing a clean, beautiful line. Then a step and a cast, and another; slowly down the banks she went, eye, hand, and mind on the *qui vive*.

Meanwhile the General, on arriving at the town, found that he had mistaken the date of the meeting. This was doubly vexatious, for he could blame no one but himself. He was denied, too, the luxury of a consultation with Mr. Peter Knott, for the man of law was not at home. So the General grumbled a little, but made the best of a bad job, took a look at the newspapers at the club, and then started for home without unnecessary delay. When he arrived at the Castle it was a full hour before the glad sound of the luncheon bell. Lady Stuart was in the writing-room.

"I'm busy with the monthly bills, dear," she announced.

The man who had fought hand to hand at Sherpur executed a masterly retreat in good order. He would hear of those bills soon enough, he reflected, as he lit a cigar. A cool breath of air stole through the open smoking-room window. He looked out. The pleasant morning beckoned him. Perhaps Juliet would come with him round the home farm. He rang the bell.

"Miss Juliet? Miss Juliet 'as gone out, sir," said the butler.

Sir John was at a "loose end." He began to meditate, and his mind, like the sunflower of poetic image, turned on his god "the same look which it turned when he rose." In bald prose, it turned to the Spiel case. It was some comfort to know that in a day or two the first shot would be fired, and that fellow Stewart would be interdicted, if there was law in this land. One thought led to another. The river was "up" a little, he was sure. Here was a fine fishing morning,

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when he might have been enjoying himself, rod in hand, spoiled—spoiled, he said to himself, because he had vowed not to throw a fly until he had won his case; though, of course, he had a perfect right to fish there if he chose. Very likely the man would not appreciate his attitude. People like that had no chivalry. Stewart might even be fishing there himself now, at this very moment. Murderers, he argued, by an obscure analogy, sometimes revisited the scenes of their misdeeds. Crime was a matter of degree. He would not put it past Stewart. He had a good mind to stroll down. It could do no harm. He dandled the idea for a little, then suddenly rose and went out. Over his shoulder he slung a spy-glass. He went up through the woods and came out about a quarter of a mile below the little glen that held the Rock and Corner Pools. unslung the glass, and, leaning on a convenient boulder, began to spy.

Ah-h-h! Somebody *was* fishing!

"What the—who the—— Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, for there leaped to his eye the vision of a young woman, alone on the bank, throwing a beautiful Spiel cast, with the precision and finish of an artist with the rod. He looked again. "It's Juliet," he said, not without pride, for he had taught her and had seen her land her first fish. Perhaps he ought to have told her not to fish before the case was settled. She ought to have taken the gillie, he said to himself; but on the instant the ethics of the situation were wiped out. His pulse quickened. There was a little boil for a moment on the edge of the slack water of the pool. The rod bent. The General held his breath. "He's on!" The rod described a beautiful arc. The line cut the water like a straight silver wire. Juliet had hooked her fish. Sir John put the spy-glass on to his daughter again and settled down, his elbows on the rock, enjoying himself hugely watching the silent duel.

Perhaps the fish was lightly hooked, he thought, anxiously, for it showed again, jumping out of the water at the end of every rush. But Juliet was making the rod do its work, keeping a steady strain on. For five minutes or so she played him in keen enjoyment, her lips parted, her eyes alert, for the moment the happiest girl in the Highlands, as she felt herself gaining mastery, inch by inch.

Then the salmon tried a demonstration in force, *alias* the tactics of bluff. He hurried suddenly across, then half-way back, and leaped again, a silver bow against the amber of the stream. This was, however, his last attempt at anything sensational. He developed a waiting game and made for the pool. There he sailed slowly, warily, up and down for some minutes. Then, without gymnastics—he had profited by his first minute on the hook—he deserted the base camp. It was a case of "give and take" for some time, but the girl's wrists were as strong as her figure was supple. Every foot of line the fish got he had to fight for.

"That's it, Ju! Give him the butt," said her father. "Capital! Good girl!"

Juliet kept close to her fish, working him above her as much as possible. Then *thud!* He jumped. Sir John's fingers tingled. Ah-h! Was the fish away? No! There he was, near the surface in a flash of light. Again he showed, this time in a sluggish roll. Juliet, her feet firmly planted, began to reel in the almost beaten fish. Another longer roll, and a streak of white. She was standing on a little natural overhanging platform, steering the fish cautiously to a good landing-place near her. Then suddenly, in a blinding moment, her father saw the treacherous bank where his daughter stood give way. He heard a single cry, and in a dark, swift stretch of water there was something half floating, half disappearing, sinking.

The General was swift to understand. With a groan, for every salmon fisherman knows the hidden savage strength of a swift river current, he started to run as fast as his old legs would carry him, shouting for help as he tore through the bracken, up and down the steep banks, until his breath came in gasps, and the landscape spun round and round dizzily. He thought he heard another cry, as he caught a glimpse of the hurrying current. The river was dark and empty, but somewhere in the swirl of water he knew that Juliet was struggling—perhaps—perhaps—— The old man choked back the thought with a sob. He was making for a jutting spit of shingle, the best place, he judged, to attempt a rescue, though his heart sank as he heard the steady roar of the river. He struck off the path, plunged down a steep incline, ran into a tree, staggered, and then literally fell to the foot. He picked himself up, bruised, shaken, desperate with impotent grief, and there, beside him, was Mr. Ronald Stewart—the poacher.

V.

SIR JOHN looked at him half dazed. The other man caught him unceremoniously by the shoulder, shook him, and swiftly produced a flask.

"Buck up, Sir John!" he said. "Look!"

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"SUDDENLY HE REAPPEARED, WITH SOMETHING IN ONE ARM, AND STRUCK OUT INTO THE CURRENT."

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He pointed across the river. There Sir John saw a young man in the twinkling of an eye tear off a Norfolk jacket and, up-stream, plunge into the current. A dark object showed for a moment ten yards or so above the swimmer, to disappear again. The man swam like an otter into mid-stream. The current carried him down a yard or two, but he swam well within himself and soon held his own. Now the swimmer's head was stationary, eagerly scanning the river. Suddenly he vanished; Montague and Capulet on the bank held their breaths. Then as suddenly he reappeared, with something in one arm, struck out into the current, and landed on the shingle, a hundred yards farther down, with a limp, dripping bundle—Miss Juliet Stuart.

The two men on the bank hurried to the spot, but to get there necessitated a *détour* and the climbing of a steep wooded bank. Five minutes sped ere they reached the shoulder of the bank, and paused breathless to look down. There they beheld the young man and the girl both, naturally, dripping wet, but looking amazingly contented. The young man was sitting, his back against a fir tree, the girl in his arms. This might have been merely a "first aid" against pneumonia, but truth compels me to state that I was told that her dainty head was on his shoulder, and that he was kissing her—generously. I forget whether she kissed him—probably. Not that it matters. Conventions vanish when the gods say "Go." As for her health, all was well. She had even sufficient vitality and presence of mind to require assurances—given repeatedly, with appropriate symbolism—that she was not looking a perfect fright.

Sir John and Mr. Stewart made a good deal of unnecessary but diplomatic noise in clambering down the bank, and the two drenched figures rose and faced them. For half-drowned persons, they—especially Juliet—had wonderful colouring.

Old Sir John shook hands with the stranger. There were broken words of thanks. Then came an awkward pause.

"Sorry, sir," quoth the young man. "It was—er—all my fault, don't y'know." This was obviously untrue, but perhaps he was not referring to the accident. Mr. Stewart and he exchanged glances.

Then Juliet wept, to be comforted by her father as soon as he could find speech.

"There, there, my dear!" he said, huskily. "You won't give me such a fright again, will you? Can you walk?"

"Better not tax her strength, sir," said the stranger. "This is my job. I'll carry her," he said, simply, but as one who knew his mind.

"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,"

sang one who knew. Juliet raised a pair of starry eyes to his, and put her little hands in her rescuer's. He promptly lifted her like a baby, and marched off with his property towards the Castle. The champions of the houses of Stuart and Stewart were left together. Both stared for a moment at the vanishing pair, and there was silence.

The General was too shaken to stand on punctilio.

"A close call," he said, at last, wiping his brow at the recollection. "If—by the way, I never even asked his name—if that plucky beggar had not turned up—well, you know what the Spiel current is. Who is he? Do you know him?"

"Yes; he is my son," said the other, succinctly.

Sir John gasped. Then he remembered. Of course, he had heard Stewart mention Jim. He had been till lately with his ship on the China station.

"Oh—er—quite so—er—of course—that is——" said he, explicitly. What the General was about to say concerning the rescue we may only guess, for the other man saw his lip tremble and changed the subject.

"Sir John, don't you think this Spiel fishing case is a stupid business?" he said. "Can't we settle it? You called me a poacher and I gave you back as good as I got. I withdraw all that."

"Well, Stewart, I'm a man of peace. Gad, sir——"

"Suppose we each surrender our rights to the pools?"

"Surrender! To whom? To each other?"

"To your dear daughter and my Jim." A twinkle struggled with a tear in his eye and won. "They probably would give us free fishing. They—ah—seem to have met before."

"Stewart, Juliet is my only child. A dear, good girl."

Mr. Stewart smiled.

"Sir John, Jim is my only child. A good son, and—er—a good swimmer."

"I might have had to go back to-day—alone—to her mother." The old man's voice shook. "Shake hands, Stewart, and—I'll tell you what! Mrs. Stewart and you and—er—Jim will dine with us to-night, eh? I've missed you, Stewart. Say 'yes,' and we'll

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crack a bottle of the Waterloo port to 'Sound sleep to the Spiel case.'"

"With all my heart. 'This day all quarrels die, Andronicus,' eh?" said the other, hand outstretched, and the two old gentlemen went up the hill arm-in-arm.

That evening at Lugas Castle there were two toasts drunk, one in honour of the settlement of the fishing case, and the other—borne blushingly by Miss Juliet and Jim, otherwise Commander Stewart, R.N.—to the happiness of the younger representatives of the houses of Stuart and Stewart.

But notwithstanding this honour, after dinner these two showed an unfilial lack of interest in their progenitors' conversation. Well, well! Given the invitation of a radiant June evening, with its thousand tiny flower-censers swinging their message through the open windows, a newly-affianced pair ought to evince an instinct, if not a genius, for detachment from their kin. So with them. They escaped to the garden, there to exchange the immemorial sweet fatuities that every wise man's son doth know.

Fragments of their conversation were fairly rational.

Thus Juliet: "You see, dearest, I had it *all* settled—in my own mind, that is—that dad should take me to London. I knew you would be there, and I thought you could have—asked him for me, there—if you wanted to." (Incoherent expostulations from Jim.) "I can't talk if you kiss me. Then this wretched Spiel case came about, and papa takes *such* prejudices. *Of course*, he had never seen you. I meant to tell him that we had met, but after the words between your father and him on the bank of the Spiel the very name of Stewart was like a red rag to him. And then——"

"And then the squadron was suddenly ordered to the Moray Firth. I got three days' leave."

"'Urgent private affairs,' wasn't it?"

"Yes; more urgent than I ever dreamt of," said he, and both their faces were suddenly grave.

Neither spoke—their thoughts on the Spiel's swift current of the day before. Juliet, like her immortal namesake in old Verona, was of "fire and dew." Listening to the lowered voice of the penitent river, the girl's love-lit eyes were suddenly drowned in a mist of happiness, self-reproach, joy, of gratitude, of—but he who has captured a rainbow understands a lover's tears!

Poetic justice may hope that the fish that played, however unwillingly, so useful and central a part in this tale became wiser, earning length of days. But, alas! fish, like men, pay heavily for taking sporting chances. He broke from the rod, came back to his pool, and was hooked and landed by a gillie a couple of days afterwards. There are fishing trophies at the Castle, including the forty-two-pounder that took the General miles down the river, when he landed him after a five hours' tussle; but some people wonder why the place of honour is given to a mere nine-pound grilse, displaying in his mouth a "Durham Ranger" on a broken tackle.

The solicitors of Sir John and Mr. Stewart received letters from their respective clients informing them that the case had been settled. The terms thereof, as the reporters say, "did not transpire."

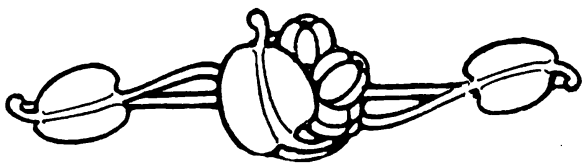
Mr. Peter Knott lost no time in calling at Mr. Gibbs's chambers. He found that gentleman in.

"I don't understand it at all, Gibbs," said he, after they, literally, had compared notes.

"Neither do I," said the other.

"It's my belief that some third party has brought this sudden settlement about. Most unprofessional, I call it! Some meddlesome, interfering busybody, likely!"

"He builded better than he knew." For he did not discover until a month or two afterwards that the case had been settled by the little blind god—an agent with a very old-established practice and a wide *clientèle*, subtler far than all His Majesty's counsel learned in the law.



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MRS. CARLYLE AND HER LITTLE CHARLOTTE.

A New Carlyle Discovery.

A SERIES OF UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

With a Commentary by Reginald Blunt.

II.

This month we complete the series of unpublished letters from Mrs. Carlyle to her servant, "Little Charlotte." The letters show that the affection with which she regarded the young girl was maintained during the whole time they lived together as mistress and maid, and was continued, after Charlotte's marriage, up to the time of Mrs. Carlyle's death.

AND now there follows a long hiatus in the letters, a gap of nearly three years, which we can only bridge over in a very fragmentary way from occasional references in Mrs. Carlyle's other correspondence.

Early in August, 1860, Carlyle went north by sea, taking his work with him, to pay a visit to Sir George Sinclair at Thurso Castle, and two or three weeks later Mrs. Carlyle, who had been in a very nervous and sleepless condition for some time past, went off to stay with Lady Stanley at Alderley Park. It would seem from her letter to Mrs. Russell, written two months later, that Mrs. Carlyle had come to the conclusion that little Charlotte needed "to be put under some stricter superintendence" than that of an ill and often absent mistress. Perhaps also she hesitated again to leave her alone in charge of the Cheyne Row house for an indefinite period, and felt that an older woman should be installed there; though Charlotte, she admits, "was and is warmly attached to us; and loving kindness at such a time was to have been kept near me, tho' accompanied with ever so much muddle."



CHARLOTTE SOUTHAM ("LITTLE CHARLOTTE") IN LATER LIFE.

Photo. J. Ewing, Aberdeen.

Reluctantly, therefore, before Mrs. Carlyle left Chelsea, Charlotte had been given warning, and a woman of seventy-one, recommended to her as a "treasure," was installed in her place, to be supplemented, on their return, with "a pair of young legs," in the shape of a second servant. The "treasure" turned out to be an

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arrant old humbug, who couldn't speak a word of truth, couldn't cook, and stole eight bottles of ale! And little Charlotte came back for a brief stay to nurse and cook for her late mistress while she was too ill to look after herself. "I was weak enough to *wish* to take her back, but not weak enough to *do it*. She who couldn't rule *herself* would have made a sad mess of ruling a girl nearly her own age." *

Carlyle had long pressed his wife to engage two servants, so that she might be at least relieved, so far as possible, from household work, if not altogether from its cares and worries, and now at last she complied.

But the change was made hurriedly, and in the midst of her illness, and all the uncertainties of their summer movements, and it is evident, as one reads between the lines of these autumn letters, that she doubted the advantages of the new *régime*, and often wished to have her little Charlotte back again.

"So now," she wrote to Mrs. Russell, "I am mistress of *two* servants—and ready to hang myself. Seriously, the change is nearly intolerable to me, tho' both these women are good servants, *as servants go*. But the two-ness, the 'much ado about nothing,' I hate, and cannot use myself to it. With *one* servant, especially with one *Charlotte*, we were *one* family in the House, *one* interest and *one* Power. Now it is as if I had taken in *Lodgers* for downstairs, and had a *flight of crows* about me upstairs! . . . . the solemn consultations about '*your* dinner,' and '*our* dinner'. . . . the ever recurrent 'we,' which in little Charlotte's mouth meant Master and Mistress and self; but in the mouth of the new tall Charlotte means, most decidedly, 'I and Sarah.' Either of these servants by herself, provided she were up to the general work of the house, which neither of them is, I could be tolerably comfortable with. But altogether, oh, dear me! Shall I ever get used to it? In sleepless nights I almost resolve to clear the premises of them both, and take back little Charlotte, who has kept hanging on at her Mother's all these months in the wild hope that one or other of these women would break down, and she be taken in her stead. 'What a fool that girl is,' said tall Charlotte to me one day. 'I told her she should look out for a place, that a nice-looking, healthy girl like her would easily find one; and she answered, "Oh, yes; I may get plenty of places, but never a *home* again as I have had here,"'

* "New Letters & Memorials," ii., 237.

meaning with us. Tall Charlotte could see only folly in such attachment. 'She is very different from what I am,' said she. 'If people hadn't been satisfied with *me*, it's little I should care about leaving them!' That I can well believe." *

To her husband Mrs. Carlyle had written in September: "The old Charlotte, poor foolish thing! is still hanging on at her 'mother's,' just as untidy in her person, with nothing to do, as she used to be in her press of work. She has been much about me, and I don't know what I should have done without her to cook for me and show me some human kindness when I was ill under 'Old Jane' (the 'Treasure.').

"But I am glad at the same time that I had fortitude to resist her tears, and her request to be taken back as cook. I told her some day I might take her back, but she had much to learn and to unlearn first. Still it is gratifying to feel that one's kindness to the girl has not been all lost on her, for she really loves both of us passionately—only that passionate loves, not applied to practical uses, are good for so little in this matter-of-fact world.†

"Poor little Charlotte!" she adds, writing to Mrs. Austin, at The Gill. "If I had seen how miserable she was to be at leaving us, I couldn't have found it in my heart to put her away, though she was so heedless, and 'thro' other,'‡ with a grain of method, she could have done all the two do as well or better than they do it, she was so clever and willing. . . . After all, the faults for which I parted with little Charlotte after twelve months of considering won't have cured but rather have been aggravated by three months' muddling at her mother's. Heigh-ho! I feel just in the case of the 'Edinburgh meat jack.' Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I am mee-e-serable!!!" §

To those who have made a study of Mrs. Carlyle in the light of her letters, it will be pretty clear from the above extracts that what she kept vowing she would not and must not do she was very likely to do.

And accordingly we read, with more pleasure than surprise, in her letter to Miss Margaret Welsh, at Auchtertool Manse, written in the following December, that Charlotte is back at Cheyne Row:—

"I have had a great fret taken off me, in the removal of that vulgar conceited woman and the restoration of little Charlotte. Upon my word, I haven't been as near what they

* "New L. & M.," ii., 237. † "L. & M.," iii., 61.
‡ Durcheinander. § "L. & M.," iii., 64.

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THE DRAWING-ROOM AT CHEYNE ROW,

SHOWING MRS. CARLYLE'S SOFA AND THE READING-CHAIR GIVEN TO THOMAS CARLYLE BY JOHN FORSTER.

Photograph by C. Baly.

call 'happy' for many a day as in the first flush of little Charlotte! She looked so bursting with ecstasy as she ran up and down the house, taking possession, as it were, of her old work, and as she showed in the visitors (not her business, but she would open the door to them all, the first time, to show herself and receive their congratulations), that it was impossible not to share in her delighted excitement.

"Most of the people shook hands with her, and all of them said they were 'glad to see her back.'

"I had trusted that she would in time humanize the other girl, and that the two would be good friends, when the other girl got over the prejudices the woman who had left had inspired her with! But it needed no time at all. Sarah was humanized, and the two sworn friends, in the first half hour. In the first half hour Sarah had confided to Charlotte that if I hadn't given the tall Charlotte warning, she, Sarah, would have given me warning, she disliked 'tall Charlotte' so much!

"It is now three weeks since the new order of things. Mistress and maid have subsided out of the emotional state into the normal one, but are still very glad over one another, and if the work of the house does not get done with as much order and method as under the tall Charlotte, it is done with more thoroughness, and infinitely more heartiness and pleasantness, and the 'bread puddings' are first-rate. Sarah's tidiness and method are just what were wanted to correct little Charlotte's born tendency to muddle, while little Charlotte's willingness and affectionateness warm up Sarah's drier, more selfish nature. It is a curious establishment, with something of the sound and character of a nursery. Charlotte not nineteen till March, and Sarah seventeen last week. And they keep up an incessant chirping and chattering and laughing, and as both have remarkably sweet voices it is pleasant to hear. The twoness is no nuisance to me now. As neither can awake of themselves, I don't know what I should have done about that, hadn't Charlotte's friends come to the rescue. An old man who lodges with Charlotte's mother (aunt) raps on the kitchen window till he wakes them every morning at six on his way to work, and Charlotte's father (uncle) raps again on the window before seven to make sure the first summons has been attended to! to say nothing of an alarum which runs

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down at six, at their very bed-head, and never is heard by either of these fortunate girls."*

Such a halcyon state of affairs at Cheyne Row, one feels instinctively as one reads this delightful letter, was far too blessed to last "in a world of imperfections." It did, I think, last for several months, well into the summer of 1861. How, when, or exactly why it came to an end, I have been unable from any references to the published correspondence to discover, but from allusion to a new maid who was to come a little later on, in a letter of May 9th, and from an account of the sudden illness of her new cook, in writing to Mrs. Russell, in July, I think Charlotte probably left Cheyne Row in June. As for the reasons of her going, the following letters, written a year and three-quarters afterwards, will tell all that can or need be told. Charlotte had "bettered herself" shortly after leaving Chelsea, by taking a place as under-housemaid at the Marquis of Camden's Kent house, The Wilderness, near Sevenoaks.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
29th March /63.

Little Woman!

It was a nice thought in you to send the violets. A kind little practical thought!—just like my little Charlotte in her *good* Time; when she was a bright, loving girl, full of aspirations after knowledge and refinement,—before she had become stubborn and callous on my hands and taken up with people and things unworthy of her,—quite beneath the sphere in which Nature, by endowing her so richly with taste and intelligence, seemed to have appointed her to 'live and have her Being!'—Oh child! child! you have no idea of the disappointment, the heart-sorrow you caused me! I had set so much love on you, and so much hope! So much permanent good was to have come out of our chance-relation for both of us! And all ending in a mere vulgar common-place disruption betwixt *Mistress* and *Maid!*—in a mere vulgar common-place attempt on both sides to "*better oneself*"!—no!—not ending all and absolutely in that!—There are the *violets!*—and this letter!—so much (alas! how small a thing!) saved from the wreck of my sentimental venture!

Do you know the violets found me breakfasting in bed, (the first and only time I have breakfasted in bed these twelve months!) and their sweet smell reminded me somehow of your kind nursing in my long Influenza. No one has nursed me as kindly and as cleverly since!

I was so sorry for your Mother's terrible loss! it has told on her looks poor woman! I hope you write to her often and are all the comfort you can be to her.

Ever affectionately yours,
JANE W. CARLYLE.

Responding to Mrs. Carlyle's invitation to come and see her, Charlotte, it seems, managed to get away from The Wilderness and come up to Chelsea in May of this year (1863).

"You remember my little Charlotte?" Mrs. Carlyle writes to her beloved old Betty Braid. "I had a visit from her yesterday, and she looks much more sedate and proper than when I had to put her away. She is 'third housemaid at the Marquis of Camden's,' and lives in the country, which is good for her. She sent her compliments to 'Betty'!"

And, later on in the same year, little Charlotte evidently wrote to her previous mistress a letter which long went without reply, but was eventually answered by the following one, giving an account of the horrid accident which had befallen her at the beginning of October, in London.

Cheyne Row,
Thursday. [October 22nd, 1863.]

Dear little Woman,

The Persians have a proverb; "Believe that a mountain can change its place, but never that a man (human being) can change his nature" and it is the truest of sayings!—so, when I didn't answer your letter, but seemed to have forgotten to care for you; you would conclude, being a girl with some natural logic, that something else than forgetfulness or indifference was the reason—that I was in some way *unable* to write you a letter, and so it has been. I have been disabled to an extent that *you* never saw me!

It is three weeks past last Tuesday since I met with a horrid accident. I had been calling for Mrs. Godby at the General Post Office, and on leaving her house to take the omnibus, I had to cross the most dangerous thoroughfare in all London. I had just crossed in safety, but flurried by the danger of being run over, when I struck the side of my foot against the curb stone and was plashed down on the pavement on my left side, and was so hurt that I lay there unable to stir. People gathered round me, a Policeman among them, and I was hauled up in agony, and placed in a cab, to get home all the way (five miles) alone as I could!

I shall never forget the agony of that drive—or of my being carried into the house by Mr. Larkin, and up stairs, in an arm chair, by Mr. C. and him—and then I was laid on my bed, and Mr. Barnes came, and found no *broken* bones, only "*lacerated sinews*," which so far as pain goes, is they say, much worse to bear.

For days and nights I lay unable to move, in dreadful agony, and without a wink of sleep—After the first week the pain in my leg was bad only when moved—but my arm which had been stiff with neuralgia for two months before continued and continues to give me great suffering—after a fortnight I could be set *on end* on a sofa—and now after three weeks I have *walked* thro' my bedroom door into the drawing room sofa—half carried by one of the girls. But Mr. Barnes said I *must* put my foot to the ground occasionally—at whatever cost of pain, or the muscles

* "L. & M.," iii., 66.

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would contract and I should never be able to walk at all.

I may be thankful to God that I have got this length so soon!

My maids have been most kind and attentive to me—grudging no trouble, and they have had plenty of that! And my Friends have been so dear and good that it makes me *like to cry* to think of it all!

So you see why I have not answered your letter sooner. Don't be vexed about me Dear—

Dumfries and The Gill. Here she stayed with Mrs. Austin for a week, and then went on to Thornhill and the Russells, who kept her till the end of September, doing all they could —though with poor success—to soothe her racked nerves. The next letter to little Charlotte was written from Holm Hill, on hearing of the death, on September 3rd, of Charlotte's adopted father, Thomas Southam.



CARLYLE AT WORK ON "FREDERICK THE GREAT" IN THE SOUND-PROOF ATTIC AT CHEYNE ROW.

Photograph taken by Robert Tait in 1857.

I am doing better than could have been hoped—and I will write and tell you when I can *walk alone*.

Yours always kindly,
JANE CARLYLE.

The results of Mrs. Carlyle's accident lasted all through the winter and spring of 1863-4, and in March she was taken down, half dead with exhaustion, to St. Leonards, where she remained till July. Then, growing desperate from continued sleeplessness and depression, she made a wild dash northward to

Holm Hill, Thornhill,
Dumfriesshire, N.B.
Tuesday. [? Sep. 13, 1864.]

My poor, dear, little Woman!
Your letter is just come.

I am heartily sorry for you! I know by experience what a terrible affliction is the loss of a kind, good Father; and that worthy uncle has been the kindest, best of Fathers to you!—I am sure of *that* from all that you have told me of him.

I can quite sympathize with you too under your cruel separation from him, and your poor "Mother," in these last days of his life. But

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such is this world!—not a *joyful* place at all for such as have thought and feeling; but a place of sore trial. It never enters into our heads, when we are young, to recognize this truth; but as we live on, and add experience to experience, it forces itself upon us, and becomes like a part of our Being! God help us!

I wish you had never left my house, Dear! I should have been better able to help and console you under such a trial as this. And what opportunities *you* would have had to help and console *me!* Perhaps when you have found that "*rising*" (as tall Charlotte would say) is not the chief end of Woman or Servant—does not best ensure either one's dignity or happiness; you will come back to me to be housemaid, and *valet* and *lady's maid*, and *fr end*, and *little Daughter*—as I used to feel you to be, my poor child!

Thank God, I continue to have better sleep—and to suffer less pain—and to gain flesh. If I could only recover the use of my legs, which are still so feeble that I cannot walk many yards at a time! *Now*—for the first time since I fell ill, I begin to believe that I shall *really recover!* to, at least, a bearable state of health! And that, I shall be thankful for all my sufferings; for they have taught me much, that I was needing to be taught.

God keep you my little Woman.

Ever affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

On October 1st, 1864, Mrs. Carlyle came back from Holm Hill to Cheyne Row, and from that time forward she seems gradually to have recovered from the worst of her nervous and physical ailments, and passed into a far happier and cheerier frame of mind and body. Her husband insisted on her having a brougham of her own, in which she drove regularly and with evident enjoyment. In January, 1865, Carlyle posted to the printers the last leaves of "Frederick," writing "Finis" to the long, terrific struggle of thirteen years; and this, no doubt, contributed not a little to the sense of relief at Cheyne Row. There is a little note from Mrs. Carlyle to Charlotte in February, 1865, thanking her for the "pretty mittikins," and promising to write again when she was stronger. If she did so the letter has not been preserved; for the next—and last—of her letters was not written till Christmastide of this year. It seems evident that she had asked for, and received, two photographs of her little Charlotte, with neither of which she was altogether satisfied. Mrs. Carlyle kept framed in her own room a treasured collection of "photographs of long ago, old friends, old servants, old dogs," and to this sanctuary her little Charlotte was to be added. Mr. Barlow was an old acquaintance at Cheyne Row of whom Mrs. Carlyle had spoken even in 1860 as "much enfeebled, but the perfect gentleman still looks pathetically out thro' all his infirmities." Mrs. Warren—the last of Mrs.



A CORNER OF THE SOUND-PROOF ATTIC,

SHOWING SOME OF THE BOOKS, MAPS, ETC., USED FOR "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

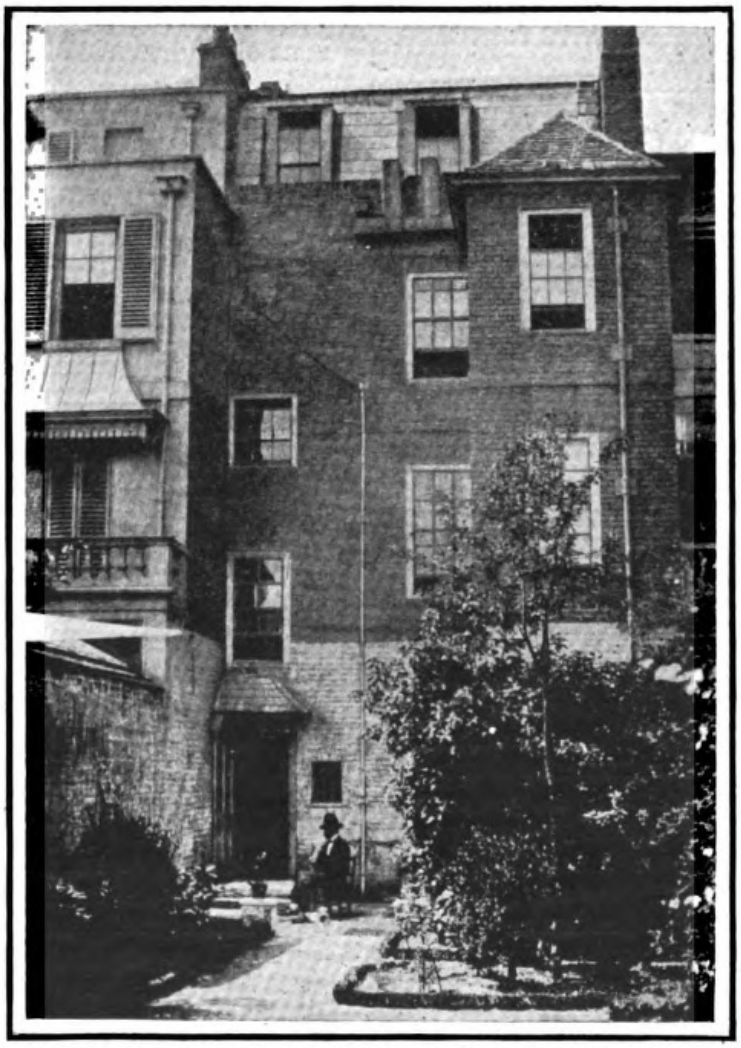
Photograph taken by Robert Tait in 1857.

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Carlyle's cooks !—had come to Cheyne Row in December, 1864, and had proved a valuable and very capable servant, and a sympathetic nurse, and the "capital housemaid" was Jessie Hiddlestone, who had returned with Mrs. Carlyle from Dumfries to Chelsea in the previous July, and whose letters from her mistress I have already had the pleasure of reading. Jessie had come, like so many others, the subject of very high expectations —expectations which, alas ! like so many others, she was not altogether capable of living up to ! In a letter to Mrs. Russell, written only the day before this one to Charlotte, Mrs. Carlyle sums up her new housemaid rather unflatteringly, yet with a shrewd thrust at her own impulsiveness—so often disappointed yet so unconquerably returning: "I do not regret having taken her—not at all. As a servant she is better than the average ; as a woman I do not think ill of her ; but I mistook her entirely at the first, and see less good in her than perhaps there is, because I began by seeing far more good in her than she had the least pretension to. At my age, and with my experience, it would have well beseemed me to be less romantic. I have paid for it in the disappointment of the heartfelt hopes I had invested in my hereditary housemaid." *

When Mrs. Carlyle herself has said that, all other comment is surely silenced.

The Edinburgh speech to which she refers was, of course, the address on his installation as Rector of the University. It was actually delivered on April 2nd, "a perfect triumph," as Tyndall telegraphed that evening to Mrs. Carlyle at Cheyne Row—for, as the Fates willed, she did not accompany them.



THOMAS CARLYLE, WITH NERO AT HIS FEET, SMOKING IN THE GARDEN AT CHEYNE ROW.

Photograph taken by Robert Tait in 1857.

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea,
26th Decr. [1865.]

Dear little Woman !

I have been literally *drowned* in letters, for some weeks back ; and *off* my sleep at the same time, which makes my head not worth twopence for writing with.

This—and not neglectfulness of you, has been the reason I did not thank you sooner for that other and better photograph of yourself. Even this one does you no justice — at least does you no justice *when you are good*. But I *have seen* you sufficiently like it when the Devil has got into you, and spread a sort of *cloud* of sullenness over your naturally kind and intelligent look ! Oh yes ! when I first knew you, and for long after, you were the nicest, brightest looking creature one could wish to see !—Pity one can't keep always young !

I am not *well*, ever, but I have not been positively *ill* this long time.

Except one day that I was in bed with sick headache, I have been out in my Brougham from three to four hours *every day* of my life since I returned from Scotland ! ! and I go out to dinner occasionally even in this winter weather !

Poor Mr. Barlow hangs on to Life, as helpless and patient as ever.

All the other people who came about in your time still come about—little changed except in the colour of their hair.

Mr. C. is much in his usual health—taking his fill of idleness—if *reading* all day long can be

* "L. & M.," iii., 303.

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called idleness! He will have to go to Edin. to make a Speech the last week of March, if the weather keeps favourable and my health *ditto*, I shall perhaps accompany him.

Mrs. Warren continues to be a great comfort to me; and I brought with me from Dumfriesshire, a capital housemaid—whose Mother and Grandfather were servants to my mother and grandfather, so the House goes on without any bother to me, and at no greater expense than when I did half the work myself, and had to teach the other half! But with all her cleverness, and nice looks, I have none of the *love* for Jessy I had for *you!* No servant has ever been for me the sort of *adopted* child that *you* were!

I send you a Book for a Xmas present—I haven't seen your Mother for long. I never go out *on foot* in the cold!

Affectionately yours,
JANE CARLYLE.

The year 1866 opened in comparative peace and cheerfulness at Cheyne Row; "no illness to speak of, but a cold in the head," and, by the end of January, many intimate friends coming back to London, daily drives by Silvester in the much-appreciated brougham, and occasional little dinners out, where Dr. Quain prescribed "plenty of champagne"! By March, the Edinburgh address began to loom large on the horizon. "After speculating all winter about going myself, my heart failed me as the time drew near and I realized more clearly the nervousness and pain that so much fuss was sure to bring on. I did not dread the bodily fatigue, but the mental." So, on the 29th, Carlyle started north under Tyndall's care, and Huxley joined the party at Fryston, where they broke the journey with the Houghtons.

The Edinburgh speech went splendidly, ending in a tempest of enthusiasm. Carlyle made for Scotsbrig, "to cool down and recover his wits," and there, having managed to sprain his ankle, he remained in the blessed country stillness, far from all babble and annoyance, for a fortnight. Thence he went on to his brother-in-law's at Dumfries for a couple of days before returning to London, as intended, on Monday, the 23rd. Some of Mrs. Carlyle's brightest and delightfullest of letters went to him from Cheyne Row during these three weeks, letters full of wifely anxiety about his great adventure, full of happy pride in its fine accomplishment, full of charming banter and humour and gossip. On the morning of Saturday, the 21st, she sent him a last letter before his return, "cheeriest and merriest of all her several prior ones," telling him of the tea-party she had planned at No. 5 for that same evening. She posted the letter herself before lunch, and in the afternoon Silvester and the brougham came to take her for her usual drive.

How that fateful drive ended we all know, and the last scrap of a letter in little Charlotte's packet briefly tells:—

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S.W.
Dear Charlotte, April 22, 1866.

This little bit of paper is large enough to hold the heavy tidings I have to tell you.

Mrs. Carlyle is dead—she died yesterday quite suddenly whilst out driving—Dr. Quain says it was Paralysis—Mr. Carlyle is not at home but he may come back to-morrow—it will be a terrible coming home for him. She was in her usual health and spirits and we none of us dreamed of danger.

Yours very truly,
GERALDINE P. JEWSBURY.

A few more words only are needed to complete this story of little Charlotte's associations with Cheyne Row. She remained in service at The Wilderness only for a couple of months after Mrs. Carlyle's death, and in July, 1866, she married Mr. Mills, a carpenter, whose acquaintance she had made when he had lodged in Lawrence Street at Mrs. Southam's, and to whom she had been engaged in the previous year.

Mrs. Mills did not lose touch of Cheyne Row and her old master, to whom—like almost all his servants—she was genuinely devoted.

As babies came to them Mrs. Mills was bidden to bring them each and all to No. 5, to be shown to Mr. Carlyle, and to receive from him a gentle pat on their hairless heads, and a word of jocular benediction.

Wrapped up with the precious packet of Mrs. Carlyle's letters is a pleasant and friendly one from Miss Mary Carlyle Aitken, Carlyle's niece and companion, dated from Addiscombe Farm, where she and her uncle were staying in September, 1869, and asking Mrs. Mills to go into No. 5 and put the house a little straight for them before their return to Chelsea.

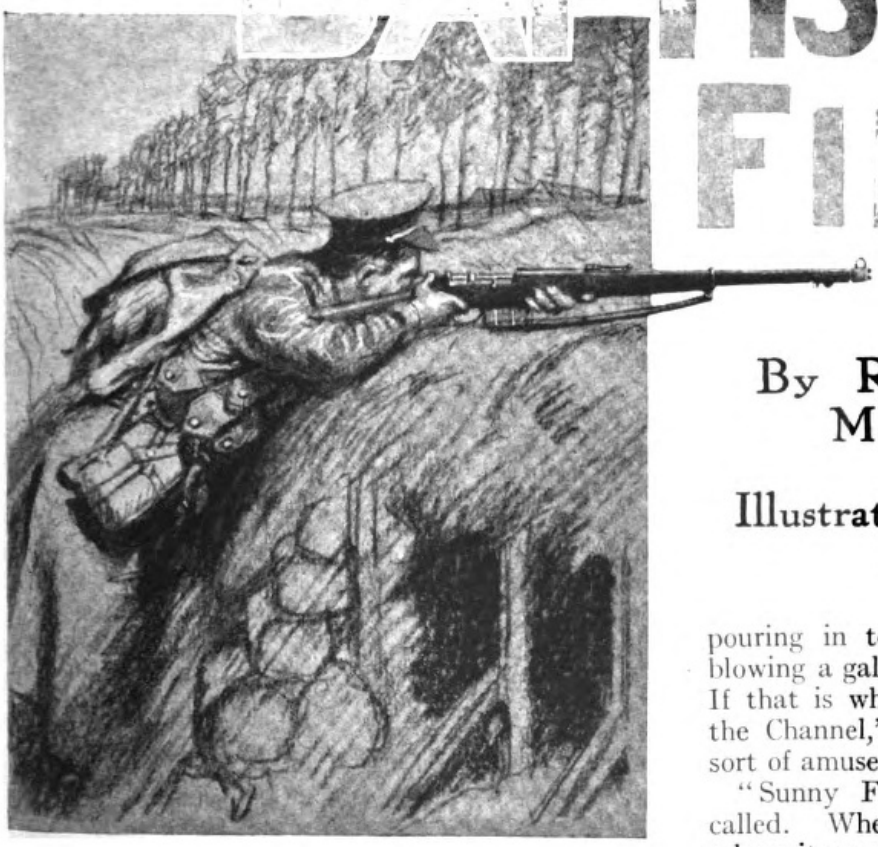
Mrs. Mills treasured to the last her little gifts from Mrs. Carlyle—a lock of Carlyle's hair and of her own, a beautiful lace cap, a brooch with a miniature of Nero, and several other mementoes of Cheyne Row. To the last, too, she cherished a warmly affectionate memory of its mistress and master, and an indignant resentment of the stupidities and false witness written and spoken, after Mrs. Carlyle's death, about that household which she had known so intimately and loved so well.

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Sam Briggs Becomes a Soldier.

IV.

BAPTISM of FIRE



By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Charles Pears.

HERE I am in the trenches—yours, Sam Briggs. That I should ever have lived to see this day! What I am asking is, how much longer am I going to live now?

We left England, so to speak, without hardly a moment's warning. We didn't even know where the train in which they took us from our quarters was going to. But they put us down at last, after midnight, not in a station, but on what seemed to be the lines themselves. They marched us, in the glare of the electric light, through a huge shed right on board a ship, and it was only by chance I learned that the ship was in Southampton Docks.

Hardly, I suppose, was the last man on board than the boat was off. The rain was pouring in torrents, the wind was blowing a gale. We had a passage! If that is what they call "crossing the Channel," give me some other sort of amusement, if you please!

"Sunny France" I've heard it called. When I first set my foot ashore it was coming down cats and dogs—the same cats and dogs as we had left behind, only worse; extra large size and quantity they seemed to be keeping there. A large town it was they had brought us to, and I dare say in decent weather a fine one—Havre, I afterwards heard it was called.

They marched us up a hill on to the cliff, beyond a place they call Sainte Adresse, into huts, and there they kept us for four solid days digging trenches. And during those four days I should think that the record fell in the water line, to say nothing of a wind blowing that you couldn't stand against.

Then they marched us down again and put us in another train—a French train—in which they took us for ever and ever and ever. I should think we were in it for two whole days. A nice-tempered lot we were by the time they were good enough to tell us to turn out,

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There seemed to be no station, no nothing; just fields, ditches, water, and mud. Coming from afar there was some sort of a noise.

"What's that?" I heard one chap ask another.

"I do believe," he said—he spoke in what I should call a husky whisper—no wonder he'd caught a cold, we all had—"it's cannon."

A sort of hush went over all the lot of us. We didn't know, positively, even then that it was cannon, but we sort of guessed. It was not at all what we had looked for; I for one had never expected to get my first sound of cannon in a place like that. Something seemed to go pit-a-pat inside me. The more you listened—and that first time of hearing you had to listen—the more you found that it wasn't one kind of a noise, but all sorts of kinds. That was caused by the different varieties of cannon they were firing; each made a noise of its own. We got to know them quick enough, and to call each by a name of its own; but at first it seemed funny.

They marched us for miles along a lane which was all mud till we came to what I suppose was meant for a village. And there we were billeted. I don't quite know where they put the rest of the chaps, but I was with about a hundred others in a sort of great, old barn, with no walls, and only a roof to cover us. Luckily they did give us something to eat, and presently a nice hot meal was being served out by the fatigues. We did it justice. That was the first time I had ever properly appreciated food in my life—but it wasn't the last; before long I had got to know what grub means to a hungry soldier, who is cold to the bone and wet to the skin.

According to what the A.S.C. fellows had let drop, within ten miles of where we were there had been fighting for weeks.

We turned in early—for one reason, because there was absolutely nothing to sit up for, and then we were tired out. I had just settled down and was closing my eyes—I dare say in another fifty seconds I should have been asleep—when someone came to the side of the shed (it was so dark we couldn't see who it was) and said, in a sort of mysterious whisper:—

"Here, you chaps, 'tention! Don't go to sleep; get up! Silence—don't anyone speak a word. Fall in, and look sharp about it. Corporal Briggs, where are you? Step lively and come here."

By the time he had finished speaking I had recognized the voice as belonging to Sergeant Billington—the sergeant of my own section. I was up and beside him in a brace of shakes.

"Yes, sergeant," I said, "here I am. What's up?"

"Some sort of night attack, I think; but I'm not sure. Whether the Germans are coming for us or we are going for them I can't tell you. Now, you men—all there? Fall in! Got your rifles and everything? Fall in! 'Tention! Forward—march! And don't make a sound to let anyone know that you're alive."

That was not the first night attack I'd been in; we had practised them over and over again. The whole battalion was up, and in almost less than no time we were all in order. It had stopped raining, but it was so dark that we didn't know if the C.O. was there till we heard his voice.

"Men, you are soldiers; you will probably have a chance of showing it before you are many minutes older. Keep your eyes and ears wide open; you'll find it pretty awkward going. Silence is the order of the day; don't let any of you breathe if you can help it; we don't know how near the enemy may be. We don't want them to surprise us; we want to surprise them. March!"

Off we went. That was a march, my first bit of soldiering. Not at all the sort of thing I had expected, but thrilling enough, goodness knows! Who was showing the way I couldn't tell. We none of us could see where we were going. We weren't allowed so much as a match to show us the worst bits—and there were some bad ones. We got along somehow—whoever was leading knew what he was up to—over I don't know how many miles of rotten going. And just as I fancy that some of the chaps had had about enough the order to halt went round. Then somebody said:—

"My lads, you've done well—very well indeed. Now you've got to take cover—in platoons; each platoon will be shown to its proper place."

Considering all things, it didn't take so long as you might have expected. My officer was Second-Lieutenant Baring—quite a boy he was, as full of beans as they make 'em.

"Look out, you fellows," he said, as we were starting. "I'm told the ground drops here; don't come a cropper if you can help it."

Presently he spoke again.

"I should think that's far enough—pick yourself up, whoever it is who has come down there. I was told there are bushes here: there seem to be. Keep close together, using the bushes for cover as well as you can. I don't know how long we shall have to stop, but I hear that the Germans are proposing to make an attack upon our fellows in the

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trenches from the back, and are sneaking round to do it—we rather want to meet them at a point where our presence is not expected. It's rather thought that they'll come this way—that's why you were told to keep your eyes and ears wide open."

I dare say it wasn't quite in order for young Mr. Baring to talk to us as if we all of us were chums together, he being in command and all that, but it was wise of him all the same. The one thing we wanted was to know what we were there for. If we had been kept there, in the pitch darkness, knowing nothing, however it might have been at first, some of the chaps' spirits might have gone down with a run. As it was, we waited there I dare say at least three hours, and not a man was sick or sorry—or tired; we were as keenly on the look-out as ever we were for what we knew was coming.

It was our first experience of the kind, our baptism of fire; not one of us had ever handled a rifle, meaning business, before. A queer feeling it was to know that over a thousand men were within a stone's throw of where we were, though we couldn't see them, couldn't even guess at their direction, each with a gun in his hand waiting for what we were. Spying is a game two can play at. We must have learnt from some sort of spying of what was in the air. They might have done the same. But it turned out on that occasion that that was a game which we played better than they did—because, at last, they came.

It was a faint sound which the cold morning breeze seemed to be bringing from miles away. Until that moment the silence had been so great that we could hear ourselves breathe; not a cannon had disturbed the stillness.

"I believe it's men marching," whispered Sparrow. "Perhaps it's the gentlemen we're expecting."

Then the lieutenant spoke—in tones which were not too loud, but loud enough. He had been sitting most of the night with his back against a bit of a tree, smoking a pipe. I had wondered myself if he was awake; he became wide awake enough just then.

"Steady, you chaps; that sounds as though someone were bringing us a message."

Someone was—his senior, Mr. Durrant. By climbing up a bit of a slope I could see his figure running towards us through the lessening shadows. He had a little talk with our Mr. Baring—talk which we were meant to hear.

"Everything all right, Mr. Baring?"

"Quite all right, sir."

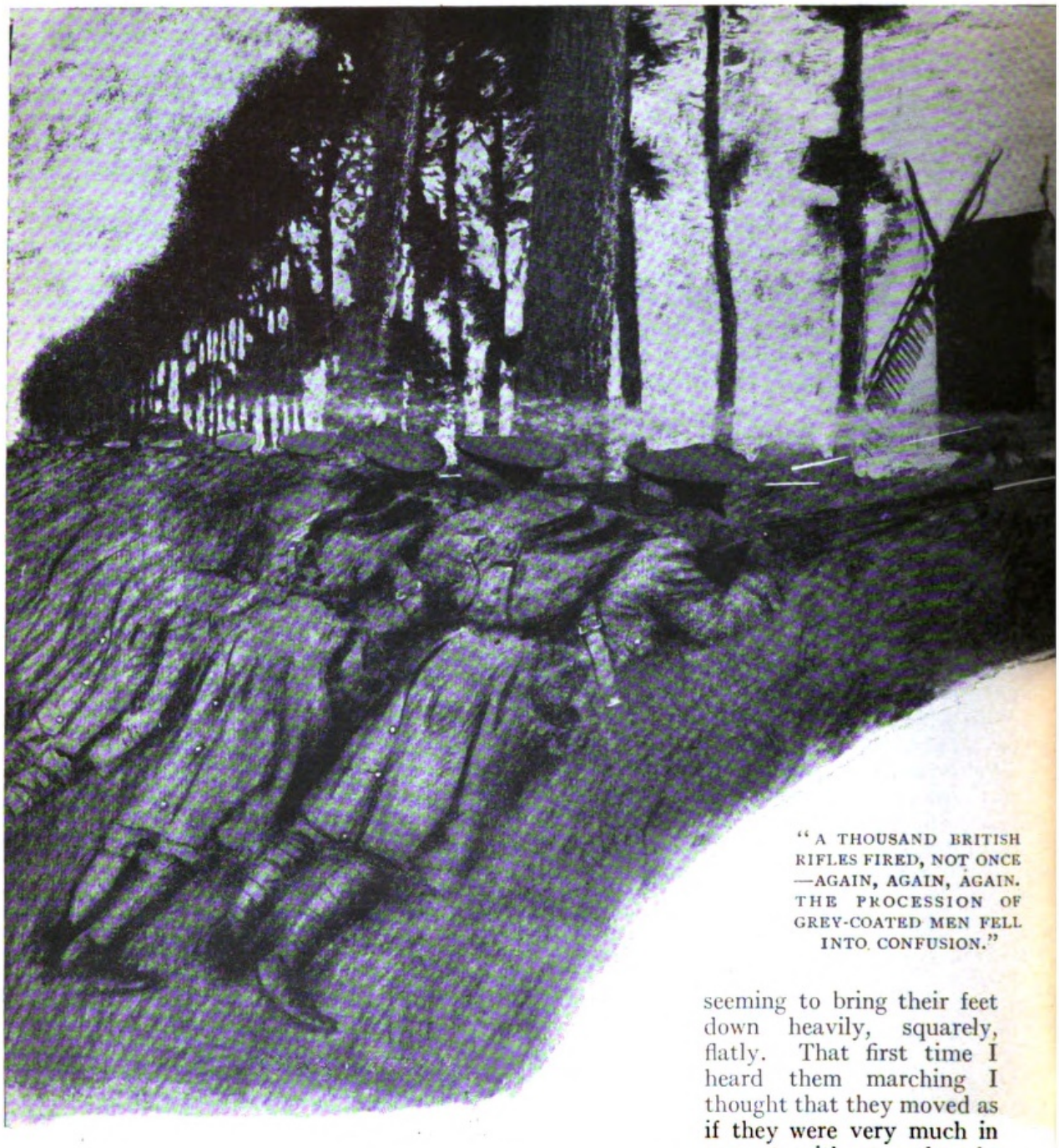
"That's good. Hear anything?"

"I hear what may be the sound of men marching; I fancy we all do. If it is men marching, at present they seem to be some distance off."

"It's men marching, all right—our German friends. They hope to make an early morning surprise attack upon our trenches and catch our fellows napping—probably as part of a concerted movement." He raised his voice. "Now, you men, I want you to understand. There's a sort of rough road within perhaps fifty yards of where you are, along which they propose to make their way—it is the best bit of going there is. We're lying all round; if they keep on they'll walk right into the trap. So far as we know, they've not a suspicion that there's anyone in the neighbourhood. Don't you do anything to give yourselves away. When they've got where we want them to be a whistle will be blown—once. When it is, you are to take aim at those nearest to you. Directly afterwards it will be blown again. Then you are to fire; keep steady, and take care that your shots are all hits. They are probably two or three times as many as us, so we can't afford to waste a single shot. You're to keep on firing till the whistle sounds again—you know the 'Cease Fire'? Almost immediately afterwards it will be blown again—a double call—you know the 'Charge.' Then you're to charge for all you're worth. They'll be all in confusion; you'll have them at a disadvantage; if you manage the business properly you'll do them all in. Now, do you all understand?" There were murmurs from the men that they did. Then he wound up: "Then that's satisfactory. It's getting lighter every moment; you'll be able to get a good shot at them by the time they come. In the meanwhile don't you move or make a sound till the first whistle goes."

Off he went—to someone else who, though we could neither see nor hear them, it was clear were not very far from us—and we readied ourselves for what was coming. I gave my rifle a last rub over—we all of us, N.C.O.'s, officers, and all, had got guns. I rather wished that my hands weren't quite so cold. It's not easy to get a good hold on your rifle if your fingers won't bend and all sense of feeling has gone out of you. Not that I pretend for one moment that it was nothing else but the cold which was the matter with me. Presently I was going to be shooting at men—real live men; I was going to do my best to shoot them dead. I was a raw young hand, as green as they are made; the idea of what I was presently going to do made my hands seem a bit colder, perhaps, than

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"A THOUSAND BRITISH RIFLES FIRED, NOT ONCE —AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN. THE PROCESSION OF GREY-COATED MEN FELL INTO CONFUSION."

they actually were. I shouldn't wonder if it was the same with all the lot of us.

Louder and louder came the sound of the marching feet—there was no doubt that they were marching feet before very long. I grew to know the sound of German soldiers on the march, even when I heard it half a mile away. There was a steadiness about their tramp, tramp, tramp, almost as if the men had been worked by machinery. Not one of them appeared ever to be out of step—not like the French or the Belgians, who seem to go along anyhow. They took long, swinging strides, seeming to bring their feet down heavily, squarely, flatly. That first time I heard them marching I thought that they moved as if they were very much in earnest, without a thought for us lying in wait for them there in front. I wondered what they would have done if they had had a suspicion of that which awaited them. They meant to catch our chaps napping, to send them to kingdom come before they guessed even that danger was threatening. As I thought of that my grip on my gun grew steadier.

I shall not forget those last few minutes we spent in waiting, the strain they seemed to be upon our nerves, each man with his gun well held, the butt to his shoulder, all but taking aim, longing to fire. I am sure that some of them were in such a state of fidget

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that the wonder was that they didn't fire. At last the German vanguard came in sight, perhaps a dozen men, moving in single file, eight or ten feet apart, acting, as it seemed, as scouts, whose business it was to scent the first hint of danger, and having scented it to warn those behind before it was too late. Big chaps they seemed. As they came abreast of me I could have picked them out one by one and laid the whole lot out. I would have backed myself to do it if I had been given the chance. They wouldn't have had one ; of that I'm sure. Then came the main body, six abreast. Fine men they were, soldiers every inch, seeming above the common height in their long, grey overcoats, which I should have thought were a bit too long, considering they almost touched the ground. Hundreds of them there were. It is difficult to judge numbers unless your experience is very large, but I should have said thousands. Every moment I expected to hear the whistle. Instinctively, again and again, I made a special mark of some tall grey figure swinging right across my line of fire.

No whistle sounded ; the procession moved on. In those moments of nervous strain it seemed never ending. I began to wonder if the whistle had been mislaid, and that was why it wasn't blown. It wasn't a battalion which was marching past ; it was an army. It seemed to be an immense time since they had begun to move past us, and still there was an unending line behind them, a line which faded into the shadows which had not yet lifted. They might have swallowed us if they had known that we were there. They outnumbered us at least half-a-dozen times over. It seemed nonsense to suppose that we should ever be a match for them. When they did discover our whereabouts they would make mincemeat of us, owing to sheer superiority of numbers—if we didn't run away, or throw down our guns and yield ourselves prisoners, and so make an inglorious finish to our careers at the very beginning.

"What has become of that whistle?" whispered Sparrow. "Why don't he blow it?"

It blew that very moment, not loud, but clear—clear enough for every man to hear. And they heard it, too, those German soldiers, both officers and rank and file. As if moved by some curious mechanism, the sound of the tramping feet was stilled, the whole long procession paused. Voices were heard. Officers who here and there marched beside their men spoke to each other. Probably there was not one officer or private who was not startled by that whistle, knowing what it meant. Words of command were used ; there was a noise of many rifles being moved, and the whistle sounded again.

A thousand British rifles fired, not once—again, again, again. It seemed that they would never cease to fire. The procession of grey-coated men fell into confusion. Figures went

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swaying this way and that, striking against each other as they fell to the ground. I did not look, but I was conscious that if I had looked, that as far as the eye could reach in that half-light rifles were carrying messages of death. By the time the whistle sounded again nothing was left of that mighty procession but a disorderly rout of panic-stricken men.

The fate which they had meant to mete out to others had been meted out to them.

When the whistle sounded again the firing ceased. Every man rushed from his cover, charging at what was left of that grey-coated host with levelled bayonets.

They did not wait for us to come. They became a disorderly mob, throwing down their guns, looking for safety in this direction and that. Words were shouted in what I supposed was German which were meaningless to me, but were plain enough to those who commanded us. Again the whistle sounded, the order to cease the attack; the enemy had surrendered.

The information that we were not to fight any more, because there was no one to fight, I do believe unnerved me more than anything. In a few minutes more I should have been stark mad. As I got the point of my bayonet up against a giant German chest, quite oblivious to the fact that I was just as likely to be the victim as he was, as beside himself with fear he tried vainly and frenziedly to draw himself away, and I knew that in another second I should have spitted him to the heart—a little chap like I am, and him six foot two or three—I knew what was meant by seeing red. I would have stuck my bayonet into as many of those Germans as I could reach, and have revelled in the fun. I don't mind owning that if that whistle hadn't sounded when it did I believe that I should have refused to notice it, but have bayoneted all the Germans I could reach. I should have had no trouble; I doubt if they would have offered resistance. I should have learnt to the full what killing meant.

But the whistle did sound in time, and it pulled me up. It pulled us all up. There we were, a great crowd of panting men, staring at the grey-coated strangers with murder in our eyes, our hearts raging with the desire to kill, the weapons with which to do it quivering in our longing hands.

We should have taken a proper toll for that night's waiting.

We had not done so badly as it was. The day promised to be finer than any we had had for a long while. A rosy blush was stealing over the eastern sky. Clouds had vanished. One suspected that the haze which floated like a veil above us but served to obscure a radiant sky. The first golden rays of a glorious coming dawn looked down upon heaps of grey-coated men lying on the broken road—dead, dying, wounded. Clearly some of the figures which still stayed upright had not escaped scot-free. Those who had had about them a look which I had never seen on men before—that beaten, hang-dog air which I have learned to associate with prisoners of war.

We had taken nearly a thousand prisoners. That was not so bad. It turned out that nearly six thousand Germans walked into the trap. Of course, if they had not been trapped we should never have had an earthly chance—not much! As it was, more than half of them escaped. If they had kept their heads there were still enough of them left to account for the whole jolly lot of us, victorious though we were. But it seems that when a soldier has really lost his head it's a deuce of a time before he gets any of it back again. I have heard that some of their officers had a good idea of how matters really stood, and how few of us there really were, and did their best to get their chaps into something like order, and induce them to face the music a second time. But it couldn't be done. They might have succeeded to some extent, only just as they were trying their very best some more of our fellows hove in sight, and that was the finishing touch. Those Germans made a bee-line for they only knew where, and so far as I know none of them were ever seen or heard of again. I fancy that our chaps, seeing them run, went after them, but what came of it I never heard.

If the rest of those German gentlemen had surrendered instead of running away, I don't know what we should have done with them; we had our hands full as it was, and more than full. The remainder of those proceedings had its funny side. There wasn't an officer present who had ever taken a prisoner before, and, of course, we chaps knew nothing about it. Orders to go out and do what we had done had been brought by a staff officer who had not expected to find us, but someone else—as a matter of fact, the chaps who were coming along the road behind us. He knew German, spoke it fluently; some of our own officers were supposed to know it, too. But it seemed to me that supposition with them went a good long way. Our C.O., Colonel Stanway, a soldier of an older school, didn't appear to know a word. There was a fine old mix-up between them.

Instructed, I take it, by the C.O., orders

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"AS I GOT THE POINT OF MY BAYONET UP AGAINST A GIANT GERMAN CHEST, I KNEW WHAT WAS MEANT BY SEEING RED."

were issued by the staff officer, whose name I did not know. Hardly had he opened his mouth when there was trouble. One of the German officers—a major, I fancy he was—shouted out something at the top of his voice in his own language, whipped out a revolver, and pointed it at our C.O. Luckily I had my eye on him; there was something about his looks which I didn't like; he meant murder if ever a man did. He fired once before anything could be done to stop him, but before he could do it a second time I had my gun up and shot him in the back of the head.

His action seemed to be a signal to the rest of his fellows. In less than no time it looked as if we were going to have the row all over again. Had they had their rifles—because they were still as many as we were, and that time we should have been taken unprepared—it might have gone badly for us, but they hadn't. They had most of them thrown them away in their anxiety to save their lives by surrendering. A lot of them did stoop down to pick them up again, but they were a bit behind the fair. We gave them no chance to get them within reach of their fingers.

For some ten minutes there was about as fine a scrimmage of its kind as you might want to see. Rough and tumble most of it was. We were so close that some of them caught hold of our guns and tried to wrench them from our hands. It wasn't a question of courage on their part, but of muddle. I don't believe one out of ten of them knew what he was doing. All the same, it is quite possible that we should have had to kill the lot had not some of their own officers, seeing, I take it, that the game was up, roared orders in German. Then, with a quickness which did credit to their discipline, every one of them ceased to struggle, and for the second time the fun was over.

We were marched out the evening before

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just as we were turning in, we had had no sleep all night; then, right off, we had to take those prisoners back to where we had started, without rest or food, or even a drink of water. It was a nice first experience of what was meant by being in the fighting-line. I don't know which was the more tired of the two, the prisoners or us.

When we came to the place from which we had started we were met by a lot of chaps who, I rather fancy, had originally been detailed to do the job we had taken on. I know I heard one of their officers say to one of ours:—

"Seems you have taken on the work we were to have done."

"Sorry," said our man; "I don't think you'll find we've done so badly."

"It seems as if you hadn't," said the other chap, looking about him as if he were all eyes. "Yet I'm told that it's the first time your fellows have been under fire, and they couldn't have carried themselves better if they had been at it all their lives. They will all of them get themselves mentioned in despatches if they keep on as they've begun."

It sent a thrill all over me to hear him talk like that. He was only a youngster—not more, I dare say, than three or four and twenty, and I dare bet a penny that, like the rest of us, it would have been his first time under fire. He seemed tired, and he wasn't over clean—they are awful chaps for washing, officers are—but there was something about his boyish face which made me think that he looked as if he had been having a rare good time. Taking it all in all, we all of us had.

Those other chaps took the prisoners over. Luckily they had turned up, or I don't know what we should have done. We had something to eat, those of us who weren't too tired; then we had a sleep. We slept nearly the whole of that day. When we woke—at least, when I woke—a whole lot of motor-omnibuses had turned up, all sorts and kinds. There was one on which you could distinctly see the remnants of two words which had been painted on it—Walham Green. The sight sent a lump into my throat. Possibly I had been on that omnibus again and again, from my home in Walham Green to the office in the Borough. Fancy my meeting it again in a place like that, which seemed to be a thousand miles from anywhere, altered out of recognition, and with the windows boarded up!

They put us chaps in those motor-buses. I managed to get a place in the one which had been a Walham Green, and off they took us.

Awful going it was. How they moved at all beat me, to say nothing of how they managed to hang together. We couldn't see where we were going—not that we should have been much the wiser if we had, but we couldn't, to say nothing of its getting darker every minute. There were boards instead of windows.

What a jolting we did get to be sure. It was just as well, perhaps, that we were packed as close as we were, because if there had been room it might have jolted the bones clean out of us, but there wasn't.

It seemed to me to be the middle of the night by the time we stopped, and I was tired again. It wasn't raining, but, like the night before, it was as dark as pitch. It was no use trying to use your eyesight to learn where it was they had landed us. There seemed to be a lot of people about, not to be seen but heard. There seemed to be voices speaking in what I supposed was French and what I was sure was English. They got us into something like order, and then, with my lot, I was taken to what seemed to be a sort of impromptu shed, thrown together anyhow, with just enough of some kind of roof to keep the rain from drowning us. It wasn't particularly cold—at least, it wasn't when we turned in. We had nothing to lie on and nothing to cover us. We slept in our clothes. That was the best night's sleep that ever I had in all my life. I have slept under worse conditions since then, sound, dreamless sleep, but I never shall sleep better than I did in that make-believe of a shed. It's one of my memories, that sleep is.

In the morning—wonder of wonders!—the sun was shining. They weren't over particular about réveillé. I fancy they were anxious not to make unnecessary noise. They formed us up, and our major—Major Clifton—addressed us. The sun was up, so that we could see him plainly. I gathered that our C.O. was on the sick-list. That night out in the open, when that German beggar had played that dirty trick on him with his revolver, which, luckily, I had been able to stop him from playing again, had done him in. Major Clifton had a short, sharp way of speaking.

"My lads, you are going to the trenches—now. Don't you ever lose one when you're in it; that's all I have to say."

We were taken to the trenches in platoons. It was a funny job. Lieutenant Baring had charge of us. I am sure we all looked upon it as a joke, and he as much as any of us. They marched us three miles, over as bad going as you'd want to see. Then we stopped at

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what looked like the beginning of a ditch. Anything more ugly than the whole country you can't imagine. There were no signs of war, or soldiers either. Cannon kept booming, but it was so far off, most of it, that we could see nothing, only hear the noise.

When we came to a halt someone put his head up out of the earth.

"Halloa!—what-ho! Glad to see you."

This was an officer. I could tell by his voice, though he didn't look it.

"We have come to relieve you, if you're the 22nd."

"Step right in and make yourselves at home. Porter, show these gentlemen the ropes."

The very dirtiest man I think I ever did see came out of that trench, and seemed to take our measurements.

"A nice clean lot you look. Anyone can see you're fresh 'uns." He spoke to the officer. "Let the others come out, then I'll take them in."

There began to emerge from what was evidently a sort of narrow ditch a lot of chaps who with all that on them would never have dared to show their faces in town. In we went as they came out, and when we were in I could see what he meant by saying that we were "fresh 'uns." There was at least a foot of water at the bottom of that ditch, and it was so narrow that you couldn't help pressing against the reeking sides. He led us along, scrambling anyhow—we weren't good at the job—then bore to the right, and the ditch widened, then to the left, and the going became perhaps four foot wide. Then he pulled us up.

"The Germans are in front of you, about seventy yards away. You'll be fairly all right while you keep down, but directly you show your heads you'll be sniped for sure. Some of those beggars can shoot. You've had your tucker?" We had, if by that he meant breakfast. "You'll have your dinner somewhere about the proper time; it may be earlier, it may be later, you never can tell. Here's your telephone. Where's your telephone-man? This is a field-telephone—you understand a field-telephone? Central is the General Commanding, where they can switch you on to anywhere. Good day, gentlemen. You'll probably be here to-morrow morning. You'll receive your orders over the 'phone."

Somehow things are never quite what you expect they will be. Goodness knows I had read enough about trenches, and we had been practising enough in them. Yet, after all, the kind of game we found ourselves actually in for was a bit of a facer. I think it had that effect upon us all. Anyhow, we all of us looked at each other, and some of us laughed, even Lieutenant Baring. In fact, he did what we didn't; he whispered:—

"So this is a trench? My aunt!"

What struck me most was the solitude—and the silence. There were we below the ground with a sort of shelf in front of us on which we had to step to see out into the world at all. There was firing, cannon-firing, at some distance—from what I had learnt of the way in which sound travels, at least ten miles. There was a good deal, probably a regular duel. But within easy sound of us, although some piece or other was nearly always going off, it didn't seem to me that anyone was very much in earnest—at least, just then. As for rifle-fire, there was none.

"Isn't there any place where we can look out?" asked Sparrow. "The gentleman who showed us in said there was a German trench within seventy-five yards of us, but it seems to me that we've got the whole place to ourselves. We don't even know the direction in which the enemy lies. There seems to be a sort of look-out over me. Can I take a peep, sir?"

Having received permission, Sparrow got on to the shelf and looked through a sort of break in the soil which seemed as if it might have been left to serve as a sort of look-out. Presently he reported.

"The place is like a plain of the dead. Nothing human in sight. Halloa! What's that? Looks as if they might be corpses lying on the broken ground in front, perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead. Been left there after a bit of a scrap. The longer you look the plainer you see that there's more of the same dotted around pretty nearly everywhere. But there's not a sign of anything living, and where our own particular friends are there may be something to show, to eyes which are old at the game, but if so, I don't know what it is." He stooped down and picked up something which was lying at his feet. "Here's an old helmet which is fastened to a stick. Looks as if someone might have been having the same trouble as we have. May I raise this, sir, above the trench and see if it attracts fire, and from what direction?"

After a moment's hesitation Baring said he could. Up went the helmet. Almost instantly, "ping! ping!" went a couple of bullets. The helmet came down with a run. The startled look on Sparrow's face was funny. Even the lieutenant couldn't help smiling.

"Where did those shots come from?" he asked.

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"IT STRUCK THE GROUND WITH A KIND OF TREMENDOUS GASP. THEN IT WENT OFF. THAT WAS OUR BAPTISM OF FIRE, IF YOU LIKE."

"Couldn't give you the exact place, sir, but they seemed to come from the solid ground right in front of us. Lucky my head wasn't in that hat. I believe both of those shots went through it. Look out, here's more of them!"

After a bit it seemed that the Germans slackened. Presently there was silence. Somehow it had seemed queer to feel that one was being fired at. Yet, oddly enough, it now seemed queerer still to feel that one wasn't being fired at.

The real thrill came immediately after. In the stillness which followed, Sparrow, who seemed to be keeping a look-out, exclaimed:—

"Say, chaps, look there!"

We looked, every one of us. A great, round thing was coming through the air, high up, and rapidly, yet not so rapidly but that you could see it was turning over and over as it came, as if it had got a spin on it. We didn't need Lieutenant Baring, looking through his field-glasses, to tell us that it was coming towards us; we could see that for ourselves. I believe we might all of us have got out of its way if we chose, but we didn't, and perhaps

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it was as well it was a bit faster than we thought. Someone called out :—

" It's coming right down to us ! "

The lieutenant's voice rang out, " Silence, sir ! Now, men, keep your eyes open. I fancy it's one of the things they call a ' Jack Johnson.' "

That was all he had time to say. I don't know if he was going to tell us what a " Jack Johnson " was. We had a practical demonstration before he had the chance. Talk about the world coming to an end ; I thought it had that time, and we with it. Quite where the thing fell I couldn't say—at least, not at the time ; I knew more about it afterwards. I do know that if it had fallen only two or three feet nearer we should have finished our fighting before it had really begun.

A great clumsy brute of a thing it seemed when it came close to ; a horrid noise it made, coming through the air with broken shrieks. It struck the ground with a kind of tremendous gasp, continuing to gasp as it forced its way below the surface. Then it went off. That was our baptism of fire, if you like. The terrific row it made, all sorts of rows at once, shrieking, yelling, whistling, banging, bursting, tearing, crashing, smashing, and the blaze and flash of the actual explosion. The air was full of what seemed everything—I can't pretend to describe what. To begin with, there seemed to be thousands of bullets, and twisted nails, and jagged lumps of iron, each making its own different sort of shrieking sound, as if ten thousand venomous kinds of bad temper had been let out all together.

Things came raining down all about us. Knowing nothing of that sort of thing from actual experience, I expected that we were all of us going to be killed. But we none of us were ; a lot of us got struck or touched, we ourselves didn't know by what, but there wasn't one seriously hurt. And when the whole jolly show was over, the lot of us burst out laughing. That there had been all that to-do and nothing had really come of it did seem funny. I wondered how much in time and trouble it had cost those Germans. Lieutenant Baring seemed nearly tickled to death. He touched his cap, like the boy he was.

" That's our first time of meeting, Mr. Johnson. Pleased to have met you. You seem to be a creature of peculiar habits. Halloa ! What's that ? "

" Telephone call, sir." There was a familiar sound at one end of the trench. The telephone-man was speaking. " Someone says, sir, that the postman is bringing letters along."

We all burst out laughing again. We thought the chap was joking. It seemed so funny for him to talk about letters after the display that " Jack Johnson " had just been making, but it was the postman, sure enough. Presently two queer-looking chaps came along. I don't know what countrymen they were ; they certainly weren't English, though both of them spoke English after a fashion of their own. They might have been tramps, judging from their appearance. One, the dirtier of the two, seemed to be in charge of the other. He spoke first.

" Is this the 9th Royal British Rifles ? Who is the officer commanding ? Here are your company's letters. I will read the addresses to you aloud ; you will please tell me if they are right."

He ran through a list of addresses so fast that it wasn't easy to follow him. By the time he was through we found there was a letter for nearly every man present, two or three for some. That extraordinary man Sparrow sang out, as if the matter was one which interested me :—

" Corporal Briggs, your sister Louisa has sent me a letter. I asked her to, and she has. I've never seen the handwriting before, but I know it's hers. What do you think of that ? Your sister Louisa, Sam ! "

There was a letter for me from my mother, and one from Dora Wilkinson, which, of course, was a bird of a different colour. Then there was a brief note which at first I couldn't make out.

" Colonel Stanway presents his compliments to Corporal Briggs, and regrets to say he is at present under doctor's orders. He learns that not only would matters have been much worse if it had not been for Corporal Briggs, but in all probability he owes his life to his promptness. Colonel Stanway trusts to have an early opportunity of tendering to Corporal Briggs his personal thanks."

Fancy the C.O. taking the trouble to send me a note like that ! It was jolly decent of him. That upset me if you like, that did. Talk about a " Jack Johnson " after that. My fingers were quite shaky when I put the letter back into its envelope.

[*Further experiences of Sam Briggs at the Front will appear next month.*]

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"Filming The Pope."

The Remarkable Experience of an Operator in Obtaining the Most Extraordinary Moving Pictures Ever Taken.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

EARLY in February, 1913, James Slevin, a young American of adventurous and enterprising turn, arrived in Europe on the *Kronprinzessin Cecile*, bent on a mission that was generally regarded as hopeless. He purposed to get a series of motion pictures of the Pope and another series of pictures showing the intimate life of the Vatican. Many had tried to take these pictures, and all had failed. Large sums had been offered and every influence employed to obtain the Holy Father's consent, but the reply had invariably been unfavourable. In one instance the president of an important motion-picture concern, himself a devout Catholic, had been seriously admonished for over-zeal and importunity in this direction. Nevertheless, Slevin was confident that he could succeed.

Who was Slevin? A handsome, strapping fellow from California, rather a rolling stone, but full of resourcefulness, who for several years had been a writer of thrilling melodramas and motion-picture plots, and had finally become the manager of a motion-picture company. But he had tired of this; he wanted to do something bigger, and the biggest thing he could think of was the Pope in motion pictures. To this idea Slevin was the more drawn because as a youth in California he had studied at a Jesuit college and learned to speak Latin.



James Slevin, a young American, who, after eighteen months, persuaded the Pope to be "filmed."

"I had thought of the holy shrine at Mecca," he said to me, "and shall probably go to Mecca later with a motion-picture outfit; but that will require years, to master Arabic and perfect a disguise, so I started with the Pope."

No Easy Task.

Slevin's confidence of success was based on the notion that it is hard to stop a man, even without money or influence, if he has a big idea and works at it with persistence and intelligence. No one questioned that his idea was big enough, and he had easily secured the backing of a motion-picture company, the Kinemacolor, for his mission to Rome. He also had letters and introductions to Roman Catholic dignitaries who might assist his purpose. What he chiefly relied upon, however, was his ability to convince the Pope, if he could gain a hearing, that the progress of the world made it right and necessary that the Holy Father should submit himself to the motion-picture ordeal. Slevin had a dozen arguments to prove this, but he must be able to present these arguments in person, which involved many difficulties, one being that he did not speak Italian, and could not therefore address the Pontiff in his mother tongue. This was an important point, since here was no task for a routine interpreter; here was need of a man able to reason and persuade through his own power. Accordingly Slevin decided to learn Italian, and set about this so diligently

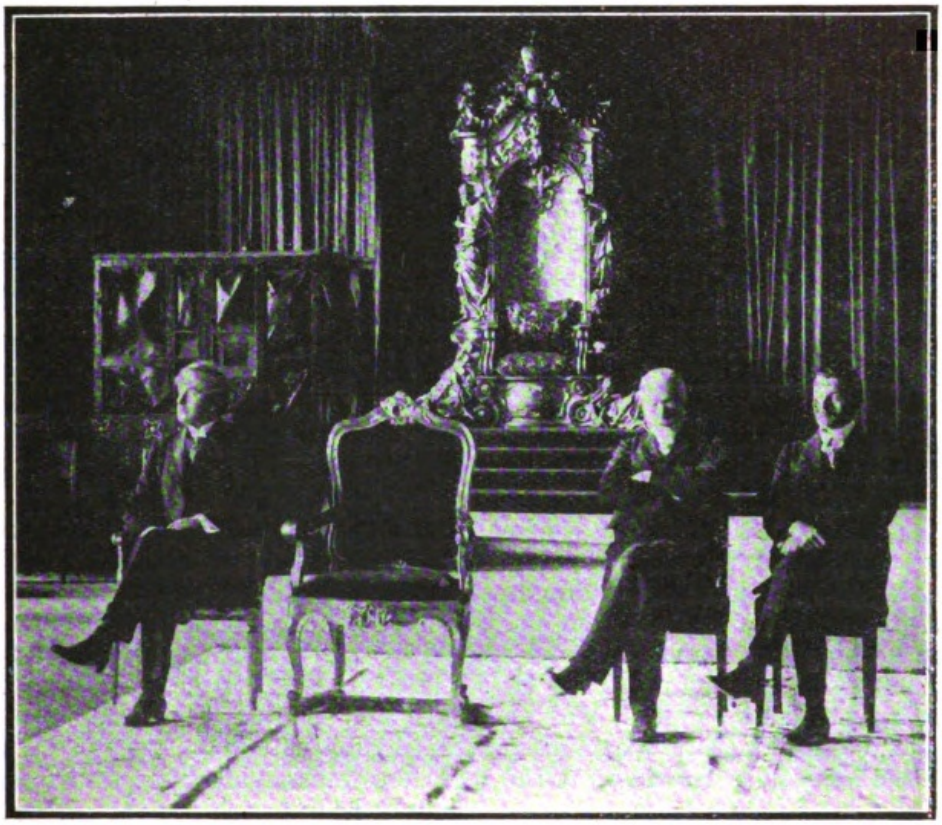
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that, within three months of his arrival in Rome, he was able to express himself understandably in the language of the country. Now he could talk to the Holy Father. But how was he to make a personal appeal?

Here he trusted to the inherent value of the motion picture itself. The Pope saw with his own eyes what motion pictures really are and understood what they mean to the world in diffusion of knowledge."

Films for the Pope.

As so much depended upon this exhibition he spared no pains to make its



Mr. Slevin (on the left) in the throne room in the Vatican, with his moving-picture cabinet behind him. To accomplish his purpose Mr. Slevin learned Italian, showed the Pope all sorts of films, and even made special moving pictures of the King of England to use as an argument.

did not realize the importance of this new invention, with its vast educational possibilities, for the simple reason that he had never seen a first-class motion-picture exhibition. This the operator had ascertained, the fact being that Pius X.—who, of course, never entered a theatre—had only had a glimpse of some amateur and inferior motion-picture entertainments organized for the servants of the Vatican. If he could now be induced to look at the gorgeous Kinema-color creations, the pageantry of the Durbar, the grandeur of Niagara Falls, the wonders of the Panama Canal, he would, Slevin felt sure, listen willingly to further arguments, being already half convinced by the eloquence of the films themselves.

"I counted on the Pope's great intelligence," said Slevin, "to assist me, once he

appeal to the Pope as strong as possible. He made a special trip to Venice to get the most effective motion pictures of the Pontiff's former home, and of his old church, St. Mark's; also of the Grand Canal, and other places in the beautiful city where Pius X. had lived so happily for many years. Then Slevin visited Malta, and recorded in motion pictures the proceedings of the Eucharistic Congress, an important Roman Catholic gathering that the Pope would be glad to have brought visually before him. Finally, with the same painstaking effort, Slevin journeyed to London, and after some negotiations — that would make a story, too—succeeded in taking a motion picture of King George, smiling pleasantly and lifting his hat, as he descended the steps of Buckingham Palace. This would convey to the Pope's mind the thought that

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if one of the earth's great rulers was thus willing to have his motion picture taken, why not another?

Meantime, through letters and by means of his personal charm, Slevin had come into the good graces of Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State.

"There is the most wonderful man I have ever met," said Slevin. "He is great in every way, as a linguist, a diplomat, a priest, an executive. He is a fine musician, and he has a genius for mechanics. In one lesson he understood the complicated mechanism of the kinemacolor projecting machine as well as the method of taking pictures in colour."

Showing Pictures at the Vatican.

The Cardinal permitted Slevin to show him privately the kinemacolor films that had been selected with so much care, and was delighted with the exhibition, so much so that he agreed to lay before the Holy Father the matter of a motion-picture exhibition in the Vatican, a thing that had never taken place and was looked upon as almost sacrilegious. Great, then, was the general surprise and great was Slevin's joy when His Holiness consented, fixing the afternoon of June 11th, 1913, at half-past four, for the occasion and for the place nothing less than the Pontiff's private throne-room, opening off from his private apartments. Here, indeed, was an innovation. A motion-picture machine in the heart of the Vatican! The Pope at the "movies"!

As the important day approached the demand for invitations to this extraordinary entertainment became so great that the situation was embarrassing. Every cardinal, every prince, every monsignor in Rome wished to be present, and all the distinguished members of Roman society. The Pope was to have a motion-picture show, and immediately it became a great social function; so much so that, finally, to avoid jealousies, His Holiness decided to issue no invitations. He would see the pictures alone with his secretary of state and the members of the papal household. Also his two sisters might be present and his niece, but no other women.

Slevin purposed to make his personal appeal during the exhibition, and for days he worked at his speech, learning it off by heart in Italian so that nothing should be left to chance, and when the afternoon came everything was ready—the pictures and the man. At half-past four, in the great red and gold room of the Vatican, a small company was gathered—Cardinal Merry del Val, in red hat and flowing red robes; Monsignor Master of the Chamber, Archbishop, Master of the Sacred Palace, two Knights Chamberlain of the Sword and Cape, and the whole body of prelates of the papal household, all in full court regalia. Also the sweet-faced sisters of the Pope and the Pope's niece. Also James Slevin, in full evening dress, with a copy of his Italian speech carefully folded in his breast-pocket.

Pius X. at a Private View.

Promptly on the hour the doors opened, and the Pope, dressed in white, entered without ceremony, walking before his confessor. His Holiness did not seat himself, as on formal occasions, upon the cushions of the carved and gilded throne chair, but moved about simply, while the little company came forward one by one and, kneeling, kissed the great square emerald of his ring, with its old-fashioned pearl setting. After this Cardinal Merry del Val led forward the American, who had been standing apart, and presented him to the Pope.

"This is Mr. Slevin, whom Your Holiness remembers," said the Cardinal.

"Oh, yes," said Pius X., "I remember very well." He referred to a previous occasion when Slevin had been formally presented.

The operator knelt and kissed the ring, and then the Pontiff raised him graciously and said, "It is very kind of you to give this exhibition."

Here was Slevin's opportunity, and immediately he began his speech. He expressed gratitude for the immense honour that had been done him. This was the proudest moment of his life. Like all good Catholics, it had been his dearest wish to make a pilgrimage to Rome and see His Holiness and receive his blessing. Unfortunately, there were hundreds of millions of the Pope's loyal children for whom this long and expensive trip was impossible. In the name of those millions of poor people in distant lands, who otherwise would never have an opportunity to see the Holy Father, Slevin begged permission to use the wonderful kinemacolor art, superior to anything of its kind, to satisfy the longings of these hungry hearts.

The Pope smiled indulgently, and something warned the American to postpone the remainder of his plea.

"Well, we are ready," said Pius X., and seated himself on a red and gold chair that Slevin had taken pains to place in a most advantageous position. Cardinal Merry del Val took the seat at the right and Slevin a seat at the left of His Holiness. Next to

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Pope Pius X. being carried in State to the grand ceremony of the investment of the new cardinals.

the Cardinal sat the Pope's confessor, and then came the two sisters of the Pope, dressed simply in black, and the Pope's niece, quite a pretty girl. Just behind the niece sat Slevin's secretary, who leaned forward from time to time and translated into Italian for the ladies the English descriptions of the pictures. So they sat with eyes fixed upon the motion-picture screen that had been strangely set up facing the papal throne. This screen was framed in red silk draperies from the Vatican stores, the silk being of the same kind as that worn by the Doges of Venice. At the opposite end of the room stood the projecting machine, placed for greater seemliness in a cabinet painted to match the dark mahogany of the walls.

"I don't mind telling you," said Slevin, "that when I looked around this magnificent room and realized that I was sitting beside the Pope of Rome in a place that was hallowed by the glory of centuries, where kings and emperors had been crowned—well, it is not too much to say that it thrilled my very heart."

Delight of the Pontiff.

There were ten numbers in the motion-picture entertainment, beginning with moths and butterflies in brilliant colours, and ending with forty gorgeous sunsets in Egypt, one of the kinemacolor masterpieces. His Holiness was astonished and delighted at these beautiful effects.

"It is marvellous!" he exclaimed. "It is as natural as if one were looking out of a window."

When Pius X. saw the pictures of his beloved Venice his face became radiant, and he clapped his hands, saying, "Bravo, bravo!" And he was much interested in the scenes at the Durbar, especially the procession of elephants.

At one moment Slevin asked the Holy

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This picture was made in the great consistory hall of the Vatican for the investment of new cardinals (1914). The present Pope, Benedict XV., is in the group.

Father if he were tired, but Pius X. answered immediately, "No, by no means. I wish to see it all. I am quite comfortable."

So they sat there for two hours while the films flashed by—Niagara Falls, the Eucharistic Congress, flowers growing miraculously from bud to bloom by speed magnification, the Panama Canal, and imposing groups showing the Emperor and Empress of Germany, the King and Queen of England, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other notables of Europe.

When the entertainment was over the Pope said to Slevin, "We have been greatly pleased and entertained." Then he smiled sweetly, and added, "Of course, we are a very good audience, because we never saw anything so extraordinary before."

Again Slevin seized his opportunity, and, continuing his appeal, he spoke of the three hundred million Catholics scattered over the earth whose hearts would be cheered, whose zeal would be quickened, if they could see the Holy Father moving before them as in life. Motion pictures from the Vatican would appeal to the faithful in all lands and in all tongues as wonderfully as the Miracle of the Pentecost.

The Pope smiled mysteriously as before, and again the operator paused. A subtle instinct told him to avoid a definite refusal. Once more they all knelt and kissed the fisherman's ring on the Pontiff's white hand, and then the Holy Father withdrew. The entertainment had been a great success, but Slevin felt in his heart that Pius X. would not consent to the motion-picture plan.

It was a serious situation. He had spent months in Rome at a heavy expense, and the Kinemacolor people in New York were growing impatient. They had cabled that Slevin must get a definite answer, "Yes" or "No." And he had cabled back, "If you want 'No' for answer, you can get it immediately. If you want 'Yes,' you must wait and get it my way."

The Roman Catholic Church was not to be hurried. It was this that saved Slevin, his stubborn unwillingness to be placed in a position where he could be definitely refused. To be refused was to fail, and he *must* get those motion pictures. He never allowed himself to doubt that he ultimately would get them.

Difficulties multiplied, however, before the confident promoter. Within a fortnight it was made clear to him, by courteous direction, that his effort was hopeless. The papal authorities were most friendly; they appreciated his services, and proved it the day following the exhibition, when a delegation from the Vatican waited upon Slevin and presented him with a blue and gold certificate of knighthood, *bene merenti*, together with a gold decoration bearing the Pope's image. But nothing was said about the motion-picture privilege, and the operator said nothing. He was not in a hurry. He was enjoying himself in Rome, and was glad to give pleasure to others. He was interested

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in art, in pictures, in life. He talked charmingly at luncheons. He was apparently a person of princely leisure, who loved to entertain his friends. Behind his serenity was the haunting consciousness of trouble brewing at the base of supplies.

Months of Fruitless Effort.

There followed months of waiting and fruitless effort, during which Slevin was obliged to return to New York and make new arrangements—in fact, to organize a new company when the Kinemacolor people lost heart. So tempting was his plan and so contagious his enthusiasm that a day came, early in 1914, when Slevin walked out of the office of a certain Wall Street multi-millionaire with twenty-five thousand dollars to his credit and the papers of incorporation of the Sacred and Historic Film Society, signed and sealed, in his pocket. And March, 1914, found him back in Rome in his spacious apartments on the Pincio Hill near the Villa Borghese, whence he looked forth morning and night upon the grandeur of St. Peter's. He purposed to get those motion pictures of the Pope.

Meantime the news had spread among other companies that Pius X. was interested in motion pictures. Slevin's exploit had made a great sensation. It was realized that here was a prize worth millions ready for someone. Films of the Vatican! Films of the Holy Father! All the big motion-picture concerns in Europe and America were stirred to action, and when Slevin arrived in Rome he found five powerful rivals already established there, each pulling frantic wires and making strenuous efforts to gain favour with the Pope. The situation was more difficult than it was before.



Pope Pius X. on the film. Here the Holy Father is in his study in the Vatican.

He Asked Nothing—and Waited.

Slevin had one great advantage, however, over other aspirants—he knew the vanity of slap-dash business methods in this venerable court, and he sat down to wait patiently and good-naturedly, while his rivals hustled. He watched them make their moves, force their campaigns, and finally come to the point of a definite demand for motion pictures. Then, one by one, saddened or angered, he watched them depart from Rome, baffled by the ancient diplomacy, silenced, definitely refused. And still Slevin waited on Pincio Hill asking for nothing.

Weeks passed. Slevin entertained delightfully. He fortified various friendships. He saw much of Cardinal Merry del Val. But in all his talks at dinners and social gatherings Slevin sedulously avoided any reference to his motion-picture purpose. To some sympathetic archbishop or monsignor who asked if he was making progress he would shake his head and say, "No, there is nothing to be done; the matter has been decided." And he would add quite sincerely that it seemed a pity the world should be deprived now and in years to come of the animated image, the motion-picture memory of so great and holy a man as Pius X. What

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more precious treasure could the Vatican have among its relics of departed saints, he would suggest, than these wonderful living photographs that science had made possible? Would it not have been a crime against posterity if the Catholic Church could have had motion pictures of St. Paul and St. Peter, and had failed to get them? Such seed for serious thoughts Slevin sowed with delicate persistency whenever the occasion offered. He did this in a resigned, impersonal way, as if he were not pleading his own cause but rather that of humanity, and thus amiably, unobtrusively, and undiscouraged, he let the weeks pass.

Finally, one day in the early summer of 1914 he called upon Cardinal Merry del Val and announced his departure for America. He would wait for the approaching Consistory, when new cardinals were to be made, then he would say farewell, with affectionate memories of the Vatican. And he begged the Cardinal to accept a little souvenir which he desired to offer to His Holiness.

"There is no need of a souvenir," said the Cardinal. "You will be pleasantly remembered here."

Slevin insisted, however, that he wished to spare His Holiness future annoyance in connection with motion-picture exhibitions, and had collected from various motion-picture companies in America a large number of the best films that he could find, on all suitable subjects. These films—they were worth thousands of dollars—he was presenting to the Vatican with gratitude for kindnesses and honours, together with a very fine projecting apparatus. The Pope could now have his own motion-picture entertainments.

The Cardinal was much pleased with this generous gift, and assured his enterprising friend that if it had been possible to grant the motion-picture privilege to anyone it would have gone to Slevin. Whereupon the American expressed himself as happy at this mark of confidence, and withdrew.

"I had done all that I could think of for the moment," explained Slevin, "and if my efforts had failed"—he smiled eagerly—"I suppose I should have found some other way to get those pictures."

Success at Last.

But his efforts did not fail. The spirit of progress was not to be denied any longer, and a few days later a note came saying that if Mr. Slevin would present himself at a certain door of the Vatican, at a certain hour, with his motion-picture apparatus, it was possible there would be developments of a nature to interest him. The developments were that he was allowed to take a motion picture of Pius X. in an imposing ceremony. And on subsequent occasions he was given similar opportunities to take other scenes in the Vatican, other motion pictures of His Holiness in other ceremonies, and to take motion pictures in St. Peter's and in the Sistine Chapel, motion pictures of the Pope addressing vast audiences from the balcony of the Vatican, motion pictures of cardinals, archbishops, royal chair-bearers, mace-bearers, trumpeters, chamberlains of the Sword and Cape, also the famous Swiss Guard, the Palatine Guard, and the Noble Guard, marching and drilling in the papal court. In short, he was allowed to get the pictures that he had come to Rome to get and that no one else had been able to get.

"I don't know exactly how it came about," explained Slevin. "You might say that I never had formal permission to take those pictures. I just went ahead and took them, and no one objected or paid any attention to me. I was never obtrusive, and I never asked for anything, but things seemed to happen in a wonderful way. Doors would open and processions would come along and the Pope would appear, just as I had my picture-machine ready. I think they saw that I was sincere and they felt the force of my arguments, although they could not say so officially."

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MADE TO MEASURE



BY

W·W·JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

MR. MOTT brought his niece home from the station with considerable pride. Although he had received a photograph to assist identification, he had been very dubious about accosting the pretty, well-dressed girl who had stepped from the train and gazed around with dove-like eyes in search of him. Now he was comfortably conscious of the admiring gaze of his younger fellow-townsmen.

"You'll find it a bit dull after London, I expect," he remarked, as he inserted his key in the door of a small house in a quiet street.

"I'm tired of London," said Miss Garland. "I think this is a beautiful little old town—so peaceful."

Mr. Mott looked gratified.

"I hope you'll stay a long time," he said, as he led the way into the small front room. "I'm a lonely old man."

His niece sank into an easy chair, and looked about her.

"Thank you," she said, slowly. "I hope I shall. I feel better already. There is so much to upset one in London."

"Noise?" queried Mr. Mott.

"And other things," said Miss Garland, with a slight shudder.

Mr. Mott sighed in sympathy with the unknown and, judging by his niece's expression, the unknowable. He rearranged the teacups, and, going to the kitchen, returned in a few minutes with a pot of tea.

"Mrs. Pett leaves at three," he said, in explanation, "to look after her children, but she comes back again at eight to look after my supper. And how is your mother?"

Miss Garland told him.

"Last letter I had from her," said Mr. Mott, stealing a glance at the girl's ring-finger, "I understood you were engaged."

His niece drew herself up.

"Certainly not," she said, with considerable vigour. "I have seen too much of married life. I prefer my freedom. Besides, I don't like men."

Mr. Mott said modestly that he didn't wonder at it, and, finding the subject uncongenial, turned the conversation on to worthier objects. Miss Garland's taste, it seemed, lay in the direction of hospital nursing, or some other occupation beneficial to mankind at large. Simple and demure, she filled the simpler Mr. Mott with a strong sense of the shortcomings of his unworthy sex.

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Within two days, under the darkling glance of Mrs. Pett, she had altered the arrangements of the house. Flowers appeared on the meal-table, knives and forks were properly cleaned, and plates no longer appeared ornamented with the mustard of a previous meal. Fresh air circulated through the house, and, passing from Mrs. Pett's left knee to the lumbar region of Mr. Mott, went on its beneficent way rejoicing.

On the fifth day of her visit Mr. Mott sat alone in the front parlour. The window was closed, the door was closed, and Mr. Mott, sitting in an easy chair with his feet up, was aroused from a sound nap by the door opening to admit a young man, who, deserted by Mrs. Pett, stood bowing awkwardly in the doorway.

"Is Miss Garland in?" he stammered.

Mr. Mott rubbed the remnants of sleep from his eyelids.

"She has gone for a walk," he said, slowly.

The young man stood fingering his hat.

"My name is Hurst," he said, with slight emphasis. "Mr. Alfred Hurst."

Mr. Mott, still somewhat confused, murmured that he was glad to hear it.

"I have come from London to see Florrie," continued the intruder. "I suppose she won't be long?"

Mr. Mott thought not, and after a moment's hesitation invited Mr. Hurst to take a chair.

"I suppose she told you we are engaged?" said the latter.

"Engaged!" said the startled Mr. Mott. "Why, she told me she didn't like men."

"Playfulness," replied Mr. Hurst, with an odd look. "Ah, here she is!"

The handle of the front door turned, and a moment later the door of the room was opened and the charming head of Miss Garland appeared in the opening.

"Back again," she said, brightly. "I've just been——"

She caught sight of Mr. Hurst, and the words died away on her lips. The door slammed, and the two gentlemen, exchanging glances, heard a hurried rush upstairs and the slamming of another door. Also a key was heard to turn sharply in a lock.

"She doesn't want to see you," said Mr. Mott, staring.

The young man turned pale.

"Perhaps she has gone upstairs to take her things off," he muttered, resuming his seat. "Don't—don't hurry her!"

"I wasn't going to," said Mr. Mott.

He twisted his beard uneasily, and at the end of ten minutes looked from the clock to Mr. Hurst and coughed.

"If you wouldn't mind letting her know I'm waiting," said the young man, brokenly.

Mr. Mott rose, and went slowly upstairs. More slowly still, after an interval of a few minutes, he came back again.

"She doesn't want to see you," he said, slowly.

Mr. Hurst gasped.

"I—I must see her," he faltered.

"She won't see you," repeated Mr. Mott. "And she told me to say she was surprised at you following her down here."

Mr. Hurst uttered a faint moan, and with bent head passed into the little passage and out into the street, leaving Mr. Mott to return to the sitting-room and listen to such explanations as Miss Garland deemed advisable. Great goodness of heart in the face of persistent and unwelcome attentions appeared to be responsible for the late engagement.

"Well, it's over now," said her uncle, kindly, "and no doubt he'll soon find somebody else. There are plenty of girls would jump at him, I expect."

Miss Garland shook her head.

"He said he couldn't live without me," she remarked, soberly.

Mr. Mott laughed.

"In less than three months I expect he'll be congratulating himself," he said, cheerfully. "Why, I was nearly cau—married, four times. It's a silly age."

His niece said "Indeed!" and, informing him in somewhat hostile tones that she was suffering from a severe headache, retired to her room.

Mr. Mott spent the evening by himself, and retiring to bed at ten-thirty was awakened by a persistent knocking at the front door at half-past one. Half awakened, he lit a candle, and, stumbling downstairs, drew back the bolt of the door, and stood gaping angrily at the pathetic features of Mr. Hurst.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the young man, "but would you mind giving this letter to Miss Garland?"

"Sorry to disturb me!" stuttered Mr. Mott. "What do you mean by it? Eh? What do you mean by it?"

"It is important," said Mr. Hurst. "I can't rest. I've eaten nothing all day."

"Glad to hear it," snapped the irritated Mr. Mott.

"If you will give her that letter, I shall feel easier," said Mr. Hurst.

"I'll give it to her in the morning," said the other, snatching it from him. "Now get off."

Mr. Hurst, still murmuring apologies, went,

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and Mr. Mott, also murmuring, returned to bed. The night was chilly, and it was some time before he could get to sleep again. He succeeded at last, only to be awakened an hour later by a knocking more violent than before. In a state bordering upon frenzy, he dived into his trousers again and went blundering downstairs in the dark.

"Sorry to——" began Mr. Hurst.

Mr. Mott made uncouth noises at him.

"I have altered my mind," said the young man. "Would you mind letting me have that letter back again? It was too final."

"You—get—off!" said the other, trembling with cold and passion.

"I must have that letter," said Mr. Hurst, doggedly. "All my future happiness may depend upon it."

Mr. Mott, afraid to trust himself with speech, dashed upstairs, and after a search for the matches found the letter, and, returning to the front door, shut it on the visitor's thanks. His niece's door opened as he passed it, and a gentle voice asked for enlightenment.

"How silly of him!" she said, softly. "I hope he won't catch cold. *What* did you say?"

"I was coughing," said Mr. Mott, hastily.

"You'll get cold if you're not careful," said his thoughtful niece. "That's the worst of men, they never seem to have any thought. Did he seem angry, or mournful, or what? I suppose you couldn't see his face?"

"I didn't try," said Mr. Mott, crisply. "Good night."

By the morning his ill-humour had vanished, and he even became slightly facetious over the events of the night. The mood passed at the same moment that Mr. Hurst passed the window.

"Better have him in and get it over," he said, irritably.

Miss Garland shuddered.

"Never!" she said, firmly. "He'd be down on his knees. It would be too painful. You don't know him."

"Don't want to," said Mr. Mott.

He finished his breakfast in silence, and, after a digestive pipe, proposed a walk. The profile of Mr. Hurst, as it went forlornly past the window again, served to illustrate Miss Garland's refusal.

"I'll go out and see him," said Mr. Mott, starting up. "Are you going to be a prisoner here until this young idiot chooses to go home? It's preposterous!"

He crammed his hat on firmly and set out in pursuit of Mr. Hurst, who was walking slowly up the street, glancing over his shoulder.

"Morning!" said Mr. Mott, fiercely.

"Good morning," said the other.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Mott. "This has gone far enough, and I won't have any more of it. Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, chivvying a young lady that doesn't want you. Haven't you got any pride?"

"No," said the young man, "not where she is concerned."

"I don't believe you have," said the other, regarding him, "and I expect that's where the trouble is. Did she ever have reason to think you were looking after any other girls?"

"Never, I swear it," said Mr. Hurst, eagerly.

"Just so," said Mr. Mott, with a satisfied nod. "That's where you made a mistake. She was too sure of you; it was too easy. No excitement. Girls like a man that other girls want; they don't want a turtle-dove in fancy trousers."

Mr. Hurst coughed.

"And they like a determined man," continued Miss Garland's uncle. "Why, in my young days, if I had been jilted, and come down to see about it, d'you think I'd have gone out of the house without seeing her? I might have been put out—by half-a-dozen—but I'd have taken the mantelpiece and a few other things with me. And you are bigger than I am."

"We aren't all made the same," said Mr. Hurst, feebly.

"No, we're not," said Mr. Mott. "I'm not blaming you; in a way, I'm sorry for you. If you're not born with a high spirit, nothing'll give it to you."

"It might be learnt," said Mr. Hurst.

Mr. Mott laughed.

"High spirits are born, not made," he said. "The best thing you can do is to go and find another girl, and marry her before she finds you out."

Mr. Hurst shook his head.

"There's no other girl for me," he said, miserably. "And everything seemed to be going so well. We've been buying things for the house for the last six months, and I've just got a good rise in my screw."

"It'll do for another girl," said Mr. Mott, briskly. "Now, you get off back to town. You are worrying Florrie by staying here, and you are doing no good to anybody. Good-bye."

"I'll walk back as far as the door with you,"

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said Mr. Hurst. "You've done me good. It's a pity I didn't meet you before."

Mr. Mott smiled.

"Remember what I've told you, and you'll do well yet," he said, patting the young man on the arm.

"I will," said Mr. Hurst, and walked on by his side, deep in thought.

"I can't ask you in," said Mr. Mott, jocularly, as he reached his door, and turned the key in the lock. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Mr. Hurst.

He grasped the other's outstretched hand, and with a violent jerk pulled him into the street. Then he pushed open the door and, slipping into the passage, passed hastily into the front room, closely followed by the infuriated Mr. Mott.

"What—what—what!" stammered that gentleman.

"I'm taking your tip," said Mr. Hurst, pale but determined. "I'm going to stay here until I have seen Florrie."

"You—you're a serpent," said Mr. Mott, struggling for breath. "I—I'm surprised at you. You go out before you get hurt."

"Not without the mantelpiece," said Mr. Hurst, with a distorted grin.

"A viper!" said Mr. Mott, with extreme bitterness. "If you are not out in two minutes I'll send for the police."

"Florrie wouldn't like that," said Mr. Hurst. "She's awfully particular about what people think. You just trot upstairs and tell her that a gentleman wants to see her."

He threw himself into Mr. Mott's own particular easy chair, and, crossing his knees, turned a deaf ear to the threats of that incensed gentleman. Not until the latter had left the room did his features reveal the timorousness of the soul within. Muffled voices sounded from upstairs, and it was evident that an argument of considerable length was in progress. It was also evident from the return of Mr. Mott alone that his niece had had the best of it.

"I've done all I could," he said, "but she declines to see you. She says she won't see you if you stay here for a month, and you couldn't do that, you know."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Hurst.

"Why not?" repeated Mr. Mott, repressing his feelings with some difficulty. "*Food!*"

Mr. Hurst started.

"And drink," said Mr. Mott, following up his advantage. "There's no good in starving yourself for nothing, so you may as well go."

"When I've seen Florrie," said the young man, firmly.

Mr. Mott slammed the door, and for the rest of the day Mr. Hurst saw him no more.



"MR. HURST GRASPED THE OTHER'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND, AND WITH A VIOLENT JERK PULLED HIM INTO THE STREET."

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At one o'clock a savoury smell passed the door on its way upstairs, and at five o'clock a middle-aged woman with an inane smile looked into the room on her way aloft with a loaded tea-tray. By supper-time he was suffering considerably from hunger and thirst.

At ten o'clock he heard the footsteps of Mr. Mott descending the stairs. The door opened an inch, and a gruff voice demanded to know whether he was going to stay there all night. Receiving a cheerful reply in the affirmative, Mr. Mott secured the front door with considerable violence, and went off to bed without another word.

He was awakened an hour or two later by the sound of something falling, and, sitting up in bed to listen, became aware of a warm and agreeable odour. It was somewhere about the hour of midnight, but a breakfast smell of eggs and bacon would not be denied.

He put on some clothes and went downstairs. A crack of light showed under the kitchen door, and, pushing it open with some force, he gazed spellbound at the spectacle before him.

"Come in," said Mr. Hurst, heartily. "I've just finished."

He rocked an empty beer-bottle and patted another that was half full. Satiety was written on his face as he pushed an empty plate from him and, leaning back in his chair, smiled lazily at Mr. Mott.

"Go on," said that gentleman, hoarsely.

Mr. Hurst shook his head.

"Enough is as good as a feast," he said, reasonably. "I'll have some more to-morrow."

"Oh, will you?" said the other. "Will you?"

Mr. Hurst nodded, and, opening his coat, disclosed a bottle of beer in each breast-pocket. The other pockets, it appeared, contained food.

"And here's the money for it," he said, putting down some silver on the table. "I am determined, but honest."

With a sweep of his hand, Mr. Mott sent the money flying.

"To-morrow morning I send for the police. Mind that!" he roared.

"I'd better have my breakfast early, then," said Mr. Hurst, tapping his pockets. "Good night. And thank you for your advice."

He sat for some time after the disappearance of his host, and then, returning to the front room, placed a chair at the end of the sofa and, with the tablecloth for a quilt, managed to secure a few hours' troubled sleep. At eight o'clock he washed at the scullery sink, and at ten o'clock Mr. Mott, with an air of great determination, came in to deliver his ultimatum.

"If you're not outside the front door in five minutes, I'm going to fetch the police," he said, fiercely.

"I want to see Florrie," said the other.

"Well, you won't see her," shouted Mr. Mott.

Mr. Hurst stood feeling his chin.

"Well, would you mind taking a message for me?" he asked. "I just want you to ask her whether I am really free. Ask her whether I am free to marry again."

Mr. Mott eyed him in amazement.

"You see, I only heard from her mother," pursued Mr. Hurst, "and a friend of mine who is in a solicitor's office says that isn't good enough. I only came down here to make sure, and I think the least she can do is to tell me herself. If she won't see me, perhaps she'd put it in writing. You see, there's another lady."

"But——" said the mystified Mr. Mott. "You told me——"

"You tell her that," said the other.

Mr. Mott stood for a few seconds staring at him, and then without a word turned on his heel and went upstairs. Left to himself, Mr. Hurst walked nervously up and down the room, and, catching sight of his face in the old-fashioned glass on the mantelpiece, heightened its colour by a few pinches. The minutes seemed interminable, but at last he heard the steps of Mr. Mott on the stairs again.

"She's coming down to see you herself," said the latter, solemnly.

Mr. Hurst nodded, and, turning to the window, tried in vain to take an interest in passing events. A light step sounded on the stairs, the door creaked, and he turned to find himself confronted by Miss Garland.

"Uncle told me——" she began, coldly.

Mr. Hurst bowed.

"I am sorry to have caused you so much trouble," he said, trying to control his voice, "but you see my position, don't you?"

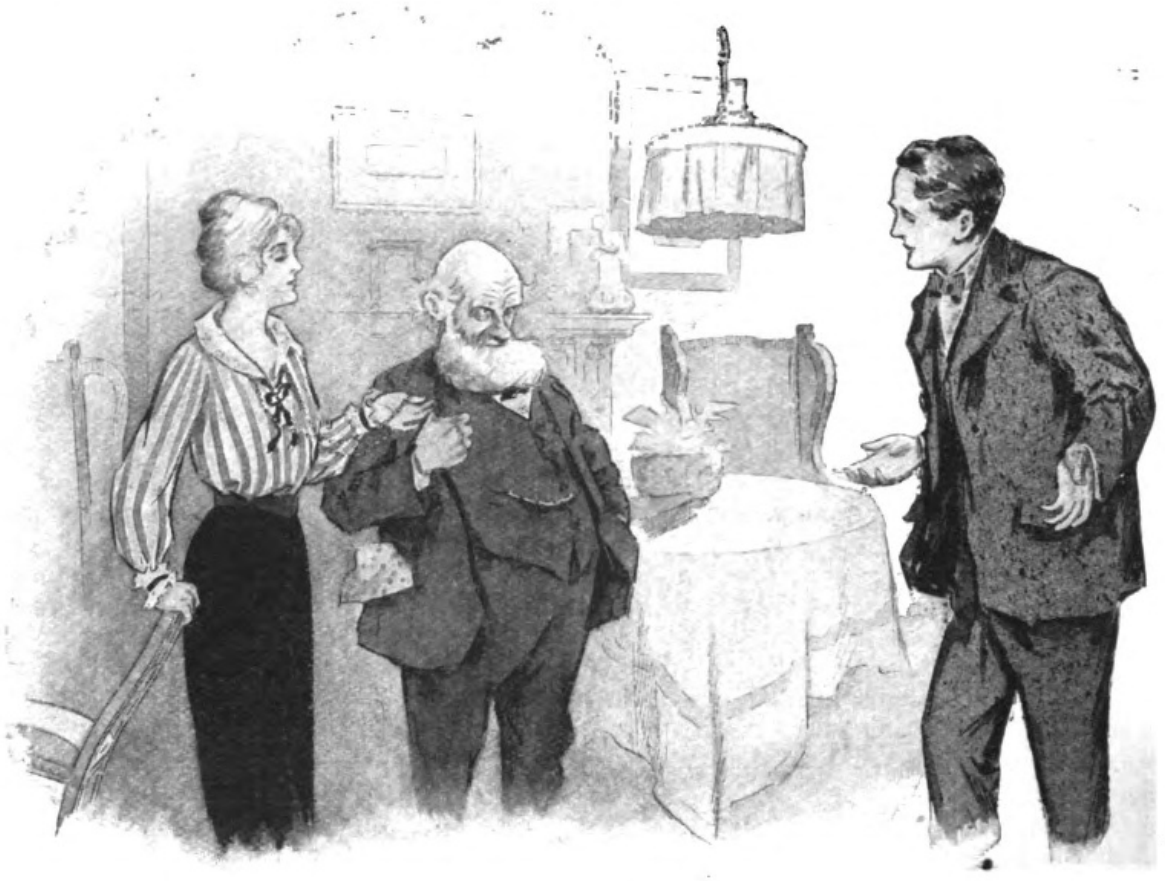
"No," said the girl.

"Well, I wanted to make sure," said Mr. Hurst. "It's best for all of us, isn't it? Best for you, best for me, and, of course, for my young lady."

"You never said anything about her before," said Miss Garland, her eyes darkening.

"Of course not," said Mr. Hurst. "How could I? I was engaged to you, and then she wasn't my young lady; but, of course, as soon as you broke it off——"

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"'I AM SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE,' SAID MR. HURST, 'BUT YOU SEE MY POSITION, DON'T YOU?'"

"Who is she?" inquired Miss Garland, in a casual voice.

"You don't know her," said Mr. Hurst.

"What is she like?"

"I can't describe her very well," said Mr. Hurst. "I can only say she's the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. I think that's what made me take to her. And she's easily pleased. She liked the things I have been buying for the house tremendously."

"Did she?" said Miss Garland, with a gasp.

"All except that pair of vases you chose," continued the veracious Mr. Hurst. "She says they are in bad taste, but she can give them to the charwoman."

"Oh!" said the girl. "Oh, indeed! Very kind of her. Isn't there anything else she doesn't like?"

Mr. Hurst stood considering.

"She doesn't like the upholstering of the best chairs," he said at last. "She thinks they are too showy, so she's going to put covers over them."

There was a long pause, during which Mr. Mott, taking his niece gently by the arm, assisted her to a chair.

"Otherwise she is quite satisfied," concluded Mr. Hurst.

Miss Garland took a deep breath, but made no reply.

"I have got to satisfy her that I am free," said the young man, after another pause. "I suppose that I can do so?"

"I—I'll think it over," said Miss Garland, in a low voice. "I am not sure what is the right thing to do. I don't want to see you made miserable for life. It's nothing to me, of course, but still——"

She got up and, shaking off the proffered assistance of her uncle, went slowly and languidly up to her room. Mr. Mott followed her as far as the door, and then turned indignantly upon Mr. Hurst.

"You—you've broke her heart," he said, solemnly.

"That's all right," said Mr. Hurst, with a delighted wink. "I'll mend it again."

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Some New Discoveries in Natural History.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.

Author of "Insect Biographies with Pen and Camera," "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," etc.

Illustrated with original photographs by the Author.

III.—The Puzzle of the "Jumping Bean": How and Why It Jumps.

THE movements of the "jumping bean" of Mexico have, for a long time past, proved an unfailing source of astonishment and amusement to people in many parts of the world. To those who witness the beans in action for the first time, they appear as a very striking and clever novelty, and the owner of them is generally called upon to reveal the "trick."

The explanation that there is no trick, that the beans move naturally of their own accord, at once adds an uncanny aspect to their activities. This feature is much emphasized on handling the beans, when they are distinctly felt moving over the palm of one's warm hand.

When the fact is recognized that the bean is really a natural product, and that its movements are quite spontaneous, one at once begins to inquire how and why it jumps.

Many and various have been the attempts of both scientific and unscientific people to provide a feasible answer to those questions. Yet so unconvincing have been the explanations that, it may be said, the problem of both the "how" and the "why" has, up to the present, remained unsolved.

Let us therefore investigate the matter with no other evidence than that provided by the bean itself—evidence which has always been available, but some important details of which, I think, have been quite overlooked.

The first point to note is that the "bean" is not a bean. It is one of three divisions of a seed capsule of a large species of spurge of the genus *Sebastiana*, which grows in Mexico. Some spurges, of a related genus (*Euphorbia*) and of much smaller stature, grow as green "weeds" in our gardens, the stems of which, when broken, yield a milky juice; the latter is said by country people to cure warts. A still larger species, some three feet or more in height, and known as the caper spurge (*Euphorbia Lathyris*), is often cultivated in cottage gardens, and this larger species, when ripening its fruits, will serve to show how they split, from a central axis, into three carpels, or "beans," very like those of the "jumping bean."

Each division of the fruit capsule of the caper spurge contains a seed. In the *Sebastiana*, or Mexican, spurge each segment should likewise contain a seed, but sometimes a division will contain the caterpillar of a moth (*Carpocapsa saltitans*) instead. It is these fruit segments bearing caterpillars that we know as "jumping beans." The normal triangular fruit segment does not jump or move, but those containing the caterpillar do under certain conditions.

How the caterpillar gets into the fruit segment without breaking its outer skin is somewhat puzzling, until we realize that it entered soon after it left the egg placed by the parent moth on the plant. In this way the tiny caterpillar penetrates the soft undeveloped carpel, then eating out its internal

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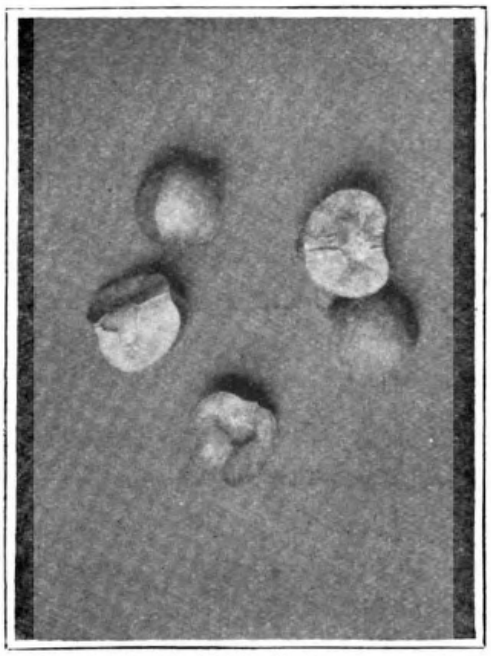


Fig. 1.—Jumping "Beans" at rest on a cool surface—natural size.

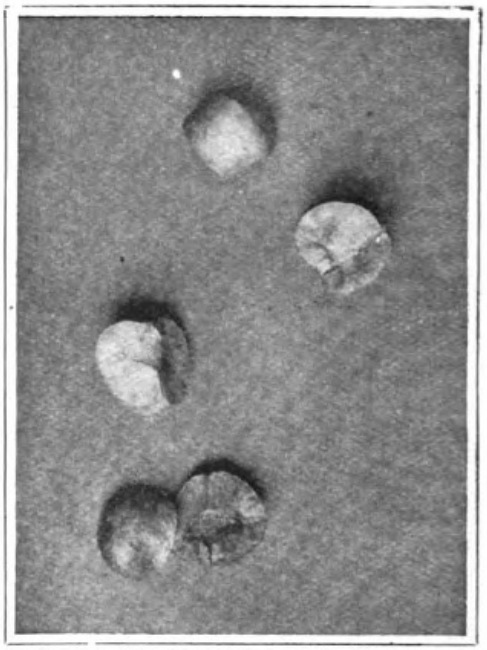


Fig. 2. — The "Beans" shown in Fig. 1, one minute after application of gentle heat beneath the surface on which they are resting.

tissues almost as fast as they develop, but leaving alone the outer covering skin, which grows and matures in the ordinary way. By the time the fruit should have ripened, and is ready to fall to the ground, the moth larva has entirely cleared the interior of its appropriated segment, and is completely enclosed in the hollow case, or "bean." Moreover, the caterpillar is then full-fed, and ready to change to a chrysalis within its curious domicile. It, however, does not immediately change to a pupa—indeed, not for several months to come, for during that period it might need to jump, and after becoming a chrysalis its jumping powers cease.

Having investigated the so-called "bean" itself, we may now endeavour to account for its extraordinary antics. How can the enclosed caterpillar without any external leverage cause its dwelling to travel along in little jerks and toppling movements, and, still more wonderfully, in distinct jumps clear of the surface on which it is resting?

The first point to observe is that the fruit segments do not commence their activities until they are placed in a fairly warm situation. As shown in Figs. 1 and 2, they then almost immediately begin to move in a very decided manner. To arrive at any conclusion as to how the movement is made, the "bean" must be opened, and the actions of the caterpillar within watched. In Fig. 3 is shown an enlarged photograph of one cut open at its two flat sides, and the larva exposed in the remaining rounded portion.

The moment the caterpillar is exposed to view, it at once commences to repair the damage done to its domicile, by means of silken threads. It rapidly spins the threads from side to side until a net-like covering begins to appear, as shown in Fig. 4. When a semicircular lower half is enclosed, it turns its body round and treats the upper half likewise (Fig. 5), leaving only a central opening, which is quickly filled in, and in less than an hour it has woven a complete covering in the place of the parts broken away, as shown in Fig. 6.

With a larva thus enclosed, and placed on a sheet of glass, I was enabled to watch, by means of a magnifying lens, its movements when heat was applied beneath the glass, for its actions could be seen through its silken meshes.

On the cold glass it remained perfectly still, huddled up to that portion of the bean to which its tail claspers were holding, its head reaching about to the middle of the chamber.

The application of warmth immediately roused it, and, still holding at its base, it extended its body round and round the interior of its dwelling, as if seeking for something, much as shown in Fig. 3.

These actions were performed several times, but no movement of the bean itself occurred. Then it appeared to select a particular spot on the rounded portion of its home, where it aimed several consecutive blows, deliberately withdrawing and extending its body at each aim. On the last of these efforts, when withdrawing its body, the bean rolled over.

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Again and again it continued these actions while the glass remained warm, the bean changing its position all the time, but ceasing at once when it cooled.

Some of the greater movements were due to the overbalancing of the bean after the initial impetus had been given, owing largely to its unequal form. When the larva made comparatively small and regular thrusts with its body, the bean would travel along on the side on which it rested by means of little jerks. Then, as if dissatisfied with this quiet form of locomotion, an extra powerful swing would be given to its body, when the bean would either topple over, and perhaps roll a short distance, or give a distinct hop clear of the ground, sometimes, even then, dropping on the same side from which it was raised.



Fig. 3.—A "Bean" opened to expose the caterpillar within, which is seen commencing to close the hole by means of silken threads, which it spins for the purpose.

Now, these observations, although showing clearly how the caterpillar moves its home, yet only add more mystery to the puzzle. It is plain that heat is the stimulus; but the fanciful idea (which has been advanced) that the movements are owing to the expansion of the enclosed air in the bean when heat is applied is entirely exploded, for, with a loose silken side to the bean, it can no longer be air-tight. Furthermore, the actions of the caterpillar do not explain how it is able to lift, and move itself forward or backward, together with its dwelling, while still enclosed in the latter. It is here that it seems to contradict mechanical laws, for the impetus given for a forward thrust must be counteracted by the push backwards in thus attempting to advance. In an irregularly-shaped "bean" of this kind all the movement that one could expect would be that created by the sheer weight of the larva as it moved from side to side in the interior, which would be very small; and once having attained a position with a flat side down, it would be difficult for it to move again.

Therefore, there must be some other factor at work. What can it be? Close observation of a "bean" in action will show that there is occasionally quite a miniature catapult-like jerk, as though suddenly projected with a spring. That, indeed, is the secret of the whole matter. The body of the caterpillar serves as the "stone" for its catapult, and the walls of its dwelling as the "forked twig," and the silk it carries in its silk-glands provides the "elastic."

The fact that my caterpillar, shown in the photographs, when exposed to view, so expeditely produced sufficient silk to replace two broken sides of the bean, shows clearly that it carries in its glands a large supply of this liquid silk, and, in the ordinary course of its history, it would never need to use up such a quantity for the purpose of repairing its abode. What, then, does it need this large supply of silk for? Such was the question that suggested itself to me while photographing the larva—and in that way light was thrown on the solution as to how it jumps.

When the caterpillar feels objectionable heat it commences to strike its apparent blows at the roof or elsewhere of its home, falling back with greater vigour for each stroke, as if to obtain more power for striking. If we had still more closely observed, we should have seen that it did more than strike the roof with its hard mouth parts; at each thrust a *delicate and elastic silken cord was spun, and attached.*

Against these propulsive and rebounding threads the caterpillar then throws the whole weight of its body and its combined muscular strength. If the pull against it is not strong enough, further "blows" are made and other threads attached, until at last their elasticity pulls forward its body with sufficient force to suddenly jerk forward its dwelling, or overturn it, or cause it to jump. My reader must not think, however, that the caterpillar is hurled helplessly about the interior of its dwelling. It is also attached at its tail-end to silken threads, which are either weaker or stronger than those at its foreparts, as the direction of movement may require, and these pulls of contrary strength serve as brakes which the caterpillar is well able to control. Also it can change its position, and strengthen either its tail-threads or those in front, and so is enabled to definitely *steer a course* away from the heated area which it

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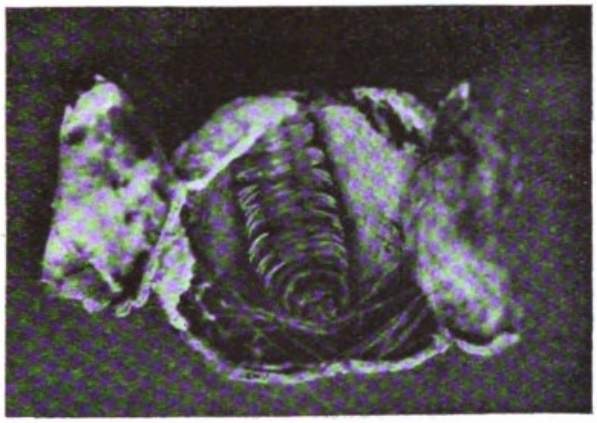


Fig. 4.—It quickly runs threads from side to side, enclosing the bottom half, and then,—

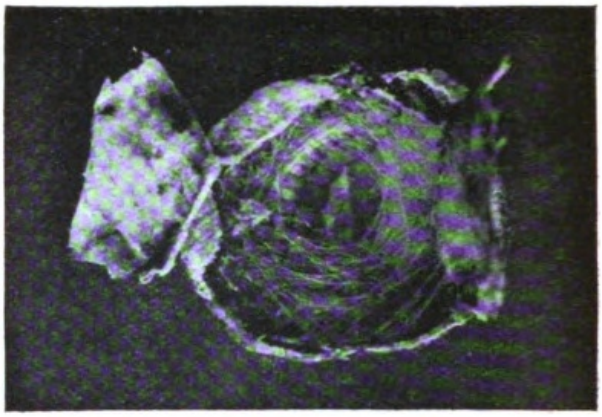


Fig. 5.—Reversing its position, the top half is treated likewise.

objects to—which is, I think, also a quite new suggestion.

Our "jumping bean" is, then, a living catapult. It does not, I think, line the whole of its dwelling with silk in the first place, but keeps it in reserve against the day when it is overtaken with heat, which quickly dries up its substance and causes it to perish. An examination with a microscope of the interior of a bean in which its larva has been continually forced to jump will show that its walls are more or less covered with a very delicate silk—silk of a much finer quality than that used for repairing purposes, such as that shown in the photographs. It may be that the silk used by the caterpillar, when active, is kept in a more fluid and elastic state in the closed bean than that used for filling up holes and exposed to the air.

I have previously pointed out that the caterpillar spends some months as a full-fed larva in the bean—it may be six or seven months—and it then cuts in the wall, from the inside, a small circular lid, which remains in position, and is difficult to observe from the outside. It afterwards changes to a chrysalis, and its jumping powers cease. Later on the matured moth emerges from the hole, the circular lid being pushed outwards.

Now, had the larva changed into a pupa soon after the bean fell from the plant, it would have had to remain where it dropped. Then, perhaps, during the seven or eight months required for the complete development of the moth, it would have been subjected many times to scorching rays from the sun, and so destroyed. This period as an active larva with catapult properties, therefore, enables it to change its position into shady and protected quarters should conditions become too trying for it.

That, I think, is the true explanation of why it moves. It is certainly not a protective device from animal attacks, which has sometimes been suggested, for its very movements would quickly attract the sharp eyes of innumerable foes. The *Sebastiana* spurge grows in warm, marshy places; hence a dry heat is most destructive to the insect. Consequently, it is very difficult to rear the moth from the "beans" in this country. It requires a particular warm and moist temperature, of which only the caterpillar hidden within feels just the exact degrees.

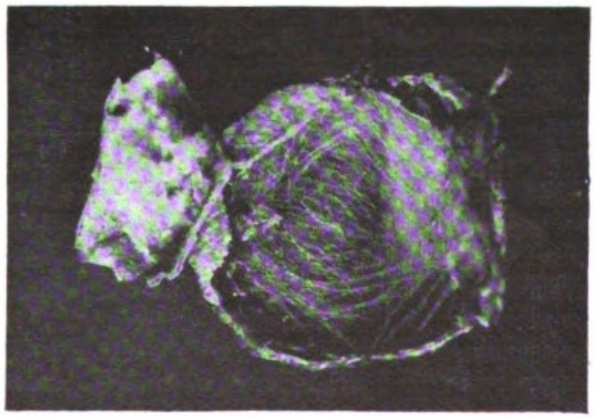


Fig. 6.—In less than an hour the caterpillar is hidden from view—Without this silken lining the "Bean" could not jump.

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A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY.

The Valley of Fear.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Frank Wiles.

PART II.

THE SCOWRERS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VALLEY OF FEAR.

WHEN McMurdo awoke next morning he had good reason to remember his initiation into the Lodge. His head ached with the effect of the drink, and his arm, where he had been branded, was hot and swollen. Having his own peculiar source of income, he was irregular in his attendance at his work, so he had a late breakfast and remained at home for the morning, writing a long letter to a friend. Afterwards he read the *Daily Herald*. In a special column, put in at the last moment, he read, "Outrage at the *Herald* Office. Editor seriously injured." It was a short account of the facts with which he was himself more familiar than the writer could have been. It ended with the statement:—

The matter is now in the hands of the police, but it can hardly be hoped that their exertions will be attended by any better results than in the past. Some of the men were recognized, and there is hope that a conviction may be obtained. The source of the outrage was, it need hardly be said, that infamous society which has held this community in bondage for so long a period, and against which the *Herald* has taken so uncompromising a stand. Mr. Stanger's many friends will rejoice to hear that, though he has been cruelly and brutally beaten and has sustained severe injuries about the head, there is no immediate danger to his life.

Below, it stated that a guard of Coal and Iron Police, armed with Winchester rifles, had been requisitioned for the defence of the office.

McMurdo had laid down the paper, and was lighting his pipe with a hand which was shaky from the excesses of the previous evening, when there was a knock outside, and his landlady brought to him a note which had just been handed in by a lad. It was unsigned, and ran thus:—

I should wish to speak to you, but had rather not do so in your house. You will find me beside the flagstaff upon Miller Hill. If you will come there now I have something which it is important for you to hear and for me to say.

McMurdo read the note twice with the utmost surprise, for he could not imagine what it meant or who was the author of it. Had it been in a feminine hand he might have imagined that it was the beginning of one of those adventures which had been familiar enough in his past life. But it was the writing of a man, and of a well-educated one, too. Finally, after some hesitation, he determined to see the matter through.

Miller Hill is an ill-kept public park in the very centre of the town. In summer it is a favourite resort of the people, but in winter it is desolate enough. From the top of it one has a view not only of the whole grimy, straggling town, but of the winding valley beneath, with its scattered mines and factories blackening the snow on either side of it, and of the wooded and white-capped ranges which flank it. McMurdo strolled up the winding path hedged in with evergreen until he reached the deserted restaurant which forms the centre of summer gaiety. Beside it was a bare flagstaff, and underneath it a man, his hat drawn down and the collar of his overcoat raised up. When he turned his face McMurdo saw that it was Brother Morris, he who had incurred the anger of the bodymaster the night before. The Lodge sign was given and exchanged as they met.

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"I wanted to have a word with you, Mister McMurdo," said the older man, speaking with a hesitation which showed that he was on delicate ground. "It was kind of you to come."

"Why did you not put your name to the note?"

"One has to be cautious, mister. One never knows in times like these how a thing may come back to one. One never knows either who to trust or who not to trust."

"Surely one may trust brothers of the Lodge?"

"No, no; not always," cried Morris, with vehemence. "Whatever we say, even what we think, seems to go back to that man, McGinty."

"Look here," said McMurdo, sternly; "it was only last night, as you know well, that I swore good faith to our bodymaster. Would you be asking me to break my oath?"

"If that is the view you take," said Morris, sadly, "I can only say that I am sorry I gave you the trouble to come to meet me. Things have come to a bad pass when two free citizens cannot speak their thoughts to each other."

McMurdo, who had been watching his companion very narrowly, relaxed somewhat in his bearing.

"Sure, I spoke for myself only," said he. "I am a new-comer, as you know, and I am strange to it all. It is not for me to open my mouth, Mr. Morris, and if you think well to say anything to me I am here to hear it."

"And to take it back to Boss McGinty," said Morris, bitterly.

"Indeed, then, you do me injustice there," cried McMurdo. "For myself I am loyal to the Lodge, and so I tell you straight, but I would be a poor creature if I were to repeat to any other what you might say to me in confidence. It will go no farther than me, though I warn you that you may get neither help nor sympathy."

"I have given up looking for either the one or the other," said Morris. "I may be putting my very life in your hands by what I say, but, bad as you are—and it seemed to me last night that you were shaping to be as bad as the worst—still you are new to it, and your conscience cannot yet be as hardened as theirs. That was why I thought to speak with you."

"Well, what have you to say?"

"If you give me away, may a curse be on you!"

"Sure, I said I would not."

"I would ask you, then, when you joined the Freemen's Society in Chicago, and swore vows of charity and fidelity, did ever it cross your mind that you might find it would lead you to crime?"

"If you call it crime," McMurdo answered.

"Call it crime!" cried Morris, his voice vibrating with passion. "You have seen little of it if you can call it anything else. Was it crime last night when a man, old enough to be your father, was beaten till the blood dripped from his white hairs? Was that crime—or what else would you call it?"

"There are some would say it was war," said McMurdo. "A war of two classes with all in, so that each struck as best it could."

"Well, did you think of such a thing when you joined the Freemen's Society at Chicago?"

"No, I'm bound to say I did not."

"Nor did I when I joined it at Philadelphia. It was just a benefit club and a meeting-place for one's fellows. Then I heard of this place—curse the hour that the name first fell upon my ears!—and I came to better myself. My God, to better myself! My wife and three children came with me. I started a dry goods store in Market Square, and I prospered well. The word had gone round that I was a Freeman, and I was forced to join the local Lodge, same as you did last night. I've the badge of shame on my forearm, and something worse branded on my heart. I found that I was under the orders of a black villain, and caught in a meshwork of crime. What could I do? Every word I said to make things better was taken as treason, same as it was last night. I can't get away, for all I have in the world is in my store. If I leave the society, I know well that it means murder to me, and God knows what to my wife and children. Oh, man, it is awful—awful!" He put his hands to his face, and his body shook with convulsive sobs.

McMurdo shrugged his shoulders.

"You were too soft for the job," said he. "You are the wrong sort for such work."

"I had a conscience and a religion, but they made me a criminal among them. I was chosen for a job. If I backed down I knew well what would come to me. Maybe I'm a coward. Maybe it's the thought of my poor little woman and the children that makes me one. Anyhow, I went. I guess it will haunt me for ever. It was a lonely house, twenty miles from here, over the range yonder. I was told off for the door, same as you were last night. They could not trust me with the job. The others went in. When they came out their hands were crimson to

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the wrists. As we turned away a child was screaming out of the house behind us. It was a boy of five who had seen his father murdered. I nearly fainted with the horror of it, and yet I had to keep a bold and smiling face, for well I knew that if I did not it would be out of my house that they would come next with their bloody hands, and it would be my little Fred that would be screaming for his father. But I was a criminal then—part sharer in a murder, lost for ever in this world, and lost also in the next. I am a good Catholic, but the priest would have no word with me when he heard I was a Scowrer, and I am excommunicated from my faith. That's how it stands with me. And I see you going down the same road, and I ask you what the end is to be? Are you ready to be a cold-blooded murderer also, or can we do anything to stop it?"

"What would you do?" asked McMurdo, abruptly. "You would not inform?"

"God forbid!" cried Morris. "Sure, the very thought would cost me my life."

"That's well," said McMurdo. "I'm thinking that you are a weak man, and that you make too much of the matter."

"Too much! Wait till you have lived here longer. Look down the valley. See the cloud of a hundred chimneys that overshadows it. I tell you that the cloud of murder hangs thicker and lower than that over the heads of the people. It is the Valley of Fear—the Valley of Death. The terror is in the hearts of the people from the dusk to the dawn. Wait, young man, and you will learn for yourself."

"Well, I'll let you know what I think when I have seen more," said McMurdo, carelessly. "What is very clear is that you are not the man for the place, and that the sooner you sell out—if you only get a dime a dollar for what the business is worth—the better it will be for you. What you have said is safe with me, but, by gosh! if I thought you were an informer——"

"No, no!" cried Morris, piteously.

"Well, let it rest at that. I'll bear what you have said in mind, and maybe some day I'll come back to it. I expect you meant kindly by speaking to me like this. Now I'll be getting home."

"One word before you go," said Morris. "We may have been seen together. They may want to know what we have spoken about."

"Ah, that's well thought of."

"I offer you a clerkship in my store."

"And I refuse it. That's our business. Well, so long, Brother Morris, and may you find things go better with you in the future."

That same afternoon, as McMurdo sat smoking, lost in thought, beside the stove of his sitting-room, the door swung open, and its framework was filled with the huge figure of Boss McGinty. He passed the sign, and then, seating himself opposite to the young man, he looked at him steadily for some time, a look which was as steadily returned.

"I'm not much of a visitor, Brother McMurdo," he said, at last. "I guess I am too busy over the folk that visit me. But I thought I'd stretch a point and drop down to see you in your own house."

"I'm proud to see you here, Councillor," McMurdo answered, heartily, bringing his whisky-bottle out of the cupboard. "It's an honour that I had not expected."

"How's the arm?" asked the Boss.

McMurdo made a wry face.

"Well, I'm not forgetting it," he said. "But it's worth it."

"Yes, it's worth it," the other answered, "to those that are loyal, and go through with it, and are a help to the Lodge. What were you speaking to Brother Morris about on Miller Hill this morning?"

The question came so suddenly that it was well that he had his answer prepared. He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Morris didn't know I could earn a living here at home. He sha'n't know either, for he has got too much conscience for the likes of me. But he's a good-hearted old chap. It was his idea that I was at a loose end, and that he would do me a good turn by offering me a clerkship in a dry goods store."

"Oh, that was it?" "

"Yes, that was it."

"And you refused it?"

"Sure. Couldn't I earn ten times as much in my own bedroom with four hours' work?"

"That's so. But I wouldn't get about too much with Morris."

"Why not?"

"Well, I guess because I tell you not. That's enough for most folk in these parts."

"It may be enough for most folks, but it ain't enough for me, Councillor," said McMurdo, boldly. "If you are a judge of men you'll know that."

The swarthy giant glared at him, and his hairy paw closed for an instant round the glass as though he would hurl it at the head of his companion. Then he laughed in his loud, boisterous, insincere fashion.

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"You're a queer card, for sure," said he. "Well, if you want reasons I'll give them. Did Morris say nothing to you against the Lodge?"

"No."

"Nor against me?"

"No."

"Well, that's because he daren't trust you. But in his heart he is not a loyal brother. We know that well, so we watch him, and we wait for the time to admonish him. I'm thinking that the time is drawing near. There's no room for scabby sheep in our pen. But if you keep company with a disloyal man, we might think that you were disloyal, too. See?"

"There's no chance of my keeping company with him, for I dislike the man," McMurdo answered. "As to being disloyal, if it was any man but you, he would not use the word to me twice."

"Well, that's enough," said McGinty, draining off his glass. "I came down to give you a word in season, and you've had it."

"I'd like to know," said McMurdo, "how you ever came to learn that I had spoken with Morris at all."

McGinty laughed.

"It's my business to know what goes on in this township," said he. "I guess you'd best reckon on my hearing all that passes. Well, time's up, and I'll just say——"

But his leave-taking was cut short in a very unexpected fashion. With a sudden crash the door flew open, and three frowning, intent faces glared in at them from under the peaks of police caps. McMurdo sprang to his feet and half drew his revolver, but his arm stopped midway as he became conscious that two Winchester rifles were levelled at his head. A man in uniform advanced into the room, a six-shooter in his hand. It was Captain Marvin, once of Chicago, and now of the Coal and Iron Constabulary. He shook his head with a half smile at McMurdo.

"I thought you'd be getting into trouble, Mr. Crooked McMurdo, of Chicago," said he. "Can't keep out of it, can you? Take your hat and come along with us."

"I guess you'll pay for this, Captain Marvin," said McGinty. "Who are you, I'd like to know, to break into a house in this fashion, and molest honest, law-abiding men?"

"You're standing out in this deal, Councillor McGinty," said the police captain. "We are not out after you, but after this man McMurdo. It is for you to help, not to hinder us in our duty."

"He is a friend of mine, and I'll answer for his conduct," said the Boss.

"By all accounts, Mr. McGinty, you may have to answer for your own conduct some of these days," the police captain answered. "This man McMurdo was a crook before ever he came here, and he's a crook still. Cover him, patrolman, while I disarm him."

"There's my pistol," said McMurdo, coolly. "Maybe, Captain Marvin, if you and I were alone and face to face, you would not take me so easily."

"Where's your warrant?" asked McGinty. "By gosh! a man might as well live in Russia as in Vermissa while folk like you are running the police. It's a capitalist outrage, and you'll hear more of it, I reckon."

"You do what you think is your duty the best way you can, Councillor. We'll look after ours."

"What am I accused of?" asked McMurdo.

"Of being concerned in the beating of old Editor Stanger at the *Herald* office. It wasn't your fault that it isn't a murder charge."

"Well, if that's all you have against him," cried McGinty, with a laugh, "you can save yourself a deal of trouble by dropping it right now. This man was with me in my saloon playing poker up to midnight, and I can bring a dozen to prove it."

"That's your affair, and I guess you can settle it in court to-morrow. Meanwhile, come on, McMurdo, and come quietly if you don't want a gun-butt across your head. You stand wide, Mr. McGinty, for I warn you I will brook no resistance when I am on duty."

So determined was the appearance of the captain that both McMurdo and his Boss were forced to accept the situation. The latter managed to have a few whispered words with the prisoner before they parted.

"What about——" he jerked his thumb upwards to signify the coining plant.

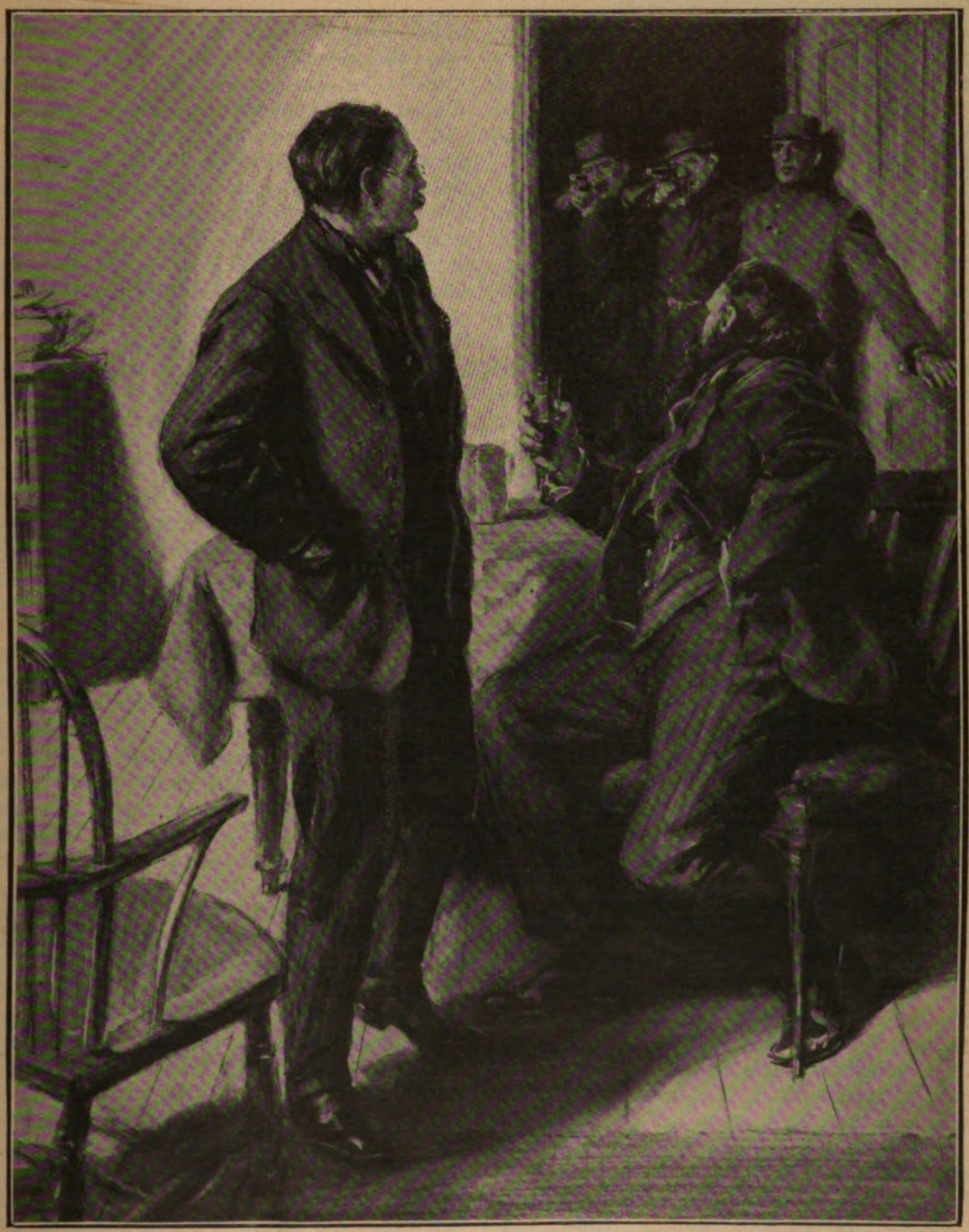
"All right," whispered McMurdo, who had devised a safe hiding-place under the floor.

"I'll bid you good-bye," said the Boss, shaking hands. "I'll see Reilly, the lawyer, and take the defence upon myself. Take my word for it that they won't be able to hold you."

"I wouldn't bet on that. Guard the prisoner, you two, and shoot him if he tries any games. I'll search the house before I leave."

Marvin did so, but apparently found no trace of the concealed plant. When he had descended he and his men escorted McMurdo to the headquarters. Darkness had fallen and a keen

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"WITH A CRASH THE DOOR FLEW OPEN, AND THREE FROWNING FACES GLARED AT THEM FROM UNDER THE PEAKS OF POLICE CAPS."

blizzard was blowing, so that the streets were nearly deserted, but a few loiterers followed the group and, emboldened by invisibility, shouted imprecations at the prisoner.

"Lynch the cursed Scowrer!" they cried. "Lynch him!" They laughed and jeered as he was pushed into the police depot. After a short formal examination from the inspector-in-charge, he was handed on to the common cell. Here he found Baldwin and three other criminals of the night before, all arrested that afternoon, and waiting their trial next morning.

But even within this inner fortress of the law the long arm of the Freemen was able to extend. Late at night there came a jailer with a straw bundle for their bedding, out of which he extracted two bottles of whisky,

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some glasses, and a pack of cards. They spent an hilarious night without an anxious thought as to the ordeal of the morning.

Nor had they cause, as the result was to show. The magistrate could not possibly, on the evidence, have brought in the sentence which would have carried the matter to a higher court. On the one hand, the compositors and pressmen were forced to admit that the light was uncertain, that they were themselves much perturbed, and that it was difficult for them to absolutely swear to the identity of the assailants, although they believed that the accused were among them. Cross-examined by the clever attorney who had been engaged by McGinty, they were even more nebulous in their evidence. The injured man had already deposed that he was so taken by surprise by the suddenness of the attack that he could state nothing beyond the fact that the first man who struck him wore a moustache. He added that he knew them to be Scowrers, since no one else in the community could possibly have any enmity to him, and he had long been threatened on account of his outspoken editorials. On the other hand, it was clearly shown by the united and unfaltering evidence of six citizens, including that high municipal official, Councillor McGinty, that the men had been at a card party at the Union House until an hour very much later than the commission of the outrage. Needless to say that they were discharged with something very near to an apology from the Bench for the inconvenience to which they had been put, together with an implied censure of Captain Marvin and the police for their officious zeal.

The verdict was greeted with loud applause by a Court in which McMurdo saw many familiar faces. Brothers of the Lodge smiled and waved. But there were others who sat with compressed lips and brooding eyes as the men filed out of the dock. One of them, a little, dark-bearded, resolute fellow, put the thoughts of himself and comrades into words as the ex-prisoners passed him.

"You damned murderers!" he said. "We'll fix you yet."

CHAPTER V.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

If anything had been needed to give an impetus to Jack McMurdo's popularity among his fellows, it would have been his arrest and acquittal. That a man on the very night of joining the Lodge should have done something which brought him before the magistrate was a new record in the annals of the society. Already he had earned the reputation of a good boon companion, a cheery reveller, and withal a man of high temper, who would not take an insult even from the all-powerful Boss himself. But, in addition to this, he impressed his comrades with the idea that among them all there was not one whose brain was so ready to devise a bloodthirsty scheme, or whose hand would be more capable of carrying it out. "He'll be the boy for the clean job," said the oldsters to each other, and waited their time until they could set him to his work. McGinty had instruments enough already, but he recognized that this was a supremely able one. He felt like a man holding a fierce bloodhound in leash. There were curs to do the smaller work, but some day he would slip this creature upon its prey. A few members of the Lodge, Ted Baldwin among them, resented the rapid rise of the stranger, and hated him for it, but they kept clear of him, for he was as ready to fight as to laugh.

But if he gained favour with his fellows, there was another quarter, one which had become even more vital to him, in which he lost it. Ettie Shafter's father would have nothing more to do with him, nor would he allow him to enter the house. Ettie herself was too deeply in love to give him up altogether, and yet her own good sense warned her of what would come from a marriage with a man who was regarded as a criminal. One morning after a sleepless night she determined to see him, possibly for the last time, and make one strong endeavour to draw him from those evil influences which were sucking him down. She went to his house, as he had often begged her to do, and made her way into the room which he used as his sitting-room. He was seated at a table with his back turned and a letter in front of him. A sudden spirit of girlish mischief came over her—she was still only nineteen. He had not heard her when she pushed open the door. Now she tip-toed forward, and laid her hand lightly upon his bended shoulders.

If she had expected to startle him, she certainly succeeded, but only in turn to be startled herself. With a tiger spring he turned on her, and his right hand was feeling for her throat. At the same instant, with the other hand he crumpled up the paper that lay before him. For a moment he stood glaring. Then astonishment and joy took the place of the ferocity which had convulsed

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his features—a ferocity which had sent her shrinking back in horror as from something which had never before intruded into her gentle life.

"It's you!" said he, mopping his brow. "And to think that you should come to me, heart of my hearts, and I should find nothing better to do than to want to strangle you! Come then, darling," and he held out his arms. "Let me make it up to you."

But she had not recovered from that sudden glimpse of guilty fear which she had read in the man's face. All her woman's instinct told her that it was not the mere fright of a man who is startled. Guilt—that was it—guilt and fear.

"What's come over you, Jack?" she cried. "Why were you so scared of me? Oh, Jack, if your conscience was at ease, you would not have looked at me like that."

"Sure, I was thinking of other things, and when you came tripping so lightly on those fairy feet of yours——"

"No, no; it was more than that, Jack." Then a sudden suspicion seized her. "Let me see that letter you were writing."

"Ah, Ettie, I couldn't do that."

Her suspicions became certainties.

"It's to another woman!" she cried. "I know it. Why else should you hold it from me? Was it to your wife that you were writing? How am I to know that you are not a married man—you, a stranger, that nobody knows?"

"I am not married, Ettie. See now, I swear it. You're the only one woman on earth to me. By the Cross of Christ, I swear it!"

He was so white with passionate earnestness that she could not but believe him.

"Well, then," she cried, "why will you not show me the letter?"

"I'll tell you, acushla," said he. "I'm under oath not to show it, and just as I wouldn't break my word to you, so I would keep it to those who hold my promise. It's the business of the Lodge, and even to you it's secret. And if I was scared when a hand fell on me, can't you understand it when it might have been the hand of a detective?"

She felt that he was telling the truth. He gathered her into his arms, and kissed away her fears and doubts.

"Sit here by me, then. It's a queer throne for such a queen, but it's the best your poor lover can find. He'll do better for you some of these days, I'm thinking. Now your mind is easy once again, is it not?"

"How can it ever be at ease, Jack, when I know that you are a criminal among criminals—when I never know the day that I may hear that you are in the dock for murder? McMurdo the Scowrer—that was what one of our boarders called you yesterday. It went through my heart like a knife."

"Sure, hard words break no bones."

"But they were true."

"Well, dear, it's not as bad as you think. We are but poor men that are trying in our own way to get our rights."

Ettie threw her arms round her lover's neck.

"Give it up, Jack! For my sake—for God's sake, give it up! It was to ask you that I came here to-day. Oh, Jack, see, I beg it of you on my bended knees. Kneeling here before you, I implore you to give it up."

He raised her, and soothed her with her head against his breast.

"Sure, my darlin', you don't know what it is you are asking. How could I give it up when it would be to break my oath and to desert my comrades? If you could see how things stand with me, you could never ask it of me. Besides, if I wanted to, how could I do it? You don't suppose that the Lodge would let a man go free with all its secrets?"

"I've thought of that, Jack. I've planned it all. Father has saved some money. He is weary of this place, where the fear of these people darkens our lives. He is ready to go. We would fly together to Philadelphia or New York, where we should be safe from them."

McMurdo laughed.

"The Lodge has a long arm. Do you think it could not stretch from here to Philadelphia or New York?"

"Well, then, to the West, or to England, or to Sweden, whence father came. Anywhere to get away from this Valley of Fear."

McMurdo thought of old Brother Morris.

"Sure, it is the second time I have heard the valley so named," said he. "The shadow does indeed seem to lie heavy on some of you."

"It darkens every moment of our lives. Do you suppose that Ted Baldwin has ever forgiven us? If it were not that he fears you, what do you suppose that our chances would be? If you saw the look in those dark, hungry eyes of his when they fall on me!"

"By gosh! I'd teach him better manners if I caught him at it. But see here, little girl. I can't leave here. I can't. Take that from me once and for all. But if you will leave me to find my own way, I will try to prepare a way of getting honourably out of it."

"There is no honour in such a matter."

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"GIVE IT UP, JACK! FOR MY SAKE—FOR GOD'S SAKE, GIVE IT UP!'

"Well, well, it's just how you look at it. But if you'll give me six months I'll work it so as I can leave without being ashamed to look others in the face."

The girl laughed with joy.

"Six months!" she cried. "Is it a promise?"

"Well, it may be seven or eight. But within a year at the farthest we will leave the valley behind us."

It was the most that Ettie could obtain, and yet it was something. There was this distant light to illuminate the gloom of the immediate future. She returned to her father's house more light-hearted than she had ever been since Jack McMurdo had come into her life.

It might be thought that as a member all the doings of the society would be told to him, but he was soon to discover that the organization was wider and more complex than the simple Lodge. Even Boss McGinty was ignorant as to many things, for there was an official named the county delegate, living at Hobson's Patch, farther down the line, who had power over several different Lodges,

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which he wielded in a sudden and arbitrary way. Only once did McMurdo see him, a sly little grey-haired rat of a man with a slinking gait and a sidelong glance which was charged with malice. Evans Pott was his name, and even the great Boss of Vermissa felt towards him something of the repulsion and fear which the huge Danton may have felt for the puny but dangerous Robespierre.

One day Scanlan, who was McMurdo's fellow-boarder, received a note from McGinty, enclosing one from Evans Pott, which informed him that he was sending over two good men, Lawler and Andrews, who had instructions to act in the neighbourhood, though it was best for the cause that no particulars as to their objects should be given. Would the bodymaster see to it that suitable arrangements be made for their lodgings and comfort until the time for action should arrive? McGinty added that it was impossible for anyone to remain secret at the Union House, and that, therefore, he would be obliged if McMurdo and Scanlan would put the strangers up for a few days in their boarding-house.

The same evening the two men arrived, each carrying his grip-sack. Lawler was an elderly man, shrewd, silent, and self-contained, clad in an old black frock-coat, which, with his soft felt hat and ragged, grizzled beard, gave him a general resemblance to an itinerant preacher. His companion, Andrews, was little more than a boy, frank-faced and cheerful, with the breezy manner of one who is out for a holiday, and means to enjoy every minute of it. Both of the men were total abstainers, and behaved in all ways as exemplary members of society, with the one single exception that they were assassins who had often proved themselves to be most capable instruments for this Association of murder. Lawler had already carried out fourteen commissions of the kind, and Andrews three.

They were, as McMurdo found, quite ready to converse about their deeds in the past, which they recounted with the half-bashful pride of men who had done good and unselfish service for the community. They were reticent, however, as to the immediate job in hand.

"They chose us because neither I nor the boy here drink," Lawler explained. "They can count on us saying no more than we should. You must not take it amiss, but it is the orders of the county delegate that we obey."

"Sure, we are all in it together," said Scanlan, McMurdo's mate, as the four sat together at supper.

"That's true enough, and we'll talk till the cows come home of the killing of Charlie Williams, or of Simon Bird, or any other job in the past. But till the work is done we say nothing."

"There are half-a-dozen about here that I have a word to say to," said McMurdo, with an oath. "I suppose it isn't Jack Knox, of Ironhill, that you are after? I'd go some way to see him get his deserts."

"No, it's not him yet."

"Or Herman Strauss?"

"No, nor him either."

"Well, if you won't tell us, we can't make you, but I'd be glad to know."

Lawler smiled, and shook his head. He was not to be drawn.

In spite of the reticence of their guests, Scanlan and McMurdo were quite determined to be present at what they called the "fun." When, therefore, at an early hour one morning McMurdo heard them creeping down the stairs, he awakened Scanlan, and the two hurried on their clothes. When they were dressed they found that the others had stolen out, leaving the door open behind them. It was not yet dawn, and by the light of the lamps they could see the two men some distance down the street. They followed them warily, treading noiselessly in the deep snow.

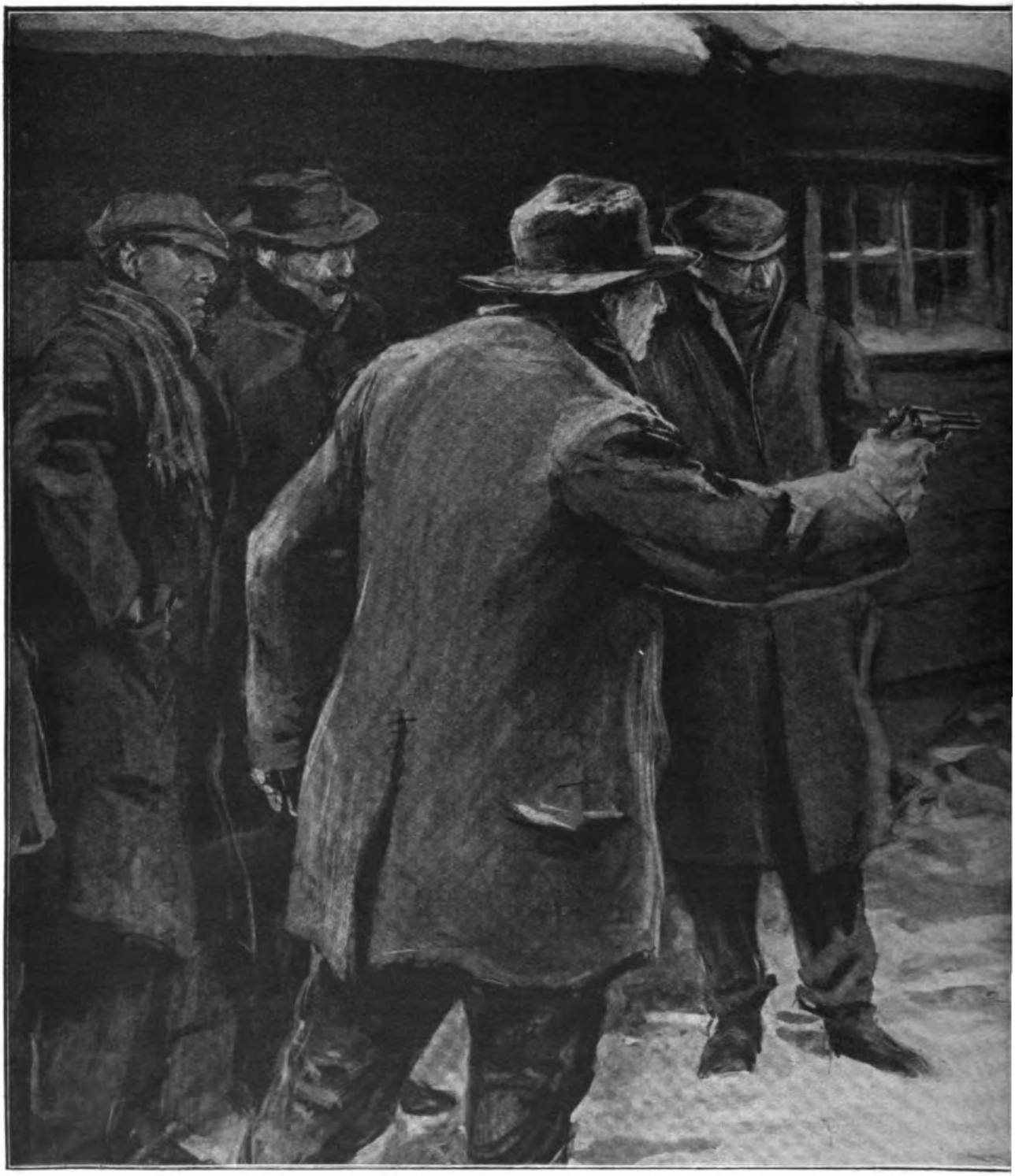
The boarding-house was near the edge of the township, and soon they were at the cross-roads which are beyond its boundary. Here three men were waiting, with whom Lawler and Andrews held a short, eager conversation. Then they all moved on together. It was clearly some notable job which needed numbers. At this point there are several trails which lead to various mines. The strangers took that which led to the Crow Hill, a huge business which was in strong hands, who had been able, thanks to their energetic and fearless New England manager, Josiah H. Dunn, to keep some order and discipline during the long reign of terror.

Day was breaking now, and a line of workmen were slowly making their way, singly and in groups, along the blackened path.

McMurdo and Scanlan strolled on with the others, keeping in sight of the men whom they followed. A thick mist lay over them, and from the heart of it there came the sudden scream of a steam whistle. It was the ten-minute signal before the cages descended and the day's labour began.

When they reached the open space round

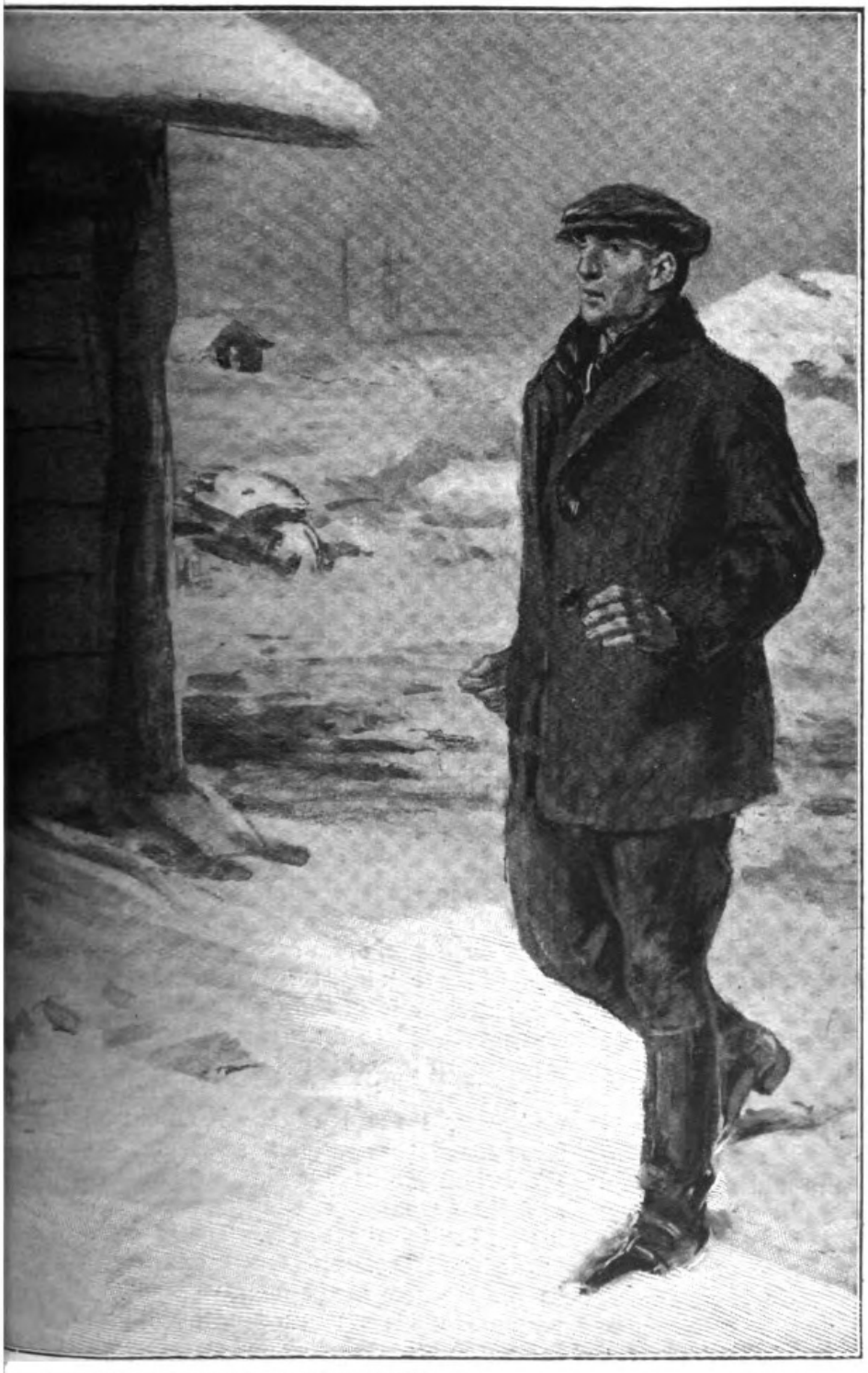
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"'WHO ARE YOU?' HE ASKED, AS HE ADVANCED. 'WHAT

the mine-shaft there were a hundred miners waiting, stamping their feet and blowing on their fingers, for it was bitterly cold. The strangers stood in a little group under the shadow of the engine-house. Scanlan and McMurdo climbed a heap of slag, from which the whole scene lay before them. They saw the mine engineer, a great bearded Scotsman named Menzies, come out of the engine-house and blow his whistle for the cages to be lowered. At the same instant a tall, loose-framed young man, with a clean-shaven, earnest face, advanced eagerly towards the pit-head. As he came forward his eyes fell upon the group, silent and motionless, under the engine-house. The men had drawn down their hats and turned up their collars to screen their faces. For a moment the

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ARE YOU LOITERING THERE FOR?'"

presentiment of death laid its cold hand upon the manager's heart. At the next he had shaken it off and saw only his duty towards intrusive strangers.

"Who are you?" he asked, as he advanced. "What are you loitering there for?"

There was no answer, but the lad Andrews stepped forward and shot him in the stomach. The hundred waiting miners stood as motionless and helpless as if they were paralyzed. The manager clapped his two hands to the wound and doubled himself up. Then he staggered away, but another of the assassins fired, and he went down sideways, kicking and clawing among a heap of clinkers. Menzies, the Scotsman, gave a roar of rage at the sight, and rushed with an iron spanner at the murderers, but was met by two balls in the face, which dropped him dead at their very feet. There was a surge forward of some of the miners, and an inarticulate cry of pity and of anger, but a couple of the strangers emptied their six-shooters over the heads of the crowd, and they broke and scattered, some of them rushing wildly back to their homes in Vermissa. When a few of the bravest had rallied, and there was a return to the mine, the murderous gang had vanished in the mists of the morning without a single witness being able to swear to the identity of these men who in front of a hundred spectators had wrought this double crime.

Scanlan and McMurdo made their way back, Scanlan somewhat subdued, for it was the first murder job that he had seen with his own eyes, and it appeared less funny than he had been led to believe. The horrible screams of the dead manager's wife pursued them as they hurried to the town. McMurdo was absorbed and silent, but he

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showed no sympathy for the weakening of his companion.

"Sure, it is like a war," he repeated. "What is it but a war between us and them, and we hit back where we best can?"

There was high revel in the Lodge room at the Union House that night, not only over the killing of the manager and engineer of the Crow Hill mine, which would bring this organization into line with the other black-mailed and terror-stricken companies of the district, but also over a distant triumph which had been wrought by the hands of the Lodge itself. It would appear that when the county delegate had sent over five good men to strike a blow in Vermissa, he had demanded that, in return, three Vermissa men should be secretly selected and sent across to kill William Hales, of Stake Royal, one of the best-known and most popular mine-owners in the Gilmerton district, a man who was believed not to have an enemy in the world, for he was in all ways a pattern employer. He had insisted, however, upon efficiency in the work, and had therefore paid off certain drunken and idle *employés* who were members of the all-powerful society. Coffin notices hung outside his door had not weakened his resolution, and so in a free, civilized country he found himself condemned to death.

The execution had now been duly carried out. Ted Baldwin, who sprawled in the seat of honour beside the bodymaster, had been the chief of the party. His flushed face and glazed, bloodshot eyes told of sleeplessness and drink. He and his two comrades had spent the night before among the mountains. They were unkempt and weather-stained. But no heroes, returning from a forlorn hope, could have had a warmer welcome from their comrades. The story was told and retold amid cries of delight and shouts of laughter. They had waited for their man as he drove home at nightfall, taking their station at the top of a steep hill, where his horse must be at a walk. He was so furred to keep out the cold that he could not lay his hand on his pistol. They had pulled him out and shot him again and again.

None of them knew the man, but there is eternal drama in a killing, and they had shown the Scowrers of Gilmerton that the Vermissa men were to be relied upon. There had been one *contretemps*, for a man and his wife had driven up while they were still emptying their revolvers into the silent body. It had been suggested that they should shoot them both, but they were harmless folk who were not connected with the mines, so they were sternly bidden to drive on and keep silent, lest a worse thing befall them. And so the blood-mottled figure had been left as a warning to all such hard-hearted employers, and the three noble avengers had hurried off into the mountains, where unbroken Nature comes down to the very edge of the furnaces and the slag-heaps.

It had been a great day for the Scowrers. The shadow had fallen even darker over the valley. But as the wise general chooses the moment of victory in which to redouble his efforts, so that his foes may have no time to steady themselves after disaster, so Boss McGinty, looking out upon the scene of his operations with brooding and malicious eyes, had devised a new attack upon those who opposed him. That very night, as the half-drunken company broke up, he touched McMurdo on the arm and led him aside into that inner room where they had their first interview.

"See here, my lad," said he, "I've got a job that's worthy of you at last. You'll have the doing of it in your own hands."

"Proud I am to hear it," McMurdo answered.

"You can take two men with you—Manders and Reilly. They have been warned for service. We'll never be right in this district until Chester Wilcox has been settled, and you'll have the thanks of every Lodge in the coal-fields if you can down him."

"I'll do my best, anyhow. Who is he, and where shall I find him?"

McGinty took his eternal half-chewed, half-smoked cigar from the corner of his mouth, and proceeded to draw a rough diagram on a page torn from his note-book.

"He's the chief foreman of the Iron Dyke Company. He's a hard citizen, an old colour-sergeant of the war, all scars and grizzle. We've had two tries at him, but had no luck, and Jim Carnaway lost his life over it. Now it's for you to take it over. That's the house, all alone at the Iron Dyke cross-road, same as you see here in the map, without another within earshot. It's no good by day. He's armed, and shoots quick and straight, with no questions asked. But at night—well, there he is, with his wife, three children, and a hired help. You can't pick or choose. It's all or none. If you could get a bag of blasting powder at the front door with a slow match to it——"

"What's the man done?"

"Didn't I tell you he shot Jim Carnaway?"

"Why did he shoot him?"

"What in thunder has that to do with you? Carnaway was about his house at night, and he shot him. That's enough for me and you. You've got to set the thing right."

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"There's these two women and the children. Do they go up, too?"

"They have to, else how can we get him?"

"It seems hard on them, for they've done nothing amiss."

"What sort of talk is this? Do you stand back from it?"

"Easy, Councillor, easy. What have I ever said or done that you should think I would be after standing back from an order of the bodymaster of my own Lodge? If it's right or if it's wrong it's for you to decide."

"You'll do it, then?"

"Of course I will do it."

"When?"

"Well, you had best give me a night or two that I may see the house and make my plans. Then——"

"Very good," said McGinty, shaking him by the hand. "I leave it with you. It will be a great day when you bring us the news. It's just the last stroke that will bring them all to their knees."

McMurdo thought long and deeply over the commission which had been so suddenly placed in his hands. The isolated house in which Chester Wilcox lived was about five miles off in an adjacent valley. That very night he started off all alone to prepare for the attempt. It was daylight before he returned from his reconnaissance. Next day he interviewed his two subordinates, Manders and Reilly, reckless youngsters, who were as elated as if it were a deer hunt. Two nights later they met outside the town, all three armed, and one of them carrying a sack stuffed with the powder which was used in the quarries. It was two in the morning before they came to the lonely house. The night was a windy one, with broken clouds drifting swiftly across the face of a three-quarter moon. They had been warned to be on their guard against bloodhounds, so they moved forward cautiously, with their pistols cocked in their hands. But there was no sound save the howling of the wind and no movement but the swaying branches above them. McMurdo listened at the door of the lonely house, but all was still within. Then he leaned the powder bag against it, ripped a hole in it with his knife, and attached the fuse. When it was well alight, he and his two companions took to their heels, and were some distance off, safe and snug in a sheltering ditch, before the shattering roar of the explosion, with the low, deep rumble of the collapsing building, told them that their work was done. No cleaner job had ever been carried out in the bloodstained annals of the society. But, alas that work so well organized and boldly conceived should all have gone for nothing! Warned by the fate of the various victims, and knowing that he was marked down for destruction, Chester Wilcox had moved himself and his family only the day before to some safer and less known quarters, where a guard of police should watch over them. It was an empty house which had been torn down by the gunpowder, and the grim old colour-sergeant of the war was still teaching discipline to the miners of Iron Dyke.

"Leave him to me," said McMurdo. "He's my man, and I'll get him sure, if I have to wait a year for him."

A vote of thanks and confidence was passed in full Lodge, and so for the time the matter ended. When a few weeks later it was reported in the papers that Wilcox had been shot at from an ambuscade, it was an open secret that McMurdo was still at work upon his unfinished job.

Such were the methods of the Society of Freemen, and such were the deeds of the Scowrers by which they spread their rule of fear over the great and rich district which was for so long a period haunted by their terrible presence. Why should these pages be stained by further crimes? Have I not said enough to show the men and their methods? These deeds are written in history, and there are records wherein one may read the details of them. There one may learn of the shooting of Policemen Hunt and Evans because they had ventured to arrest two members of the society—a double outrage planned at the Vermissa Lodge, and carried out in cold blood upon two helpless and disarmed men. There also one may read of the shooting of Mrs. Larbey whilst she was nursing her husband, who had been beaten almost to death by orders of Boss McGinty. The killing of the elder Jenkins, shortly followed by that of his brother, the mutilation of James Murdoch, the blowing-up of the Staphouse family, and the murder of the Stendals all followed hard upon each other in the same terrible winter. Darkly the shadow lay upon the Valley of Fear. The spring had come with running brooks and blossoming trees. There was hope for all Nature, bound so long in an iron grip; but nowhere was there any hope for the men and women who lived under the yoke of the terror. Never had the cloud above them been so dark and hopeless as in the early summer of the year '75.

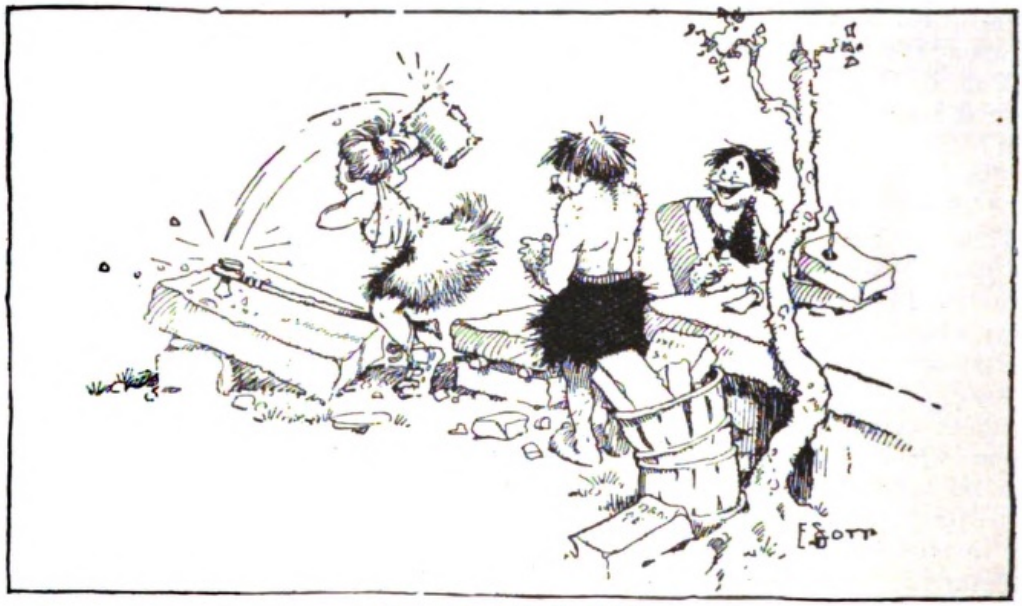
(To be concluded.)

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"As Funny as They Can."

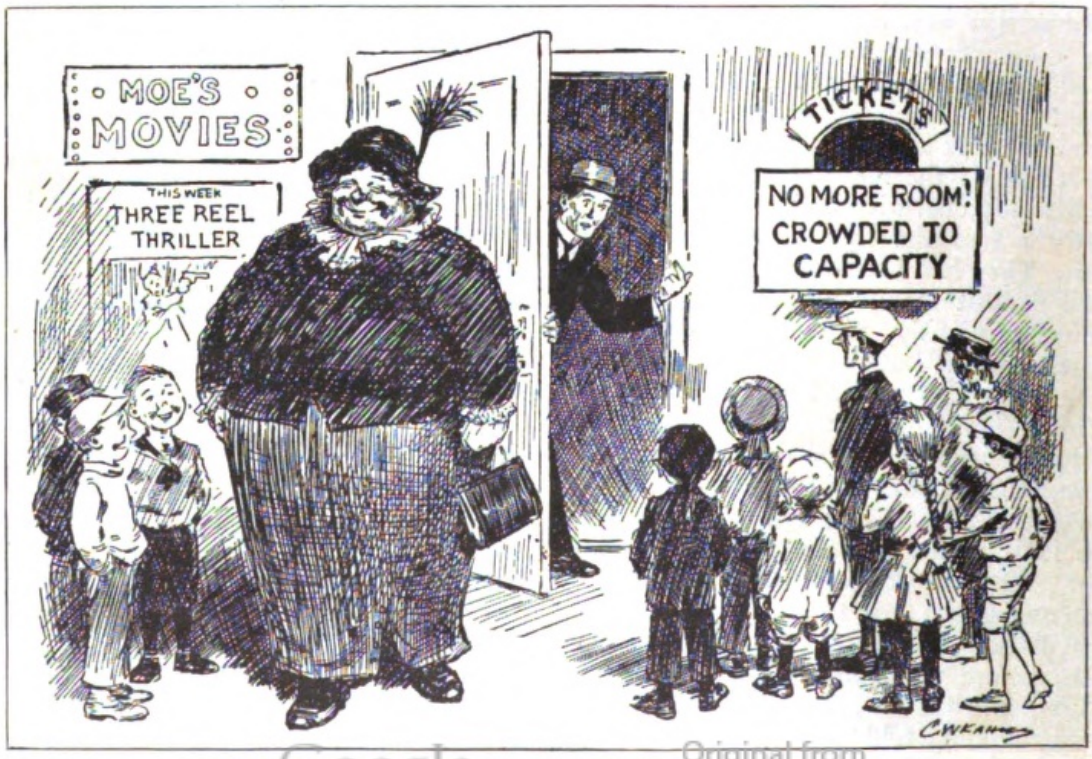
X.

In the present number we have asked the Editor of "Judge," the well-known American comic paper, to edit this section, and he has selected what he considers to be some of the best pictures contributed to "Judge" in recent years.



IN THE STONE AGE.

"She's a wonder! Th' fastest stenographer I ever had. Writes from four to five words a day."



MANAGER: "Three or four more of you can come in now."

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NOT A VIVISECTIONIST.

NED: "My father's a doctor, and yours is only a butcher."

Ted: "Well, my father don't cut 'em up till they're dead, anyway."



YE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

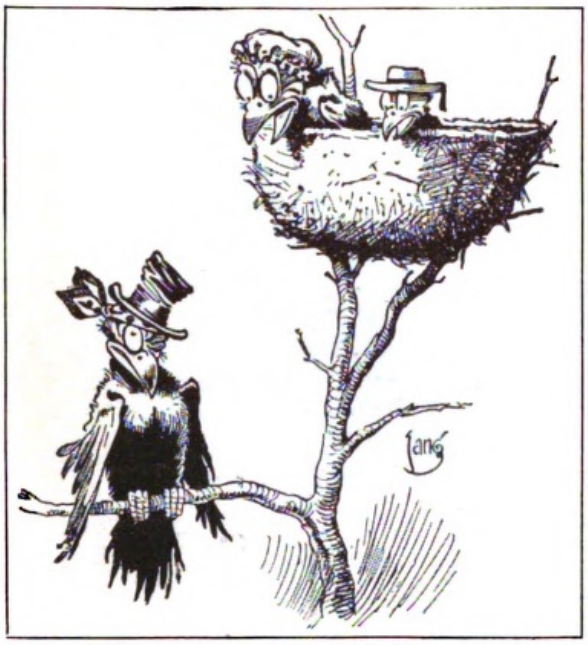


NO INTERFERENCE.

CUSTOMER: "I'm in a great hurry. Can you cut my hair without having me remove my collar?"

Barber: "Yes, sir; you can leave your hat on, too."

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COULDN'T BE DONE.

"Land sakes, Stephen, what's the matter?"

"I heard about those aeroplane birds flying upside down, and I tried it."



OBVIOUS.

HUSBAND (who has been reading about a scandal in high life): "Well, Maria, we may be poor, but at least there are no skeletons in our family."



A BETTER BLOWER.

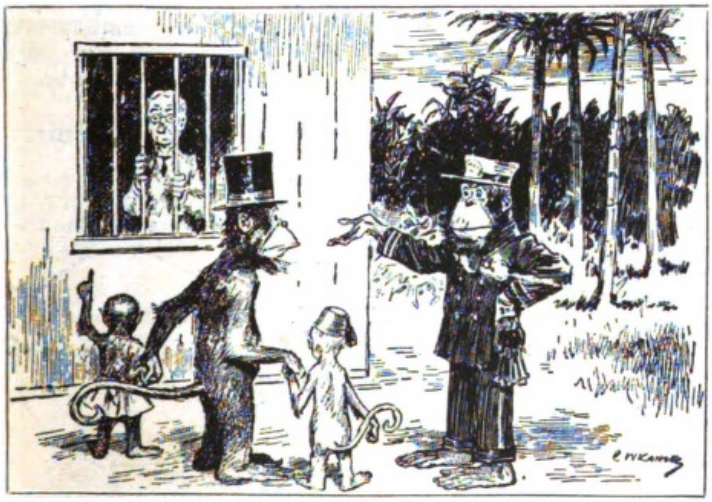
WAITER: "Jest a moment, sir, an' I'll turn the 'lectric fan on yer soup."

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SQUIRE BRIGGS: "James, why do you suppose that old hen persists in laying in the coal-yard?"

James: "Your honour, sir, I think she has seen the advertisement on the barn: 'Now is the Time to Lay in Your Coal.'"



RETRIBUTION.

MR. MONK: "What's he in for?"

Jailer: "Going around claiming to be descended from us."



BEGINNING EARLY.

"Gee whiz! that's a fine catch, my lad!"

"What, this? Why, this is only the bait! I ain't been fishin' yet."



PAT (the fireman): "Do yez need any help? (After a pause) Well, if yez can't answer a civil question, yez can go hang!"



THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

MISS COY: "Oh, what beautiful flowers! There's still a little dew on them."

His Nibs (absent-mindedly): "I know; but I'll pay it to-morrow."

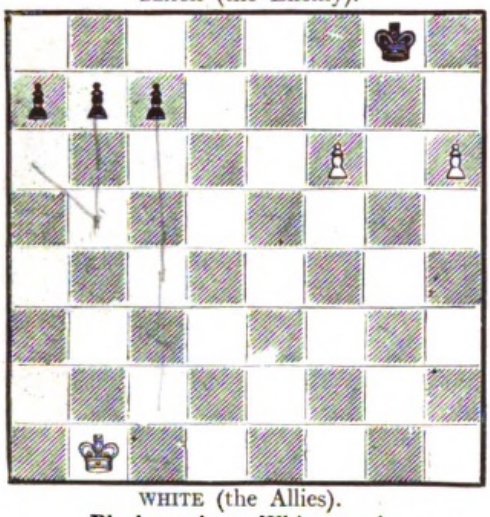
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

241.—WAR STRATEGY.

BLACK (the Enemy).



WHITE (the Allies).

Black to play: White to win.

THERE are strange analogies between war and the game of chess. Here is a remarkable example. The Enemy (Black) has mobilized a superior army and has prepared the advantage of the first move. He is engaged in two theatres of war. On the right he dare not move, or the Allies (White) will immediately advance irresistibly and defeat him. Also, if the Allies first advance here they will at once be annihilated. First satisfy yourself as to the facts on that front.

On the left the Enemy threatens to sweep everything before him, and only by the most correct strategy can the Allies stave off defeat. The Enemy can dash ahead and actually succeed in queening a pawn on the coast, at Calais (indeed, it is his only hope), but total destruction of his army in consequence is inevitable. After his rout on this front he is compelled to retire from the other and suffer utter defeat. Play the end-game with a friend and you will realize its subtlety, for probably you will find yourself as often as not defeated by the Enemy, though (as White) you ought always to win.

242.—FROM THE FRONT.

CAPTAIN ——, of the ——, writing home from —— in ——, says that on a certain day a detachment was marching in regular column, with five men more in depth than in front. When the enemy came in sight the front was increased by 845 men, and the whole was thus drawn up in five lines. From which it will be seen that there were —— men in all. Can you fill up that last blank? How many men were there?

243.—THE AUSTRIAN PRETZEL.

HERE is a twisted Vienna bread roll, known as a Pretzel (*not* to be pronounced Przemysl). The twist, like the curl in a pig's tail, is entirely for ornament.



The Wiener Pretzel, like some other things under the Dual Monarchy, is doomed to be cut up or broken, and the interest lies in the number of resultant pieces. Suppose you had the Pretzel depicted in the illustration lying on the table before you, what is the greatest number of pieces into which you could cut it with a single straight cut of a knife? In what direction would you make the cut?

244.—MEETING THE TRAINS.

AT Wurzletown Junction an old lady put her head out of the window and shouted: "Guard! Guard! How long will the journey be from here to Mudville?" "All the trains take five hours, ma'am, either way," replied the official. "And how many trains shall I meet on the way?" This absurd question tickled the guard, but he was ready with his reply: "A train leaves Wurzletown for Mudville, and also one from Mudville to Wurzletown, at five minutes past every hour. Right away!" The old lady induced one of her fellow-passengers to work out the answer for her. What is the correct number of trains?

245.—QUAINT ARITHMETIC.

I AM composed of four letters. If you multiply my fourth by 2 it will give you my first; divide my first by 20 and it will give you my third; divide my third by 50 and it will give you my second; multiply my third by 10 and it will give you my fourth. My whole is what all young ladies' tempers ought to be.

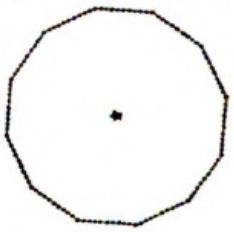
Solutions to Last Month's Problems.

236.—THE STRATEGIC RAILWAYS.

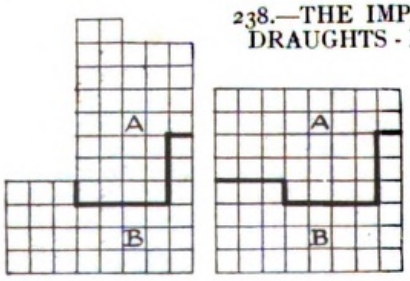
MOVE the trains in the following order: 1, 7, 1, 2, 4, 5, 1, 6, 2, 6, 1, 3, 5, 4, 6, and the trains are reversed in the required fifteen moves.

237.—A MILITARY PUZZLE.

THE illustration shows the supremely easy way of solving this puzzle! The central star is the officer and the dots the men.



238.—THE IMPROVISED DRAUGHTS-BOARD.



THE illustration shows how to cut into two pieces, A and B, that will fit together and form the square board.

239.—ANOTHER STREET PUZZLE.

ON the odd side of the street the house must have been No. 239, and there were 169 houses on that side. On the even side of the street the house must have been No. 408, and there were 288 houses.

240.—CARRYING THE BAGS.

LET the boy continue to carry one bag for one mile and a third; then hand it to the gentleman, who will carry it to the station. Also let the man carry his bag two miles and two-thirds, and then deliver it to the boy, who will carry it for the remaining distance. Then each of the three persons will have carried one bag two miles and two-thirds—an equal division of labour.

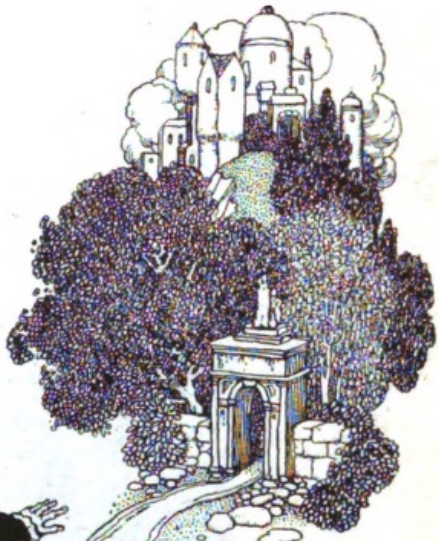
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HOW THE SEA BECAME SALT.

A Norwegian Story for Children.

Retold in English by E. DYKE.

Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson.



ONCE upon a time there were two brothers, one of whom was rich, the other poor. One Christmas Eve the poor man, who had not so much as a crumb of bread to eat, went to his brother and begged him, for the love of Heaven, to give him something.



"'FIRST GO A LITTLE FARTHER,' SAID THE OLD MAN, 'AND YOU WILL COME TO AN ENCHANTER'S CASTLE.'"

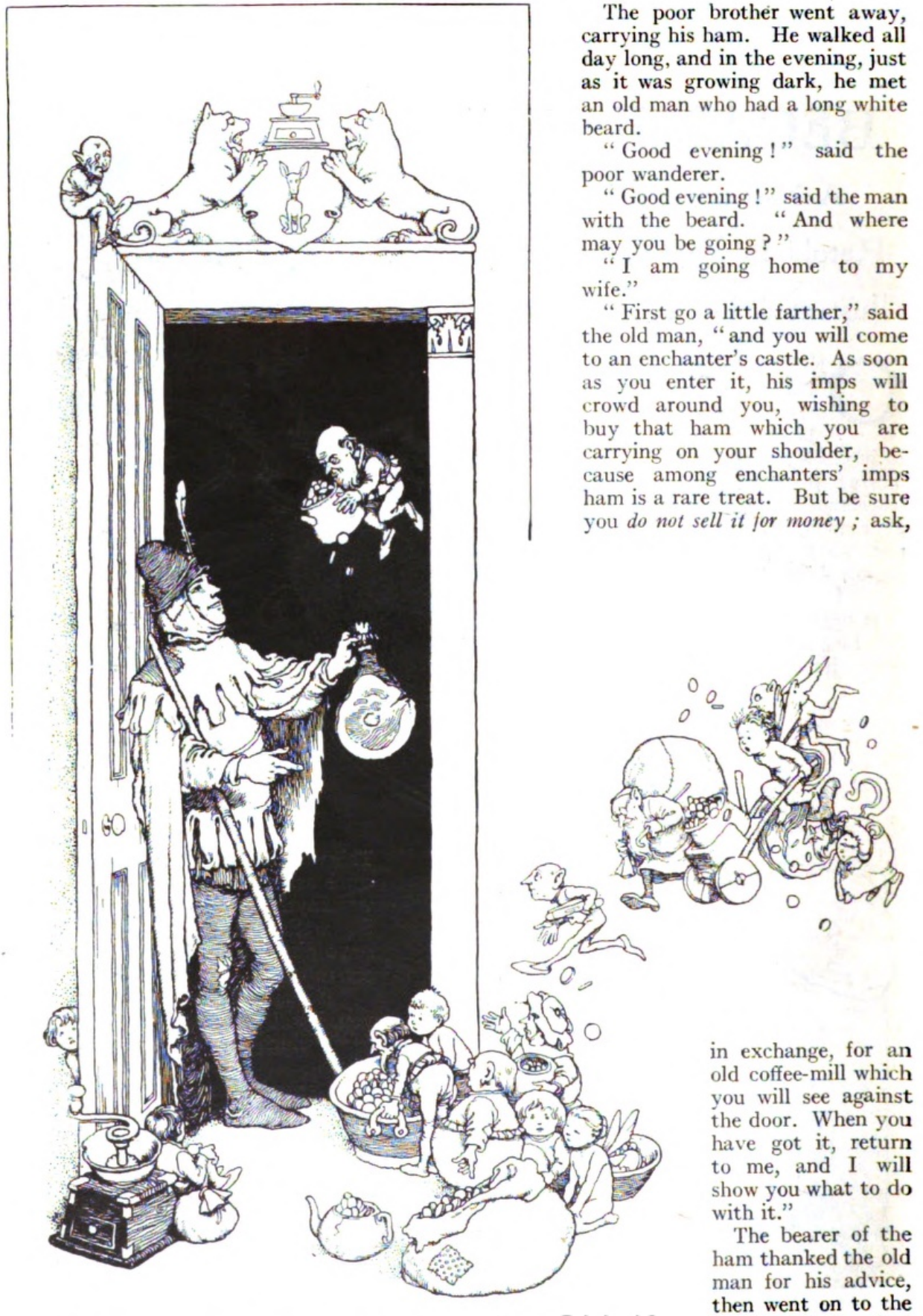
This was not the first time that he had come asking for alms, and his brother was anything but pleased to see him. So, while the poor fellow was still some distance off, the rich man called out to him:—

"If you will promise to do as I bid you, I will give you one of those big hams which are hanging in the chimney."

"I promise," said the poor brother.

"Very good. Here is the ham. Now, *go away*, and never come begging here again!"

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"THE IMPS AT FIRST OBJECTED TO PART WITH THE MILL. THEY BEGAN TO ARGUE AND BARGAIN."

The poor brother went away, carrying his ham. He walked all day long, and in the evening, just as it was growing dark, he met an old man who had a long white beard.

"Good evening!" said the poor wanderer.

"Good evening!" said the man with the beard. "And where may you be going?"

"I am going home to my wife."

"First go a little farther," said the old man, "and you will come to an enchanter's castle. As soon as you enter it, his imps will crowd around you, wishing to buy that ham which you are carrying on your shoulder, because among enchanters' imps ham is a rare treat. But be sure you *do not sell it for money*; ask, in exchange, for an old coffee-mill which you will see against the door. When you have got it, return to me, and I will show you what to do with it."

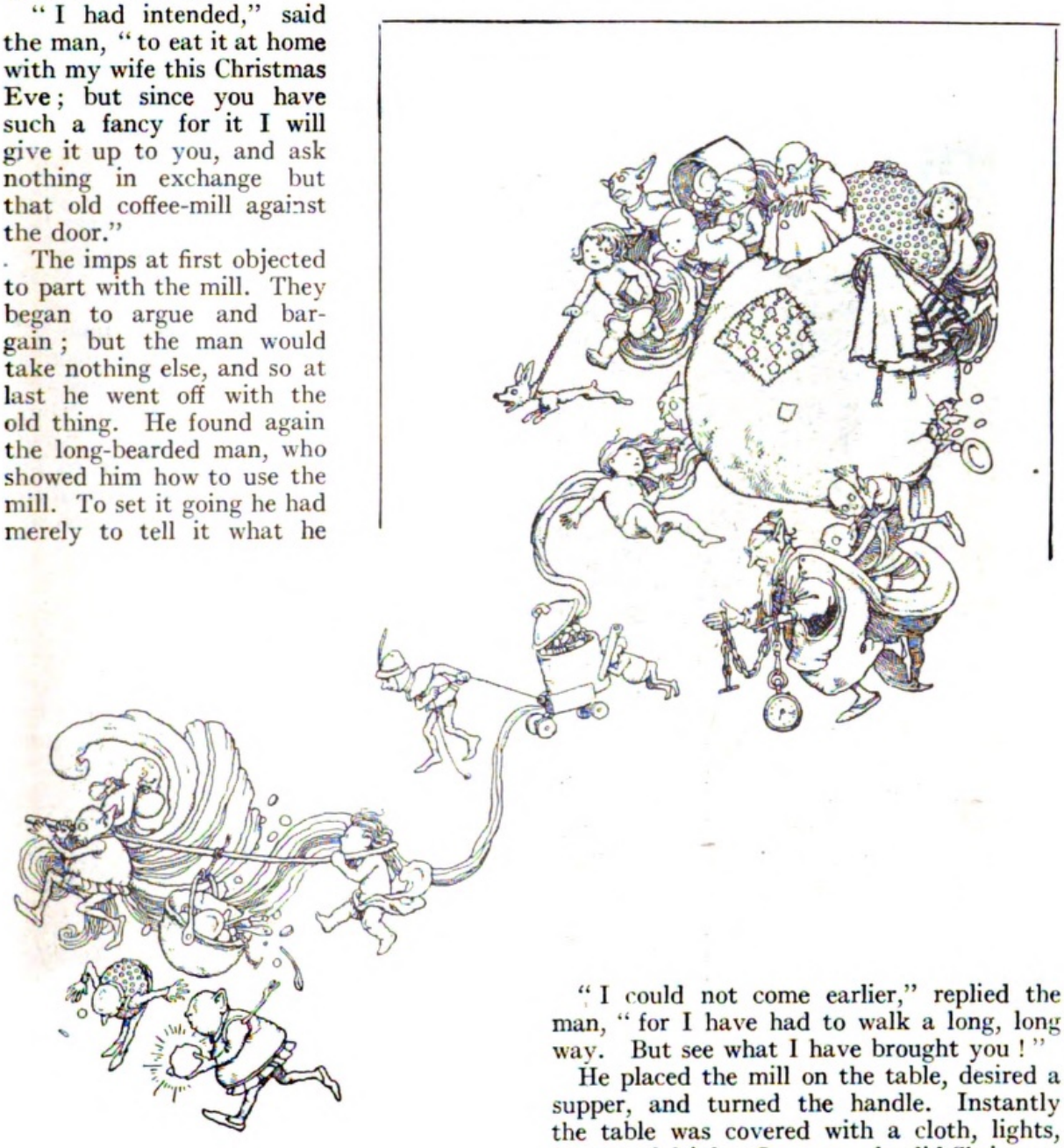
The bearer of the ham thanked the old man for his advice, then went on to the castle. He knocked at the door, and was

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invited to enter. Within, all was just as he had been told it would be. The imps gathered round him and wanted him to let them have the ham.

"I had intended," said the man, "to eat it at home with my wife this Christmas Eve; but since you have such a fancy for it I will give it up to you, and ask nothing in exchange but that old coffee-mill against the door."

The imps at first objected to part with the mill. They began to argue and bargain; but the man would take nothing else, and so at last he went off with the old thing. He found again the long-bearded man, who showed him how to use the mill. To set it going he had merely to tell it what he wished for, but to make it cease grinding he had to place it in a certain position.



The poor man, after heartily thanking his kind friend, turned towards his home, and, though he made as much haste as he could, it was pitch-dark by the time he arrived there.

"Where have you been all this time?" inquired his wife. "I have been waiting for you hour after hour, and I have not so much as a grain of flour with which to make you a Christmas cake."

"I could not come earlier," replied the man, "for I have had to walk a long, long way. But see what I have brought you!"

He placed the mill on the table, desired a supper, and turned the handle. Instantly the table was covered with a cloth, lights, meat, and drink. It was a splendid Christmas feast! Whatever the mill was told to do it did immediately. The woman looked on in awe and wonder, repeatedly making the sign of the cross. Presently she asked where the mill came from, but her husband refused to answer this question.

"Do not trouble your head about that," he said; "be content to enjoy the good things it provides."

So they began to eat and drink.

On the third day after Christmas they gave a grand dinner party, to which they

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he could no longer hold his tongue, and told his brother the story of the mill.

From that time forward the rich man set his heart upon possessing this marvellous thing. His brother at length agreed to sell it to him for three hundred pounds, on condition that

invited all their friends. The rich brother, who was present, was so excited that beads of perspiration stood on his forehead.

"Tell me how it is," he said, "that, though on Christmas Eve you were so poor and came begging for bread, you are now entertaining as if you were a king or a duke. Where on earth does this sudden wealth come from?"

"I found it behind the door," replied the other, who did not intend to part with his secret.

On another night, however,

"THE MAN TURNED IT FIRST ONE WAY AND THEN THE OTHER. IN VAIN! THE MILL WOULD NOT STOP."

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he should keep it in his own possession until harvest time.

" By then," said the " poor " brother to himself, " I can get sufficient treasure out of the mill to last me many years."

And so you will understand that he made the most of his time, and did not allow the mill to rust for want of use. Then, when harvest time came round, he gave it up, but he did not tell his brother how to *stop* it, and his brother, I suppose, did not think of asking.

It was night when the rich man took the mill to his house. The next day he told his wife to go to the fields with the reapers, while he remained at home and prepared the mid-day meal. At the dinner-hour he placed the mill on the table and gave an order.

" Serve us with herrings and milk-soup," he commanded.

Then the mill proceeded to fill all the dishes, all the pots, all the kitchen, with herrings and soup. The man turned it first one way, then another. In vain ! The mill would *not* stop ! Soon the flood of soup had risen to such a height that the man was in danger of drowning. He opened the door of the room ; the passages were quickly filled. When, with difficulty, he managed to reach and open the hall-door the torrent of milk-soup, with its floating herrings, dashed out into the garden.

Meanwhile his wife, at work in the fields, was getting hungry, and wondering why her husband did not call her in to dinner. " Let us return to the house," she said to the reapers. " My husband must have been unable to get the dinner ready ; I will go to help him."

They went towards the house, and were met by a stream of milk-soup and herrings. Through this ever-rising flood waded the rich brother.

" I wish," he exclaimed, " that each one of you had a hundred throats ! Take care that this dinner does not drown you ! "

Then he ran, as though the Evil One had been at his heels, to his brother's house, begging and praying him to take back his mill. " If it goes on like this for only an hour," said the rich brother, " the entire village will be submerged and disappear beneath the milk-soup and herrings."

The " poor " brother consented to take back the mill, but he charged three hundred pounds for doing so ! The rich brother was at his mercy ; the only thing he could do was to pay the money at once, and so stop that dreadful mill.

With this money, and some more provided by the mill, the once poor brother built for himself a splendid house. Its walls were covered with gold, and, as it stood close to the sea, its glittering front was reflected in the water. The house could be seen from afar, and the fame of its lucky owner spread abroad. Many people—some from long distances—came to visit him.

Amongst these was the captain of a passing vessel, who desired to see the mill. He asked whether it could produce salt, and when told that it *could* do so, he resolved to buy it, no matter at what price. " For when I have this mill," he thought, " I shall no longer have to voyage on the sea in order to procure cargoes of salt ; I shall become rich without taking any trouble, just by selling the salt obtained from the mill."

And when the captain had been a long time begging for the mill, the once poor (but now rich) man consented to sell it for an immense sum. As soon as the captain had gained possession of it he hurried away (for fear that the seller might want it back again) without taking the trouble to ask any questions about the proper use of the mill. He took it on board his ship, and when she was right out at sea he stood it on the deck and said to it: " Bring me salt."

And it brought him salt. The ship was filled with salt. The captain then tried to stop the working of the mill, but whichever way he turned it, it went on pouring out salt. The ship broke down with the weight, and quickly sank. The mill fell to the bottom of the sea, where it is still ceaselessly grinding. And this is the reason that the sea is salt.

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Our Greatest Victories on Sea and Land.

THE FINEST ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE BRITISH NAVY AND ARMY, ACCORDING TO EXPERT OPINION.



T is probable, indeed," wrote Sir Edward Creasy, in the preface to his well-known book, "that no two historical inquirers would entirely agree in their lists of the decisive battles of the world." Creasy treated the subject, of course, from the political point of view, measuring the importance of a battle by the result it had upon the destiny of nations and the conditions of mankind. At the moment, with the shock of war almost at our doors, we are more interested, perhaps, in the material achievements of armies and navies. How will the deeds of our naval and military forces to-day compare with those of their past history? What are the greatest achievements of the past with which they will be comparable? With regard to this much more limited question, would there be a better agreement among naval and military authorities than on the part of Creasy's "historical inquirers" on the much larger theme with which he was concerned? In this article will be found the answer to at least two of these three interesting queries.

I.—OUR GREATEST SEA VICTORIES.

1. Defeat of Spanish Armada.
2. St. Vincent.
3. Trafalgar.
4. Quiberon.
5. Copenhagen.
6. Glorious First of June.
7. The Nile.
8. La Hogue.
9. Capture of Gibraltar.
10. Camperdown.
11. St. Lucia.
12. Cape Barfleur.
13. St. Kitts.
14. Portobello.
15. Navarino.
16. Relief of Gibraltar.
17. Off Sicily, 1718.
18. Toulon, 1792.
19. Dover, 1652.
20. Santa Cruz, 1657.

This was the list of our naval victories which we submitted to those taking part in the symposium, with the request that they would make a selection of six, substituting any others if this was deemed desirable.

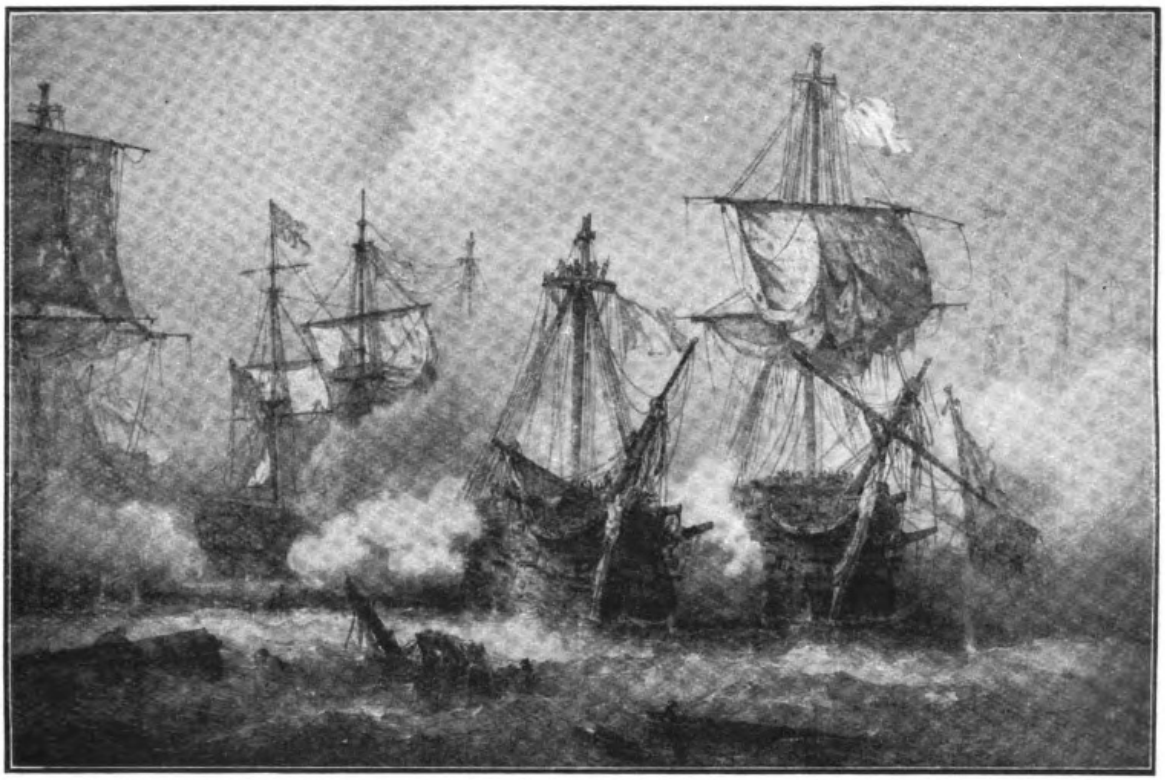
Admiral Rt. Hon. Sir EDWARD H. SEYMOUR.

Sir Edward Seymour, one of the most distinguished admirals on the retired list, whose service extended from 1852 to 1910, as recorded in his very interesting autobiography, "My Naval Career and Travels," made the following choice, "for one reason and another":—

1. Trafalgar.
2. Quiberon.
3. Glorious First of June.
4. The Nile.
5. Camperdown.
6. Santa Cruz.

Of Nelson's two great triumphs, Trafalgar and the Nile, nothing need be said. Every schoolboy knows their story. Quiberon is a much less familiar name, and most people would have to search the map for the scene of this battle off the west coast of France. Yet the destruction of the French fleet by Lord Hawke, on November 20th, 1759, saved England from invasion at a most critical juncture in the Seven Years' War, when the fortunes of our Ally, Frederick the Great, were at their lowest ebb. "The Glorious First of June" is, of course, the title by which Lord Howe's victory over the French off Cape Ushant, in 1794, is known to history. Camperdown was fought against the Dutch fleet by Admiral Duncan on October 11th, 1797, eleven of the enemy's vessels being captured as the result of a severe struggle which occurred a few miles from the place

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THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

of that name on the coast of Holland. Santa Cruz was the greatest exploit of Blake, Cromwell's admiral, the Spanish fleet sheltering in the chief harbour of Teneriffe being destroyed right under the guns of a strong fortress, a feat which Clarendon declared to have been "incredible," and was explained by the Spaniards as having been accomplished by "devils, not men."

Admiral Sir ARTHUR D. FANSHAWE.

Sir Arthur Fanshawe, who has held the positions of Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station, President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth, made the following selection :—

1. Defeat of Spanish Armada.
2. Trafalgar.
3. Quiberon.
4. The Nile.
5. Camperdown.
6. St. Lucia.

It will be seen that two names appear in this list which were not chosen by Admiral Seymour—the Defeat of the Spanish Armada and St. Lucia. St. Lucia was fought by Rodney on April 12th, 1782, against the French, the victory, after eleven hours' fighting, saving the West Indies, and securing Rodney his peerage.

Admiral Sir ROBERT S. LOWRY.

1. Defeat of Spanish Armada.
2. St. Vincent.
3. Trafalgar.
4. Quiberon.
5. The Nile.
6. Camperdown.

"The battles I have left," remarked Sir Robert, "are, I think, the six most important ones in our history." As a possible substitute he mentioned the battle of Taoshima.

St. Vincent, the new name in this list, was won, it will be remembered, by Admiral Jervis against the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, on the coast of Spain, February 14th, 1797, the admiral afterwards becoming Earl St. Vincent in honour of the victory.

Admiral Sir REGINALD HENDERSON.

1. Defeat of Spanish Armada.
2. Trafalgar
3. Quiberon.
4. The Nile.
5. Camperdown.
6. St. Lucia.

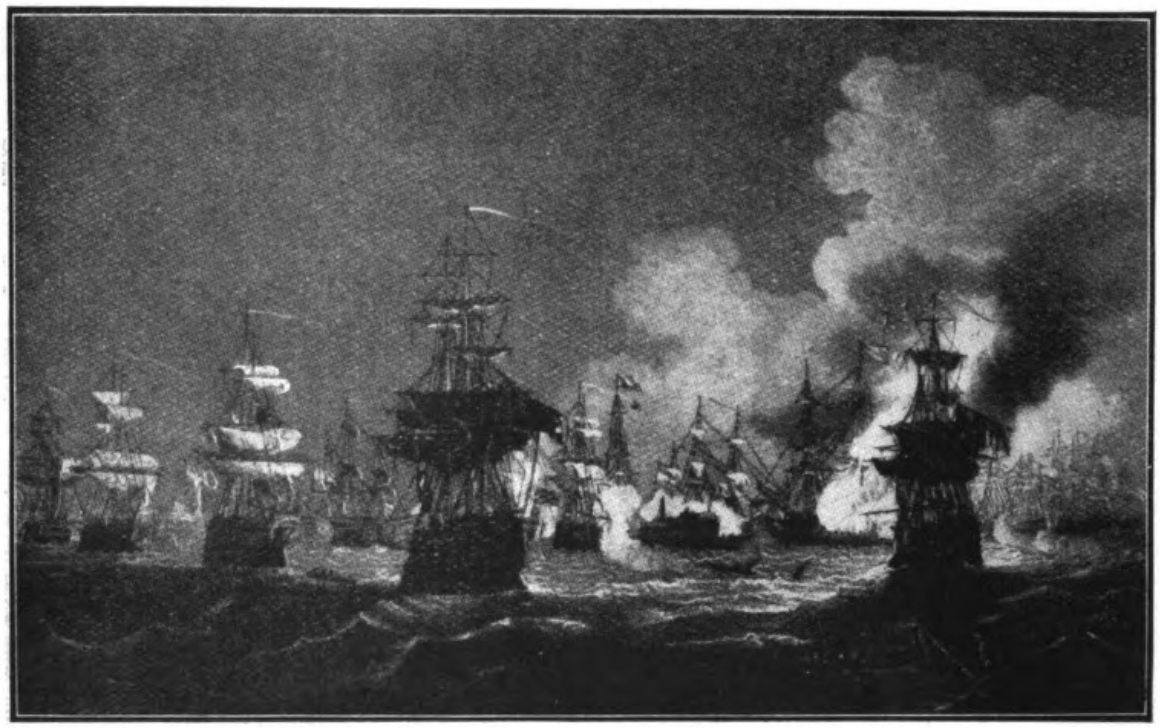
"It would be interesting," observes Sir Reginald, in sending his list, "to learn from the pen of a clever historian the resulting historical effect of the six battles finally chosen, say, for a generation or so after they occurred. I am inclined to think that this has been actually often greater with minor engagements. Take, for instance, the bombardment of Alexandria in our own day. The resulting effect is the position of Egypt and the Soudan to-day.

"For dauntless seamanlike daring," adds the gallant admiral, "I think I should put Quiberon Bay first and the Nile second."

Mr. H. W. WILSON.

1. Defeat of Spanish Armada.
2. Trafalgar.
3. Quiberon.
4. Copenhagen.
5. The Nile.
6. St. Lucia.

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THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

Copenhagen, the new name introduced by this influential writer on naval affairs, is, of course, associated with one of the most striking episodes in the career of Nelson, when he is said to have "turned his blind eye," or "looked through the wrong end of a telescope," towards the signal to retire. Admiral Parker was in chief command of the squadron sent in 1801 to the Baltic after Russia, Sweden, and Denmark threw their naval power into the scale in favour of Napoleon. But Nelson was in charge of the ships which actually attacked Copenhagen on May 2nd of that year. Parker, viewing the fight from a short distance away, was so appalled by the frightful cannonade to which the British ships were exposed from both the Danish fleet and the forts that he gave the signal which Nelson, having a closer view of the actual condition of affairs, so daringly ignored. In the eventual result the Danes, after a most stubborn resistance, were glad to call a truce, having had their fleet destroyed, although their land batteries were still intact.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir GERARD H. NOEL.

1. Spanish Armada.
2. St. Vincent.
3. Trafalgar.
4. Quiberon.
5. The Nile.
6. Capture of Gibraltar.

The Capture of Gibraltar (August 4, 1704), which Sir Gerard Noel introduces into his list, has been described as "a lucky accident." But it is the sort of "lucky accident" which happens only to a brave and resourceful leader in command of men of courage and determination. The British Fleet had been foiled in an attack upon Barcelona when Admiral Sir George Rooke conceived the idea of a surprise attempt upon the great natural fortress. A saint's day (St. Dominic) was chosen for the exploit, because it was believed that a considerable part of the garrison would then be off duty. A party of sailors succeeded in climbing the precipitous eastern side of the Rock, which was believed by the Spaniards to be absolutely inaccessible, and, as they expected, found it unguarded. In the meantime, another party of seamen successfully stormed the South Mole Head — and the British flag was hoisted on Gibraltar. Its capture had been the work of a few hours.

Mr. FRED T. JANE.

The author of "All the World's Fighting Ships" and contributor of the naval article in *Land and Water*, gave us two lists, the first based on consideration of "results achieved" and the second on "difficulties overcome." In his first list he placed (1) the Nile, (2) Defeat of Spanish Armada, (3) Trafalgar, (4) Quiberon, (5) Glorious First of June, (6) Capture of Gibraltar. As we have already indicated, we had in view the greatness of a battle as a naval or military achievement, without regard to its political consequences,

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and we adopt, therefore, Mr. Jane's second list :—

1. Quiberon.
2. The Nile.
3. Glorious First of June.
4. Portobello.
5. Spanish Armada.
6. Trafalgar.

"One does not care to drag in modern analogies," Mr. Jane adds, "especially when information is meagre ; but personally I am rather inclined to fancy that Beatty's action in the North Sea in January, 1915, will not go unplaced when a hundred years hence some editor propounds a similar conundrum."

The victory of Portobello on November 21st, 1739, to which Mr. Jane gives the fourth place in his list, is commemorated in the name of a suburb of Edinburgh, but otherwise, we fear, has been generally forgotten. Portobello was a strong fortress on the Isthmus of Darien (now called Panama) in the occupation of the Spanish, and was captured by Vice-Admiral Vernon on the date mentioned with a squadron of only six ships of the line.

Captain WALTER VERNON ANSON.

1. St. Vincent.
2. Trafalgar.
3. The Nile.
4. Quiberon.
5. Capture of Gibraltar.
6. Camperdown.

Captain Anson, who is a member of an old naval family and the author of some notable naval biographies, including those of Lord Anson, Lord St. Vincent, and Admiral Warren, in explanation of his list said : "I think myself that battles can be divided into two sorts—those in which sheer pluck figured conspicuously and of which we are never tired of hearing, such as Quiberon and Camperdown and the Dutch wars, and those in which strategical abilities were most apparent, such as Trafalgar, St. Vincent, and the Nile. Nos. 1, 2, and 3 in my list are instances of superior tactics ; 4, 5, and 6 of superior pluck.

"I never thought much of the Glorious First of June," Captain Anson continued, "for in that action, as in most others that one studies, the victory of one side is to be traced to the incompetence and weakness of the losing side. Suffren's and Hughes's engagements in the East Indies were those of two great strategists, but, being so far away from Europe, are perhaps not so well known."

Admiral of the Fleet Sir W. H. MAY.

"I think it is a pity," said Sir William May, who has commanded the Atlantic and the Home Fleets, in making his selection, "that you are not able to include more



THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

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than the six, as so many left out are important victories."

1. Spanish Armada.
2. St. Vincent.
3. Trafalgar.
4. Copenhagen.
5. Glorious First of June.
6. The Nile.

Rear-Admiral G. H. B. MUNDY.

1. Spanish Armada.
2. St. Vincent.
3. Trafalgar.
4. Glorious First of June.
5. The Nile.
6. Capture of Gibraltar.

Mr. ARCHIBALD HURD.

"The greatness of a naval victory," said this well-known naval expert, in sending his list, "should, I think, be judged by its political results rather than by the number of ships employed, the destruction done to the enemy, or even the tactical skill of the commander. A victory at sea is a means to an end." In accordance with this view, Mr. Hurd, it will be seen, annotated his selection :—

1. Defeat of Spanish Armada.—"Made us a great sea Power."
2. St. Vincent.
3. Trafalgar.—"Saved Europe."
4. Glorious First of June.
5. The Nile.—"Saved India."
6. Capture of Gibraltar.—"Saved our position in the Mediterranean."

On the whole, our symposium revealed a greater consensus of opinion than might have been expected. Trafalgar and the Nile received the suffrages of all those taking part in it. The Defeat of the Armada had nine votes, Quiberon eight, and St. Vincent six, whilst there was a tie between "The First of June" and Camperdown with five votes. The Capture of Gibraltar was given the preference in four cases, St. Lucia in three, Copenhagen in two, and Portobello in one. The other eight names on our list were eliminated by everybody.

The following are therefore declared to have been

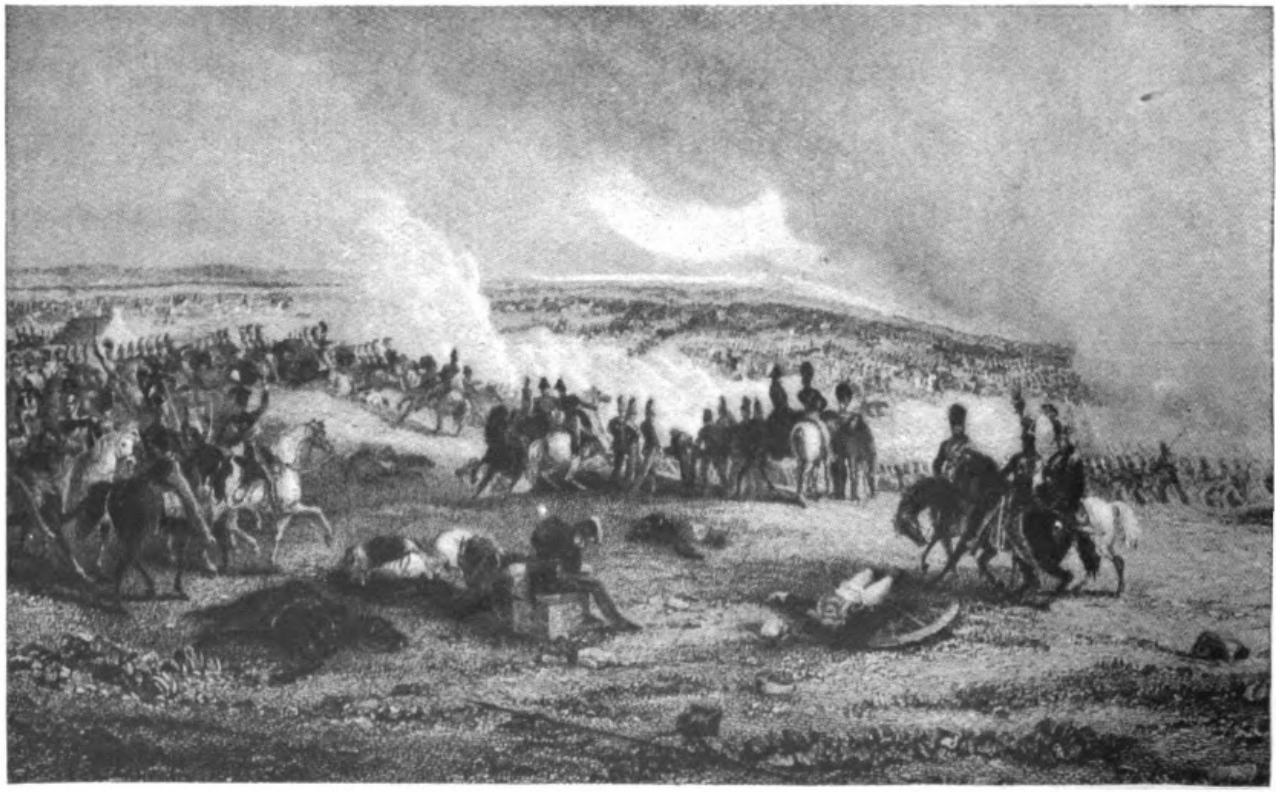
OUR SIX GREATEST NAVAL VICTORIES:

1. **TRAFALGAR.**
2. **THE NILE.**
3. **DEFEAT OF SPANISH ARMADA**
4. **QUIBERON.**
5. **ST. VINCENT.**
6. **GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE.** / **CAMPERDOWN.**

II.—OUR GREATEST LAND VICTORIES.

The military experts were asked to make their selection of six battles, similarly to the naval experts, from the following list :—

1. Agincourt.
2. Crécy.
3. Blenheim.
4. Corunna.
5. Dettingen.
6. Almeida.
7. Oudenarde.
8. Plassey.



THE BATTLE

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9. Minden.
10. Waterloo.
11. Quebec.
12. Inkermann.
13. Ramillies.
14. Alma.
15. Salamanca.
16. Talavera.
17. Vimiera.
18. Lucknow.
19. Abu Klea.
20. Paardeburg.

Brigadier-General J. E. CAUNTER.

Brigadier-General Caunter, whom General Sir Henry Mackinnon nominated to reply in his stead, made the following choice :—

1. Agincourt.
2. Blenheim.
3. Plassey.
4. Salamanca.
5. Waterloo.
6. Inkermann.

"I have eliminated," the gallant officer explained, "the battles which I consider the least important on the plan that one victory only should be taken from each period or series of operations. Thus : (1) would represent the earlier wars in France ; (2) Marlborough's campaigns ; (3) the rise of our power in India ; (4) Peninsular War ; (5) final overthrow of Napoleon ; and (6) Crimean War."

Of these battles, Agincourt (October 25th, 1415) and Waterloo (June 18th, 1815) are familiar in our mouths as household words. Blenheim takes its name from the village in Bavaria near which the battle was fought, on August 13th, 1704, between a composite army of English, Dutch, Germans, Danes, and Austrians, under the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, against the French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard, the number of each army being about fifty thousand. Plassey was won by Clive on June 23rd, 1757, with a force of a thousand English and two thousand sepoys against a Bengal army of fifty thousand foot and fourteen thousand horse—greater odds, perhaps, than have ever been overcome before or since. Plassey avenged the Black Hole of Calcutta and secured the foundations of our Indian Empire. Salamança (July 22nd, 1812), which was fought on the hills near the town of that name, was a most decisive victory in its influence upon the war in Spain, albeit the losses in Wellington's army were nearly equal to those of Marmont, the French general. Inkermann (November 5th, 1855), "the soldiers' battle," is remembered by Crimean veterans as the fiercest encounter in that somewhat unfortunate campaign.

Major-General Sir S. B. VON DONOP.

1. Crécy.
2. Blenheim.
3. Plassey.
4. Waterloo.
5. Quebec.
6. { Alma. / Salamanca.

Crécy, of which the Director of Artillery thinks more than of Agincourt, was fought on August 26th, 1346, and is said to furnish the first example of the use of artillery in land warfare, the English bowmen having small



OF WATERLOO.

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THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

bombards, "which, with fire, throw little iron balls to frighten the horses." The English, under Edward III., were something less than thirty thousand, and the French dead at the end of the fight are said to have exceeded this number.

Quebec, of course, stands for the great victory on the Heights of Abraham, on September 12th, 1759, when the chivalrous leaders of both armies, Wolfe and Montcalm, were killed. With this battle began a peaceful *entente* between the French and English in Canada, to which a monument at Quebec, in honour of both Wolfe and Montcalm, bears testimony.

The Alma (September 20th, 1854), which General Von Donop brackets with Salamanca as being equal in his estimation, was the first battle fought by the English and French in the Crimea, and takes its name from the river which the Allies crossed in the face of a terrific fire from the Russian artillery and infantry on the opposite hills.

Major-General L. B. FRIEND.

In sending the following list, the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland took care to point out that the names were "not necessarily in order of importance":—

1. Agincourt.
2. Blenheim.
3. Plassey.
4. Waterloo.
5. Quebec.
6. Salamanca.

Lieut.-General W. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL.

1. Blenheim.
2. Plassey.
3. Waterloo.
4. Quebec.
5. Salamanca.
6. Talavera.

Talavera, Wellington's victory against Marshal Soult on July 27th, 1809, which the General Officer Commanding at Salisbury introduces into his list, was the Iron Duke's first victory in Spain after his succession to Sir John Moore, who had fallen at Corunna, as Commander-in-Chief. There were about fifty thousand men engaged on each side, Wellington's forces including thirty thousand Spaniards. The losses of both armies were enormous, and the victory had apparently no decisive effect on the campaign.

Colonel F. N. MAUDE, C.B.

1. Crécy.
2. Agincourt.
3. Blenheim.
4. Quebec.
5. Salamanca.
6. Waterloo.

This retired officer of the Engineers, one of the leading military writers of the day, explained that his choice was based on the fact that each of these battles "broke the tradition of victory acquired by the opposing

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troops, and in each the characteristic tactical feature was one which seems to be inherent in the Anglo-Norman type, and which always has made its appearance at the critical moment, from the Battle of Hastings down to the present Battle of the Aisne and in Flanders. Generally we copy foreign models in peace time, but when the crisis arises the models are thrown to the winds, and, whether the weapons are the long-bow and cloth-yard arrow or the magazine rifle, instinctively our leaders employ them in a manner no other race has ever been able to imitate."

Lieut.-General C. L. WOOLLCOMBE.

1. Corunna.
2. Waterloo.
3. Inkermann.
4. Salamanca.
5. Talavera.
6. Lucknow.

As additions to our original list, General Woollcombe, who holds the Eastern Command, also suggested :—

Vittoria. Chilianwallah.

Vittoria might well be coupled with Salamanca and Talavera as one of Wellington's brilliant victories in the Peninsular War. But Chilianwallah? This battle of the Indian Mutiny was doubtless a fine example of British valour. "The gallantry of the 26th Regiment at Chilianwallah," remarks General Woollcombe, "as shown by the losses in officers and men, should appeal to the British public." But nevertheless Chilianwallah was a defeat and not a victory. The Relief of Lucknow, on the other hand, by the joint efforts of Sir Henry Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell in November, 1857, was a military achievement against far superior forces which has been fully recognized by historians of the Indian Mutiny.

A Staff Officer at Salisbury.

1. Crécy.
2. Blenheim.
3. Plassey.
4. Waterloo.
5. Quebec.
6. { Talavera. / Salamanca.

This selection, which comes from an officer preferring to be anonymous, who has made a special study of military history, was annotated as follows :—

Crécy.—"Conspicuous for establishing the fame of British infantry on the Continent."

Blenheim.—"The strategical and tactical masterpiece of Marlborough."

Plassey.—"Laid the foundation of British power in India."

Waterloo.—"Needs no comment."

Quebec.—"Restored the prestige of British arms after the disasters of Byng, Braddock, and Mordaunt."

Salamanca and Talavera.—"The best instances of Wellington's strategic and tactical skill."

Analyzing all our replies, we find a remarkable consensus of opinion in favour of Blenheim, Plassey, Salamanca, and Waterloo. The rest of the votes are split up among Crécy, Agincourt, Quebec, Talavera, Inkermann, Lucknow, Alma, and Corunna. By dividing the votes given jointly for Salamanca and Alma and Salamanca and Talavera, we arrive at the following list of

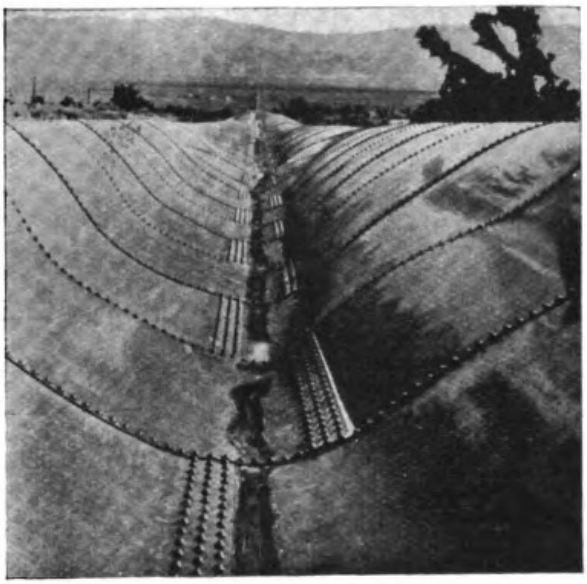
OUR GREATEST LAND VICTORIES:

1. **WATERLOO.**
2. **SALAMANCA.**
3. **BLENHEIM.**
4. **PLASSEY.**
5. **QUEBEC.**
6. { **CRÉCY.** / **AGINCOURT.**

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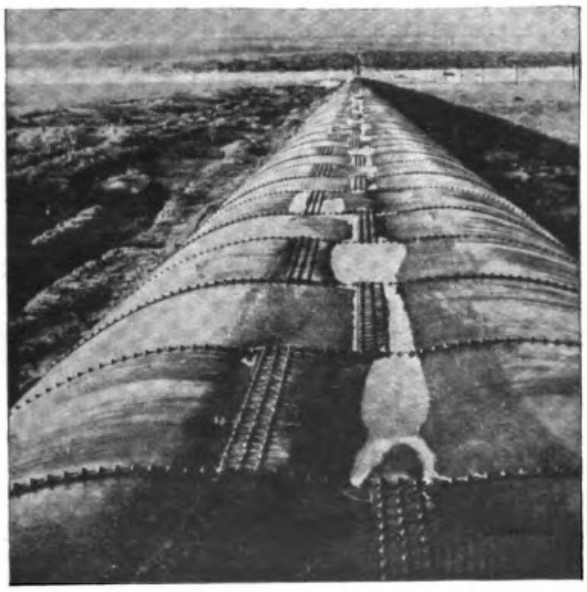
CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



WATER CURE FOR WRECKED PIPE.

THE astonishing force of water flowing under a two-hundred-foot head was shown in the construction of the Los Angeles Aqueduct, in California, when a huge siphon, so large that an automobile could be driven through it, collapsed for the length of ten thousand feet, the top sinking in until it almost touched the bottom plates. The wreck seemed absolutely hopeless, and as the great siphon



had been built at a cost of about fifty thousand pounds, the loss was severe, or would have been but for the brilliant device of Chief Engineer William Mulholland, the builder of the aqueduct. Under his direction the foundation was restored and the break mended; then the water was allowed to flow through the ruined pipe with gradually increasing pressure. Very slowly the tube began to come back into shape; at first a cross section of the pipe resembled the letter U, then, as the topmost plates were lifted, it appeared as an oval, and finally came to a perfect circle, the siphon being restored to its original shape. The photographs show the siphon collapsed and almost completely brought into shape.—Mr. C. L. Edholm, 1,353, West 36th Place, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.



"MAGNET BILL."

THIS stooped, grizzled man does not look a very important person, but the Willys-Overland Co., of Toledo, Ohio, declares that he saves the company his salary a dozen times over every year. "Bill" gets his nickname from the fact that his tools consist solely of one tin bucket and a big steel magnet strapped to the end of a shovel handle. It is his duty to save automobile tyres, by removing from the roadway within the factory precincts every nail and bit of iron, brass, or steel that might cause a puncture.—Mr. H. E. Zimmerman, Mt. Morris, Ill., U.S.A.



THE FIRST INSCRIBED COIN.

THE piece of money here shown is of particular interest, as it is the earliest known inscribed coin. It was struck by Phanes of Halicarnassus, who in B.C. 525 assisted Cambyses, King of Persia, in his invasion of Egypt. The only known authentic specimen is in the British Museum, and we are indebted for the above illustrations to Mr. F. J. Fry, of Cricket St. Thomas, Chard.

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"SPINK, ARMED WITH HIS ANCIENT WEAPON, WAS, SO HE SAID, CONVERTING THE SUBMARINE BELONGING TO THE GERMANS INTO A COLANDER."

(See page 492.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

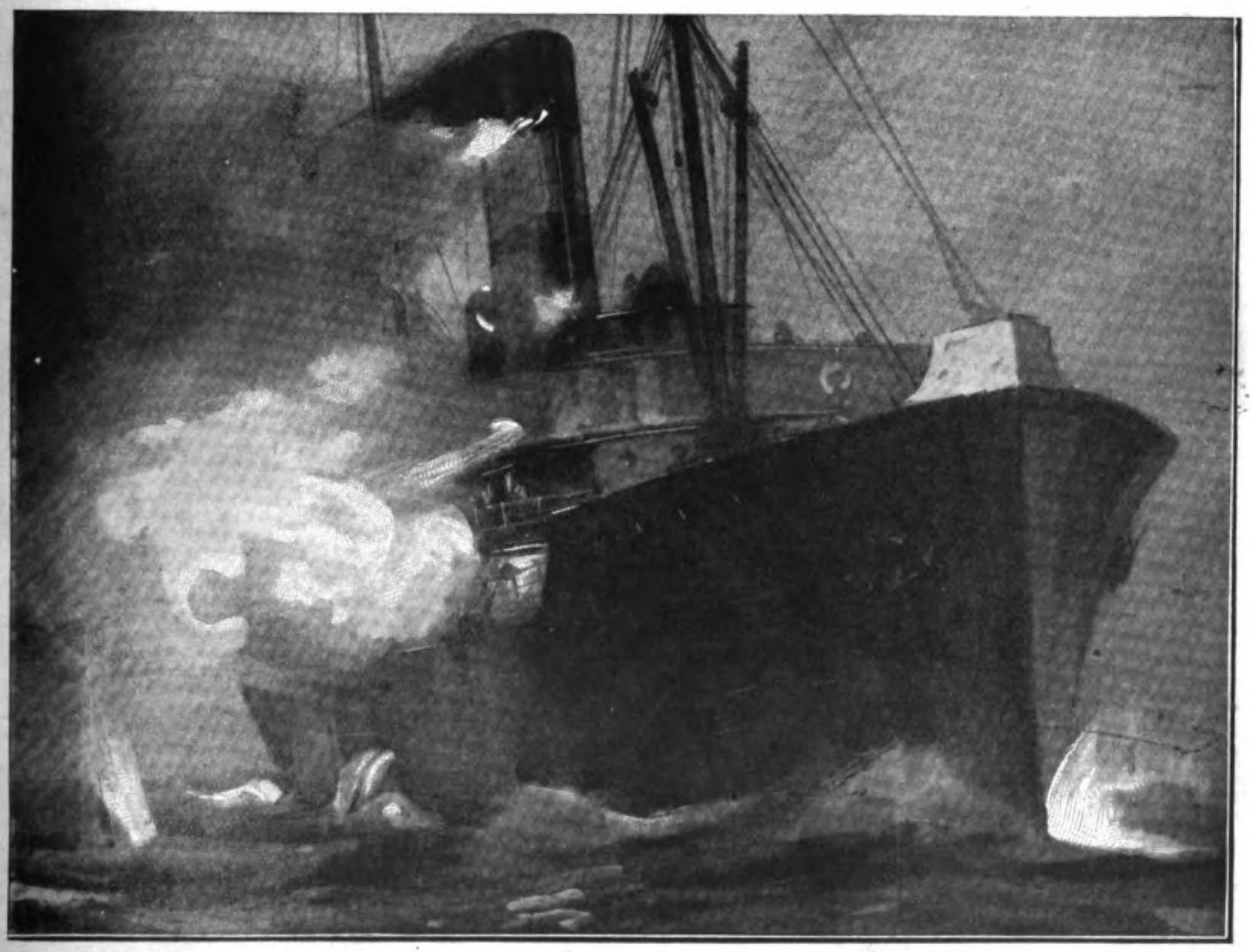
MAY, 1915.
Vol. xlix. No. 293.

Spink and the Submarine.

By MORLEY ROBERTS.

Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

The writer wishes us to state that this story was written last November. "Otherwise," he says, "folks will think I imitated events, whereas events have imitated me!"



CAPTAIN HARRY SHARPNESS SPINK (of Glo'ster) and his two mates, Ward and Day, were seated on the wooden bench up at the old battery at Hull, which overlooks the Humber. Spink, as usual, seemed full of spirits, but Ward and Day were most disconsolate and in anything but good kelter. Ward, indeed, was looking very sulky.

"I'm full up to the back teeth of hearin' about your unfortunate nature," he said, "your superior brand of intellect, and your fast and powerful luck. Oh, Spink, how's that shown up lately?"

For a moment Spink looked almost depressed; but then nothing ever put down the man from Glo'ster for long.

"Everythin' parts at last," he said, "if you only put enough strain on it; and as a seaman you ought to know that, Ward. A man's luck may last for years, but when it butts up against a floating mine in the North Sea, why, no luck will stand it."

That was what had happened to the second *Swan of Avon*.

"Well, what's the good of talkin'?" said

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"'SO WHEN WE GO TO SEA THIS TIME I'M GOIN' TO TAKE A

Day at last putting his oar in. "Here we are, out of a job because you're out, Spink. That's your uncomfortable nature. Through you we've got such a reputation nobody else would take us on at any price."

Their reputation was that of two insubordinate scoundrels, who, by arrangement with their skipper, said what they liked. His reputation was that he allowed them this privilege because of what he called his "fightable nature." For it was notorious in the merchant service that he could not ship a mate he could lick without licking him.

"Oh, all right," said Spink; "but what I was goin' to tell you, if both of you hadn't opened your mouths as wide as the main hatch, was that I *had* got another job. My luck's in, as it always is."

The two mates visibly brightened.

"What's the boat?" growled Ward.

"The *Bannockburn*," said Spink; "I'm takin' her to Bergen."

Ward's jaw dropped. "Not havin' had enough of the North Sea, I suppose," he said. "You hunt trouble, Spink. A jugful isn't enough; you buy it by the gallon."

Spink snorted.

"Oh, Ward, what a coward you are. I feel a contempt for you that a common barge wouldn't hold."

"Well," said Ward, very sulkily, "a torpedo's very disturbin', Spink."

And Spink shook his head as he eyed the mate with withering contempt.

"You do fatigue me, Ward. Now, do you think a submarine would loose off a powerful and expensive torpedo to sink a miserable tramp?"

"Well, yes, I do suppose they'd do it," said Ward.

"Do you know what a torpedo costs?" asked Spink.

But the two mates shook their heads.

"A torpedo, my sons," said Spink, "costs from eight hundred to two thousand pounds. Did you think they were three a penny, or did your minds rise to the price of two for three-ha'pence?"

"I don't care what they cost," said Ward, obstinately; "all the same, they use 'em to sink ships with."

Spink explained, with vivid and stinging blasphemy, that no man in his senses would fire off a thousand pounds to sink a merchantman. But still the mates shook their heads. The Germans would come aboard and sink the ship with bombs. And Spink looked at them with unutterable contempt.

"Don't you see, you pair of bat-eyed, lop-eared galoots, that if I have to lose my ship I'm goin' to make those Germans pay a thousand pounds for gettin' her?"

"What, and we're to be blown up?" said Ward, uneasily.

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GUN WITH ME,' SAID SPINK."

"Well, you don't reckon you're worth a thousand pounds, do you?" asked Spink. "If you was in the market, Ward, for any other purpose than cuttin' up for cats'-meat, I wouldn't give tuppence-ha'penny for you."

"Look here, Spink, if there weren't two policemen comin' along I'd knock you as flat as a flap-jack for that, and if you say it again I will," said Ward, furiously.

Spink waved his hand to put Ward down.

"Havin' said it once I don't want to say it again," he replied, with much dignity. "And to go on with what I was sayin', if I had so much as a peashooter on board I'd plug the submarine with it, or perish. So when we go to sea this time I'm goin' to take a gun with me."

"Yes, and get us all killed," said poor Ward. "I've more than half a mind not to sail with you. What do you say, Day?"

"Oh, I suppose we must," growled Day. "But don't let's hear any more about those guns, Spink. Shootin' at warships isn't a game I care to take a hand in."

"Bah! you haven't a proper contempt for Dutchmen," said Spink, who, by Dutchmen, meant anyone of Teutonic race who wasn't English. "Did you ever see a real German on board an English ship that ever said anythin' but 'Yah' and 'Nein' if you called him a lop-eared leper and rose him off the deck with the toe of your boot? Oh, they're a poor lot; a very poor lot!"

"That's all very well," said Day, who on this occasion really felt with Ward; "but don't let's hear any more about those guns of yours. You'll get us all killed."

"Oh, all right," said Spink, hastily; "don't get snake-headed. You chaps come down on board the *Bannockburn* to-morrow, some time in the forenoon. I've got to do some business."

And with that he went away and left them staring after him. Presently they turned to each other and shook their heads.

"Well, there's somethin' very takin' about Spink," said Ward, with a contemplative air. "I really don't know what it is about Spink that gets hold of you. But I do hope he won't bring any guns aboard."

Next morning, when the mates went on board the *Bannockburn*, they found Spink there already. He was in the sweetest temper. The two mates looked at him with apprehension, for Spink in a good humour was as dangerous as a loaded shell. He said to Day:—

"Look here, I want you to take this letter, see the man it's addressed to, and bring back what he gives you."

"What am I to bring?" asked Day.

"What's that to do with you?" said Spink. "Come, get!"

And that evening Day came down to the wharf alongside the *Bannockburn* with a cart, in which there was an old brass muzzle-loading gun and a couple of rifles.

Ward stood in the gangway and scratched his head.

"I don't like this," said Ward. "I don't like it at all. Between you and me, Day, I think we'd better drop 'em overboard."

And at that moment Spink came up behind him.

"Drop 'em overboard, will you?" said Spink. "I'll see to that. Good boy, Day; I'm glad you've brought 'em."

And a few days later they cleared for Bergen. Take them all round, the crew loved Spink already. He swore at them in an original way which captured their fancy. They smelt an adventure, and argued as to the powers of their brass gun. But on the whole the deck hands were happier than the

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engineers and stokers, who were a little alarmed about mines and torpedoes. Yet they, too, presently bowed down to the "old man."

Spink took no interest in the navigation, and little, so Day said, in his food. He would listen to none of Ward's artless confidences about girls, for his heart was with his gun. He played with it from morning till night "just as if it was a baby," and set Day to make cartridges, after discussing how much powder Ward and Day thought would burst it.

"Who's goin' to fire it off?" asked Day, suspiciously, as he worked on the main hatch.

Spink jerked his thumb over his shoulder at Ward, who was on the bridge.

"Oh, Ward," he said. "Ward, of course; but don't tell him so."

And Day, on that understanding, filled up the cartridges. When he had made one, Spink took it up on the bridge to Ward, who held it suspiciously, and said:—

"Look here, Spink, this is all very well, but who's goin' to fire these off?"

"Day, of course; but don't tell him so," said Spink.

"I'm hopin' to thunder you'll never see a submarine," said Ward.

And Spink said Ward had the enterprise of a canned lobster. As a matter of fact, he had a firm belief that if he did see a submarine he would sink it, and thereby get into the papers. He had had three or four paragraphs to himself at one time and another, but what he wanted was a whole column in the *Times*. He said so to the mates that day when they happened to be on the bridge together in the first dog-watch.

"We'll all be in the papers over this if a submarine does come along," said Spink, happily.

"Oh, yes," said Ward, "we'll be in the papers right enough—'Another steamship and all hands sunk by a German submarine.'"

And Spink shook his head and turned to Day.

"I say, Day, isn't it strange? You're not so much bigger than me, only broader, and I've never seen you nervous, like Ward. I suppose with a man of his size it takes a lot of courage to spread all over him."

"Don't talk about me as if I wasn't here," said Ward. "I don't like it."

"Whether you like it or not, you must put up with it," said Spink. "I must sometimes say what I think."

"I don't like the way you talk, either, Spink," said Day. "You're too reckless; you butt your bally bull's head into everything that comes along. And I'm not the fool you think."

"Perhaps you aren't," said Spink.

This quite pleased Day, who was always and perpetually unsuspicious.

"Ah," he said, "I know it's only just your way to let on I'm a fool."

"Well," said Spink, "the way of it's this. I was thinkin' that if you weren't as big a fool as I think you are, you're a big enough fool for any ordinary purpose. Ward thinks you're a fool, too."

"No, I don't," said Ward, who hated to be on bad terms with Day.

"You're a disagreeable blighter to have for a skipper," said Day. "Why should you try to rise a disagreement between me and Ward?"

"Well, don't let's have a row about it," said Spink. "We may be all dead to-morrow, and I wouldn't like to go out of the world thinkin' my last words had been unkind to my two prize fools of mates. Oh, I wouldn't like to think that, Ward."

He spoke with a kindly smile that almost touched Day's heart.

Later, in the second dog-watch, when the skipper was on the bridge, the second mate, who had gone down on deck for a moment, put his head into Ward's cabin.

"I say," said Day.

"Halloa!" said Ward.

"Do you know, after all these years, I don't believe we know the old man yet?" said Day, feelingly.

"Why, what's he been guffin' about now?" asked Ward.

"Well, it was when he let on he wouldn't like to die thinkin' he'd quarrelled with us," said Day. "There was almost tears in his eyes about it."

"Oh, was there?" said Ward. "Well, he's all right; only he can't be let think so. Don't be a soft ass, or we'll have no peace."

On the fourth day, when the weather was very thick and they reckoned they were off the coast of Denmark, an English destroyer came up to them out of the fog and took stock of the *Bannockburn*. The whole crowd was so much interested that the watch below turned out of their pews to have a look. The skipper and the two mates were both on the bridge. Ward showed considerable nervousness when they first spotted the t.b.d.

"Good dancer you'd make, Ward," said Spink, with a sniff.

"What the blazes do you mean?" asked Ward.

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"The light way you jump from one foot to another when you're scared," said Spink. "You'd tickle a dancing-master to death."

"Well, maybe this chap's a German," said Ward.

"German?" said Spink. "What kind of a sailorman do you call yourself in war-time, and don't know the profile of an English torpedo-boat? But there, you always were ignorant and uneducated. I wonder who it was that had the thought of bringin' you up to the sea, and you so light on your feet, too?"

"Oh, shut it!" said Ward, endeavouring to keep his feet still.

The destroyer came up alongside and hailed them, and Spink had a little conversation with the skipper. When Spink had told him where the *Bannockburn* was bound to and what with, and generally speaking all about it, he asked eagerly if the officer had seen any submarines.

"There are two about," said the young "owner." "We're looking for them."

"Ah! so am I," said Spink.

"You're what?" asked the naval lieutenant.

"Lookin' for submarines," said Spink, earnestly.

"Yes! And what are you going to do with one if you get one?" asked the lieutenant.

"Shoot it full of holes," said Spink, firmly.

"Have you got a gun on board?" asked the naval officer, laughing.

"Oh, yes, an old brass gun," said Spink, eagerly. "I bought it out of a marine store in Hull, on the off chance, and I've got an elephant-gun and a ·450 Express. I say, tell me one thing—do you think a four-bore elephant-gun with a hard conical bullet and sixteen drams of powder behind it would plug a hole through three-eighths mild steel?"

"Ask me another," said the lieutenant.

"I've been tryin' to get a pointer on that ever since I knew I was comin' this trip," said Spink, with a sigh, "and everyone contradicts everyone else. I've got two letters on board me now from chaps who ought to know, each sayin' the other's a condemned liar. However, I'm not scared of submarines."

"Well, they might sink you," said the lieutenant.

"Come, do you reckon they'd loose off a thousand-pound torpedo to sink a miserable old tramp like this?" asked Spink.

"The latest class have guns that would sink you," said the lieutenant; "but, anyhow, they'll just hike you out of her and open the sea-cocks, or blow your bottom out with a bomb and a time-fuse."

But that made Spink dance. He heard Ward behind him say to Day: "What about me and a dancing-master now?"

"Oh, but I wouldn't come out," roared Spink. "I'd rather be blown up and cost 'em the money. I'm not like those chaps I read of the other day. If I have to lose my ship I'll lose her, but I ain't goin' to take orders from a German. My name's Spink. Did you ever hear of me, by the way? I'm Captain Harry Sharpness Spink, of Glo'ster, formerly of the *Swan of Avon*."

"No, I can't say I have," said the lieutenant.

"Oh, all right, my cock, but you will," said Spink. "However, if I do run across a submarine and can't finish her myself, I'll blow my whistle for you."

Next day, just at four bells in the morning watch, Spink, who had the whole crowd on the look-out, was the first to see something. He nudged Ward and pointed out on the starboard bow to something not unlike a spar, sticking out of the water.

"D'ye see that, Ward?" he asked, in great excitement.

"Yes, I see it," said Ward. "What is it?"

"That's my submarine," said Spink, with obvious joy.

"Your submarine?" said Ward, nervously. "Then Heaven help us! Oh, is she lookin' at us, Spink; is she lookin' at us?"

"That's what she does it with," replied Spink. "And seein' what we are, she'll come up. Watch now."

And in a few moments they saw the submarine's periscope rise still higher. A little more, and the conning-tower came up and she was awash, and headed for them.

"What are you goin' to do?" asked Ward.

"Do?" said Spink. "I'll run her down if I can!"

And with that he motioned with his hand to the man at the wheel, and the seaman ported his helm.

"Steady," said Spink.

If the submarine had come up within half a cable's length the *Bannockburn* might have run her down. But she avoided the tramp easily and, after passing to port, rounded to under her stern and came up alongside her on the starboard side.

"She carries guns," said Ward—"guns!"

"One-pound pop-guns," said Spink. "She's an old-class boat. You wait till I get my brass gun to work! Then, you'll see!"

What they saw just then was the lid of the conning-tower open and a man's head come up. By this time most of the *Bannockburn's*

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"'LOOK HERE,' SAID SPINK, 'IF YOU SO MUCH AS POINT A

engine-room crowd came up, too. So did Day.

"Canned German!" said Day, with a snigger that angered Ward horribly.

"Stop your engines," said the canned German, "and get a boat over the side."

The *Bannockburn* and the submarine were now running neck and neck.

"Eh?" roared Spink, as if he was much surprised.

The skipper of the submarine repeated his orders.

"You blighters go down on the main deck," said Spink to the mates, "and cast loose that brass gun and just train it on him quietly. I've got the rifles here."

And although Day skipped down lightly, Ward followed reluctantly. As he went he said:—

"You'll get us all killed, Spink; you'll get us all killed."

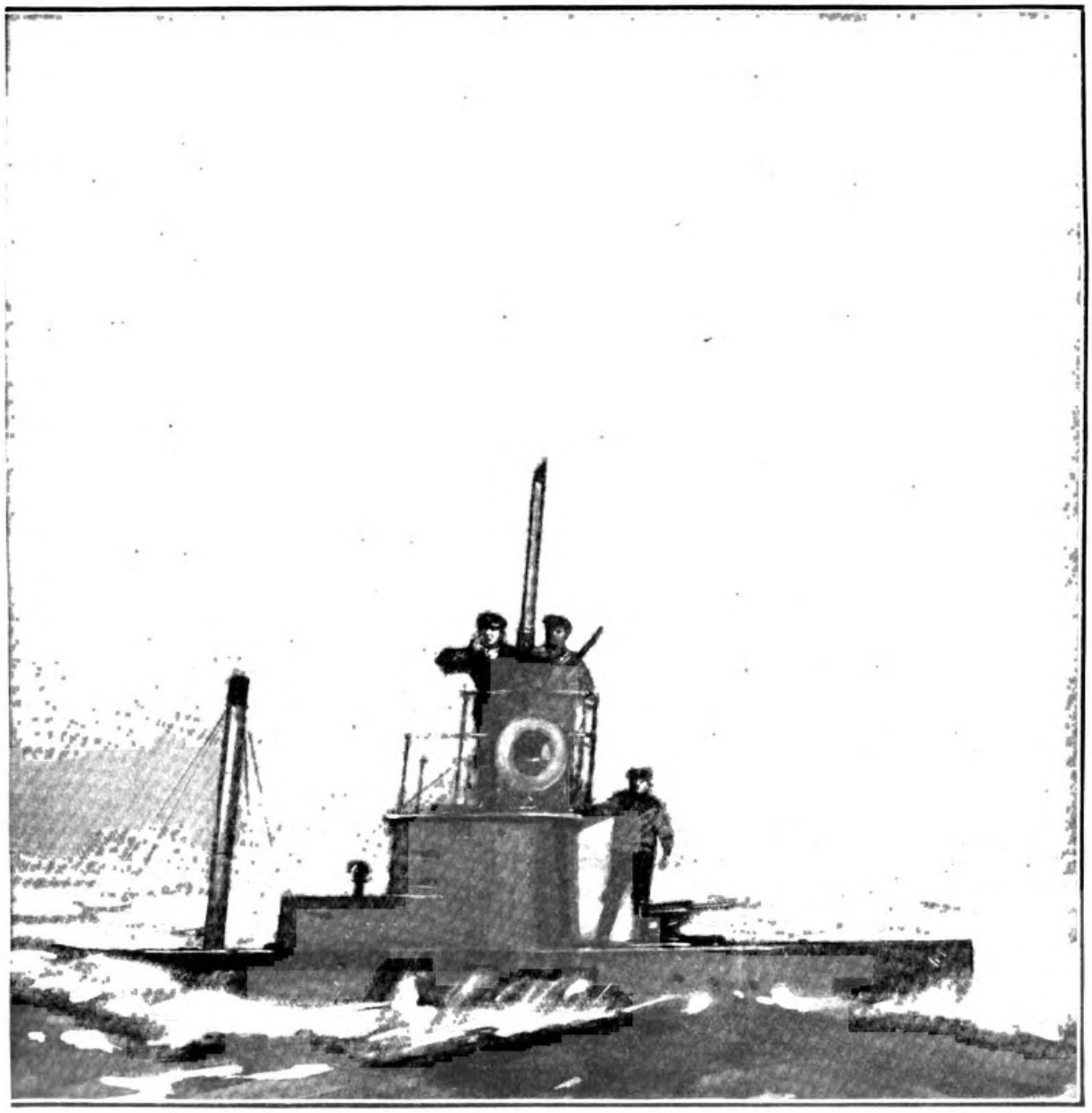
Then Spink began to talk. He appeared indignant, not to say outraged.

"What do you mean comin' up in that surprisin' way and stoppin' me on the high seas?" he roared. "Who are you, anyway? Why, there might be a war on, the way you talk."

"Oh," said Day to Ward, "that's his game, is it? Lets on he doesn't know there's a war. I wonder where we've been the last three months?"

"Well, there is a war," said the skipper of the submarine. "Where are you from?"

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THING AT ME, I'LL SHOOT YOU WITH MY BIG BRASS GUN.'"

"Kodiak Island," said Spink; "and what's more, I'd like to tell you that if you have any kind of footy war over here, I'm an American. Are you a Dutchman?"

The amazed skipper of the submarine would perhaps have enjoyed seeing Day doubled up on the main deck with laughter. And Spink, who thought he could talk splendid American when he was in the mood, turned himself loose.

"Yes, sirree, I'm an American, I am, and I'd hev you to know my kentry'd blow any goldarned European kentry out of the water if her ships are interfered with on the high seas. So you go home, little man, and tell your King or Emperor to keep his play-boats where they'll be safe."

At this the German lost his temper and swore in his own language. Spink rebuked him.

"Come, now, don't you swear at me. I understand that kind of thing, and I'm religious. Besides, I can swear Dutch myself. *Gottsdonner-kreutzen-Schwerenoth*," said Spink, loosing off a long word out of Hans Breitmann's Ballads. "What d'ye think of that? I tell you I won't be sworn at, so take your tomato-can away. But, say, sonny, is there a war?"

"Stop!" said the submarine skipper, very angrily. "Stop your engines. I vill on board come and your papers examine. You are Englisch!"

"Oh, am I?" said Spink. "And what'll happen if I don't stop?"

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"I shall you out of the wasser blow," said the submarine skipper.

"With that derned pea-shooter of yours?" said Spink, contemptuously, pointing with his thumb to the one-pounder.

"Mein Gott, no; mit a torpedo!" roared the German.

By this time there were three other men standing alongside the skipper of the submarine.

"Look, there's more of them come up, Ward," said Day, who was watching eagerly. "They've got rifles, too. They'll shoot at Spink, that's what they'll do."

"Serve the fool right," said Ward, bitterly. "I could shoot at him myself! What right has he to risk our lives like this?"

"Your girls will feel your loss some," said Day.

"Oh, dry up!" said Ward. "Do dry up about girls just now."

And again they heard the voice of the submarine man.

"If you do not at once stop," he said, "I shall at you shoot, and then if you do not stop I shall mit a torpedo sink you."

"Look here," said Spink, "if you so much as point a thing at me I'll shoot you with my big brass gun. Do you suppose that a citizen of the free and independent United States of America is goin' to be talked to like that? Bulldose me, would you? Me, bulldosed by a Dutchman! That ain't goin' to be my epitaph. If you threaten again to shoot me I'll shoot at you, so go home and we'll say no more about it."

"What's the German say to that?" said Ward to Day, who was still peeping.

"He's talkin' to some of the other chaps," said Day.

They heard the voices come across the water.

"Der mann muss wahnsinnig sein," said one of them, or something like it.

Spink leant over the bridge and said:—

"What was that he said, Ward?"

"Why, man, he let on you were mad," said Ward, disconsolately; "and so you are—quite, quite mad!"

It was a difficult position for the German, blockade or not, war-zone or none. Spink knew well that Germany had no desire to annoy America, and if the skipper of a boat refused to stop, the submarine could do nothing to make her obey orders if he didn't torpedo her. That this could not be done for the moment Spink was perfectly aware. To loose off a torpedo a submarine must be stem on.

"Once I haf said, twice I haf said stop!" roared the German. "If you do not I shall at you shoot mit a gun."

"If you dare to," said Spink, "I'll have the law of you. I don't allow anybody to threaten me and I never did, except my mates, owin' to circumstances you know nothin' about."

And then the skipper of the submarine spoke to a man on his right hand, who actually levelled his rifle at Spink.

"You stop!" said the German.

"Be reasonable; I can't—I really can't," urged Spink. "You've scared the life out of the chaps down in the stokehold and engine-room by talkin' so loud about torpedoes, so there's not one of 'em will go below. Tell me, what am I to do if they won't? Don't you see it wouldn't be fair to shoot me if I can't get anybody to go below?"

"He'll be killed!" said Day. "I know it; I know it!"

"It's a pity he wasn't killed long ago, before we ever started on this trip," said Ward, mournfully.

And then the submarine man fairly lost his temper. He gave the word, and the man who was standing by him fired. It is probable that he aimed to miss Spink. At any rate, the bullet did miss him and went through the chart-house. And Spink shook his fist in a sudden fury and dropped out of sight. He ran down the port ladder fairly bellowing.

"I vote we don't help him," said Ward, as Spink appeared. "Oh, Spink, don't, don't! You'll be gettin' us all killed!"

"You're not the cur you make yourself out to be," said Spink, savagely.

And with that he rammed the ·450 Express into the mate's hands.

"Now's the time to save your character, Ward," he cried, in great excitement. "I've got the elephant-gun, and I'll plug her as full of holes as a ladder. Shoot at me, would he? Loose off that brass gun at him, Day; loose it off!"

And Day, who was now as eager as a boy with a toy gun on the fifth of November or the American Day of Independence, and had half-a-dozen to help him, struck a match and loosed off his brass gun. It jumped off the deck like a rock wallaby off its tail and knocked Day and the bo'sun endways. But it made a first-class noise, and Spink was delighted.

"Did you plug her? Oh! did you plug her?" he roared.

Day picked himself up and touched gingerly

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"THE GUN JUMPED OFF THE DECK LIKE A ROCK WALLABY OFF ITS TAIL AND KNOCKED DAY AND THE BO'SUN ENDWAYS."

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one or two places where the skin was missing, and said, piously :—

"Heaven only knows where the shot went; I don't."

"Fill her up again; fill her up again!" said Spink. "Keep it up, Sandy!"

And at that moment there was another rifle shot. Ward gave a fearful leap into the air.

"I'm killed, I'm killed!" he roared.

"Oh, no, you're not," said Spink. "All he's done is to clip away part of that ear of yours. You'll never miss it. It'll rouse you, that's all."

It did rouse Ward.

"They've chipped a piece right out of my starboard ear, have they?" he said. "Oh, do let me get at 'em!"

And with that he took up a position which he thought secure, and loosed off the Express as fast as he could load. Spink let off the elephant-gun incautiously, and was promptly knocked flat upon the deck.

"I hope it hurt someone half as much as it hurt me," said Spink, as he rose, with his hand to his shoulder.

"Hold it tight, you silly ass!" said Ward.

"All right," said Spink. "Keep it up; drive 'em off the upper works of their tin can. Come on, Day; come on, bo'sun! Fill up the brass gun again, and stand clear of it when you fire."

While Ward was pumping lead as fast as he could, Spink, armed with his ancient weapon, was, so he said, converting the submarine belonging to the Germans into a colander.

"I'll make 'em take it home and prepare sauerkraut in it," said Spink. "But, this is a gun, Ward; a real gun. Does yours kick, too?"

"Not so much," said Ward.

"It's not half my gun. And now I shall know which of those two blighters told me the truth," said Spink. "One of 'em let on that a hard conical bullet in a four-bore would plug holes in any old submarine, and the other said he was a liar, and let on it'd only make a dent."

"Hold your jaw!" said Day. "You look as if you don't know the kind of thing you're handlin'."

"You don't know the kind of thing you're handlin', by the way you sit down every time after loosin' yours off," said Spink. "But I believe my gun works! I do believe it works! Now I have a great respect for a man that shoots elephants. Give me some more of those cartridges, Day; I've got 'em fairly scared. See 'em skippin' down below! Now they're puttin' the lid on! Fire away and don't talk," said Spink, who was doing all the talking himself. "Fire away, my boys!"

He was enjoying himself amazingly.

"Now I'll skip up on the bridge again and try and keep her so that he can't get stem on to loose off a torpedo at us," he said at last. "He'll plug us now if he can, sure pop! Oh, this is great!"

And, still holding his four-bore, he ran up on to the bridge and took charge, just as the submarine began to submerge. He fired one or two more shots at the periscope, and presently swore that he'd hit it. Then, remembering about the torpedo-boat, he yanked the lanyard whistle tight and made it fast, so that the siren hooted and squealed through the fog without ceasing. And then, just as Day began to count up the sound spots on himself, the real fog came down on them and the submarine was lost. At that very moment there was a frightful explosion on the bridge, and Spink disappeared behind the weather-cloth. He rose up and, rubbing his right shoulder, remarked, joyfully :—

"Both barrels went off at once that time! Come, this is something like a gun! How did you get on with your brass one, Day?"

"Oh, to thunder with your brass gun!" said Day. "I've hardly a spot on me that's sound, and two of these chaps are fair broke up."

"Can you see the submarine?" asked Spink, with callous disregard of the wounded.

"No, of course I can't, through this fog," sniffed Day.

"I believe she went down," said Spink. "Filled with holes, she was! Oh, I do believe it, I do!"

"And I don't," said Day, crossly.

But Ward was inclined by now to think there was something in Spink's idea. And still the siren squealed. Now it was a sound of triumph, or so Spink declared, as he danced upon the bridge in the most extraordinary excitement.

"Oh, I've sunk her—I've sunk a submarine!" roared Spink. "No merchant skipper sank a submarine before! I plugged her fuller of holes than a colander. She's a gratin' now—a common ladder isn't in it with her. Every time I hit her I made a hole you could put your head into, Ward, all except the ears. I expect they've got the crew backin' up against the holes I made. You could have slung a bulldog by the heels through the holes I made."

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There's no doubt that if Spink had been allowed to have his own way, which never happened when his mates were with him, the holes in the submarine would probably have got large enough for a coach and four to go through. But Day said :—

" Here, stop that, Spink; you make me tired. By gum, I am so sore! If you made any holes in her at all I don't believe they're any bigger than you could stop up with a ten-penny nail."

Spink turned on him with wild indignation.

" What ? " he said. " Didn't I twig how the sea poured into the holes I made ? And weren't all the crew there backin' up against them, fairly pink, to keep the water out ? Oh, they must be very wet inside. Where's that torpedo-boat that was talkin' so loud just now ? I do so want to tell 'em all about it. They will be proud of me ! "

And just as they came to a little patch of sparser fog they saw the destroyer shove her nose out of a bank and come straight towards them.

" Here she is," said Spink. " I shall be famous, famous ! They'll give me the D.S.O. or the Victoria Cross. Oh, I do have luck ! "

And then the fog came down on them again, and they heard the lieutenant in command of the destroyer yell :—

" All right ; we'll be back presently."

And she disappeared in the fog.

" I don't believe I've got any skin on me," said Day, sulkily. " No more has the bo'sun. That brass baby of yours has made me very sore."

" And me," said the bo'sun, who was really as tough as the fore-bitts.

" And how's your ear, Ward ? " asked Spink.

Ward's ear, fortunately for himself, was only visible to the others ; but he kept on turning round as if he was trying to take a look at it.

" Is it bleedin' much ? " he asked, nervously.

" Yes, it looks dreadful," said Spink, tenderly. " Shall I touch it and see how much you've got left, Ward ? "

" Do, and I'll murder you," said Ward. " It's all through your foolishness I've lost half my starboard ear."

" A little less Ward won't do anybody any harm," said Spink, callously. " If they'd plugged you in the jaw and shut you up for about three weeks I might have got in a word edgeways."

And all the time he talked persistently of his luck and his ingenuity ; and when the destroyer came their way again he told the commander all about it.

" What I'm goin' to do is this," said Spink. " I'm goin' straight to the Admiralty to see Winston Churchill about me havin' the D.S.O., and what I want you to do is to give me your good word."

" To be sure I will," said the officer, who loved Spink at sight. " Winston Churchill would do anything for me—anything ! "

" That's good," said Spink. " Don't I have luck, as I say ? You see, there mightn't have been anyone come along. I might have missed that submarine altogether. I'll be the only man in the merchant service with the Victoria Cross."

" I thought you wanted the D.S.O. ? " said Ward.

" Oh, I reckon to have both," said Spink.

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A PRISONER OF THE HUNS.

SIX MONTHS IN GERMAN PRISONS.



"CONSIDER YOURSELF UNDER ARREST."

By Dr. HUGH CIMINO.

Illustrated by Arch Webb, and from Photographs.

Dr Hugh Cimino, an Englishman in spite of his Italian name, was arrested at the outbreak of the war, and passed six months as a prisoner of the Germans. The following most interesting article relates his experiences, especially those at the great encampment at Ruhleben, where several thousand British subjects are interned. The article gives, we believe for the first time, a complete, detailed, and vivid picture of the conditions under which, at that period, innocent civilian prisoners of the Germans passed their lives. How soldiers are treated is a different story, and beyond question a far worse one still.

LIKE so many other British prisoners now living in the concentration camps in Germany, I have passed many years in that land. At Freiburg, in Breisgau, the beautiful town at the foot of the Black Forest, I frequented the University for five consecutive years, studied Teutonic life, and saw "*Land und Leute*"; I sympathized with their aspirations, understood their character, and wished well to the Fatherland.

Now all that is over; six months' captivity, the horrors described to me by eye-witnesses, and the hardships I myself had to undergo have radically altered in me every feeling towards them.

I passed the last two years before the outbreak of the war in Belgium. My home—whatever remains of it—was situated near the town of Arlon, far away south in that little corner of the land which is wedged in between France and Germany.

I remember one morning in June, when I came down to breakfast, I found as usual the papers of the day on the table; then I read the details of the tragedy of Serajevo. I read, and I understood what it meant, but I did not quite expect that I, too, with many millions of others, would be involved in the consequences, however remote. A fortnight later I was off to the Alps, and amidst the glorious scenery I forgot all about Serajevo and the Balkans.

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Then I read in the papers the ultimatum of Austria to Serbia. I felt that another Balkan war might ensue, and decided to return north. Next day I was back in Zurich.

The first thing I did was to withdraw certain important documents from the bank, such as my diploma of doctor in medicine, besides certain school maps which I had drawn many years before. Among these was a wall map of the Balkans with Serbian names, another of Belgium in Flemish, and other smaller ones. In an unlucky moment I decided to take them home with me. At Zurich I felt happier. The first scare had passed, and people began to believe that there would be no general European war. I often dropped in at the public library to read the papers and study the great maps of Serbia. Once it struck me that I could draw them much better myself, so I took three blank postcards, and sketched on the first Belgrade and neighbourhood, carefully noting the great bridge of Semlin; on the second I drew Nisch, and on the third the Gulf of Cattaro, then with my three drawings I started on the hunt for an editor. Soon I found myself seated before the publisher of the "Photoglob" picture postcards, showed my drawings, stated my terms, and withdrew with a little gold. I could not quite guess that each postcard meant for me two months' captivity; there was no foreboding just then.

Feeling that I had better hasten north, on Sunday, August 2nd, I started for Belgium. I had to pass through Alsace-Lorraine, *viâ* Bâle. I arrived there at about five p.m., and found the great German station forsaken and silent. There I heard that no trains were leaving, that if I wanted to proceed north I should have to go on foot or by tram to the first German village beyond the border, St. Ludwig, where the traffic began. At the Custom-house they examined my roll of maps, saw that they were quite harmless, and they let me pass on to German soil.

At eight p.m. I was seated in a practically empty train, and up to Mulhouse I was the only passenger. It was not exactly a very fast train; it went at about twelve miles an hour; it went only as far as Schlettstadt, however, a town fifteen miles from Strasburg. It was nearly midnight when I stepped out and found myself in a great deserted station, where some soldiers in field-grey kit were hovering about.

But even for these few I became conspicuous. A civilian here? With a great roll of papers! At midnight in the station! I stepped up to a guard, and asked when the next train was leaving north. "In four hours' time." I went to the waiting room, and decided to take a little rest; but I had hardly stretched myself on the sofa when an *unteroffizier* stepped in.

"What have you got there?" said he, pointing to the maps.

"Some maps."

"Please open them."

I complied. The first I unrolled was "Italy, oro-hydrographio," the next was "The Congo."

"What is your profession?"

"I am a medical man."

"Please show me your papers!"

"I have none with me—at least, here is my diploma," said I, unfolding the great document.

The soldier scanned the Latin text, then he took one step back and stared at me deliberately. Then, without a word, he left the room, but only for a few seconds; he returned accompanied by three soldiers with fixed bayonets. In a moment there was one man behind me and two men stood right and left of me.

"Please consider yourself under arrest," said the *unteroffizier*, glibly enough. But the German soldiers did not recite their part quite so easily.

"In case of resistance, we shall—I shall have to use—make use of my weapons."

I was not surprised or shocked. I merely thought, "How very clumsily this good German peasant recites his lesson."

But at that moment a railway official came up; a nasty, prying busybody, a meddling bully was that stationmaster of Schlettstadt. Seeing an unarmed prisoner surrounded by three men with fixed bayonets, he stepped briskly up.

"Hands up!" he cried.

And with the deftness of a pickpocket he began searching me, and after a minute he drew forth triumphantly the picture postcards of Serbia.

My maps were now taken to be examined by some officer at headquarters in town, and I was left in the custody of two sentinels. Soon a man came back with the order "to keep the prisoner till morning."

I did not quite realize my situation. Of course, they would examine my maps, see their mistake, and set me at liberty. I only hoped that I would not lose my train at four a.m.

At about six a.m. the officer came; he entered—a tall, fine fellow, brought his heels together with the smart Prussian click, and

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introduced himself—but I was so tired that I did not even get up. It was an unpardonable breach of etiquette. I sat nonchalantly there without answering. A painful pause ensued. The officer sat down and, drawing out his note-book and pencil, set about cross-questioning me and jotting down my answers—and it was all over, and I had lost. He had entered a smiling, cheery officer a minute before, now he was an enemy who had quite made up his mind what to do with me. I guessed that something was wrong when the officer left the room; a few minutes later a policeman bustled in.

"You have not got any papers," he cried. "Come this way."

I could hardly believe my eyes; a policeman, a vile South German policeman, was taking me into custody!

And thus commenced my six months' experience as a prisoner of war in Germany.

During the next few months I was moved, in company with many other prisoners, from Schlettstadt to Strasburg, and thence to Rottweil, Heilbronn, and finally to Berlin. For the greater part of the time we were badly fed, badly housed, kept sometimes in solitary confinement, and treated generally with that lack of consideration which seems to come naturally to the official German.

The life was irksome to a degree. We knew little of what was going on, and when news was allowed to reach us it was of a nature that depressed rather than cheered us up.

At length we found ourselves *en route* for Berlin, and at five o'clock one night our train crept into the German capital.

One little incident struck me. We were just passing a long train of German artillery wagons without lights; we could just distinguish the great wheels and the dark mass of the caissons. Suddenly a man's form was visible. He was lying full length on the wagon, and had raised himself on his elbow.

"What town is this?" sounded his voice in the dark.

"Berlin—Moabit," came the answer.

Whereupon I concluded that German trains *en route* for the front had no lights, and that the men knew neither where they were going nor where they were passing.

The Moabit Prison in Berlin was our destination, and here our treatment was still more harsh than that we had already borne.

MOABIT PRISON, BERLIN.

At six o'clock the next day I was awakened by the great thumping of heavy keys against my door; the warders were proceeding from cell to cell awakening the other prisoners in the same way. Ten minutes later I heard another bump, and my door was opened. I looked out. On the threshold was a lighted lamp. I took it in and looked round my cell; it was a clean room with whitewashed walls, about eight feet by ten, and some ten feet high. Near the door, on the left, was a hot-air pipe, which gave enough heat to raise the temperature of the room slightly above freezing-point. Facing the door at the other end of the room was the window, with its slabs of glazed glass. I stood on my "bed" and, peeping through the interspaces between the slabs of glass, I saw in the distance the great walls of the prison wings. Nearby was a courtyard, divided by a seven-foot wall into triangles; and as I looked I saw some men come out, mostly young, with intelligent, energetic features, and walk up and down in groups of two or three. They were all dressed in a grey-white prisoner's garb. I tried to catch the drift of their conversation, and I recognized the well-known Russian accents I had often heard at Heilbronn.

So this is what had become of the hundreds of Russian students studying at the University of Berlin! I was horrified. What if they were to attempt anything of the kind with us British subjects?

I stepped down from my perch, and continued exploring my room. There was not much to see. In one corner stood a great earthenware jug, with basin, for my toilet, and against the wall was a tiny cupboard, containing a Bible, a hymn-book, a bowl, a plate, knife, and spoon. Towards seven o'clock the door was again opened; two criminals in prison garb stood outside with a huge tub of coffee, while a warder ladled out a bowlful. The hours slowly dragged on. When were they going to take us to Ruhleben? We had been promised camp-life, not prison-life, and expected Britishers as associates, not German criminals.

At twelve the door was opened a third time. It was our lunch—just another bowlful of soup, with a slice of brown bread. At four o'clock we received another slice of bread, and two hours later another bowlful of soup. That first evening it was merely a handful of flour thrown into a pint of boiling water. Be it understood, we were in *solitary confinement!*

For the first two days we were not allowed to leave our cells. On the third day at ten o'clock we were ordered out into a yard, where within a circular railing was a great space covered with sand, and near

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the outer ring was a brick buttress about two feet broad and one foot high. On this we were to take our exercise, walking six feet from one another. It was awful!

On the third day a doctor came to pay his perfunctory visit to see if anyone was ill. Then came a chaplain. But little by little I felt the raging insanity of the caged wild beast rising within me, and slowly my thoughts crystallized into the formula which I adopted later when writing the petition by which I gained my liberty:—

"As in all my life I never planned nor did the least against the safety of the German empire, I do not understand why I, a medical man, am detained as a prisoner. I request to be released immediately."

RUHLEBEN: FIRST DAY.

After an awful ten days at the Moabit Prison in Berlin, everything came as a relief — even Ruhleben. The warders called out our names; we lined up four by four, and tramped out of the prison down the same streets where we had passed on our arrival from Würtemberg—down to the same station. Soldiers stood at every entrance; of course, none of us thought of flight.

Here we saw what a crowd we formed; from the other prisons of Berlin other Englishmen trooped down, so that our train took up at least three hundred candidates for Ruhleben.

In twenty minutes we were at Spandau, a tiny town about one mile from the famous racecourse. The station officials were picketed at different spots on our way down the stairs and along the subway, where, by the by, against all rules we bought all the newspapers we could lay hands on. Then came a weary tramp along the open, flat country over a very rough road, most of us groaning under the weight of some portmanteau. Only one or two carriages were allowed in special cases; we heard that the occupants were too ill to stand. One man particularly attracted our attention; he was hobbling about on crutches — one leg was amputated. After ten minutes we were granted some moments' rest.



DR. HUGH CIMINO.

A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR AS HE APPEARED DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT AT RUHLEBEN, WEARING THE COAT WHICH CAUSED HIM TO BE TAKEN FOR A GERMAN.

At five o'clock we arrived at the gates of Ruhleben. In capital letters were painted the words:—

RENNBAHN—RUHLEBEN.

But, wretched as I felt, I saw in imagination other words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Inside, we stood in a great courtyard. To the right was a nice little cottage, the camp post-office and captains' mess-room; obliquely in front was another building of somewhat larger dimensions, the "Kommandantur" (Headquarters) Red Cross, and Home Office of Ruhleben. To the left rose a number of long stables, the lower part of solid brick, with stairs leading to the upper storey—mostly wood. These stables were the "barracks," each bearing its number. At the foot of each staircase I saw a crowd of prisoners standing staring at us. Soon a lively conversation ensued.

"Halloa, boys! Are we downhearted?"

"No!"

"Where do you come from?"

"From the Moabit Prison."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, awful!"

But here the soldiers interfered. There was to be no conversation between the old prisoners and the new arrivals; or there would soon have been an inextricable medley of four thousand men. While we were standing there the captains were busy billeting us out to our different barracks. I at once saw that most of us were trying to get a berth in the horse-boxes of the ground floor, and I

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heard that there was very little room. I soon got a ticket for Barrack No. 2, upstairs. So did M——, the son of a well-known professor of pathology.

Poor old M——! He had had such a nice time with the noble Schwerin of Silesia; he had acted as tutor to the sons of the count. And now he had been torn away, flung into Berlin jails, had suffered under the awful prison director, and resurrected at Ruhleben.

Meanwhile we went to Barrack No. 2, wondering what the accommodation would be. Upstairs we found ourselves in a loft—a long, low loft, with the wooden roof sloping gently down to the outer brick wall, about eighty yards long by ten wide. Right and left against the wall was an endless row of sacks, stuffed (more or less) with straw. The whole place was crowded to such an extent that it was impossible to turn without digging your elbows into your neighbour, or knocking up against a chair or a table. From the ceiling hung three electric lamps of some thirty candle-power each; beams and rafters, plentifully covered with overcoats, obstructed the view, and created shadowy nooks where humanity teemed. Voices, sometimes raised in powerful expostulation, sounded out of those dark corners whenever you trod too heavily on invisible toes. The predominant slang was the jockey English with wonderful "h's." Beside this element there was the pleasant sailor's English with the North-country accent. That first night, when I stumbled and groped my way, looking for my six feet by two of free space on the floor, was for me mere chaos; but in twenty-four hours I found my bearings. After much wandering and shoving and being shoved, I found myself in a corner of the room. A boy (type: London clerk) pointed to the space between two sacks.

"We'll make room for you here," said he.

It was seven o'clock; we had not eaten since twelve, when we had had our last plateful of abomination at Moabit—the usual lunch there. M—— was chatting with a new acquaintance.

"Look here, we're famished!" he said.

"Just wait a moment, I'll fetch you something," and his companion was off, only to return after a few minutes with two cups of delicious cocoa and a plateful of bread and butter; but when our new friend saw us at work he understood.

"Come along to supper, to a decent meal"; then, in a more formal tone, "we expect you downstairs, box twenty-four, in ten minutes, please."

When we were there I understood why the boys preferred life in the boxes; not that they were not crowded—no!—but there was a certain decent order. I found myself in an ordinary stable for two horses (about ten feet square) with cement floor and wooden partitions. Along these were placed two beds, the one above the other—real beds; it reminded me of a steamer's cabin. In the open space in the centre was a table, with its cloth, and on that lay a spread such as I had not beheld in all my four months' captivity. So this was Ruhleben!

With a little money you could buy at the canteen white bread, butter, jam, honey, tea, sugar, condensed milk, sausages, and so on. But surely not this chicken and ham which I saw before me—surely not t' is cake? No! they had come in a parcel from home.

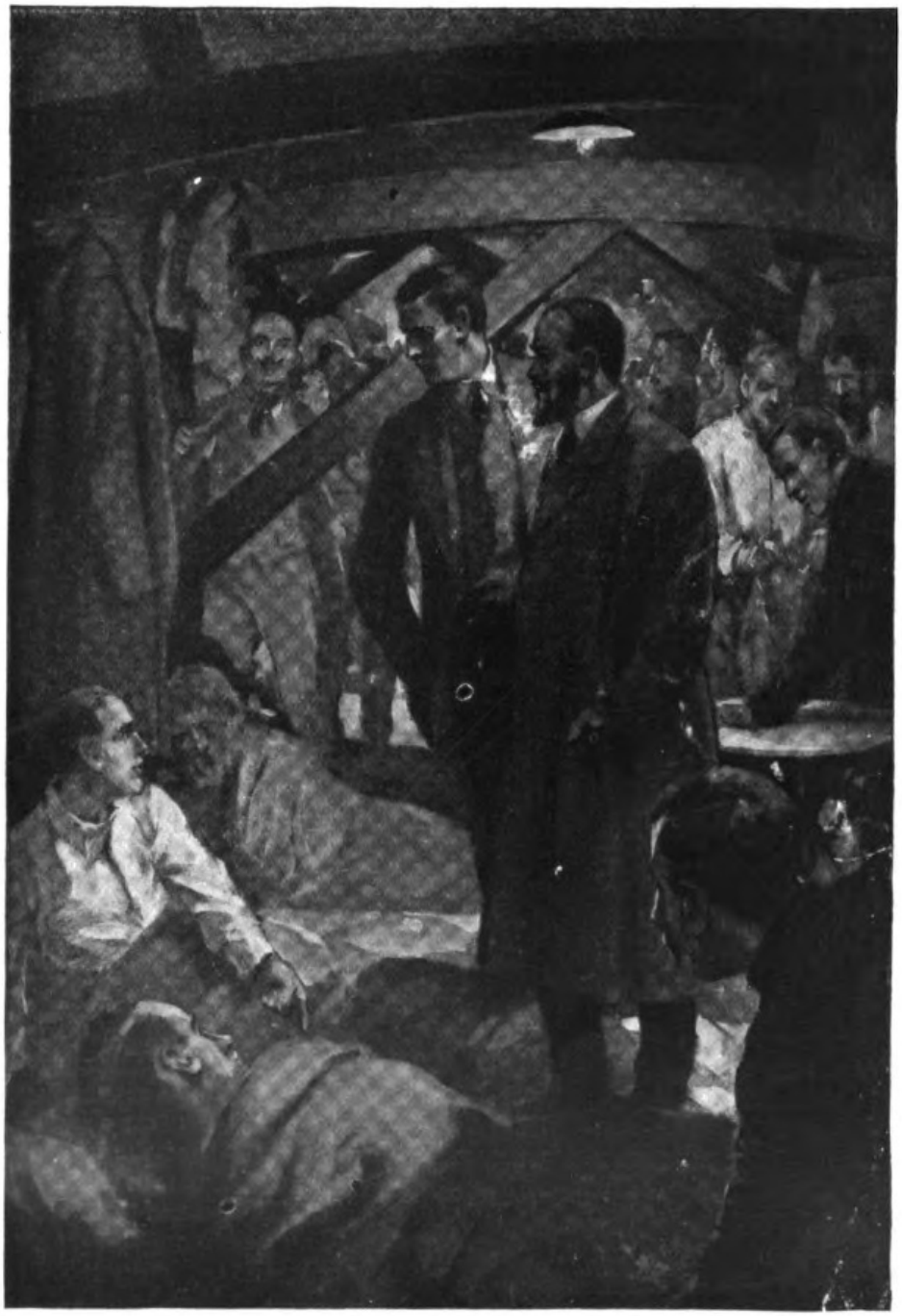
That night I received from the sergeant-major of our barracks a towel, a blanket, and a new sack. Then I fetched some straw from a shed a few hundred yards away—nice, clean, new straw—and that was my bed.

After half-past eight most of us began to undress. We all kept on our linen, and some, I believe, merely took off their boots and slept in their clothes; they had not yet received their blankets. At nine o'clock the electric light went out—a most practical way of ordering us off to sleep, silence, and a good night's rest. In spite of this primitive accommodation we slept well.

The next morning at six o'clock the electric light flashed up, and I awoke. Up in our loft there were no washing arrangements; we had to go downstairs to the long cement corridor between the two rows of boxes. Two taps gave abundant water to the impatient crowd standing around.

Half an hour later we had to line up, bowl in hand, ready to follow our soldier to the kitchen, half a mile away. It was still too dark for me to see everything clearly, but I had a vague view of barracks, chalets, a great open space to the left (the great race-course), two grand-stands about three hundred yards long, and at the end a substantial chalet. Later on I learned that this was the restaurant of the racecourse where Berlin "West-end" used to meet after the races, for a glass of champagne. Now it was the crack barrack of Ruhleben, to which official visitors were taken, whenever some members from a friendly embassy dropped in. They came, they saw, they understood; they paid their official visit or played their solemn farce (as you like it) and were gently piloted away from our barracks to the gate. Such is life!

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"'WE'LL MAKE ROOM FOR YOU HERE,' SAID HE."

On the ground floor of the tea-house was the kitchen; there we used to wait and line up again until the two or three hundred hungry souls of some other "barracks" had got their portion, then we would extricate our frozen feet from the mud (one or two inches deep), step into a fair-sized kitchen with a cement floor, and slowly file through.

Inside were three huge cauldrons full of coffee; at each cauldron stood two men baling out the black liquid without haste, with the regular rhythm of automata. And no wonder! They had to dole out coffee (or soup) with that same movement some eight thousand times a day!

Quality? The coffee was not bad, but you had to find, beg or steal, or buy your own sugar and milk. Quantity? About a pint; so that if you had a sound stomach and could digest the brown bread, the breakfast was quite palatable, and nearly every man had obtained by some of the above methods butter or margarine, honey or jam, condensed milk and sugar. The prices for food at the canteen were not excessive.

But I am forgetting the *brotchens*. Have you ever heard the word? *Brotchen*, to be quite exact, is the diminutive of *brot* (bread). They were a great feature at Ruhleben; they cost four a penny—four little loaves about the size of a girl's fist; say, a girl of eighteen. When I left Ruhleben in January they were still to be had, while now——?

The captain of our loft, S——, a lithe, dark little man, used to go down to fetch a great basketful every morning. I still see him stamping bravely up the stair-ladder shouting his "*Brotchens! Brotchens!*" Of course, he got his little percentage at the canteen or wherever he bought them. After lunch he would take down the orders for the next day ("cash in advance, please"). Whenever I think of Barrack No. 2 I hear his cheery "*Brotchens!* Pay for your *brotchens!* Now, gentlemen, pay up!"

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After breakfast we would go down to the corridor and wash our crockery—one bowl for soup, coffee, tea, and all other good things on earth! Towards nine o'clock everybody—except the four fags of the day—had to go out, so as to give the four a chance of sweeping the place, and generally cleaning up everything.

Outside, I could have believed that I was in some small British town. It is astonishing how quickly man settles down to ply his arts and crafts. There they stood as in England before the railway-stations — boot-black, brush, and cream, all neatly spread out on a newspaper on the ground.

"Shine, sir? Sheyne, sirr?"

Farther on, between two other barracks, was a long, low shed—the principal canteen. At three windows stood long rows of our men waiting. The shop hours were ten a.m. till one p.m., and three to five p.m. The list of prices was affixed to the windows.

I strolled on. Ruhleben took a lot of exploring. Beyond the barracks stretched the meadows through which I had passed the night before, with the grand-stand and its rows of steps and seats. Underneath was a vast hall, now empty, except for the few musicians among us; the place was used for concerts. Beyond the stand was the "tea-house."

Here was also the grand promenade, the Rotten Row of Ruhleben. Between ten and twelve everybody was to be seen there—especially the "West-end." Here I got a very fair idea of who we were and what we were. As to the nationalities, there were about three thousand "real" British subjects; about one thousand "naturalized," of whom one-half could not speak a word of English (Jews and Germans); also about one hundred French and Russians.

Among the English, Scots, and Irish were plenty of well-to-do merchants, tourists who had been surprised by the declaration of war, visitors from health resorts (Nauheim, Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden), who were spending on the whole one thousand pounds per diem in these watering-places. The clever move of the German Government in boxing up these men at Ruhleben simply ruined a few hotel-keepers and made others close their houses. Most of my friends—the literary and scientific—came from Oxford, Cambridge, and still more from Glasgow, St. Andrews, and Aberdeen.

Besides all these there was a crowd of sailors. They had been detained at Hamburg one whole week before war was declared, under some pretext (generally a declaration that their ship's papers were not in order). Whereupon they had been taken to some hulks, where they passed a few dreary weeks until ultimately some were taken to the English Sennelager in Westphalia, others to Ruhleben. It was only much later that I understood why they had been separated; the best-looking and best-dressed had been drafted off to our camp, I verily believe, to make a good show as they passed through Berlin. As to the poor wretches at the Sennelager, I dare not speak, for I have not been there, and have only heard of certain atrocities——

At Ruhleben, I repeat, we were much better off than in any other concentration camp, and the crowd I saw at the ten o'clock parade looked very much like the average football crowd (spectators or players). Of course, we had to adapt our clothing to the circumstances; jerseys of all kinds predominated; remarkable, too, were the heavy Wellington boots, great baggy German boots of cheap leather with wooden feet, which at least kept out the water and snow.

Towards twelve o'clock we all lined up and marched to the kitchen for our lunch—a great bowl full of soup, with here and there tiny bits of meat floating—"*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*." And thus passed my first day at Ruhleben.

MEN AND MATTERS AT RUHLEBEN.

The German uniforms at Ruhleben were conspicuous by their absence; not more than thirty soldiers, all told, were sufficient to keep order among four to five thousand Englishmen. The task was easy; flight without a passport was out of the question, and the innate sense of discipline of the British civilian and sailor facilitated the task.

The commanding officer was Count Schwerin, an old gentleman, slightly stooping, with white hair and a pleasant, smiling face; indeed, he was known in camp as "the old man with the eternal grin."

The fact is that he was as kind-hearted an old soldier as ever fondled an English wife, and loved his English prisoners. If he could have had his own way he would have set us all at liberty, but he had to obey orders from the "Kommandantur" at Berlin. He used to take part in our daily life as much as possible, often looking on at our baseball matches or at the races in the negro quarter.

As to the concerts, he was always present, *et pour cause;* he was passionately fond of music, and one of us was a great musician—a Jew who had created a furore at Berlin. This

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man soon found nearly a hundred musicians among us five thousand, and started a series of concerts. Then would the old Count come down with his wife, and when Gounod's "Ave Maria" arose majestically you could see the tears streaming down his face. Yes, when good music was played, the old soldier became a little child; it was worth while looking at him while the Russian chorus sang its weirdly beautiful songs, which carried us to the far-off steppes of Sarmatia. At the end of the concert he would make his little speech —and we filed out. But one night we gave him a rousing cheer, and the whole crowd struck up, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The other officers were comparatively uninteresting. The medical man at the Red Cross station—also an officer in rank—was about the poorest specimen of a doctor I have ever met. When anybody was seriously ill he would just peep in, say "Good morning," perhaps touch the patient's pulse, then vanish.

Professor D——, of Berlin University, told me of a typical case. A sailor had arrived from the hulks at Hamburg, where he had caught a chill. At Ruhleben he was down with pneumonia. Being absolutely penniless, he had no linen to change, and the wretched man lay in a stifling box in a shirt which he had not changed for three weeks, shivering with fever and bathed in perspiration.

The German medico would look in, say "Good morning," while standing a good yard away from the patient, not touching his pulse or examining the man in the least; the poor fellow soon died. Professor D—— did all he could for the patient, but of course it was useless.

I myself met the doctor once—I was limping with cramp in my right leg. To obtain camphor-oil or jodo-vasogen or any other medicine for friction or massage, you had to go to the Red Cross station.

"Cramp?" said the doctor; "oh, yes! How long have you had it?"

"For two days, and I am limping about."

"You ought to—take some—anyhow, what do you want here?"

"To be released from the afternoon parade. I cannot walk two miles."

"Oh, certainly." Here he jotted down a few words.

"Could I have something to rub on?" I asked.

"Er, yes! Take some—dear me! Just rub on anything!"

"Have you a little jodo-vasogen?" I asked.

"Yes, yes! That's it! Jodo-vasogen!"

Here he turned to the assistant.

"Just give him"—pointing negligently to me—"some jodo-vasogen."

But they had nothing of the kind in the dispensary!

Besides these officers—the doctor had the rank of a captain—there were two soldiers to keep order for each barracks of two or three hundred men. Generally they dropped in to see that no candles were lit, or in the morning at six to see that everybody was up, or during the day to see that no one was standing on the steps of the tiny staircase. This was a precautionary measure; it would have given way under the pressure of so many men.

In the first weeks of November the soldiers were particularly severe in enforcing order; for a mere nothing (getting up late, standing on the staircase, etc.) they would inflict twenty-four hours' solitary confinement; for insubordination, forty-eight or even seventy-two hours!

Of course, there were plenty of undeserved punishments. Often the British prisoner did not understand the order given by the German soldier, and would stand staring. Whereupon "*Kommen sie mit!*" growled the soldier.

The poor fellow was marched off to the camp police quarters; his case was told by the German soldier, and in five minutes the Englishman was seated in a lonely cell.

In December they were less severe. By then everybody understood the rules and regulations. After Christmas, when the soldiers received their tips, we only heard the words: "*Meine Herren*" (gentlemen); in the first days of November it had been: "*Ihr Engländer!*"

In those seven days between Christmas and New Year discipline was certainly relaxed. The soldiers themselves got drunk; the only unpleasant part of it was that they remained in that condition for some forty-eight hours, and would shake hands and generally make up to us. The more cigars and tips we gave to get them away, the more they clung to us.

Yet through all their Christmas drunkenness they retained a certain subconsciousness of their military duties. When, on New Year's Day, one of our men donned some improvised kilts and struck up some Scots music on real bagpipes, those same soldiers were out in a flash, bayonets in hand!

For my part I was exceptionally well treated. It was a lucky fluke. I arrived at Ruhleben in a green-grey coat which had somewhat suffered from exposure; it was only much later that I found that it resembled to an extraordinary degree the German

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"field grey." As I lingered about the yards they took me for one of their own wounded, who had unaccountably been interned with the English. Many weeks later, on the day of my release, I sauntered into a *café* at Berlin, dressed in that same old overcoat. I was treated most deferentially, and the awestruck waiter took me to the cosiest corner and placed on the shelf near-by the symbolic Prussian helmet so as to guard me in splendid isolation. Then I understood. This is the coat in which I am depicted on page 593.



"WHEN ONE OF OUR MEN DONNED SOME IMPROVISED KILTS AND STRUCK UP SOME SCOTS MUSIC ON REAL BAGPIPES, THOSE SAME SOLDIERS WERE OUT IN A FLASH, BAYONETS IN HAND."

THE SIMPLE LIFE AT RUHLEBEN.

One might believe that time passed very slowly at Ruhleben. It did not. Apart from the six half-mile walks which we had to take when fetching our meals, we were busy, very busy, at our daily occupations, including sports. Baseball was the favourite game.

At Ruhleben (anglice: "live in peace") we led the simple life; indeed, were it not for the hampers we received and the small cash we lavishly spent at the canteen, it might have been a little too simple. The routine was the following:—

6 a.m.—Réveillé.

6 to 7.—Wash and dress.

7 to 8.—Half-mile tramp to kitchen to fetch breakfast; half a mile back.

8 to 9.—Sweeping and general clean-up, done by four fags chosen in rotation; everybody except these to clear out!

9 to 12.—Rotten Row at Ruhleben; baseball; Swedish drill; language lessons.

12 to 1.—Lunch; peregrination to the kitchen. Menu:—

> Soup hot, soup cold; pork young, pork old.
> Mutton tender, mutton tough; thank the Kaiser, I've had enough.

The meat was served in the soup, chopped in tiny cubes about the size of dice. The bones were served anatomically intact. As the quantity of meat *in toto* was miserably insufficient and—I repeat—was ladled out with the soup, some men found in their bowl no meat at all, while others were lucky enough to get an ounce or two.

Later on I read in a German paper the description of this menu. It looked very alluring. The German public was solemnly assured that we received:—

Monday.—One kind of meat—say, pork.

Tuesday.—Another—say, mutton.

Wednesday.—Sausage, etc., etc.

Quite true, only the author forgot to mention weights and measures.

This is an outline of a typical day:—

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1 to 2.—General boredom; indoors; men taking their afternoon nap; outside, a stroll in the grounds or along the grand-stand, where the one and only paper was sold—the *B.Z. am Mittag*.

4 to 5.—Tea. For me this was the most pleasant hour of the day; for we five who messed together according to the laws of natural selection were sure to meet then. The two Oxford men, C—— the babe and C—— the youth, had the duty to share the contents of their hampers; M—— (Cambridge), ditto; while P——, the long, languid man—produce of every 'Varsity in the kingdom—and I used to help to demolish their contents.

5 to 6.—Washing-up of crockery. I was not very good at this, and if we had had really good china, I am afraid that quite a little fortune would have been lost, so the Universities of South Central England combined to deliver me from the hard task, and when my turn came I generally let Oxford dip the crockery into the hot water while Cambridge used to dry it.

6 to 8.—Coffee or tea served at the kitchen for those who wanted any. Most of us preferred a good Lancashire tea at five and a snack before going to bed. While some maniac minstrels would stand outside in all weathers, singing "Are we downhearted! No! No! No!" to the tune of "Te Deum," others would stroll about the grounds, or, indoors, play chess, etc., etc.

8.30.—Bedtime.

THE "BROKEN MEN" AT RUHLEBEN.

At Ruhleben we had not a few interesting men.

In the first place, there was a peer, Lord P—— (as we saw on the hampers which arrived for him with his valet). The wildest stories were afloat about him. One man told me that he looked and dressed like a navvy; the next day I heard that he was the black sheep of the family. All this, of course, from men who had never seen him. He turned out to be just an average wealthy Scotsman—I suspect him to be connected with the Argylls. Being at Ruhleben and not in the Strand, he avoided top-hat and frock-coat, and dressed, as we all did, in the best jerseys he could buy, and wore the heavy top-boots already mentioned.

Another man—less conspicuous, but interesting in his way—was a Pole from Austria (Galicia, yet *not* a Jew), who styled himself an Englishman and had been promptly boxed up in Ruhleben. To prove his British citizenship he spoke English, more or less brokenly, and assured us that someone in his family had been in England. But—he was a millionaire, not as they count them in francs at the "Bourse" at Paris, but as we count them in Threadneedle Street. The man owned miles of subterranean lakes of petroleum; he—or his company—paid the Austrian Government some forty-five thousand pounds in taxes; yet that man was left in peace. He lived in a very decent set, and I never saw any whining toadies hovering around him—so much for the reputation of Barrack No. 7.

Besides our "academics" we had at Ruhleben many men whose lives seemed broken—old sailors without hopes or prospects; sea captains who had seen their boat founder in the Elbe when they tried to pass the forbidden zone and blundered on to a mine; rovers and adventurers who had no trade and no capital, who arrived broken in health and spirits.

Some few died, but those who clung to life set bravely to work to begin the battle over again.

One old sea-captain started laundry work. He was not very proficient in his art, and I must say that the linen came back much cleaner from the German firm at Spandau, which sent down its cart once a week.

Another sailor, who had some idea of shoemaking, set about earning his living with his new art, and succeeded beyond his wildest expectations, for he was the only shoemaker—even of his kind—at the camp. His prices were magnificent; not so his work. I remember I had to pay five shillings for having my boots heeled and soled.

As to the tailors, repairers, darners, menders, or however they styled themselves, they were legion, and their advertisements simply covered the place.

But the most interesting men of this great crowd were, as usual, the organizers. One man, whom I never met, promoted a company—the Ruhleben A.B.C., Limited, and a few days after my arrival I saw men entering our barracks with pails full of tea, coffee, or cocoa, to be sold at one penny a mug. They did their best business in the evening, when many of us, refusing to wade half a mile through the mud to fetch our supper, waited for the man of the pail; then would we hear their joyous "Tea! Cocoa! Cocoa! Nice hot cocoa!"

I tasted it once; it was atrociously bad. Outside, in the yards, other venders were strolling about with trays full of sandwiches—

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ham sandwiches for twopence, or butter and cheese sandwiches for one penny.

It was only later on that I discovered that all these men were in the pay of one great man, who had started his work with a small sum, had appealed to the public, and floated a company with sixpenny shares, which by Christmas were worth half a crown.

Besides all these were the "artists": the portraitists offered to draw our portraits for one shilling; others to draw the "box" where we lived for sixpence; and last, but not least, were the engravers. I still keep reverently the spoon on which one boy scratched my name and barrack number, with the word "Ruhleben" underneath.

But the most interesting were the minstrels, and we had plenty of them.

If at Ruhleben we had many "broken men," none would give up the game, not even the bootblacks who lined up at the entrances of the barracks. There were no loafers leaning against public-house doors, no London non-descripts vegetating between life and death in the parks of the great city or on the Embankment. In time of war all the scum disappears.

On the whole, the wages of work were on the same scale as the price I paid for having my boots mended; the same prices were charged as in London, only the tradesmen forgot that they had to pay no rent and taxes, and nothing for board and lodging, so, on the whole, they throve.

Of course, in such a crowd there were plenty of sharks—hawkers by day and gamblers by night. Gambling was strictly forbidden, but I often heard astonishing sums quoted. After all, two pounds was quite a little fortune at Ruhleben.

Bankers? Yes, we had bankers at Ruhleben—especially at Barrack No. 6, where the Jews had congregated.

We passed half our time out of doors strolling in the grounds, chatting, starting rumours and passing them on; in fact, we lived on rumours. Nobody knew whence they came, still less to what proportions they grew and where they ended. Some of them were confirmed at our "meetings." There was a certain bell at Ruhleben which gave the signal for all of us to line up before our respective barracks and hear the news. Then some officer—sometimes old Schwerin himself—would vouch us some petty information or announce some new regulation. They had the German mania for catalogue and classification. We would wait for a few minutes, and when the officer appeared we would close round him and listen; then, "Hands up those who are married." Up went half a hundred hands. "Now those who are not!" And the sweet innocents began to count. "Hands up the Scotch!" A few score hands were lifted, mostly the big, strong hands of burly sea-captains. "Now the English," then "The Irish," and so forth. "Whoever has served in the German army, step forth!" One man, who had not quite understood, stood forth—and a long, low growl went down the ranks. "Wha—what?" gasped the man. "Have you served in the German army?" "I—in the German army?" and the man stepped back.

These meetings generally took place at three o'clock, but often we had to wait a whole hour—even two. At night it was interesting to watch the groups around the engine-shed, under the great arc-lamp, discussing the news of the day, while the great searchlights glided in their ghostly way across the heavens, one ray resting permanently on our camp.

The greatest suffering we experienced at Ruhleben was from the cold.

All heat came from a great engine enclosed in its shed in one of the central yards. How the hot water radiated I do not know, but I am sure that the pipes were warm only towards five o'clock in the afternoon. At six it was quite pleasant, and up to bedtime we had nothing to complain of. But in the morning, when the pipes were cold, the temperature hovered around freezing-point, and no amount of cold washing or morning tub would keep us warm. What warmth we might have got from our breakfast was generally lost by the long route through the freezing mud to and from the kitchen.

We tried all sorts of things. On the Row we would stamp hard into the mud or on the frozen ground; some slipped paper into their shoe-soles—all to no purpose. Others put on two pairs of socks and tightened their boots a little — thus effectually stopping the circulation. The only way to get warm was to join in the baseball. On the whole, we had dry, cold weather and frosty days with beautiful moonlight.

RELEASE.

It should be remembered that it is against the rules of the Geneva Convention to detain a medical man as a prisoner of war, and as, by good luck, I had my German diploma with me, there was absolutely no excuse for my detention.

During the weary weeks of imprisonment

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I wrote one petition after another, but without result, except that I learnt the art of writing these documents. The first one I sent (from Heilbronn) began with the usual polite flourishes of a dignified supplicant; the last which I wrote at Ruhleben was couched in the following terms:—

"As in all my life I never planned nor did the least to endanger the safety of the German Empire, I cannot understand why I, a medical man, am detained as a captive. I insist on being released immediately.—DR. H. C."

It was iron-shod, they recognized their own style; they liked it. Three days later the sergeant-major at the head of the department for the release of prisoners sent for me, asked for my German diploma, studied with a blank face the long Latin sentences—and told me that probably all would go well.

One week later I was called up again and was told that I was a free man.

Probably the fact that the "Kommandantur" at Berlin urgently needed medical men was the real cause of my release. At headquarters in Berlin I was invited to join the Army Medical Corps, and, as this was my only chance of reaching Belgium, I hesitated, but after twenty-four hours refused.

"And where are you going now, Herr Doktor?"

"To Belgium, then to England."

"To Belgium? I do not know if I can——"

Here he sat down, took a slip of paper, and scribbled a few words, and said:—

"Please go to the captain of your barracks; he will give you this form. At Berlin present yourself immediately at headquarters (*Kommandantur*)."

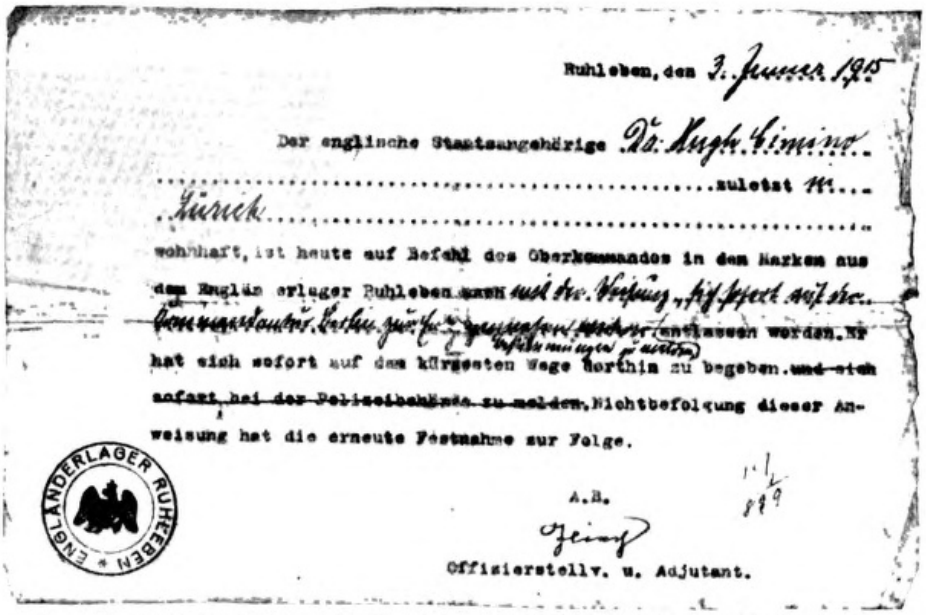
I can hardly tell you what I felt at being released. In those five months' captivity I had so grown accustomed to other people taking care of me that, to my own surprise, I merely felt a little anxious as to the near future.

I went back to my barracks (No. 2) to pack up my things; of course, all the boys saw that I was going to leave. They flocked around as I knelt there on my "straw sack" packing my few goods and chattels.

First came my breakfast-box; it was still well stocked with the little things I had bought at the canteen—white bread, margarine, sausage, and other Ruhleben delicacies. I threw them out, pell-mell, on to my neighbours' beds and let them scramble for them.

Quite a little group crowded round me and struck up "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." It was good for me that just then I was kneeling over my portmanteau, for I could not have faced them—so I merely waved my cap.

Ten minutes later I presented my release form to the sentry and so passed out of Ruhleben. Then, after another five weeks in Berlin, practically on parole, and not without adventures by the way, I arrived in due course in England.



Ruhleben, den 3. Januar 1915

Der englische Staatsangehörige Dr. Hugh Cimino

.....zuletzt in...

Zürich.....

wohnhaft, ist heute auf Befehl des Oberkommandos in den Marken aus dem Engländerlager Ruhleben mit der Weisung, sich sofort auf kürzestem Wege dorthin zu begeben, entlassen worden. Er hat sich sofort auf dem kürzesten Wege dorthin zu begeben. und sich sofort bei der Polizeibehörde zu melden. Nichtbefolgung dieser Anweisung hat die erneute Festnahme zur Folge.

ENGLÄNDERLAGER RUHLEBEN

A.B.

Offizierstellv. u. Adjutant.

DR. CIMINO'S ORDER OF RELEASE FROM RUHLEBEN, of which the following is a translation:—

"The English citizen, Dr. Hugh Cimino, late from Zurich, has to-day been released from the concentration camp, Ruhleben, at the order of the 'Oberkommando in den Marken,' with instructions to proceed immediately to headquarters in Berlin, there to receive further directions. He has to go there by the shortest route; in case of disobedience to these instructions, he may be re-arrested."

A full account of Dr. Cimino's imprisonment, including not only his experiences at Moabit and Berlin, but also at Schlettstadt, Strasburg, Rottweil, and Heilbronn, will be published shortly in volume form at one shilling. A copy of this important book containing facts obtained at first hand will be sent to any address for one and threepence, post free, on application to the Publishers, George Newnes, Ltd., 8—11, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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"ULTIMA THULE."

By JOHN GALSWORTHY,

Author of "Fraternity," "Justice," "The Silver Box," etc.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

ULTIMA THULE! The words come into my head this winter night. That is why I write down the story, as I know it, of a little old friend.

I used to see him first in Kensington Gardens, where he came in the afternoons, accompanied by a very small girl. One would see them silent before a shrub or flower, or with their heads inclined to heaven before a tree, or leaning above water and the ducks, or stretched on their stomachs watching a beetle, or on their backs watching the sky. Often they would stand holding crumbs out to the birds, who would perch about them. They were admittedly a noticeable couple. The child, who was fair-haired and elfin-like, with dark eyes and a pointed chin, wore clothes that seemed somewhat hard put to it. And, if the two were not standing still, she went along pulling at his hand, eager to get there; and, since he was a very little, light old man, he seemed always in advance of his own feet. He was garbed, if I remember, in a daverdy brown overcoat and broad-brimmed soft grey hat, and his trousers, what was visible of them, were tucked into half-length black gaiters, which tried to join with very old brown shoes. Indeed, his costume did not indicate any great share of prosperity. But it was his face that riveted attention. Thin, cherry-red, and wind-dried as old wood, it had a special sort of brightness, with its spikes and waves of silvery hair, and blue eyes that seemed to shine. Rather mad, I used to think. Standing by the rails of an enclosure, with his withered lips pursed and his cheeks drawn in till you would think the wind might blow through them, he would emit the most enticing trills and pipings, exactly imitating various birds.

Those who rouse our interest are generally the last people we speak to, for interest seems to set up a kind of special shyness; so it was long before I made his acquaintance. But one day, by the Serpentine, I saw him coming along alone, looking sad, but still with that queer brightness about him. He sat down on my bench with his little dried hands on his thin little knees, and began talking to himself in a whisper. Before very long I caught the words: "God cannot be like us." And for fear that he might go on uttering such precious remarks, that were obviously not intended to be heard, I had either to go away or else address him. So, on an impulse, I said:—

"Why?"

He turned without surprise.

"My landlady's little girl," he said. "Dead! Gone! Only seven years old."

"That little thing! I used to watch you."

"Did you? Did you? I'm glad you saw her."

"Yes; I used to see you looking at the trees, and those ducks."

His face brightened wistfully. "Ah! she was a great companion to an old man like me." And he relapsed into his contemplation of the water. He had a curious, precise way of speaking, that matched his pipchin-esque little old face. Presently he again turned to me those blue eyes, that seemed to shine out of a perfect little nest of crow's-feet.

"We were great friends! But I couldn't expect it. Things don't last, do they?" I was glad to notice that his voice was getting cheerful. "When I was in the orchestra at the Harmony Theatre, it never used to occur

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"OFTEN THEY WOULD STAND HOLDING CRUMBS OUT TO THE BIRDS, WHO WOULD PERCH ABOUT THEM."

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to me that some day I shouldn't play there any more. One felt like a bird. That's the beauty of music, sir. You lose yourself; like that blackbird there." He imitated the note of a blackbird so perfectly that I could have sworn the bird started.

"Birds and flowers! Wonderful things; wonderful! Why, even a buttercup——" He pointed at one of those little golden flowers with his toe. "Did you ever see such a marvellous thing?" And he turned his face up at me. "And yet, somebody told me once that they don't agree with cows. I'm not a countryman—though I was born at Kingston. Do you think it was true?"

"The cows do well enough on them," I said, "in my part of the world. In fact, the farmers say they make the milk rich-looking."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I was always sorry to think they disagreed."

When I got up to go, he rose too.

"I take it as very kind of you," he said, "to have spoken to me."

"The pleasure was mine. I am generally to be found hereabouts in the afternoons any time you like a talk."

"Delighted," he said, "delighted. I make friends of the creatures and flowers as much as possible, but they can't always make us understand." And after we had taken off our various hats he reseated himself, with his hands on his knees.

The next time I came across him he was standing by the rails of an enclosure, and had in his arms an old and really wretched-looking cat.

"I don't like boys," he said, without preliminary of any sort. "What do you think they were doing to this poor old cat? Dragging it along by a string to drown it; see where it's cut into the fur! I think boys despise the old and weak." He held it out to me. At the ends of those little sticks of arms the beast looked more dead than alive; I had never seen a more miserable creature.

"I think a cat," he said, "is one of the most marvellous things in the world. Such depth of life in it."

And as he spoke the cat opened its mouth as if protesting at that assertion. It *was* the sorriest-looking beast.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Take it home. It looks to me as if it might die."

"You don't think that might be more merciful?"

"It depends; it depends. I shall see. I fancy a little kindness might do a great deal for it. It's still got plenty of spirit. I can see from its eye."

"May I come along with you a bit?"

"Oh," he said, "delighted!"

We walked on side by side, exciting the derision of nearly everyone we passed—his face over that cat was so like a mother's feeding her baby!

"You'll find this'll be quite a different cat to-morrow," he said. "I shall have to get in, though, without my landlady seeing. A funny woman—I have two or three strays already."

"Can I help in any way?"

"Thank you," he said; "I shall ring the area bell, and as she comes out below I shall go in above. She'll think it's boys. They are like that."

"But doesn't she do your rooms, or anything?"

A smile puckered his face. "I've only one; I do it myself. Oh, it'd never do to have her about, even if I could afford it. But," he added, "if you're so kind as to come with me to the door, you might engage her by asking where Mr. Thompson lives. That's me. In the musical world my name was Moronelli; not that I have Italian blood in me, of course."

"And shall I come up?"

"Honoured; but I live very quietly."

We passed out of the Gardens at Lancaster Gate, where all house-fronts seem so successful, and thence into a little street that was extremely like a grubby child trying to hide under its mother's skirts. Here he took a newspaper from his pocket, and wrapped it round the cat.

"She's a funny woman," he repeated; "Scotch descent, you know." And suddenly he pulled an area bell and scuttled up the steps.

When he had opened the door I saw before him in the hall a short, thin woman dressed in black, with a sharp and bumpy face. Her voice sounded brisk and resolute.

"What have you got there, Mr. Thompson?"

"Newspaper, Mrs. March."

"Oh, indeed! Now, you're not going to take that cat upstairs!" The little old fellow's voice acquired a sudden shrill determination.

"Stand aside, please. If you stop me I'll give you notice. The cat is going up. It's ill, and it is going up."

It was then I said, "Does Mr. Thompson live here?"

In that second he shot past her and ascended

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"That's him," she said; "and I wish it wasn't, with his dirty cats. Do you want him?"

"I do."

"He lives at the top." Then, with a grudging apology: "I can't help it; he tries me—he's very trying."

"I am sure he is."

She looked at me. The longing to talk that comes over those who answer bells all day, and the peculiar Scottish desire to justify oneself, rose together in that face, which seemed all promontories dried by an east wind.

"Ah!" she said; "he is. I don't deny his heart; but he's got no sense, and never will. Goodness knows what he hasn't got up there. I wonder I keep him. An old man like that ought to know better; half-starving himself to feed them." She paused, and her eyes, that had a cold and honest glitter, searched me closely.

"If you're going up," she said, "I hope you'll give him good advice. He never lets me in. I wonder I keep him."

There were three flights of stairs, narrow, clean, and smelling of oilcloth. Selecting one of two doors at random, I knocked. His silvery head and bright, pinched face were cautiously poked out.

"Ah!" he said; "I thought it might be her."

The room, which was fairly large, had a bare floor, with little on it save a camp bed, and chest of drawers with jug and basin. A large bird-cage hung on the wall, wide open. The place smelt of soap, and a little of beasts and birds. Into the walls, whitewashed over a green wall-paper which stared through in places, were driven nails with their heads knocked off, on to which bits of wood had been spiked, so that they stood out as bird perches high above the ground. Over the open window a piece of wire netting had been fixed. A little spirit stove and an old dressing gown hanging on a peg completed the accoutrements of a room which one entered with a certain diffidence. He had not exaggerated. Besides the new cat, there were three other cats and four birds, all—save one, a bullfinch—invalids. The cats kept close to the walls, avoiding me, but wherever my little old friend went they followed him with their eyes. The birds were in the cage, except the bullfinch, which had perched on his shoulder.

"How on earth," I said, "do you manage to keep cats and birds in one room?"

"There is danger," he answered, "but I have not had a disaster yet. Till their legs or wings are mended the birds hardly come out of the cage; and after that they keep up on my perches. But they don't stay long, you know, when they're once well. That wire is only put over the window while they're mending; it'll be off to-morrow, for this lot."

"And then they'll go?"

"Yes. The sparrow first, and then the two thrushes."

"And this fellow?"

"Ask him," he said. "Would *you* go, Bully?" But the bullfinch did not deign to answer.

"And were all those cats, too, in trouble?"

"Yes," he said. "They wouldn't want me if they weren't."

Thereupon he began to warm some blue-looking milk, contemplating the new cat, which he had placed in a round basket close to the little stove, while the bullfinch sat on his head. It seemed time to go.

"Delighted to see you, sir," he said, "any day." And, pointing to the bullfinch on his head, added: "Did you ever see anything so wonderful as that bird? The size of its heart! Really marvellous!"

To the rapt sound of that word marvellous, and full of the memory of his mysterious brightness as he stood pointing upward to the bird perched on his thick, silvery hair, I went.

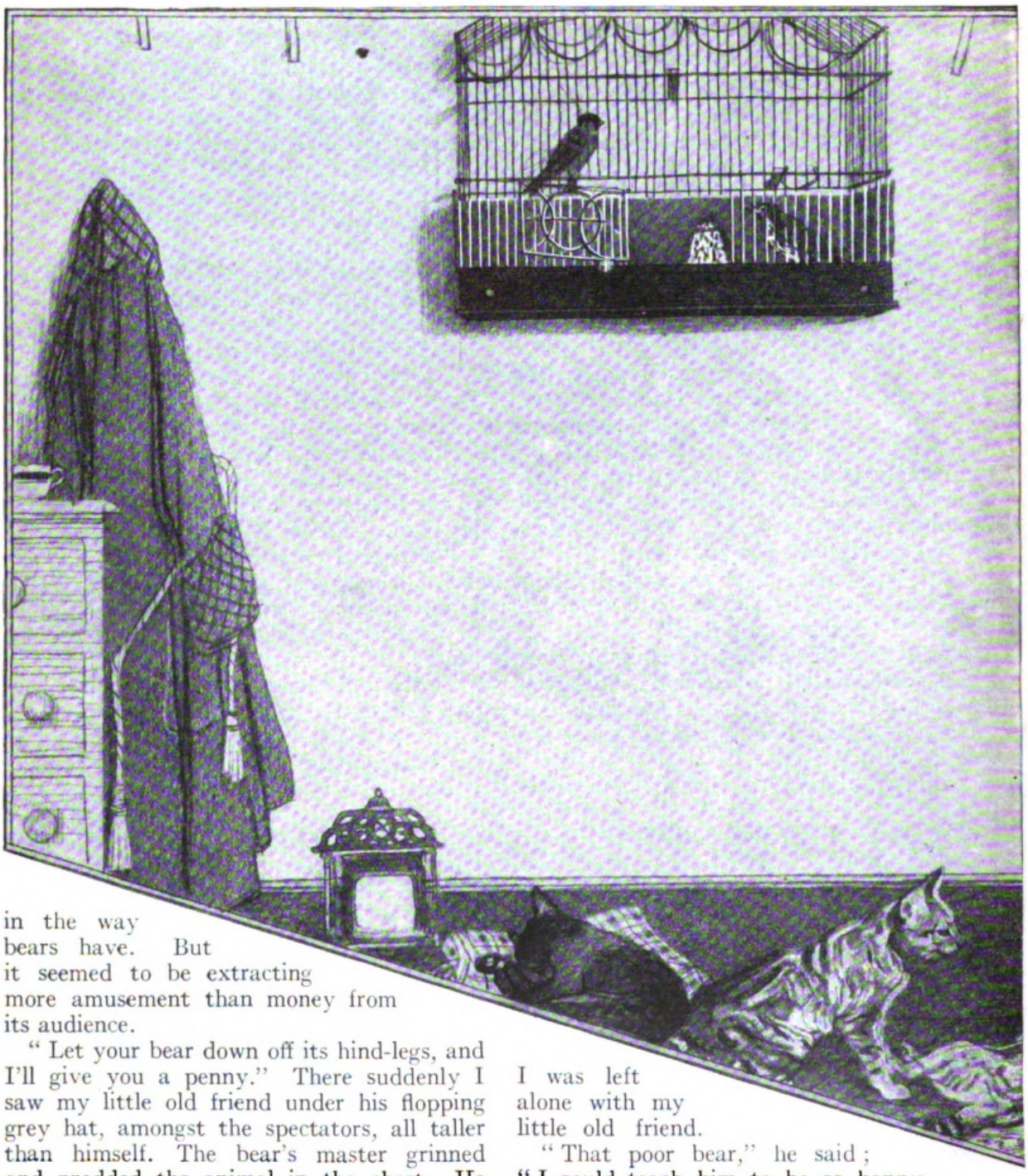
The landlady was still at the bottom of the stairs, and began at once: "So you found him! I don't know why I keep him. Of course, he was kind to my little girl." And I saw tears gather in her eyes.

"With his cats and his birds, I wonder I keep him! But where would he go? He's no relations and no friends—not a friend in the world, I think! He's a character. Lives on air—feeding those cats! I've no patience with them, eating him up. He never lets me in. Cats and birds! I wonder I keep him. Losing himself for those rubbishy things! It's my belief he was always like that; and that's why he never got on. He's no sense of anything."

And she gave me a shrewd look, wondering, no doubt, what the deuce I had come about.

I did not happen on him again in the Gardens for some time, and went at last to pay him a call. At the entrance to a mews just round the corner of his grubby little street I found a knot of people collected round one of those bears that are sometimes led through the less conspicuous streets of our huge towns. The yellowish beast was sitting up, in deference to its master's rod, uttering little grunts, and moving its uplifted snout from side to side

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in the way bears have. But it seemed to be extracting more amusement than money from its audience.

"Let your bear down off its hind-legs, and I'll give you a penny." There suddenly I saw my little old friend under his flopping grey hat, amongst the spectators, all taller than himself. The bear's master grinned and prodded the animal in the chest. He evidently knew a good thing when he saw it.

"I'll give you twopence to let him down."

Again the bear-man grinned. "More!" he said, and again prodded the bear's chest. The spectators were laughing now.

"Threepence! If you don't let him down for that, I'll hit you in the eye."

The bear-man held out his hand. "All a-right," he said, "threepence; I let him down."

I saw the coins pass, and the beast dropping on his forefeet; but just then, a policeman coming in sight, the man led his bear off, and I was left alone with my little old friend.

"That poor bear," he said; "I could teach him to be so happy. But, even if I could buy him, what could I do with him up there? She's a funny woman, my landlady."

He looked quite dim, but brightened as we went along.

"A bear," he said, "is really an extraordinary animal. What wise little eyes he has! I do think he's a marvellous creation! My cats will have to go without their dinner, though. I was going to buy it with that threepence."

I begged to be allowed the privilege.

"Willingly!" he said. "Shall we go

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in here? They like cod's head best."

While we stood waiting to be served I saw the usual derisive smile pass over the fishmonger's face. But my little old friend by no means noticed it; he was too busy looking at the fish. "A fish is a marvellous thing, when you come to think of it," he murmured. "Look at its scales. Did you ever see such brightness?"

We bought five cods' heads, and I left him carrying them in a bag, evidently lost in the anticipation of five cats eating them.

After that I saw him often, going with him



"'AND WERE ALL THOSE CATS, TOO, IN TROUBLE?' 'YES,' HE SAID. 'THEY WOULDN'T WANT ME IF THEY WEREN'T.'"

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sometimes to buy food for his cats, which seemed ever to increase in numbers. His talk was always of his strays and the marvels of creation, and that time of his life when he played the flute at the Harmony Theatre. He had been out of a job, it seemed, for more than ten years; and, when questioned, only sighed and answered: "Don't let's talk about it, please!"

His bumpy landlady never failed to favour me with a little conversation. She was one of those women with terrific consciences, and terrible grudges against them.

"I never get out," she would say.

"Why not?"

"Couldn't leave the house."

"It won't run away!"

But she would look at me as if she thought I might incite it to, and repeat:—

"Oh, I never get out!"

An extremely Scottish temperament.

Considering her descent, however, she was curiously devoid of success, struggling on apparently from week to week, cleaning, and answering the bell, and never getting out, and wondering why she kept my little old friend; just as he struggled on from week to week, getting out, and collecting strays, and discovering the marvels of creation, and finding her a funny woman. Their hands were joined, one must suppose, by that dead child.

One July afternoon, however, I found her very much upset. He had been taken dangerously ill three days before.

"There he is," she said; "can't touch a thing. It's my belief he's done for himself, giving his food away all these years to those cats of his. I shooed 'em out to-day, the nasty creatures; they won't get in again."

"Oh," I said, "you shouldn't have done that! It'll only make him miserable."

She flounced her head up. "Hoh!" she said. "I wonder I've kept him all this time, with his birds and his cats dirtying my house. And there he lies, talking gibberish about them. He made me write to a Mr. Jackson, of some theatre or other—I've no patience with him. And that little bullfinch all the time perching on his pillow, the dirty little thing! I'd have turned it out too, only it wouldn't let me catch it."

"What does the doctor say?"

"Double pneumonia—caught it getting his feet wet after some stray, I'll be bound. I'm nursing him. There has to be someone with him all the time."

He was lying very still when I went up, with the sunlight falling across the foot of his bed, and, sure enough, the bullfinch perching on his pillow. In that high fever he looked brighter than ever. He was not exactly delirious, yet not exactly master of his thoughts.

"Mr. Jackson! He'll be here soon. Mr. Jackson! He'll do it for me. I can ask him, if I die. A funny woman! I don't want to eat; I'm not a great eater—I want my breath—that's all."

At sound of his voice the bullfinch fluttered off the pillow and flew round and round the room, as if alarmed at something new in the sounds that were coming from its master.

Then he seemed to recognize me. "I think I'm going to die," he said; "I'm very weak. There's nobody to mind. If only he'd come soon! I wish," and he raised himself with feeble excitement—"I wish you'd take that wire off the window; I want my cats. She turned them out. I want him to promise me to take them, and Bully-boy, and feed them with my money when I'm dead."

Seeing that excitement was certainly worse for him than cats, I took the wire off. He fell back quiet at once; and presently first one and then another cat came stealing in, till there were four or five seated against the walls. The moment he ceased to speak the bullfinch, too, came back to his pillow. His eyes looked most supernaturally bright, staring out of his little withered-up old face at the sunlight playing on his bed; he said, just audibly: "Did you ever see anything more wonderful than that sunlight? It's really marvellous!" After that he fell into a sort of doze or stupor. And I continued to sit there in the window, relieved, but rather humiliated, that he had not asked me to take care of his cats and bullfinch.

Presently there came the sound of a motor-car in the little street below. And almost at once the landlady appeared. For such an abrupt woman, she entered very softly.

"Here he is," she whispered.

I went out and found a gentleman, perhaps sixty years of age, in a black coat, buff waistcoat, gold watch-chain, light trousers, patent leather boots, and a wonderfully shining hat. His face was plump and red, with a glossy grey moustache; indeed, he seemed to shine everywhere, save in the eyes, which were of a dull and somewhat liverish hue.

"Mr. Jackson?"

"The same. How is the little old chap?"

Opening the door of the next room, which I knew was always empty, I beckoned Mr. Jackson in.

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"He's really very ill; I'd better tell you what he wants to see you about."

He looked at me with that air of "You can't get at me—whoever you may be," which belongs to the very successful.

"Right-o!" he said.

I described the situation. "He seems to think," I ended, "that you'll be kind enough to charge yourself with his strays, in case he should die."

Mr. Jackson prodded the unpainted wash-stand with his gold-headed cane.

"Is he really going to kick it?"

"I'm afraid so; he's nothing but skin and spirit, as it is."

"H'm! Stray cats, you say, and a bird! Well, there's no accounting. He was always a cracky little chap. So that's it! When I got the letter I wondered what the deuce! We pay him his five quid a quarter regular to this day. To tell truth, he deserves it. Thirty years he was at our shop, never missed a night. First-rate flute he was. Ought never to have given it up, though I always thought it showed a bit of heart. But if a man don't look after number one, he's as good as gone—that's what I've always found. Why, I was no more than he was when I started. Shouldn't have been worth a plum if I'd gone on his plan, that's certain." And he gave that profound chuckle which comes from the very stomach of success.

"We were having a rocky time at the Harmony; had to cut down everything we could. Music—well, that came about first. Little old Moronelli, as we used to call him, from the old Italian days before English names came in—he was far the best of the flutes; so I went to him and said: 'Look here, Moronelli, which of these other boys had better go?' 'Oh!' he said—I remember his funny little old mug now—'has one of them to go, Mr. Jackson? Timmins'—that was the elder—'he's a wife and family; and Smith, he's only a boy. Times are very bad for flutes, Mr. Jackson.' 'I know it's a bit hard,' I said; 'but this theatre's goin' to be run much cheaper; one of 'em's got to get.' 'Oh,' he said, 'dear me!' he said. What a funny little old chap it was! And—what do you think? Next day I had his resignation. I give you my word I did my best to turn him. Why, he was sixty then if he was a day. At sixty a man don't get jobs in a hurry. But not a bit of it! All he'd say was, 'I shall get a place all right!' But that's it, you know—he never did. Too long in one shop. I heard by accident he was on the rocks; that's how I make him that allowance. But that's the sort of hopeless little old chap he is—no idea of himself. Cats! Why not? I'll take his old cats on; don't you let him worry about that. I'll see to his bird, too. If I can't give 'em a better time than ever they have here, it'll be funny!" And, looking round the little empty room, he again uttered that profound chuckle. "Why, he was with us at the Harmony thirty years—that's time—you know; *I* made my fortune in it."

"I'm sure," I said, "it'll be a great relief to him."

"Oh! Ah! That's all right. You can come down to my place"—he handed me a card: "Mr. Cyril Porteus Jackson, Ultima Thule, Wimbledon"—"and see how I fix 'em up. But if he's really going to kick it, I'd like to have a look at the little old chap, just for old times' sake."

We went as quietly as Mr. Jackson's bright boots would permit into his room, where the landlady was sitting gazing angrily at the cats. She went out without noise, flouncing her head as much as to say, "Well, now you can see what I have to go through, sitting up here. I never get out."

Our little old friend was still in that curious stupor. He seemed unconscious, but his blue eyes were not closed, staring brightly out before them at things we did not see. With his silvery hair, and his flushed frailty, he had an unearthly look. After standing perhaps three minutes at the foot of the bed, Mr. Jackson whispered:—

"Well, he does look queer! Poor little old chap! You tell him from me I'll look after his cats and bird; he needn't worry. And now I think I won't keep the car. Makes me feel a bit throaty, you know. Don't move—he might come to."

And, leaning all the weight of his substantial form on those bright and creaking toes, he made his way to the door, flashed at me a diamond ring, whispered hoarsely, "So long! That'll be all right!" and vanished. And soon I heard the whirring of his car, and just saw the top of his shiny hat travelling down the little street.

Some time I sat on there, wanting to deliver that message. An uncanny vigil in the failing light, with those five cats—yes, five at least—lying or sitting against the walls, staring like sphinxes at their motionless protector. I could not make out whether it was he in his stupor with his bright eyes that fascinated them, or the bullfinch perched on his pillow, whom they knew perhaps might soon be in their power. I was glad when the landlady

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came up, and I could leave the message with her.

When she opened the door to me next day at six o'clock I knew that he was gone. There was about her that sorrowful, unmistakable importance, that peculiar mournful excitement, which hovers over houses where Death has entered.

"Yes," she said, "he went this morning. Never came round after you left. Would you like to see him?"

We went up.

He lay, covered with a sheet, in the darkened room. The landlady pulled the window curtains apart. His face, as white now almost as his silvery head, had in the sunlight a radiance like that of a small, bright angel, gone to sleep. No growth of hair, such as comes on most dead faces, showed on those frail cheeks, that were now smooth and lineless as porcelain. And on the sheet above his chest the bullfinch sat, looking into his face.

The landlady let the curtains fall and we went out.

"I've got the cats in here"—she pointed to the room where Mr. Jackson and I had talked—"all ready for that gentleman when he sends. But that little bird, I don't know what to do; he won't let me catch him, and there he sits. It makes me feel all funny."

It had made me feel all funny, too.

"He hasn't left the money for his funeral. Dreadful, the way he never thought about himself. I'm glad I kept him, though." And, not to my astonishment, she suddenly began to cry.

A wire was sent to Mr. Jackson; and on the day of the funeral I went down to Ultima Thule, Wimbledon, to see if he had carried out his promise.

He had. In the grounds, past the vinery, an outhouse had been cleaned and sanded, with cushions placed at intervals against the wall, and a little trough of milk. Nothing could have been more suitable or luxurious.

"How's that?" he said. "I've done it thoroughly."

But I noticed that he looked a little glum.

"The only thing," he said, "is the cats. First night they seemed all right; and the second there were three of 'em left. But to-day the gardener tells me there's not the ghost of one anywhere. It's not for want of feeding. They've had tripe, and liver, and milk—as much as ever they liked. And cods' heads, you know—they're very fond of them. I must say it's a bit of a disappointment to me."

As he spoke, a sandy cat which I perfectly remembered, for it had only half its left ear, appeared in the doorway, and stood crouching, with its green eyes turned on us; then, hearing Mr. Jackson murmur: "Puss, puss!" it ran for its life, slinking almost into the ground, and vanished among some shrubs.

Mr. Jackson sighed. "Perversity of the brutes!" he said; and led me back to the house through a conservatory full of choice orchids. A gilt bird-cage was hanging there, one of the largest I had ever seen, replete with every luxury the heart of bird could want.

"Is that for the bullfinch?" I asked him.

"Oh!" he said; "didn't you know? The little beggar wouldn't let himself be caught; and the second morning, when they went up, there he lay on the old chap's body, dead. I thought it was very touchin'. But I kept the cage hung up for you to see that I should have given him a good time here. Oh, yes; Ultima Thule would have done him well!"

And from a bright leather case Mr. Jackson offered me a cigar.

The question I had long been wishing to ask him slipped out of me then:—

"Do you mind telling me why you called your house 'Ultima Thule'?"

"Why?" he said. "Found it on the gate. Think it's rather *distingué*, don't you?" and he uttered his profound chuckle.

"First-rate. The whole place is the last word in comfort."

"Very good of you to say so," he murmured. "I've laid out a goodish bit on it. A man must have a warm corner to end his days in. 'Ultima Thule,' as you say—not bad. There's success about it, somehow."

And with that word in my ears, and in my eyes a vision of the little old fellow in *his* "Ultima Thule," with the bullfinch lying dead on a heart that had never known success, I travelled back to town.

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THE MAKING OF MAC'S.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

MAC'S Restaurant—nobody calls it MacFarland's—is a mystery. It is off the beaten track. It is not known. It does not advertise. It provides nothing nearer to an orchestra than a solitary piano. Yet, with all these things against it, it is a success. In theatrical circles especially it holds a position which might turn the white lights of many a supper palace green with envy.

This is mysterious. You do not expect Soho to compete with and even eclipse Piccadilly in this way. And, when Soho does so compete, there is generally Romance of some kind somewhere in the background.

Somebody happened to mention to me casually that Henry, the old waiter, had been at Mac's since its foundation.

"Me?" said Henry, questioned during a slack spell in the afternoon. "Rather!"

"Then can you tell me what it was that first gave the place the impetus which started it on its upward course? What causes should you say were responsible for its phenomenal prosperity? What——"

"What gave it a leg-up? Is that what you're trying to get at?"

"Exactly. What gave it a leg-up? Can you tell me?"

"Me?" said Henry. "Rather!"

And he told me this chapter from the unwritten history of the London whose day begins when Nature's finishes.

Old Mr. MacFarland (said Henry) started the place fifteen years ago. He was a widower with one son and what you might call half a daughter. That's to say, he had adopted her. Katie was her name, and she was the child of a friend of his, dead. The son's name was Andy. A little freckled nipper he was when I first knew him—one of those silent kids that don't say much and have as much obstinacy in them as if they were mules. Many's the time, in them days, I've clumped him on the head and told him to do something; and he didn't run yelling to his Pa, same as most kids would have done, but just said nothing and went on not doing whatever it was I had told him to do. That was the sort of disposition Andy had, and it grew on him. Why, when he came back from Oxford College the time the old man sent for him—what I'm going to tell you about soon—he had a jaw on him like the ram of a battleship. Katie was the kid for my money. I liked Katie. We all liked Katie.

Old MacFarland started out with two big advantages. One was Jules, and the other was me. Jules came from Paris, and he was the greatest cook you ever seen. And me—well, I was just come from ten years as waiter at the Guelph, and I won't conceal it from you that I gave the place a tone. I gave Soho something to think about over its chop, believe me. It was a come-down in the world for me, maybe, after the Guelph, but what I said to myself was that, when you get a tip in Soho, it may be only tuppence, but you keep it; whereas at the Guelph about ninety-nine hundredths of it goes to helping to maintain some blooming head waiter in the style to which he has been accustomed. It was through my kind of harping on that fact that me and the Guelph parted company. The head waiter complained to the management the day I called him a fat-headed vampire.

Well, what with me and what with Jules,

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MacFarland's—it wasn't Mac's in them days—began to get a move on. Old MacFarland, who knew a good man when he saw one and always treated me more like a brother than anything else, used to say to me: "Henry, if this keeps up I'll be able to send the boy to Oxford College." Until one day he changed it to, "Henry, I'm going to send the boy to Oxford College," and next year, sure enough, off he went.

Katie was sixteen then, and she had just been given the cashier job as a treat. She wanted to do something to help the old man, so he put her on a high chair behind a wire cage with a hole in it, and she gave the customers their change. And let me tell you, mister, that a man that wasn't satisfied after he'd had me serve him a dinner cooked by Jules and then had a chat with Katie through the wire cage would have groused at Paradise. For she was pretty, was Katie, and getting prettier every day. I spoke to the boss about it. I said it was putting temptation in the girl's way to set her up there right in the public eye, as it were. And he told me to hop it. So I hopped it.

Katie was wild about dancing. Nobody knew it till later, but all this while, it turned out, she was attending regular one of them schools. That was where she went to in the afternoons when we all thought she was visiting girl friends. It all come out after, but she fooled us then. Girls are like monkeys when it comes to artfulness.

She called me Uncle Bill, because she said the name Henry always reminded her of cold mutton. If it had been young Andy that had 'ave said it I'd have clumped him one; but he never said anything like that. Come to think of it, he never said anything much at all. He just thought a heap without opening his face.

So young Andy went off to college, and I said to him: "Now, then, you young devil, you be a credit to us, or I'll fetch you a clip when you come home." And Katie said: "Oh, Andy, I *shall* miss you!" And Andy didn't say nothing to me, and he didn't say nothing to Katie, but he give her a look, and later in the day I found her crying, and she said she'd got toothache, and I went round the corner to the chemist's and bought her something for it.

It was in the middle of Andy's second year at college that the old man had the stroke which put him out of business. He went down under it as if he'd been hit with an axe, and the doctor tells him he'll never be able to leave his bed again.

So they sent for Andy, and he quit his college and come back to London to look after the restaurant.

I was sorry for the kid. I told him so in a fatherly kind of way. And he just looks at me and says, "Thanks very much, Henry."

"What must be must be," I says. "Maybe it's all for the best. Maybe it's better you're here than in among all those young devils in your Oxford school what might be leading you astray."

"If you would think less of me and more of your work, Henry," he says, "perhaps that gentleman over there wouldn't have to shout sixteen times for the waiter."

Which, on looking into it, I found to be the case, and he went away without giving me no tip, which shows what you lose in a hard world by being sympathetic.

I'm bound to say that young Andy showed us all jolly quick that he hadn't come home just to be an ornament about the place. There was exactly one boss in the restaurant, and it was him. It come a little hard at first to have to be respectful to a kid whose head you had spent many a happy hour in clumping for his own good in the past; but he pretty soon showed me I could do it if I tried, and I done it. As for Jules and the two young fellers that had been taken on to help me owing to increase of business, they would jump through hoops and roll over if he just looked at them. He was a boy who liked his own way, was Andy, and, believe me, at MacFarland's Restaurant he got it.

And then, when things had settled down into a steady jog, Katie took the bit in her teeth.

She done it quite quiet and unexpected one afternoon when there was only me and her and Andy in the place. And I don't think either of them knew I was there, for I was taking an easy on a chair at the back, reading an evening paper.

She said, kind of quiet, "Oh, Andy."

"Yes, darling?" he said.

And that was the first I knew that there was anything between them.

"Andy, I've something to tell you."

"What is it?"

She kind of hesitated.

"Andy, dear, I sha'n't be able to help any more in the restaurant."

He looked at her, sort of surprised.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm—I'm going on the stage."

I put down my paper. What do you mean, "Did I listen?" Of course I listened! What do you take me for?

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From where I sat I could see young Andy's face, and I didn't need any more to tell me there was going to be trouble. That jaw of his was right out. I forgot to tell you that the old man had died, poor old feller, maybe six months before, so that now Andy was the real boss instead of just acting boss; and what's more, in the nature of things, he was in a manner of speaking Katie's guardian, with power to tell her what she could do and what she couldn't. And I felt that Katie wasn't going to have any smooth passage with this stage business which she was giving him. Andy didn't hold with the stage—not with any girl he was fond of being on it, anyway. And when Andy didn't like a thing, he said so.



"I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE ABOUT IT. YOU DON'T GO."

He said so now.

"You aren't going to do anything of the sort."

"Don't be horrid about it, Andy, dear. I've got a big chance. Why should you be horrid about it?"

"I'm not going to argue about it. You don't go."

"But it's such a big chance, and I've been working for it for years."

"How do you mean, working for it?"

And then it came out about this dancing-school she'd been attending regular.

When she'd finished telling him about it he just shoved out his jaw another inch.

"You aren't going on the stage."

"But it's such a chance. I saw Mr. Mandelbaum yesterday, and he saw me dance, and he was very pleased, and said he would give me a solo dance to do in this new piece he's putting on."

"You aren't going on the stage."

What I always say is, you can't beat tact. If you're smooth and tactful you can get folks to do anything you want; but if you just shove your jaw out at them and order them about, why, then they get their backs up and sauce you. I knew Katie well enough to know that she would do anything for Andy if he asked her properly; but she wasn't going to stand this sort of thing. But you couldn't drive that into the head of a feller like young Andy with a steam hammer.

She flared up, quick, as if she couldn't hold herself in no longer.

"I certainly am," she said.

"You know what it means?"

"What does it mean?"

"The end of—everything."

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She kind of blinked, as if he'd hit her. Then she chucks her chin up.

"Very well," she says. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," says Andy, the pig-headed young mule; and she walks out one way and he walks out another.

I don't follow the drama much as a general rule, but seeing that it was now, so to speak, in the family, I did keep an eye open for the newspaper notices of "The Rose Girl," which was the name of the piece which Mr. Mandelbaum was letting Katie do a solo dance in; and, while some of them cussed the play considerable, they all gave Katie a nice word. One feller said that she was like cold water on the morning after, which is high praise coming from a newspaper man.

There wasn't a doubt about it. She was a success. You see, she was something new, and London always sits up and takes notice when you give it that.

There were pictures of her in the papers, and one evening paper had a piece about "How I preserve my youth," signed by her. I cut it out and showed it to Andy.

He give it a look. Then he give me a look, and I didn't like his eye.



"'HALLOA, UNCLE BILL!' SHE SAYS. 'GOOD EVENING, MADAM,' I SAYS,

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"Well?" he says.

"Pardon!" I says.

"What about it?" he says.

"I don't know," I says.

"Get back to your work," he says.

So I got back.

It was that same night that the queer thing happened.

We didn't do much in the supper line at MacFarland's as a rule in them days, but we kept open, of course, in case Soho should take it into its head to treat itself to a Welsh rabbit before going to bed. So all hands was on deck, ready for the call if it should come, at half-past eleven that night; but we weren't what you might term sanguine.



DIGNIFIED, BEING ON DUTY."

Well, just on the half-hour, up drives a taxi-cab, and in comes a party of four. There was a nut, another nut, a girl, and another girl. And the second girl was Katie.

"Halloa, Uncle Bill!" she says.

"Good evening, madam," I says, dignified, being on duty.

"Oh, stop it, Uncle Bill!" she says. "Say 'Halloa!' to a pal and smile prettily, or I'll tell them about the time you went to the White City."

Well, there's some bygones that are best left bygones, and the night at the White City what she was alluding to was one of them. I still maintain, as I always shall maintain, that the constable had no right to—— But there, it's a story that wouldn't interest you. And, anyway, I was glad to see Katie again, so I give her a smile.

"Not so much of it," I says. "Not so much of it. I'm glad to see you, Katie."

"Three cheers! Jimmy, I want to introduce you to my friend Uncle Bill. Ted, this is Uncle Bill. Violet, this is Uncle Bill."

It wasn't my place to fetch her one on the side of the head, but I'd 'ave liked to have; for she was acting like she'd never used to act when I knew her—all tough and bold. Then it come to me that she was nervous. And natural, too, seeing young Andy might pop out at any moment.

And sure enough, out he popped from the back room at that very instant. Katie looked at him, and he looked at Katie, and I seen his face get kind of hard, but he didn't say a word. And presently he went out again.

I heard Katie breathe sort of deep.

"He's looking well, Uncle Bill, ain't he?" she says to me, very soft.

"Pretty fair," I says. "Well, kid, I been reading the pieces in the papers. You've knocked 'em."

"Ah, don't, Bill," she says, as if I'd hurt her. And me meaning only to say the civil thing. Girls are rum.

When the party had paid their bill and give me a tip which made me think I was back at the Guelph again—only there weren't any Dick Turpin of a head waiter standing by for his share—they hopped it. But Katie hung back and had a word with me.

"He *was* looking well, wasn't he, Uncle Bill?"

"Rather!"

"Does—does he ever speak of me?"

"I ain't heard him."

"I suppose he's still pretty angry with

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me, isn't he, Uncle Bill? You're sure you've never heard him speak of me?"

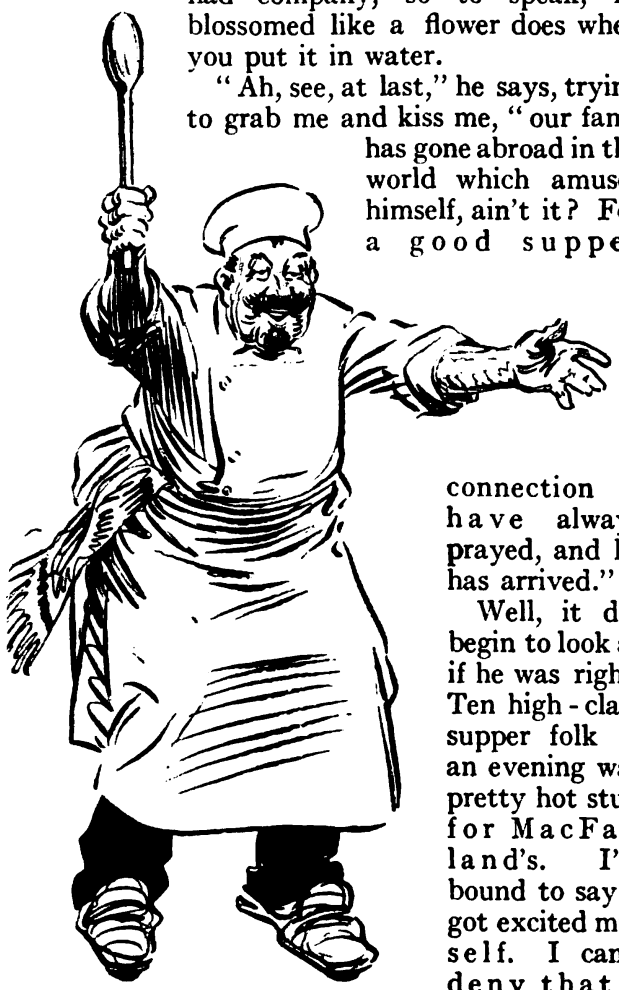
So, to cheer her up, I tells her about the piece in the paper I showed him. But it didn't seem to cheer her up any. And she goes out.

The very next night in she come again for supper, but with different nuts and different girls. There was six of them this time, counting her. And they'd hardly sat down at their table when in come the fellers she had called Jimmy and Ted, with two girls. And they sat eating of their suppers and chaffing one another across the floor, all as pleasant and sociable as you please.

"I say, Katie," I heard one of the nuts say, "you were right. He's worth the price of admission."

I don't know who they meant, but they all laughed. And every now and again I'd hear them praising the food, which I don't wonder at, for Jules had certainly done himself proud. All artistic temperament, these Frenchmen are. The moment I told him we had company, so to speak, he blossomed like a flower does when you put it in water.

"Ah, see, at last," he says, trying to grab me and kiss me, "our fame has gone abroad in the world which amuses himself, ain't it? For a good supper connection I have always prayed, and he has arrived."



"'AH, SEE, AT LAST,' HE SAYS, 'OUR FAME HAS GONE ABROAD IN THE WORLD WHICH AMUSES HIMSELF, AIN'T IT?'"

Well, it did begin to look as if he was right. Ten high-class supper folk in an evening was pretty hot stuff for MacFarland's. I'm bound to say I got excited myself. I can't deny that I missed the Guelphat times.

On the fifth night, when the place was fairly packed and looked for all the world like Oddy's or Romano's, and me and the two young fellers helping me was working double tides, I suddenly understood; and I went up to Katie and, bending over her very respectful with a bottle, I whispers, "Hot stuff, kid. This is a jolly fine boom you're working for the old place." And by the way she smiled back at me I seen I had guessed right.

Andy was hanging round, keeping an eye on things, as he always done, and I says to him when I was passing: "She's doing us proud, bucking up the old place, ain't she?" And he says, "Get on with your work." And I got on.

Katie hung back at the door when she was on her way out, and had a word with me.

"Has he said anything about me, Uncle Bill?"

"Not a word," I says.

And she goes out.

You've probably noticed about London, mister, that a flock of sheep isn't in it with the nuts, the way they all troop on each other's heels to supper places. One month they're all going to one place, next month to another. Someone in the push starts the cry that he's found a new place, and off they all go to try it. The trouble with most of the places is that, once they've got the custom, they think it's going to keep on coming, and all they've got to do is to lean back and watch it come. Popularity comes in at the door, and good food and good service flies out at the window. We wasn't going to have any of that at MacFarland's. Even if it hadn't been that Andy would have come down like half a ton of bricks on the first sign of slackness, Jules and me both of us had our professional reputations to keep up. I didn't give myself no airs when I see things coming our way. I worked all the harder, and I seen to it that the four young fellers under me—there was four now—didn't lose no time fetching of the orders.

The consequence was that the difference between us and most popular restaurants was that we kept our popularity. We fed them well, and we served them well; and, once the thing had started rolling, it didn't stop. Soho isn't so very far away from the centre of things, when you come to look at it; and they didn't mind the extra step, seeing that there was something good at the end of it. So we got our popularity, and we kept our popularity, and we've got it to this day. That's how MacFarland's came to be what it is, mister. . . .

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With the air of one who has told a well-rounded tale, Henry ceased, and observed that it was wonderful the way Mr. Woodward, of Chelsea, preserved his skill in spite of his advanced years.

I stared at him.

"But, heavens, man!" I cried, "you surely don't think you've finished? What about Katie and Andy? What happened to them? Did they ever come together again?"

"Oh, ah," said Henry; "I was forgetting."

And he resumed.

As time went on I began to get pretty fed up with young Andy. He was making a fortune as fast as any feller could out of the sudden boom in the supper custom, and he knew perfectly well that if it hadn't 'ave been for Katie there wouldn't 'ave been any supper custom at all; and you'd 'ave thought that anyone claiming to be a human being would have had the gratitood to forgive and forget and go over and say a civil word to Katie when she come in. But no, he just hung round looking black at all of them; and one night he goes and fairly does it.

The place was full that night, and Katie was there, and the piano going, and everybody enjoying themselves, when the young feller at the piano struck up the tune what Katie danced to in the show. Catchy tune it was. "Lum-tum-tum, tiddle-iddle-um"—something like that it went. Well, the young feller struck up with it, and everybody began clapping and hammering on the tables and hollering to Katie to get up and dance. Which she done, in an open space in the middle, and she hadn't hardly started when along come young Andy.

He goes up to her, all jaw, and I seen something that wanted dusting on the table next to 'em, so I went up and began dusting it, so by good luck I happened to hear the whole thing.

He says to her, very quiet: "You can't do that here. What do you think this place is?"

And she says to him: "Oh, Andy!"

"I'm very much obliged to you," he says, "for all the trouble you seem to be taking, but it isn't necessary. MacFarland's got on very well before your well-meant efforts to turn it into a bear-garden."

And him coining the money from the supper custom! Sometimes I think gratitood's a thing of the past and this world not fit for a self-respecting rattlesnake to live in.

"Andy!" she says.

"That's all. We needn't argue about it. If you want to come here and have supper I can't stop you. But I'm not going to have the place turned into a night-club."

I don't know when I've heard anything like it. If it hadn't 'ave been that I hadn't 'ave got the nerve, I'd have give him a look.

Katie didn't say another word, but just went back to her table.

But the episode, as they say, wasn't conclooded. As soon as the party she was with seen that she was through dancing they begin to kick up a row; and one young nut with about an inch and a quarter of forehead and the same amount of chin kicked it up especial.

"No, I say! I say, you know!" he hollered. "That's too bad, you know. Encore! Don't stop! Encore!"

Andy goes up to him.

"I must ask you, please, not to make so much noise," he says, quite respectful. "You are disturbing people."

"Disturbing be hanged! Why shouldn't she——"

"One moment. You can make all the noise you please out in the street, but as long as you stay in here you'll be quiet. Do you understand?"

Up jumps the nut. He'd had quite enough to drink. I know, because I'd been serving him.

"Who the devil are you?" he says.

"Sit down," says Andy.

And the young feller took a smack at him. And the next moment Andy had him by the collar and was chucking him out in a way that would have done credit to a real professional down Whitechapel way. He dumped him on the pavement as neat as you please.

That broke up the party.

You can never tell with restaurants. What kills one makes another. I've no doubt that, if we had chucked out a good customer from the Guelph, that would have been the end of the place. But it only seemed to do MacFarland's good. I guess it gave just that touch to the place which made the nuts think that this was real Bohemia. Come to think of it, it does give a kind of charm to a place if you feel that at any moment the feller at the next table to you may be gathered up by the slack of his trousers and slung into the street.

Anyhow, that's the way our supper custom seemed to look at it; and after that you had to book a table in advance if you wanted to eat with us. They fairly flocked to the place.

But Katie didn't. She didn't flock. She stayed away. And no wonder, after Andy behaving so bad. I'd 'ave spoke to him about it, only he wasn't the kind of feller you do speak to about things.

One day I says to him, to cheer him up: "What price this restaurant now, Mr. Andy?"

"Curse the restaurant!" he says.

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And him with all that supper custom ! It's a rum world !

Mister, have you ever had a real shock—something that came out of nowhere and just knocked you flat ? I have, and I'm going to tell you about it.

When a man gets to be my age, and has a job of work which keeps him busy till it's time for him to go to bed, he gets into the habit of not doing much worrying about anything that ain't shoved right under his nose. That's why, about now, Katie had kind of slipped my mind. It wasn't that I wasn't fond of the kid, but I'd got so much to think about, what with having four young fellers under me and things being in such a rush at the restaurant, that, if I thought of her at all, I just took it for granted that she was getting along all right, and didn't bother. To be sure, we hadn't seen nothing of her at MacFarland's since the night when Andy bounced her pal with the small size in foreheads, but that didn't worry me. If I'd been her I'd have stopped away the same as she done, seeing that young Andy still had his hump. I took it for granted, as I'm telling you, that she was all right, and that the reason we didn't see nothing of her was that she was taking her patronage elsewhere.

And then, one evening, which happened to be my evening off, I got her letter, and for ten minutes after I read it I was knocked flat.

You get to believe in Fate when you get to be my age, and Fate certainly had taken a hand in this game. If it hadn't 'ave been my evening off, don't you see, I wouldn't 'ave got home till one o'clock or past that in the morning, being on duty. Whereas, seeing it was my evening off, I was back at half-past eight. I was living at the same boarding-house in Bloomsbury what I'd lived at for the past ten years, and, when I got there, I find her letter shoved half under my door.

I can tell you every word of it. This is how it went :—

"DARLING UNCLE BILL,—Don't be too sorry when you read this. It is nobody's fault, but I am just tired of everything, and I want to end it all. You have been such a dear to me always that I want you to be good to me now. I should not like Andy to know the truth, so I want you to make it seem as if it had happened naturally. You will do this for me, won't you ? It will be quite easy. By the time you get this it will be one, and it will all be over, and you can just come up and open the window and let the gas out and then everyone will think I just died naturally. It will be quite easy. I am leaving the door unlocked so that you can get in. I am in the room just above yours. I took it yesterday, so as to be near you. Good-bye, Uncle Bill. You will do it for me, won't you ? I don't want Andy to know what it really was.—KATIE."

That was it, mister, and I tell you it floored me. And then it come to me, kind of as a new idea, that I'd best do something pretty soon ; and up the stairs I went quick.



"THE NEXT MOMENT ANDY HAD HIM BY THE COLLAR."

There she was on the bed, with her eyes closed, and the gas just beginning to get bad.

As I come in she jumped up, and stood staring at me. I went to the tap and turned the flow off, and then I gives her a look.

"Now, then," I says.

"How did you get here ?"

"Never mind how I got here ! What have *you* got to say for yourself ?"

She just began to cry, same as she used to

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when she was a kid and someone had hurt her.

"Here," I says, "let's get along out of here, and go where there's some air to breathe. Don't you take on so. You come along out and tell me all about it."

She started to walk to where I was, and suddenly I seen she was limping. So I give her a hand down to my room, and set her on a chair.

"Now, then?" I says again.

"Don't be angry with me, Uncle Bill," she says.

And she looks at me so pitiful that I goes up to her and puts my arm round her and pats her on the back.

"Don't you worry, dearie," I says. "Nobody ain't going to be angry with you. But for goodness' sake," I says, "tell a man why in the name of goodness you ever took and acted so foolish."

"I wanted to end it all."

"But why?"

She burst out a-crying again, like a kid.

"Didn't you read about it in the paper, Uncle Bill?"

"Read about what in the paper?"

"My accident. I broke my ankle at rehearsal ever so long ago, practising my new dance. The doctor says it will never be right again. I shall never be able to dance any more. I shall always limp. I sha'n't even be able to walk properly. And when I thought of that—and Andy—and everything—I——"

I got on to my feet.

"Well, well, well!" I says. "Well, well, well! I don't know as I blame you. But don't you do it. It's a mug's game. Look here, if I leave you alone for half an hour, you won't go trying it on again? Promise!"

"Very well, Uncle Bill. Where are you going?"

"Oh, just out. I'll be back soon. You sit there and rest yourself."

It didn't take me ten minutes to get to the restaurant in a cab. I found Andy in the back room.

"What's the matter, Henry?" he says.

"Take a look at this," I says.

There's always this risk, mister, in being the Andy type of feller what must have his own way and goes straight ahead and has it, and that is, that when trouble does come to him it comes with a rush. It sometimes seems to me that in this life we've all got to have trouble sooner or later; and some of us gets it bit by bit, spread out thin, so to speak, and a few of us gets it in a lump—*biff!* And that was what happened to Andy, and what I knew was going to happen when I shown him that letter. I nearly says to him, "Brace up, young feller, because this is where you get it."

I don't often go to the theatre, but when I do I like one of those plays with some ginger in them, which the papers generally cuss. The papers say that real human beings don't carry on in that way. Take it from me, mister, they do. I seen a feller on the stage read a letter once which didn't just suit him, and he gasped and rolled his eyes and tried to say something and couldn't, and had to get a hold on a chair to keep him from falling. There was a piece in the paper saying that this was all wrong, and that he wouldn't have done them things in real life. Believe me, the paper was wrong. There wasn't a thing that that feller did that Andy didn't do when he read that letter.

"God!" he says. Then:—

"Is she—she isn't—— Were you in time?" he says.

And he looks at me, and I seen that he had got it in the neck, right enough.

"If you mean, is she dead," I says, "no, she ain't dead."

"Thank God!"

"Not yet," I says.

And the next moment we was out of that room and in the cab and moving quick.

He was never much of a talker, wasn't Andy, and he didn't chat in that cab. He didn't say a word till we was going up the stairs.

"Where?" he says.

"Here," I says.

And I opens the door.

Katie was standing looking out of the window. She turned as the door opened, and then she saw Andy. Her lips parted as if she was going to say something, but she didn't say nothing. And Andy, he didn't say nothing neither. He just looked, and she just looked.

And then he sort of stumbles across the room, and goes down on his knees, and gets his arms around her.

"Oh, my kid!" he says.

And I seen I wasn't wanted, so I shut the door, and I hopped it. I went and saw the last half of a music-hall. But I don't know, it didn't kind of have no fascination for me. You've got to give your mind to it to appreciate good music-hall turns.

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WHAT DOCTORS SAY ABOUT IT.

There are, no doubt, many of our readers who remember the time when "Confession Books" were popular—albums consisting of pages of questions to be answered by the owner's friends and acquaintances. The following novel article may be called a kind of "Confession Book for Doctors." We have asked several of the best-known medical experts and writers of the day to fill in the answers to six important questions regarding health and well-being, such as affect the daily lives of every class of reader. We need hardly point out the interest and value of the result which is contained in the following pages.

Sir JAMES F. GOODHART, Bart., M.D., C.M., F.R.C.P. Lond.

1. Do we eat too much?

With much qualification, *men* incline to over-eating; *women*, large numbers, eat too little. I am in doubt as to how far this applies to women in every class of life. It certainly does to the middle and upper classes, and to married women in them with the care of households and the provision of food.

2. Do we sleep too much?

I doubt if many sleep too much. It is possible to encourage a habit of somnolency to the detriment of mind and body. I believe many more worry themselves because they suppose they sleep too little and that if they do not get more sleep their brains will suffer. A needless dread. Many a man will do day by day a long day's work on, say, four or five hours' sleep. It is much a matter of habit with the adult. I remember that Lord Palmerston is supposed to have been able to get through his busy political life by having the knack of dropping off to sleep for a few moments at all sorts of odd times and chances, and there must be many who know well what an enormous restorative value such a lapse may have. Rest should be regular and punctually allotted, and let sleep come during that hour as it may.

3. Do we take too much exercise?

There is no time for excessive exercise in the adult working man or woman; on the whole, too little is taken. It is to be remembered that brain work and muscular exercise are alike causes of fatigue and waste, and it often happens that after a day's brain work no energy remains for muscular exercise—when if it be attempted it will do more harm than good. I have heard it said that the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Sir William Jenner never took any exercise, and from this point of view it seems quite natural. But everyone needs fresh air.

4. Can we have too much fresh air?

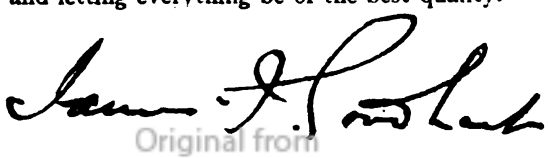
I do not think so. The gospel of the open window is a life-giving one. In Nansen's Polar Expedition it was noticed that no one caught a cold until the return voyagers had reached some town, and they came again into contact with human habitations. The more pure air surrounding the body, provided that its animal heat is not reduced, the more vigorous is it likely to be.

5. Is smoking injurious?

It would be safer to chew a toothpick than to sink deep into a habit. Moderate smoking does no harm to most men. Excessive smokers do, I believe, draw upon their store of decadent vitality, which, when they come to look into it, say at fifty-five and onwards, is less keen and crisp in its response to the blows that now begin to tell upon it.

6. Is there any other important rule of health which ought to be more generally observed?

Never to undertake more work in each day's labour than one's physical energy is capable of accomplishing, and letting everything be of the best quality.



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FREDERICK NEEDHAM, M.D., M.R.C.P.

1. Do we eat too much?	Yes; especially of meat.
2. Do we sleep too much?	Generally speaking, no.
3. Do we take too much exercise?	Generally speaking, not enough.
4. Can we have too much fresh air?	No; if we have it without draughts.
5. Is smoking injurious?	In moderation, no.
6. Is there any other important rule of health which ought to be more generally observed?	Yes; we ought to cultivate freedom from worry, and the growth within us of love and ungrudging tolerance. F. Needham. M.D.

C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.Edin., F.Z.S.

1. Do we eat too much?

I believe it well proved that the overwhelming majority of all but the poor eat far too much. The children of the poor do not get enough food of the right kinds. The nation and the Empire would be stronger and fitter for the colossal *post bellum* problems to come if the superfluity of the well-to-do became the necessary supplement of the young poor. All classes would then be healthier.

2. Do we sleep too much?

I think not. But sleep has depth as well as length and cannot be measured by the clock. Probably the brain never takes more than the right amount of sleep of the right kind.

3. Do we take too much exercise?

Very few take too much exercise, and hosts take far too little. There are wide individual variations; and, further, the need for exercise is, roughly, proportionate to the excess of diet. Compare a motor-car and its petrol.

4. Can we have too much fresh air?

Bless your innocent heart, no! Unless you mean draughts, which are another story.

5. Is smoking injurious?

For most people, in moderation, the injury is probably negligible, apart from cancer of the tongue and mouth due to chronic irritation. But many smoke in such degree as to injure the heart and eyes while they do so.

6. Is there any other important rule of health which ought to be more generally observed?

In my judgment, the evidence, long adequate, has within the last decade become overwhelming, that for man, as for all other living creatures except the vinegar bacillus, alcohol should be used outside the body only.

C. W. Saleeby

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JOHN H. CLARKE, M.D.

1. Do we eat too much?

I should say not. It is not possible to regulate one's feeding to the exact amount needed to repair all waste and maintain growth. We require a margin over, and the healthy appetite is the best guide as to that. When appetite is better than digestion, experience comes in to correct it.

2. Do we sleep too much?

No. I generally advise patients to take as much sleep as they can get. We draw in much energy when asleep, and sleep is as important as food. A friend of mine who has retained youthful energy to advanced years has nearly all his life made it a rule to take one-third of his time in the horizontal position, whether asleep or not. The four "eights"—"eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, and eight 'bob' a day"—is a better maxim than "six for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool."

3. Do we take too much exercise?

Many of us do. "Take plenty of exercise" is often a fatal advice to give. Men who do much brain work, or office work, and women who are fagged with household cares, have no energy left for physical exercise. One cannot take it out of one's brains and one's legs at the same time with impunity. On Sundays and holidays it is different. Exercise when fresh is excellent; exercise when fagged is poison.

4. Can we have too much fresh air?

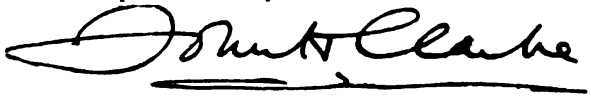
Easily. Because fresh air is good for consumptives some people think it "hygienic" for everybody to live in perpetual draughts. I am convinced that in hospitals many patients are sent to a better world by the regulation morning wash in the regulation well-ventilated ward, which sheds on their bare, wet bodies a cataract of fatally fresh air from some hygienically open window.

5. Is smoking injurious?

It depends on the smoker. A smoke after a good meal cannot do much harm. Chain-smoking is very bad for anybody—unless he happens to be a Mark Twain.

6. Is there any other important rule of health which ought to be more generally observed?

The most important rule for everyone to observe is the rule of his own measure. Every man is a law to himself, and the great art of life for each one is to find his own. Having found it, let him keep to it in all things as closely as he conveniently can. But whatever he does, let him avoid like poison the temptation to impose it on anyone else.



Dr. ROBERTSON WALLACE.

1. Do we eat too much?

The well-to-do, who, for the purposes of this reply, may be defined as people who habitually "do themselves well," certainly eat far too much, far too richly, and far too often. My experience has taught me that those who can afford it and have the necessary leisure make a hobby of eating, taking at least two dinners—one of them dubbed "luncheon"—per day, in addition to a substantial breakfast or a satisfying supper. And they lead inactive lives. In a physiological sense these people cannot be said to earn their dinners, but in a pathological sense they earn the diseases which naturally follow, as the night the day, such surfeits. They eat themselves old, ill, and ugly, and are much too old at forty to be of any use to anybody but consulting physicians and operating surgeons. If these people would eat fewer meals, fresher and less sophisticated food, and fewer courses at dinner, and would work harder mentally and physically, the world's rate of mortality from Bright's disease, pneumonia, gout, rheumatism, obesity and fatty degeneration, bronchitis, etc., would be very much lower than it is.

2. Do we sleep too much?

I do not think the generality of adults sleep enough. And when they do, they do it at the wrong time of day, when the quality of sleep is poor. Two hours of sleep before midnight are more refreshing than two hours after. Experience emphasizes but does not explain this fact. Some require more sleep and some less than others, but the average man can do comfortably with about eight. Therefore a man of sixty has probably been asleep—off and on, of course—for about twenty years out of that period. In other words, he has lived for forty and vegetated unconsciously for twenty years. And if he had not slept so soundly, he might not have attained that creditable age. For sleeplessness causes more havoc to humanity than excess of sleep, though this latter form of self-indulgence may easily lead to mental weakness and physical deterioration.

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3. Do we take too much exercise?

The majority of people in what is called—ironically, I suppose—"comfortable circumstances" owe a large measure of their discomforts to taking no exercise at all, or as little as possible. Some people are born lazy; some achieve laziness; others again have laziness thrust upon them. Exercise demands effort, and some people simply can't, or won't, make an effort. Tubes, taxis, trams, elevators, auto-cars, buses, and other aids to physical decay render many naturally indolent people quite independent of a large section of their anatomy. They avail themselves of every form of mechanical ingenuity which enables them to dodge physical exertion. The result is comparative stagnation of the circulation—a most serious state of affairs, the result being felt by every organ in the body. Hence we meet an unconscionable number of affluent people suffering from poverty of blood, bankrupt hearts, poor circulations, sluggish livers, backward brains, varicose veins, rebellious stomachs, deflated lungs, adipose tissues, and many other quite avoidable little attributes which, in many cases, must ultimately bring them to disaster, *via* Harley Street. A little exercise taken daily is infinitely more valuable and less risky than a lot of violent exercise taken all at once during the week-end.

4. Can we have too much fresh air?

We can. When we have fresh air thrust upon us in the form of a cold draught, then it is emphatically possible to have too much of a good thing. Sufferers from uric acid troubles get neuralgia, neuritis, myalgia, fibrositis, and other painful affections, owing to cold air causing precipitation of the acid in the affected tissues. Concentrated fresh air may also, in certain circumstances, produce chill. Fresh air does not necessarily mean cold air. There is much confused thinking about fresh air, of which you get too much in a gale and too little in a criminal court. Fresh air by easy stages is what is wanted. At a reasonable temperature it is excellent, but even the freshest cold, damp air, moving quickly, is the worst thing in the world for people with bronchial troubles and depressed vitality. Fresh, cold, still, dry air is quite another matter.

5. Is smoking injurious?

It all depends. Our robust soldiers in the trenches thrive on tobacco, and crave for it, and since it enables them to endure hardship and privation, it is a good thing for them. But to our anæmic young City clerks in spectacles, it is injurious in the highest degree. It obviously injures their eyesight, impoverishes their blood, dulls their brains, and gives them dyspepsia, "nerves," palpitation, besides other unpleasant symptoms. Healthy men, however, may smoke, except in circumstances I shall mention, without any noticeable ill effect beyond the development of a sometimes over-mastering habit. But to nervy, highly-strung men, or those with any respiratory or heart weakness, catarrh, tendency to sore throat, or eye trouble, smoking is likely to prove harmful. To both classes, the habitual breathing of an atmosphere saturated with tobacco smoke, as a railway "smoker," a music-hall, or any such confined space where smokers most do congregate, is decidedly injurious to health in the long run, owing to the enforced inhalation of smoke and consequent deterioration of the blood by the varied combustion products of many brands of tobacco. To mix one's smokes is almost as bad as to mix one's drinks. But even solitary inhalation is better avoided. I have observed that confirmed smokers age prematurely, and are prone to catarrh, nasal and bronchial, while the resisting power of their blood is diminished. When pipe-smoking, with its elaborate ritual, has become a fixed habit, it should be classed as a neurosis somewhere between the habit-spasms and the co-ordinated tics familiar to all neurologists.

6. Is there any other important rule of health which ought to be more generally observed?

Yes; people ought to drink more pure water than they do. Even the best of us, the most solid and substantial looking amongst us, consist, as to three-quarters of our bulk, of water, the remaining quarter alone being solid. Now, we can live at a pinch nearly a month without solid food, but we cannot live longer than a few days without liquid of some kind. It may surprise some to learn that water is a food, and a vital and indispensable food at that. As we are evaporating and excreting water in various ways day and night, we must make up the loss by eating foods containing water, chiefly fruit and vegetables—cooked meat having lost most of its water—or drinking sufficient water, either pure, or disguised as tea, wine, beer, etc. It is easier, however, for the blood to obtain the liquid it requires direct from pure water alone, which is by far the best refrigerant, diluent, solvent, and fluid food for all mankind.



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The Eighth Hole.

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Cyrus Cuneo.

"FIVE sovereigns, please, Mr. Blackham!"

"Very good, Miss Blakiston."

The cashier—a mean little man with yellow eyes, sloping shoulders, and wizened features—took the cheque, turned it over, and gave a curious smile.

"You've forgotten to endorse it on the back!" he said.

"Why, so I have!" The girl in the mulberry-coloured sports coat took the proffered pen. "How stupid of me. There you are, Mr. Blackham. It's all right now!"

"Quite all right, thank you, Miss Blakiston. One, two, three, four, five—*good* morning. Yes, a nice day, but I think we shall have some rain!"

The girl did not hear the last part of the sentence; she had picked up the money and had hurried out into the street. The cashier stood looking after her trim figure for a second or two; then he laughed, turned round, and put his hands on the ridge above a row of desks which ran behind the counter along the whole length of the wide room.

"Hammersley!" he said.

"Yes, Blackham"—a man looked up from a ledger. "What is it that you want?"

"Want! Did you see Nora Blakiston?"

"Yes."

"You'll ask us to the wedding!"

"What wedding?"

"Why, you and your cousin, you idiot. Rochfort hasn't got an earthly—and to-day's his last chance. A girl doesn't throw away two thousand a year when a man knows how to say a timely word. You've had to wait—and it's been worth it—at the price. Now you stand to win either way: she must marry you to keep her fortune or to share yours when it passes from her to you. It's a 'heads you win and a tails the other fellow loses.' You've got him beat to the wide!"

The man behind the desk stood away from it and looked up for the first time. He was big and heavy-featured; he was slow of movement; he was ugly, with honest eyes.

"I don't see what difference victory or defeat is going to make to Rochfort," he said. "My cousin will marry him just the same."

"And lose her money!"

"Yes. She loves him. They're engaged!"

"But they won't be—to-night—when Rochfort has failed in his big effort!"

"Why not?"

"Because he won't let her. He's going away!"

"Going away!"

"Yes. He told the rector yesterday that if he failed he wasn't going to do Nora out of a fortune, and that he was pushing off to South Africa by first boat!"

"And leave his business?"

"Yes."

"But he's worked so hard to get it together and——"

"What's it worth, after all! You know how his account stands. You're a deuced lucky fellow, and your uncle took a mighty clever way of getting his revenge. To keep

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a fellow on tenterhooks for a twelvemonth and then to have him diddled — why, Hammersley, your uncle must be laughing in his grave. At five o'clock to-night——"

Blackham ceased abruptly and turned to the counter; a man had just entered the bank. He was a slight, fair man of about thirty; he had a bronzed complexion, good features, and white and regular teeth. He carried himself well; he held his head high, without haughtiness; and his blue eyes gave ideality to his face. But he looked nervous and run-down and worried, as if he were, and had been, undergoing an immense and prolonged strain.

Blackham glanced at him searchingly out of his yellow, low-lidded little eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Rochfort," he said, suavely. "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"I want to see the manager, if he is at leisure. I told him yesterday that I might be coming in."

"By all means. Just *one* minute. I think he is in his room."

The cashier left the counter, passed behind a glass screen, knocked at an unseen door, and went in. Rochfort stood before the counter, his foot tap-tapping on the tiled floor. He looked up suddenly—to see Hammersley looking at him. Each of them gave a little nod.

"Good morning!" said the solicitor.

"Good morning!" answered the bank-clerk.

And that was all. Between these two men there was fixed an unbridgeable gulf. They were rivals. The little provincial bank, at this moment, was the penultimate scene of a drama, tragic and profound.

Each of them loved the same woman. The woman loved the solicitor. The bank-clerk held the trumps. He held them because of a will, monstrous, malicious, irrevocable, made by a rich old salt-maker, George Hallowes, uncle to Hammersley and Nora Blakiston, whom the young solicitor had had the misfortune to offend.

Two years before, Rochfort had come to Netherwich and had started practising; he had a bare hundred a year of his own. His first case—which no other lawyer had dared to undertake—had been one of right-of-way across the grounds of old Hallowes's house. The case had gone against the salt-maker—who was not the man to forgive. And when Lionel Rochfort had fallen in love with Nora Blakiston and Nora Blakiston had fallen in love with Lionel Rochfort, the old man refused to let his niece even see the solicitor and had whisked her off to France. Rochfort — Nora Blakiston had promised to wait for him—stayed behind in Netherwich, building up the practice which was so slow to come.

Suddenly old Hallowes died at Avignon. They brought the body home. Within half an hour of the death people's attitude towards Rochfort altered. He was free to marry an heiress; he was a man to make much of and placate. His popularity lasted exactly eight days.

For after the funeral there came the reading of the will. It was a devilish masterpiece of ingenuity, a thunderbolt which crushed a man's and a woman's hopes. After certain legacies—including one of ten thousand pounds to Arthur Hammersley—there followed these calculated words:—

"I devise and bequeath the residue to my niece, Nora Blakiston, absolutely, provided that, within the space of twelve months, she shall marry a man who shall prove himself capable of going round the nine holes of the Netherwich golf-course in thirty-six strokes. Unless she fulfils this condition the property shall revert to my nephew, Arthur Hammersley, who shall pay to my niece an annuity of a hundred pounds a year."

Such was the will — on a half-sheet of notepaper — made by a vindictive old gentleman in the sanest and soundest of minds.

And the will was even more diabolical than appeared on the surface: it provided suspense and torture for Rochfort for the space of twelve months. Rochfort had never handled a golf-club: old Hallowes had known that he would try to beat the will. And he had known, too, that no man of a year's practice—without the aid of a miracle—could get round the nine holes in Bogey, thirty-six.

More than that. The only player who had been round in Bogey was Hammersley, whose handicap was three.

It meant twelve months' purgatory for Rochfort, twelve months' effort with failure at the end of it—and it meant the realization of what old Hallowes had dearly desired. His nephew Arthur would marry his niece Nora—and Arthur held all the trumps. He was the only man eligible under the will; he alone could save her from the loss of luxury long enjoyed. The old man did not believe that Nora would relinquish the fortune and stick to her *fiancé*. His ideals of women were low.

Such was the drama now in act between

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the two men who stood in silence in the Netherwich Branch of Boyds' Bank.

Rochfort, who had been looking down at the tessellated floor before the counter, suddenly lifted his eyes. He saw Hammersley watching him. He drew himself up. Hammersley did the same. They stood, these rivals, neither friendly nor hostile, each loath to be the first to look down.

Blackham came back.

"The manager will see you with pleasure!" he said.

He opened a door beside the counter and ushered Rochfort in. Then he came back to his till. A customer entered, then another, and another; then Rochfort came out of the manager's room. He took a cheque-book and wrote out a cheque. It was for fifty pounds.

"Notes, please!" he said, and gave it to Blackham as he spoke.

Blackham took the cheque, examined it, and counted out the sum. Rochfort picked up the notes and hurried out of the bank. Blackham turned round and gave Hammersley a meaning glance.

A minute later the manager came out of his room. He came straight up to Blackham and whispered something in his ear.

"I thought as much," he said. "And that settles it——"

"Good morning, Lashwood—good morning, Blackham——"

"Good morning, Rector"—the manager advanced to greet the thick-set, curly-haired man who had entered. "What can we have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"Nothing, thanks—except to arrange about this afternoon."

"The golf!"

"Yes. I want you all to come and keep the course!"

"What time?"

"Four o'clock. You can manage it?"

"Oh, yes"—the manager nodded. "We close at three, and we ought to be free by half-past. Not that it will be worth seeing. In fact, it will upset me very much. Poor Rochfort hasn't got a dog's chance."

"Not an earthly!" said Blackham, eagerly. He was by nature jealous of all men, and his voice was full of hope.

"No, he's no chance," agreed the rector, sadly. "But what an infamous will!"

"Can't upset it, though!" said the manager. "Old Hallowes was sane enough!"

"Oh, no doubt about that—unfortunately. But tell me, Lashwood. If the boy doesn't do the round in Bogey—which is hopeless—what are he and the girl going to do? Marry on twopence a year!"

"No!"

"What then?"

"He's going abroad."

"What?"

"It's a fact," said the manager. "And it's no secret—none at all. He nearly broke down this morning when he came to see me about his account. Wants it transferred to Buluwayo—if he doesn't succeed this afternoon. Says Nora's quite ready to marry him, but that he isn't going to do her out of two thousand a year."

"But she's done out of it, anyway!"

"No, she isn't!"—the cashier seized his chance to interpose.

"How's that?"

"Why, she can marry Hammersley; he's the only man who's done the round in Bogey, and he's madly in love with her, and it's what old Hallowes meant to happen, and——"

"'S-shh!" said the manager. "Don't shout so, Blackham. Hammersley can hear every word!"

"I don't see that it matters," said the cashier. "It's truth!"

"It's a double-dashed shame!" cried the rector. "That's what it is. I don't say a word against Hammersley." The speaker looked up and across the counter. "Yes, I'm talking to you, too, young fellow. But I think Rochfort is a sportsman and a brick. He loves Nora Blakiston better than he loves himself, and his readiness to go away is the finest thing I know. Because I'm dead certain that she'd give up all chance of the inheritance to marry him, and I think his readiness to go away is the finest thing I know. I only hope that a miracle will happen, and that Rochfort will do a wonderful round!"

The rector rushed out impetuously. The manager smiled, whispered to Blackham, and strolled leisurely back to his room. The cashier attended to a couple of customers. Then he looked round and put his hands on the top of the ledger-clerk's desk.

"Hammersley!" he said.

"Yes, Blackham."

"You *will* ask me to your wedding?"

"Shut up!"

"Why should I? You know you're rejoicing in your heart. After all—and any road—you stand to win. You *must* have the money. You *may* get the money and the girl!"

Hammersley did not answer. But he knew that Blackham spoke the truth. And he knew, too, that his own thoughts were not

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those of the sportsman and the brick whom the rector had impulsively praised. He tried hard to be sympathetic, but he could not; since he, too, loved Nora Blakiston with all his heart. He had loved her ever since she had been a baby, and he knew that he would have married her if Rochfort had not come along. Also there was the thought of the money which must come to him, of freedom from the bank, of travel in sunny lands.

Lunch-time came; the staff left the bank in detachments—Hammersley and the manager, the cashier and the junior clerk. At two o'clock all were back again; at three the junior clerk rushed to the gates. He closed them, and he closed the doors likewise; the inner life of the bank began. Each was engaged upon his allotted part of the day's balance; in half an hour it was done. The junior clerk rushed off to the post. When he came back again the cashier and the manager were gone. Hammersley was locking up.

"Going down to the golf-course?" asked the junior.

"Yes."

"Then I'll walk down with you."

"No, you won't."

The junior looked at him, nearly lost his temper, then realized that it was no use quarrelling with a man who to-morrow would be worth two thousand a year. He went out.

Hammersley waited for five minutes; then he went out in turn. He walked through the streets of the tumble-down little salt-town, among the houses which leaned at ridiculous angles from right to left. He crossed the canal and the railway, and entered a path across a meadow, studded with oaks and elms. He passed through a gate and reached a little wooden pavilion. In front of it were massed five hundred folk. All the professional people were there; all the leading shopkeepers. There were railway-porters, postmen, salt-workers, grooms, chauffeurs—with wives and sweethearts as well. At the sight of Hammersley a hush fell upon them. He was the cynosure of every eye.

But for a moment only. There were loud and lusty cries, the waving of sticks and handkerchiefs, the clapping of many hands. All eyes were on the door of the pavilion, where Rochfort and Nora stood. They emerged. The crowd made way for them. The rector came in their wake. He carried a scoring-card. The bank manager carried one. There was no chance whatever of a miscalculation or of any fortunate mistake.

Tall and pale and handsome, Rochfort advanced to the first tee. He was without a caddie. Nora Blakiston, pale, too, in her mulberry sports coat, carried his bag of clubs. A murmur of sympathy and admiration thrilled through the watching throng.

Then the struggle began.

Rochfort tee'd up. He took a couple of practice swings. The drive was straight and beautiful. A fine iron shot took him on to the green within a yard of the pin. He was down in three.

"A good start!" said someone, gleefully, to Hammersley.

Hammersley did not reply. He set his teeth, glanced at Nora, saw her eyes alight with expectation—and watched Rochfort walking to the second tee.

Rochfort sliced his drive rather badly at the second; he got into an awkward position behind a tree. But he made a good recovery with his mashie and holed out in four.

Then came a stroke of luck. The third hole was very short; the green, hidden by a little clump of trees and bushes, sloped gently from the left.

Rochfort took an iron and played well above the clump of trees. The ball fell, kicked to the right, and trickled on to the green.

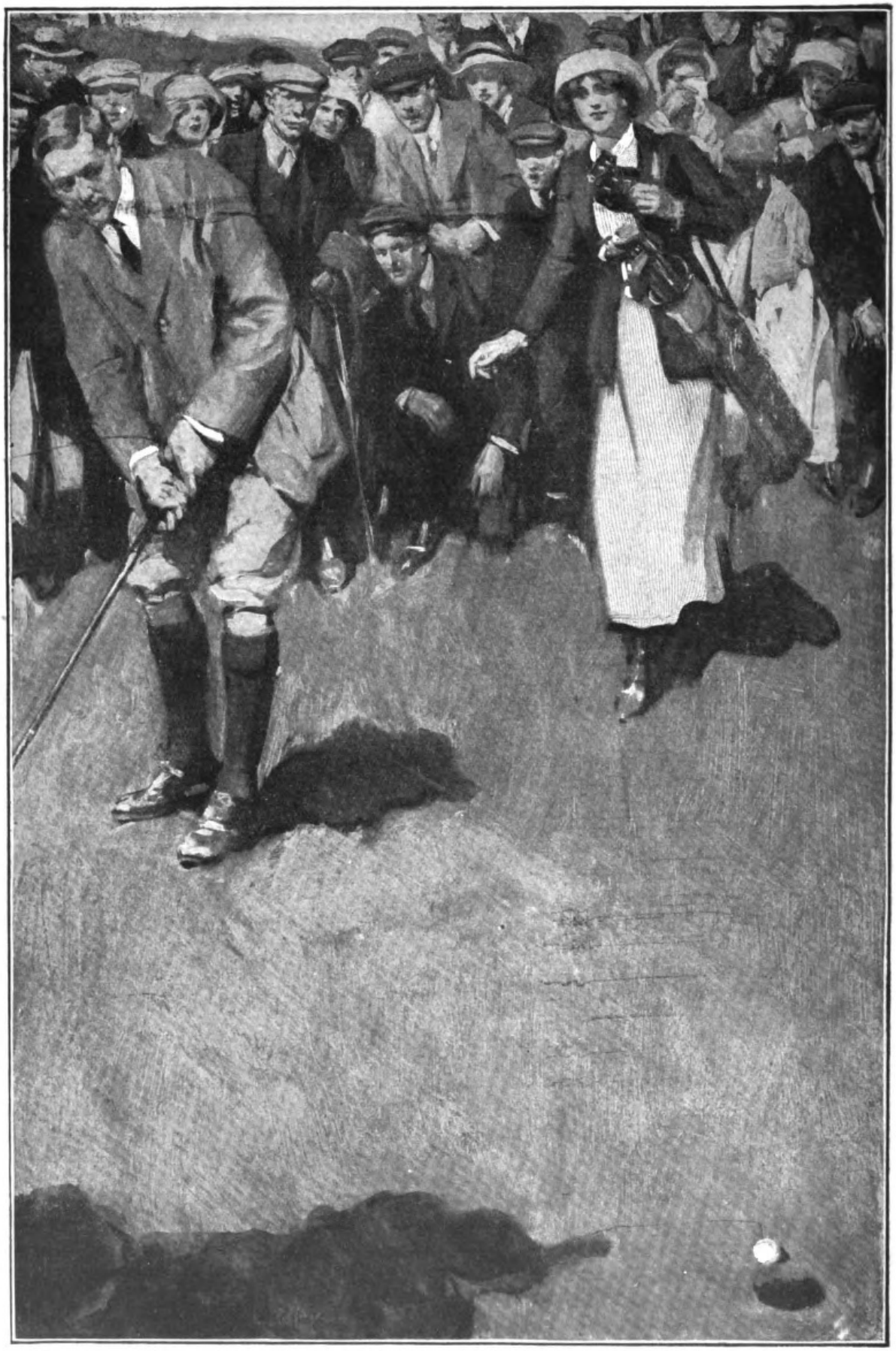
The putt was a difficult one, owing to the slope of the ground; but Rochfort had the line exactly, and the ball disappeared into the hole.

There was a cheer from the onlookers. The rector and the bank manager, knowing Rochfort's nervous temperament, waved them into silence at once. Nine strokes for three holes. It was splendid—if only he could keep it up. Hammersley, who held it impossible, saw Rochfort squeeze Nora Blakiston's fingers as he drew a driver from his bag.

The next three holes Rochfort did splendidly. A five and two fours were added to his card; he was one under Bogey now. He was playing perfect golf; he hit long, clean drives, and never made a mistake with his iron clubs. He seemed as cool as a cucumber; and Nora Blakiston's face was all smiles. The betting had gone from three to one to evens: a solitary optimist had laid—once only—six to four on.

Rochfort had three holes to go and fourteen strokes in hand. He had risen to the occasion; he had never done so well before. The goal was in sight—unless he lost his nerve.

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"STILL MISFORTUNE DOGGED HIM. HIS PUTT HUNG ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE HOLE—BUT REFUSED TO DROP."

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Yet Hammersley, in his own mind, was laying ten to one against.

The seventh hole—never an easy four—was that day made more difficult by a strong head-wind. This drawback would, however, be more than compensated by the help which the following wind would give at the eighth and ninth. To drive the eighth green would not be difficult—and Rochfort had done it more than once.

The player and Nora climbed to the seventh tee. The ball sailed forward, there was a chorus of "Good ball!" But it was not. Amid an "Oh-h-h-h!" of disappointment, it curled to the right, up to the very edge of the wood which bounds the course.

The ball settled in a very nasty lie. A tall oak-tree effectually blocked the line to the hole.

"Better play out to the left!" called half-a-dozen voices. "Steady—go slow!" cried somebody. "Be contented with a five!"

But Rochfort — as Hammersley had expected—did not follow the advice. He lost his patience; had a go, and attempted to carry the tree. The ball sped on its way, hit a branch high up and bounded back towards the left, luckily clear.

He went from bad to worse. With his third he over-ran the green and rolled down the slope into a clump of gorse. This cost him a stroke—and he only reached the green after playing five. Still misfortune dogged him. His putt hung on the very edge of the hole—but refused to drop.

A seven had to be recorded. This left his chance of success—so bright a few minutes earlier—if not absolutely hopeless, out of probability's range.

He had only seven strokes left in which to do the last two holes. The aggregate Bogey for them was nine.

Rochfort was white with misery. Nora's head was high, but her eyes were full of tears. Several people in the crowd were crying openly. The betting went with a jump to twenty to one against. Hammersley felt sick and unhappy, and at the sight of Nora's misery all desire to see Rochfort beaten seemed to go from his heart.

Rochfort and Nora and their following walked down the hill to the eighth tee. It was a short hole of about two hundred and thirty yards. The green lay invisible beyond a small hill.

A sudden impulse seized Hammersley—an impulse, loyal, heroic, and chivalrous, a desire to help Nora to happiness at all and any cost. And, conscious of what he himself must lose by it, he obeyed the counsel of his heart.

He did not follow the *cortège;* he walked to the hill-top instead. He reached it—and ran hard towards the green. As he ran there was a thud behind him. The ball—hit fair and true but short—bounced forward past his feet. He did not hesitate a second. He picked it up, rushed to the pin, and dropped it into the hole. Then he took to his heels. He gained the little coppice which had to be driven over on the way to the last green, and fell prone and hidden beside a thick bush.

He saw the *cortège* come over the brow of the hill and on towards the green. Rochfort and Nora were looking for the ball. They could not find it. Their following swarmed on to the green. Suddenly someone gave a loud, excited shout.

"It's in the hole! *Good* stroke, sir! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

There was a rush and a scurry; the spectators crowded round the hole. Rochfort came up, incredulous; stared at the hole, saw the ball in it; then stared at Nora—and hugged her before them all. Then he picked out the ball and strolled, arm-in-arm with her, to the ninth tee. He had now six strokes in which to do the last hole—which was a Bogey five. But he had to drive over the little coppice in which Hammersley lay.

And Hammersley shivered with fear. Would Rochfort foozle and drive into the coppice? If so, he—Hammersley—must be found!

He watched, in agony, from his hiding-place as the player took up his stance. Rochfort addressed the ball—as it seemed to Hammersley—for minutes. Then he drew back his club. It swung forward; and a second later there was a groan from the crowd.

"Good heavens!" said Hammersley to his gorse-bush. "He's missed it!"

So Rochfort had. Hammersley could see the ball, white and shining, on the tee. He could also see Rochfort drop his club and sit down heavily upon the tee-box, clasping his head in his hands.

Nora, the rector, and the bank manager were encouraging him; urging him to go on.

At last Rochfort raised himself. He took two practice swings; then drove.

It was all right this time: a perfect ball, just clearing the tree-tops: a ball with plenty of run. Rochfort and Nora hurried after it, with the eager throng in their wake. When they had passed the coppice, Hammersley jumped up and mingled with them—to see the end. It was a full brassey shot from

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where the ball lay to the green, which was guarded by a bunker which had to be crossed.

Rochfort walked past his ball—the better to judge the distance—came back and took the club which Nora put in his hand. Hammersley stood trembling; watching him make the stroke.

The ball was hit truly, but it was slightly pulled. It fell short of the bunker and came to rest on a slope, a few yards above the green.

To lay the ball dead from there was almost impossible. The green was cut out of the hillside, and if he played a fraction too strongly the ball was almost certain to run off.

Rochfort played the shot well. The ball pitched over the bunker and rolled slowly across the green. There was a shudder from the onlookers. Would it stop in time? It just pulled up at the far edge of the little plateau, about six yards from the pin.

"Go slow!" cried the parson. "You've three shots left! For goodness' sake, man, go slow!"

Rochfort nodded. He set his teeth and took the line of his putt—first from behind the ball, then from the hole.

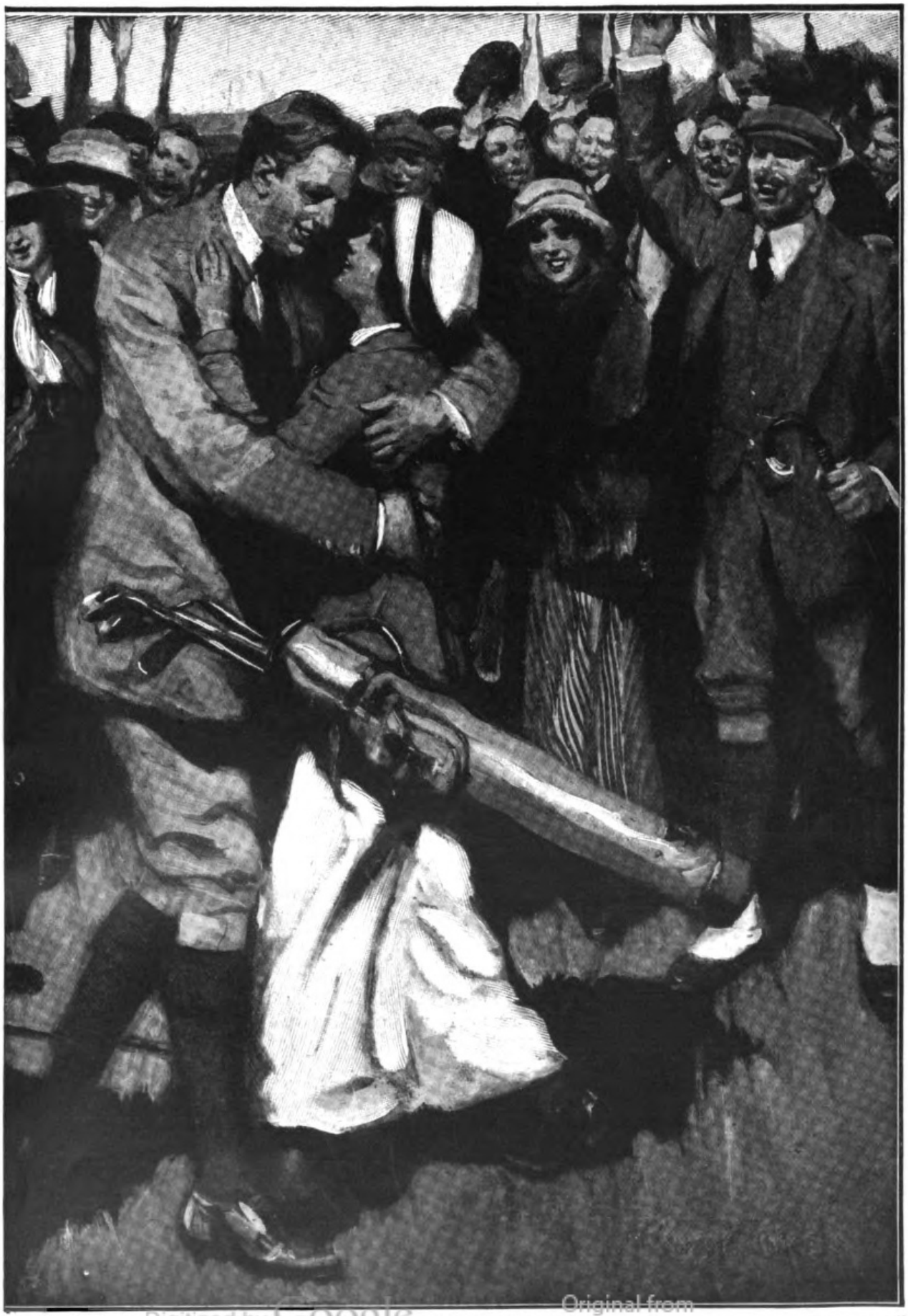
He struck. The ball was straight, though obviously too strong. But it leapt a little on Rochfort's side of the hole, hit the back, jumped up—and fell. Rochfort fell, too—into Nora's arms. Hats were thrown upward; wild cheering rent the sky. Then both of them were shouldered pavilionwards by a mad and ecstatic crowd.

Hammersley turned away. From the pavilion window, presently, Blackham saw him crossing the meadow to the town. The cashier hated Rochfort, but, as always, had attached himself to the winning side. And he touched the rector lightly on the arm.

"Surly beggar, that fellow Hammersley!" he said. "Might have put a better face on it, don't you think?"

But the surly fellow whom he spoke of was going home with a heart of pride.

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"ROCHFORT FELL INTO NORA'S ARMS. HATS WERE THROWN UPWARD; WILD CHEERING RENT THE SKY."

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SURPRISES OF THE RING.

. . By . .

BOMBARDIER WELLS

(Heavy-Weight Champion of England).

IF you know anything about boxing, whether as a keen follower of the art or as one who has used the gloves to any considerable extent, you will not need to be told that chance plays an important part in the fortunes of a pugilist. I suppose it will never be possible to dismiss the element of luck from human affairs, and least of all from fighting affairs. Everybody has heard of the "glorious uncertainty" that belongs to all sports, and of the "chance blow" that applies to boxing in particular, which may give the decision, in the most unlooked-for manner, to a man who was beaten "all ends up" till that moment, when the Fates were kind to him and correspondingly unkind to his opponent.

Think of an eighteen-foot or a twenty-four-foot square arena, and four fists flying about in it, at varying distances and in all directions, so quickly that the eye cannot count the hits, misses, feints, etc., and you will at once see how likely it is that the unexpected may happen.

There are pleasant surprises and unpleasant surprises; and I think I have had my share of the latter variety during my short and rather sensational career in first-class fisticuffs. It was only in 1911 that I came to London as an aspirant for heavy-weight honours, bringing with me the championship of the British Army in India and a special cup for superiority in scientific boxing. My record in India was that of an unbeaten man.

Since then I have to admit five defeats by four men, only one of whom was an Englishman—Gunner Moir, my predecessor as champion of the Indian Army. Two were Americans—Gunboat Smith and Al Palzer—and the other (need I tell you?) that French phenomenon, Georges Carpentier, the pride of Paris, who beat me twice.

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Whatever surprises are in store for me in the fighting business during the years to come—I am only twenty-seven yet—it is very certain that my seventy-seconds' bout—it could not be called a contest—with Carpentier at the National Sporting Club will always bulk in the minds of those who criticize my career. Enough has been written about that dramatic surprise to fill a volume, and possibly I have said less about it than anybody.



HOW CARPENTIER KNOCKED ME OUT. HAVING GOT INSIDE MY LEAD, HE THEN DROVE BOTH HANDS TO MY BODY WITH GREAT FORCE.

In what I have to say now, let it not be thought that my explanations are in the nature of excuses. On the contrary, I shall always be my own severest critic. In such cases it is best to be candid, and what I here write will possess the merit of being what I think—nay, more, what I know, as a man who is rather given to analyzing himself and never finds the task an easy one. My best friends frankly regard me as a mystery. They are right. I am my own greatest surprise-packet. Several times I have allowed things to happen to me in the ring which I could not have believed possible a minute before they occurred.

I have never feared any man I faced in a fight. It might, perhaps, have been better if I had. To say that I funked Carpentier is all tarradiddle. If I looked nervous or apprehensive, then my looks belied me. Only a few moments before the gong sounded, even while I sat in my corner, I inquired whether a special bet of one hundred pounds which I had laid on myself was taken, and felt pleased when told that it was.

While the fight was pending some well-meaning friends did me the mistaken kindness of coaching me up in the way Carpentier would come for me at the start. This so preyed on my mind that it was the real cause of my undoing. Too many cooks spoiled my broth. I was told of certain things that he did when training, and I expected him to do similarly at the beginning of the fight. He did not do those things, and so upset the plans I had prepared for his reception. I was surprised and momentarily spell-bound, giving him the opportunity which the quick-witted, brainy fellow seized like a shot. I shall always believe that he divined what I was thinking and altered his tactics accordingly.

The punches with which he pounded me to the boards might just as easily have been delivered in the twentieth round as in the first round. I expected him to rush at me the instant I should leave my corner. Instead of that, he stood calmly in the centre of the ring, waiting for me. I walked up without the semblance of a guard, and with a very confused brain, which he detected. That was what unnerved me. It is very hard to explain my feelings now. Why my brain would not work I cannot say. Brain is everything to a boxer at such times—and, for that matter, at all times.

Carpentier rained a quick succession of blows with both hands on my stomach. His last punch fell on my left temple, and so dazed me that I could only faintly hear the count. These were ten seconds of concentrated mental agony, for which my vocabulary has no language. I was not "put to sleep." One rarely is with punches in the region of the "mark." It is the punch on the "point" that carries the "sleeping draught."

For a week previously I had been practising how I should protect myself against Carpentier's opening rush—the rush that never came. He might still have beaten me had the fight run into ten or a dozen rounds, but I don't think so, and, at any rate, the spectators would have got better value for their money. I always have in mind whether those who pay to see me fight go away satisfied. On that occasion I hardly think they did, and assuredly it was not Carpentier's fault. I was the never-to-be-forgiven culprit.

With these frank confessions, coupled with the equally honest expression of my belief that I have always had it in me to beat Carpentier, you will begin to understand why I describe myself as my own greatest surprise.

But that was not the first time Carpentier had triumphed over me. On the first occasion, at Ghent, the end came in the fourth round. Now, allowance must always be made for boxers when they boast. It is "their nature to," and there have been worse offenders than

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THE BODY BLOW WHICH CAUSED COLIN BELL TO DROP HIS GUARD—



FOLLOWED BY THE ACTUAL KNOCK-OUT BLOW—A STRAIGHT RIGHT TO THE POINT OF THE JAW.

I am. With reference, however, to the fight at Ghent, I feel entitled to estimate my performance a little higher. I surprised everybody but myself. You will gather my meaning as you read on, and always remember that my account is from the man on the spot. I am regaling readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE with my version.

I have heard a champion golfer say that he is little better than an average player when he has a cold hanging about him. While training for my fight with Carpentier at Ghent a bad cold fastened on me, and I could neither shake it off nor sweat it off, and I dared not try to starve it off in the midst of my work.

Boxers are body-worshippers, and are accustomed to such a glorious feeling of physical fitness, buoyancy of nerve and muscle, that for them to be out of sorts, from any cause whatever, is a handicap that ordinary people cannot understand. This especially applies to the period of training before a fight. Then we want to be agile and fiery as wild animals. To feel a little off-colour may make all the difference between winning and losing a fight—the little rift within the lute. Anyhow, this is intensely true in the case of a highly-strung animal like myself.

Try as I would, I could not get working properly for that fight at Ghent. I became afraid, not of my opponent, but of myself. It is not good to go into the ring in that mood. It compelled me to adopt tactics which, in other circumstances, I should not have pursued. I had to cut out a pace which I knew I could not keep up, hoping to win quickly, and fearing the worst if the contest should be prolonged. All the time I fought, which was but a short time, I was winning, till I completely collapsed from exhaustion.

I had Carpentier almost beaten. He was down for a count, which looked to me and to many of the spectators a very liberal ten seconds. In saying this I do not forget that the count usually looks slow and long to a man standing over his floored adversary, to whom, on the other hand, if he can hear at all, the seconds seem to be ticked off faster than usual. I had hopes that Carpentier would remain down till the term of grace expired. I should then have been the first to help him up, doing the right theatrical thing for the cinemas. But, to my surprise, he sprang to his feet, leaving me very doubtful whether I should be able to put him down again.

In point of fact, it was to be his turn next. I had shot my bolt. Once more it was the pace that killed. I had fought myself out. You may depend upon it, Carpentier was not slow to discover this. I have not for a face such an impassive mask as his. Uncanny as a mesmerist, he is as good at reading another's thoughts as at hiding his own.

I trained a whole month at the Elm, Leigh-on-Sea, running the Essex roads and going through the most thorough preparation, but I knew by the way I shaped with my training partner that I was not my usual self. My punches lacked speed and sting. When a pugilist in training cannot break with a cold, he is in the hopeless position of a person

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who is daily doing all that can be done to cure himself, breathing plenty of pure air, eating plenty of wholesome food, and perspiring freely for an hour or two every day.

But all this sounds like belittling the victor's victory. Why not own up that Carpentier whacked me? I do. But those who saw the fight would not have it described in this abrupt way. They will tell you that in the first round or two Carpentier "looked a monkey," to use an elegant zoological similitude of ring parlance. I out-boxed and out-reached him. I was his equal in quickness. The only phase of the game in which he held his own was in-fighting. He showed a good combination of out-boxing and in-fighting.



THE BLOW WHICH PUT GUNNER MOIR OUT.

I was then champion of England, and fought him for the European championship, to which he has since added the championship of America, by beating Gunboat Smith in London last year. No matter what results when next we meet, the honours of the rubber will still be his. I deliberately predict that he will not win the third fight. Only once before have I expressed myself in this way. That was when I said I should beat Colin Bell, the Australian. I had seen Bell put up a strong battle against Joe Jeannette at Premierland. Speaking on the safe side, I said I should finish Bell in about six rounds, whereas it took me only two. I knocked the stocky bushman out with a double punch, landing a blow first on the "mark" and following it up by a punch on the "point" without stepping back. It was a sort of double-barrelled knock-out.

Before dismissing Carpentier, let me say that, though my collapse at Ghent surprised the spectators, it did not so much surprise me, as I knew what they did not know. When he rallied after coming perilously near to taking the whole count, and ran at me like an infuriated bull, landing a succession of body blows, I had time to think, even in that dilemma, that the cold had cut off my reserve supplies.

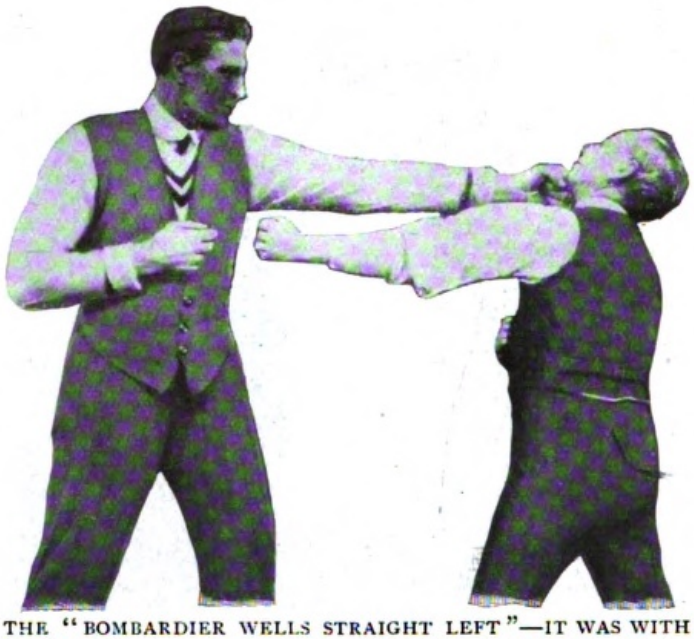
Carpentier and I had seen a good deal of each other before this fight. I had him training with me at the Elm when he was still in his teens, a laughing-eyed light-weight, and the most observant pupil, if I may so speak of him; for I really think he learned more from me than I from him. Along with his manager and hero-worshipper, Descamps, he used to go over all the points in my boxing that were new to him and might be useful. I believe these two astute Frenchmen were thinking of the day when Carpentier and I should come to blows. They had the usual French effusiveness and affability, but all the same they could be very cool and calculating.

Could anything surpass this for coolness? Years afterwards, when walking to my dressing-room at the National Sporting Club, on the night of our short and sharp fight there, I passed Carpentier and his manager, playing pitch and toss with pennies in the corridor. Carpentier greeted me, and went on with the game. I wondered then, and wonder now, if that bit of by-play was part of a plan to impress me. It certainly struck me as a cock-sure sort of thing to be doing, while the pick of the world's sportsmen were waiting through the wall in the world's premier sporting club to see what gave every promise of being the most picturesque fight of a generation.

To Gunner Moir belongs the honour of inflicting on me my first defeat, which surprised all who saw the fight. I imagine the Gunner himself must have shared the popular astonishment. Moir was a great fighter and a great wrestler. He toured for years as Hackenschmidt's partner. We fought at Olympia, and it seemed as likely that the roof would come down as that I should be "put out." People were leaving the place in the first round, as Moir went to the boards time and again. Only the other day a gentleman told me that he and his friend had risen to go, when one said, "Let us stay a little longer. You never know how contests may end between a boxer and a fighter." It is true—you never do. I had Moir in a bad way, when he literally fell on me in the third round. I was wrestled down, Moir rolling

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on top of me, with his ponderous knees in my stomach. It seemed that all the wind was crushed out of me, and the power of raising more clean gone. I could not get up in time, and lay there listening to the referee recording my first defeat. The chagrin I felt will be best left to the imagination. My conquering career had received its first check, and the pill was a bitter one to swallow, however beneficial might be its effects.



THE "BOMBARDIER WELLS STRAIGHT LEFT"—IT WAS WITH THIS BLOW I HIT KENNEDY FIFTY-SIX TIMES TO SIX IN ONE ROUND.

Always anxious to prove that I was the Gunner's master, I retrieved my reputation the next time we met, at the Canterbury Music Hall. With a punch on the "mark," or solar plexus, I knocked the Gunner out. He has challenged me since, but there is nearly ten years' difference in our ages; and I shall not be issuing challenges ten years after this, as I am not taking them to-day from white men ten years older than I. When Johnson, the black man, comes along with a challenge that will be another story.

Those who held the mistaken opinion that I lacked staying-power were surprised to find me going "all the distance"—twenty rounds—with Porky Flynn at Olympia, London, and Bandsman Rice at the Stadium, Liverpool. They were not so much surprised at my winning both these bouts on points. That I should ever be beaten on points is unthinkable to me, if you will pardon a note of self-praise, which, being true, is not self-flattery.

There are two ways of amassing points: by hitting a man and by making him miss. The latter method is very fascinating, and peculiarly gratifying to me. It is brought about by feinting, and it has always been my view that boxing is all feinting; compelling an opponent to do things which he knows he must not do, but yet cannot help doing; coaxing him to take leads and give openings that are of my seeking, not his. Of course, openings are far more obvious to the spectator than to the fighter. The spectator sees more of the game, and very often the public go frantic over a man missing an opening when no opening was really there at all. The public look on sideways.

It is a boxer's first business to spring surprises upon his opponent, and to prevent his opponent from springing surprises upon him. If it were easy to do either of these things, then farewell to the nobility of the art. Hence the importance of feinting, in which only the few excel.

Let me illustrate what I mean. I give a man my head, tempting him to lunge out at it. He sees the opening and seizes it, which is what I have been asking for. He knows that I have given him that opening to serve a purpose of my own, and as he takes it he wonders what the result will be. I know what the result will be, and do not leave him long in doubt, if my plan is successful, and the balance of probability is easily in my favour. When I give an opening like this I know that my opponent will miss, and that my counter blow will land at the place I have had in my mind. I do not parry the blow that follows upon my opening, otherwise I could not counter it. I simply avoid it by the act of turning my head either to the right or left as the occasion demands.

Suppose an opponent tries similar tactics with me, it is quite possible I may fall to the bait in the same way; but before taking it I should feint to find out his intentions. I should then endeavour to give him the impression that I was innocently taking the opening, while all the time I planned to miss with the left, by the studied fraction of an inch, so as to bring him into position for a right counter.

The general belief that boxers glare into each other's eyes like rampant lions is only half the truth. The other half is that, while ascertaining much from the expression of the eyes, the boxer also keeps a watch on the "expression of the feet," especially in the matter of feinting. All the while he endeavours to

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make these downward glances quickly, and, if possible, unobserved by his opponent. Corbett, who was a great master of footwork, used to say that he directed most of his attention to the feet of his foe, being invariably able to learn what was passing in his mind by the positions he took up. For my part, I try to read a man's thoughts through his eyes. Everyone has his own theory, and the man who cannot go his own way will never go very far. It is individuality that perplexes an opponent, and it is to be remembered that we usually gather all we know of an opponent as a fight proceeds. Surprises may come at any moment, and even the man who is piling up a big advantage in points never feels out of the wood till he is out of the ring.



THE PUNCH THAT PUT AL PALZER DOWN FOR A COUNT OF NINE SECONDS.

I suppose one of the best fights I ever fought and won was also the prettiest from a spectacular point of view. I refer to my bout with Tom Kennedy at Madison Square Garden, New York, the scene of the Harry Thaw tragedy. Before meeting him in actual combat I saw Kennedy box, and he appeared wonderfully fast to me. I am as fast as any, and faster than most, but, looking on at Kennedy, I said to myself, "Surely I cannot be any faster than this man!" Yet when the actual fight came on I was surprised to find that, although he started a punch before I started mine, I was there first. If he led with his left hand and I led with mine also, although he started first, mine landed before his, and, by so doing, stopped him short. I was just that fraction in front which made him miss. In my fight with Kennedy this kept on happening, though sometimes the speed honours lay with him. The figures published at the time showed that I landed fifty-six punches to six by Kennedy in one round. It must indeed have been a fine fight to watch.

Next to Carpentier, Kennedy is the cleverest boxer I ever met. The American newspapers predicted that the fight would be a "corker." I have no doubt it was. By a curious coincidence we both stood six feet two and a half inches and weighed exactly one hundred and ninety-one and a half pounds. So struck was I at this that I got on the scales again to prove it. Turning to Kennedy, I said, "So far as that goes, Tom, we could wear each other's clothes."

My two visits to America did not add materially to my reputation, though I am credited with leaving a good impression behind me as a boxer. To say the Americans surprised me by their hospitality, cordiality, and love of scientific boxing, as opposed to mere fighting, would be to put it mildly. They overwhelmed and astounded me.

Of my three American fights, I won one and lost two. Al Palzer and Gunboat Smith both beat me, and I am not by any means alone in thinking that I looked all over a winner. Moral victories are not worth claiming, and it is doubtful sporting form to mention them. Still, I am none the less convinced that both these defeats were due to my erratic temperament, which gives me more trouble than the money I have, or wish I had, at the bank.

Palzer is a giant even by comparison with me. He stripped at something over sixteen stone, and I at thirteen stone. I remember well writing a long letter home to my father-in-law, saying how well I felt. Scarcely had my cheery letter been posted when I suddenly became ill and weak, but Jim Maloney, my only manager, who took me up in India and has managed my fighting affairs ever since, made light of it, and into the ring I went, once again resolved to cut out a fast pace with a view to ending the fight in my favour quickly.

In the first round I hit Palzer the hardest blow I ever landed on any man. I almost reeled from the impact. It was a fierce upper-cut. The big fellow rose into the air, almost turning a somersault. The first part of his anatomy to touch the floor was his head. The spectators gasped in amazement, and I confess I was amazed myself. The blow derived a great part of its effectiveness from being beautifully timed. Palzer rallied, and in the third round he landed a blow in my stomach which would not have hurt anybody badly, but owing to the pace I had made,

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GUNBOAT SMITH'S FAMOUS OCCIPITAL PUNCH.



DUCKING DAN McGOLDRICK'S LEFT HOOK.

and my condition, it proved too much for me. The contrast between the blow with which I lifted him off his feet and the blow with which he laid me out was the subject of remark by all present. I suppose I shall be long remembered for that Palzer punch. I doubt whether anyone else could have survived it as Palzer did. To see the giant get up after it was indeed a painful surprise, as I could hardly hope to have another punch like it in my locker. I have certainly not let go one like it since.

It was by an accidentally well-timed punch on the back of the head, fantastically called the occipital punch, that Gunboat Smith surprised both me and himself. I am certain that he had no clear idea where the blow was going to land, and simply let it go, chancing his luck. He kept on trying till it came off. He could not say how or where it was going to fall. All he knew was that it would hurt when it did. His object was to hit me on the "point," and the fact of his hitting me on the back of the neck proves that he could not guarantee the place. For myself this much may be truly said: I have always been able to hit a man wherever I have meant to hit him. It may often be necessary to feint and play for it, but in the long run I score, taking the precaution of never letting go till I am absolutely sure. That is boxing—manœuvring for a position, and then seizing it.

I was "all over" Smith in the first round, and on going back to my corner I said to my manager, "I think I'll get him this time." I walked up to do the getting, and was got. That is not stylish English, but let it pass for expressive. I was in the very act of delivering what was to be the conclusive blow, when he hit me, so they say who were looking on, hard on the back of the head. The knock dazed me, and I am told that I got up several times, but to this day I have no recollection of anything after receiving that blow. I never spoke to Gunboat Smith again, or ever saw him, until he came to England to fight Carpentier last year. We met at Brighton when I was training there to fight Colin Bell.

I said to Smith, "Tell me, as the man who delivered it, what sort of a blow it was that finished me in our bout."

Smith said, "I got you with a punch on the back of the head. You got up, but I could see that you were all in. I simply slung in a right-hander and knocked you for a boundary." He had baseball in his mind, and put cricket into mine.

Up to the time of writing my latest contest was with Dan McGoldrick, the Scottish champion, at Plymouth. McGoldrick thought it best to retire in the seventh round. I never boxed better or felt in better fighting trim. He was a challenger for the Lonsdale Belt, which is now in my permanent possession, as I have won it three times.

I want to be the first man to beat Johnson, before the lion's share of the credit goes to Father Time. We were matched for a fight at Earl's Court two years ago, but the authorities vetoed the contest in deference to sporting sentiment.

I should have beaten the great negro then —PERHAPS!

Bombardier Billy Wells

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A NEW SHERLOCK HOLMES STORY.

The Valley of Fear.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

Illustrated by Frank Wiles.

PART II.

THE SCOWRERS.

CHAPTER VI.

DANGER.



T was the height of the reign of terror. McMurdo, who had already been appointed inner Deacon, with every prospect of some day succeeding McGinty as bodymaster, was now so necessary to the councils of his comrades that nothing was done without his help and advice. The more popular he became, however, with the Freemen, the blacker were the scowls which greeted him as he passed along the streets of Vermissa. In spite of their terror the citizens were taking heart to bind themselves together against their oppressors. Rumours had reached the Lodge of secret gatherings in the *Herald* office and of distribution of firearms among the law-abiding people. But McGinty and his men were undisturbed by such reports. They were numerous, resolute, and well armed. Their opponents were scattered and powerless. It would all end, as it had done in the past, in aimless talk, and possibly in impotent arrests. So said McGinty, McMurdo, and all the bolder spirits.

It was a Saturday evening in May. Saturday was always the Lodge night, and McMurdo was leaving his house to attend it, when Morris, the weaker brother of the Order, came to see him. His brow was creased with care and his kindly face was drawn and haggard.

"Can I speak with you freely, Mr. McMurdo?"

"Sure."

"I can't forget that I spoke my heart to you once, and that you kept it to yourself, even though the Boss himself came to ask you about it."

"What else could I do if you trusted me? It wasn't that I agreed with what you said."

"I know that well. But you are the one that I can speak to and be safe. I've a secret here"—he put his hand to his breast—"and it is just burning the life out of me. I wish it had come to any one of you but me If I tell it, it will mean murder, for sure. If I don't, it may bring the end of us all. God help me, but I am near out of my wits over it!"

McMurdo looked at the man earnestly. He was trembling in every limb. He poured some whisky into a glass and handed it to him.

"That's the physic for the likes of you," said he. "Now let me hear of it."

Morris drank, and his white face took a tinge of colour.

"I can tell it you all in one sentence," said he. "There's a detective on our trail."

McMurdo stared at him in astonishment.

"Why, man, you're crazy!" he said. "Isn't the place full of police and detectives, and what harm did they ever do us?"

"No, no; it's no man of the district. As you say, we know them, and it is little that they can do. But you've heard of Pinkerton's?"

"I've read of some folk of that name."

"Well, you can take it from me you've no show when they are on your trail. It's not

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a take-it-or-miss-it Government concern. It's a dead earnest business proposition that's out for results, and keeps out till, by hook or by crook, it gets them. If a Pinkerton man is deep in this business we are all destroyed."

"We must kill him."

"Ah, it's the first thought that came to you! So it will be up at the Lodge. Didn't I say to you that it would end in murder?"

"Sure, what is murder? Isn't it common enough in these parts?"

"It is indeed, but it's not for me to point out the man that is to be murdered. I'd never rest easy again. And yet it's our own necks that may be at stake. In God's name what shall I do?" He rocked to and fro in his agony of indecision.

But his words had moved McMurdo deeply. It was easy to see that he shared the other's opinion as to the danger and the need for meeting it. He gripped Morris's shoulder and shook him in his earnestness.

"See here, man," he cried, and he almost screeched the words in his excitement, "you won't gain anything by sitting keening like an old wife at a wake. Let's have the facts. Who is the fellow? Where is he? How did you hear of him? Why did you come to me?"

"I came to you, for you are the one man that would advise me. I told you that I had a store in the East before I came here. I left good friends behind me, and one of them is in the telegraph service. Here's a letter that I had from him yesterday. It's this part from the top of the page. You can read it for yourself."

This was what McMurdo read:—

"How are the Scowrers getting on in your parts? We read plenty of them in the papers. Between you and me I expect to hear news from you before long. Five big corporations and the two railroads have taken the thing up in dead earnest. They mean it, and you can bet they'll get there. They are right deep down into it. Pinkerton has taken hold under their orders, and his best man, Birdy Edwards, is operating. The thing has got to be stopped right now."

"Now read the postscript."

"Of course, what I give you is what I learned in business, so it goes no further. It's a queer cipher that you handle by the yard every day and can get no meaning from."

McMurdo sat in silence for some time with the letter in his restless hands. The mist had lifted for a moment, and there was the abyss before him.

"Does anyone else know of this?" he asked.

"I have told no one else."

"But this man—your friend—has he any other person that he would be likely to write to?"

"Well, I dare say he knows one or two more."

"Of the Lodge?"

"It's likely enough."

"I was asking because it is likely that he may have given some description of this fellow, Birdy Edwards. Then we could get on his trail."

"Well, it's possible. But I should not think he knew him. He is just telling me the news that came to him by way of business. How would he know this Pinkerton man?"

McMurdo gave a violent start.

"By gosh!" he cried, "I've got him. What a fool I was not to know it. Lord, but we're in luck! We will fix him before he can do any harm. See here, Morris; will you leave this thing in my hands?"

"Sure, if you will only take it off mine!"

"I'll do that. You can stand right back and let me run it. Even your name need not be mentioned. I'll take it all on myself as if it were to me that this letter has come. Will that content you?"

"It's just what I would ask."

"Then leave it at that and keep your head shut. Now I'll get down to the Lodge, and we'll soon make old man Pinkerton sorry for himself."

"You wouldn't kill this man?"

"The less you know, friend Morris, the easier your conscience will be and the better you will sleep. Ask no questions, and let things settle themselves. I have hold of it now."

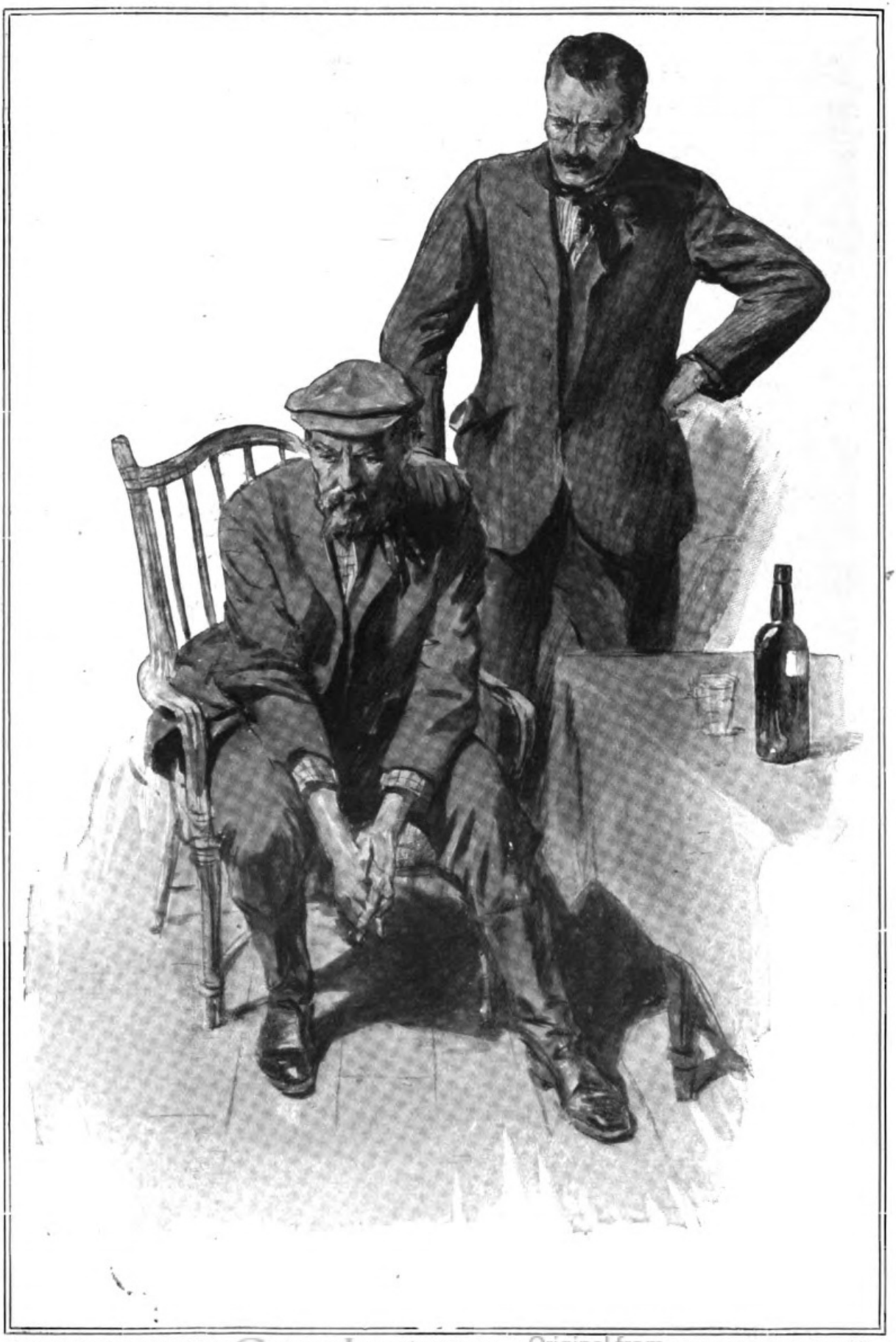
Morris shook his head sadly as he left.

"I feel that his blood is on my hands," he groaned.

"Self-protection is no murder, anyhow," said McMurdo, smiling grimly. "It's him or us. I guess this man would destroy us all if we left him long in the valley. Why, Brother Morris, we'll have to elect you body-master yet, for you've surely saved the Lodge."

And yet it was clear from his actions that he thought more seriously of this new intrusion than his words would show. It may have been his guilty conscience; it may have been the reputation of the Pinkerton organization; it may have been the knowledge that great rich corporations had set themselves the task of clearing out the Scowrers; but, whatever his reason, his actions were those of a

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"'I CAN TELL IT YOU ALL IN ONE SENTENCE,' SAID HE. 'THERE'S A DETECTIVE ON OUR TRAIL.'"

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man who is preparing for the worst. Every paper which could incriminate him was destroyed before he left the house. After that he gave a long sigh of satisfaction, for it seemed to him that he was safe; and yet the danger must still have pressed somewhat upon him, for on his way to the Lodge he stopped at old Shafter's. The house was forbidden him, but when he tapped at the window Ettie came out to him. The dancing Irish devilry had gone from her lover's eyes. She read his danger in his earnest face.

"Something has happened!" she cried. "Oh, Jack, you are in danger!"

"Sure, it is not very bad, my sweetheart. And yet it may be wise that we make a move before it is worse."

"Make a move!"

"I promised you once that I would go some day. I think the time is coming. I had news to-night—bad news—and I see trouble coming."

"The police?"

"Well, a Pinkerton. But, sure, you wouldn't know what that is, acushla, nor what it may mean to the likes of me. I'm too deep in this thing, and I may have to get out of it quick. You said you would come with me if I went."

"Oh, Jack, it would be the saving of you."

"I'm an honest man in some things, Ettie. I wouldn't hurt a hair of your bonnie head for all that the world can give, nor ever pull you down one inch from the golden throne above the clouds where I always see you. Would you trust me?"

She put her hand in his without a word.

"Well, then, listen to what I say and do as I order you, for indeed it's the only way for us. Things are going to happen in this valley. I feel it in my bones. There may be many of us that will have to look out for ourselves. I'm one, anyhow. If I go, by day or night, it's you that must come with me!"

"I'd come after you, Jack."

"No, no; you shall come *with* me. If this valley is closed to me and I can never come back, how can I leave you behind, and me perhaps in hiding from the police with never a chance of a message? It's with me you must come. I know a good woman in the place I come from, and it's there I'd leave you till we can get married. Will you come?"

"Yes, Jack, I will come."

"God bless you for your trust in me. It's a fiend out of hell that I should be if I abused it. Now, mark you, Ettie, it will be just a word to you, and when it reaches you you will drop everything and come right down to the waiting-hall at the depot and stay there till I come for you."

"Day or night, I'll come at the word, Jack."

Somewhat eased in mind now that his own preparations for escape had been begun, McMurdo went on to the Lodge. It had already assembled, and only by complicated signs and countersigns could he pass through the outer guard and inner guard who close-tiled it. A buzz of pleasure and welcome greeted him as he entered. The long room was crowded, and through the haze of tobacco-smoke he saw the tangled black mane of the bodymaster, the cruel, unfriendly features of Baldwin, the vulture face of Harraway, the secretary, and a dozen more who were among the leaders of the Lodge. He rejoiced that they should all be there to take counsel over his news.

"Indeed, it's glad we are to see you, brother!" cried the chairman. "There's business here that wants a Solomon in judgment to set it right."

"It's Lander and Egan," explained his neighbour, as he took his seat. "They both claim the head-money given by the Lodge for the shooting of old man Crabbe over at Stylestown, and who's to say which fired the bullet?"

McMurdo rose in his place and raised his hand. The expression of his face froze the attention of the audience. There was a dead hush of expectation.

"Worshipful Master," he said, in a solemn voice, "I claim urgency."

"Brother McMurdo claims urgency," said McGinty. "It's a claim that by the rules of this Lodge takes precedence. Now, brother, we attend you."

McMurdo took the letter from his pocket.

"Worshipful Master and brethren," he said, "I am the bearer of ill news this day, but it is better that it should be known and discussed than that a blow should fall upon us without warning which would destroy us all. I have information that the most powerful and richest organizations in this State have bound themselves together for our destruction, and that at this very moment there is a Pinkerton detective, one Birdy Edwards, at work in the valley collecting the evidence which may put a rope round the neck of many of us, and send every man in this room into a felon's cell. That is the situation for the discussion of which I have made a claim of urgency."

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There was a dead silence in the room. It was broken by the chairman.

"What is your evidence for this, Brother McMurdo?" he asked.

"It is in this letter which has come into my hands," said McMurdo. He read the passage aloud. "It is a matter of honour with me that I can give no further particulars about the letter, nor put it into your hands, but I assure you that there is nothing else in it which can affect the interests of the Lodge. I put the case before you as it has reached me."

"Let me say, Mr. Chairman," said one of the older brethren, "that I have heard of Birdy Edwards, and that he has the name of being the best man in the Pinkerton service."

"Does anyone know him by sight?" asked McGinty.

"Yes," said McMurdo, "I do."

There was a murmur of astonishment through the hall.

"I believe we hold him in the hollow of our hands," he continued, with an exulting smile upon his face. "If we act quickly and wisely we can cut this thing short. If I have your confidence and your help it is little that we have to fear."

"What have we to fear anyhow? What can he know of our affairs?"

"You might say so if all were as staunch as you, Councillor. But this man has all the millions of the capitalists at his back. Do you think there is no weaker brother among all our Lodges that could not be bought? He will get at our secrets—maybe has got them already. There's only one sure cure."

"That he never leaves the valley," said Baldwin.

McMurdo nodded.

"Good for you, Brother Baldwin," he said. "You and I have had our differences, but you have said the true word to-night."

"Where is he, then? How shall we know him?"

"Worshipful Master," said McMurdo, earnestly, "I would put it to you that this is too vital a thing for us to discuss in open Lodge. God forbid that I should throw a doubt on anyone here, but if so much as a word of gossip got to the ears of this man there would be an end of any chance of our getting him. I would ask the Lodge to choose a trusty committee, Mr. Chairman—yourself, if I might suggest it, and Brother Baldwin here, and five more. Then I can talk freely of what I know and of what I would advise should be done."

The proposition was at once adopted and the committee chosen. Besides the chairman and Baldwin, there were the vulture-faced secretary, Harraway; Tiger Cormac, the brutal young assassin; Carter, the treasurer; and the brothers Willaby, who were fearless and desperate men who would stick at nothing.

The usual revelry of the Lodge was short and subdued, for there was a cloud upon the men's spirits, and many there for the first time began to see the cloud of avenging Law drifting up in that serene sky under which they had dwelled so long. The horrors which they had dealt out to others had been so much a part of their settled lives that the thought of retribution had become a remote one, and so seemed the more startling now that it came so closely upon them. They broke up early and left their leaders to their council.

"Now, McMurdo," said McGinty, when they were alone. The seven men sat frozen in their seats.

"I said just now that I knew Birdy Edwards," McMurdo explained. "I need not tell you that he is not here under that name. He's a brave man, I dare bet, but not a crazy one. He passes under the name of Steve Wilson, and he is lodging at Hobson's Patch."

"How do you know this?"

"Because I fell into talk with him. I thought little of it at the time, nor would have given it a second thought but for this letter, but now I'm sure it's the man. I met him on the cars when I went down the line on Wednesday—a hard case if ever there was one. He said he was a pressman. I believed it for the moment. Wanted to know all he could get about the Scowrers and what he called 'the outrages' for the *New York Press*. Asked me every kind of question so as to get something for his paper. You bet I was giving nothing away. 'I'd pay for it, and pay well,' said he, 'if I could get some stuff that would suit my editor.' I said what I thought would please him best, and he handed me a twenty-dollar bill for my information. 'There's ten times that for you,' said he, 'if you can find me all that I want.'"

"What did you tell him, then?"

"Any stuff I could make up."

"How do you know he wasn't a newspaper man?"

"I'll tell you. He got out at Hobson's Patch, and so did I. I chanced into the telegraph bureau, and he was leaving it.

"'See here,' said the operator, after he'd gone out, 'I guess we should charge double

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rates for this.' 'I guess you should,' said I. He had filled the form with stuff that might have been Chinese for all we could make of it. 'He fires a sheet of this off every day,' said the clerk. 'Yes,' said I; 'it's special news for his paper, and he's scared that the others should tap it.' That was what the operator thought and what I thought at the time, but I think different now."

"By gosh, I believe you are right!" said McGinty. "But what do you allow that we should do about it?"

"Why not go right down now and fix him?" someone suggested.

"Aye, the sooner the better."

"I'd start this next minute if I knew where we could find him," said McMurdo. "He's in Hobson's Patch, but I don't know the house. I've got a plan, though, if you'll only take my advice."

"Well, what is it?"

"I'll go to the Patch to-morrow morning. I'll find him through the operator. He can locate him, I guess. Well, then, I'll tell him that I'm a Freeman myself. I'll offer him all the secrets of the Lodge for a price. You bet he'll tumble to it. I'll tell him the papers are at my house, and that it's as much as my life would be worth to let him come while folk were about. He'll see that that's horse sense. Let him come at ten o'clock at night, and he shall see everything. That will fetch him, sure."

"Well?"

"You can plan the rest for yourselves. Widow MacNamara's is a lonely house. She's as true as steel and as deaf as a post. There's only Scanlan and me in the house. If I get his promise—and I'll let you know if I do—I'd have the whole seven of you come to me by nine o'clock. We'll get him in. If ever he gets out alive—well, he can talk of Birdy Edwards's luck for the rest of his days."

"There's going to be a vacancy at Pinkerton's or I'm mistaken," said McGinty. "Leave it at that, McMurdo. At nine to-morrow we shall be with you. You once get the door shut behind him, and you can leave the rest with us."

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAPPING OF BIRDY EDWARDS.

As McMurdo had said, the house in which he lived was a lonely one and very well suited for such a crime as they had planned. It was on the extreme fringe of the town, and stood well back from the road. In any other case the conspirators would have simply called out their man, as they had many a time before, and emptied their pistols into his body; but in this instance it was very necessary to find out how much he knew, how he knew it, and what had been passed on to his employers. It was possible that they were already too late and that the work had been done. If that were indeed so, they could at least have their revenge upon the man who had done it. But they were hopeful that nothing of great importance had yet come to the detective's knowledge, as otherwise, they argued, he would not have troubled to write down and forward such trivial information as McMurdo claimed to have given him. However, all this they would learn from his own lips. Once in their power they would find a way to make him speak. It was not the first time that they had handled an unwilling witness.

McMurdo went to Hobson's Patch as agreed. The police seemed to take a particular interest in him that morning, and Captain Marvin—he who had claimed the old acquaintance with him at Chicago—actually addressed him as he waited at the depot. McMurdo turned away and refused to speak with him. He was back from his mission in the afternoon, and saw McGinty at the Union House.

"He is coming," he said.

"Good!" said McGinty. The giant was in his shirt-sleeves, with chains and seals gleaming athwart his ample waistcoat and a diamond twinkling through the fringe of his bristling beard. Drink and politics had made the Boss a very rich as well as powerful man. The more terrible, therefore, seemed that glimpse of the prison or the gallows which had risen before him the night before.

"Do you reckon he knows much?" he asked, anxiously.

McMurdo shook his head gloomily.

"He's been here some time—six weeks at the least. I guess he didn't come into these parts to look at the prospect. If he has been working among us all that time with the railroad money at his back, I should expect that he has got results, and that he has passed them on."

"There's not a weak man in the Lodge," cried McGinty. "True as steel, every man of them. And yet, by the Lord, there is that skunk Morris. What about him? If any man gives us away it would be he. I've a mind to send a couple of the boys round before evening to give him a beating up and see what they can get from him."

"Well, there would be no harm in that," McMurdo answered. "I won't deny that I

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have a liking for Morris and would be sorry to see him come to harm. He has spoken to me once or twice over Lodge matters, and though he may not see them the same as you or I, he never seemed the sort that squeals. But still, it is not for me to stand between him and you."

"I'll fix the old devil," said McGinty, with an oath. "I've had my eye on him this year past."

"Well, you know best about that," McMurdo answered. "But whatever you do must be to-morrow, for we must lie low until the Pinkerton affair is settled up. We can't afford to set the police buzzing to-day of all days."

"True for you," said McGinty. "And we'll learn from Birdy Edwards himself where he got his news, if we have to cut his heart out first. Did he seem to scent a trap?"

McMurdo laughed.

"I guess I took him on his weak point," he said. "If he could get on a good trail of the Scowrers he's ready to follow it home. I took his money," McMurdo grinned as he produced a wad of dollar notes, "and as much more when he has seen all my papers."

"What papers?"

"Well, there are no papers. But I filled him up about constitutions and books of rules and forms of membership. He expects to get right down to the end of everything before he leaves."

"Faith, he's right there," said McGinty, grimly. "Didn't he ask you why you didn't bring him the papers?"

"As if I would carry such things, and me a suspected man, and Captain Marvin after speaking to me this very day at the depot!"

"Aye, I heard of that," said McGinty. "I guess the heavy end of this business is coming on to you. We could put him down an old shaft when we've done with him, but however we work it we can't get past the man living at Hobson's Patch and you being there to-day."

McMurdo shrugged his shoulders.

"If we handle it right they can never prove the killing," said he. "No one can see him come to the house after dark, and I'll lay to it that no one will see him go. Now, see here, Councillor. I'll show you my plan, and I'll ask you to fit the others into it. You will all come in good time. Very well. He comes at ten. He is to tap three times, and me to open the door for him. Then I'll get behind him and shut it. He's our man then."

"That's all easy and plain."

"Yes, but the next step wants considering. He's a hard proposition. He's heavily armed. I've fooled him proper, and yet he is likely to be on his guard. Suppose I show him right into a room with seven men in it where he expected to find me alone. There is going to be shooting and somebody is going to be hurt."

"That's so."

"And the noise is going to bring every blamed copper in the township on to the top of us."

"I guess you are right."

"This is how I should work it. You will all be in the big room—same as you saw when you had a chat with me. I'll open the door for him, show him into the parlour beside the door, and leave him there while I get the papers. That will give me the chance of telling you how things are shaping. Then I will go back to him with some faked papers. As he is reading them I will jump for him and get my grip on his pistol arm. You'll hear me call, and in you will rush. The quicker the better, for he is as strong a man as I, and I may have more than I can manage. But I allow that I can hold him till you come."

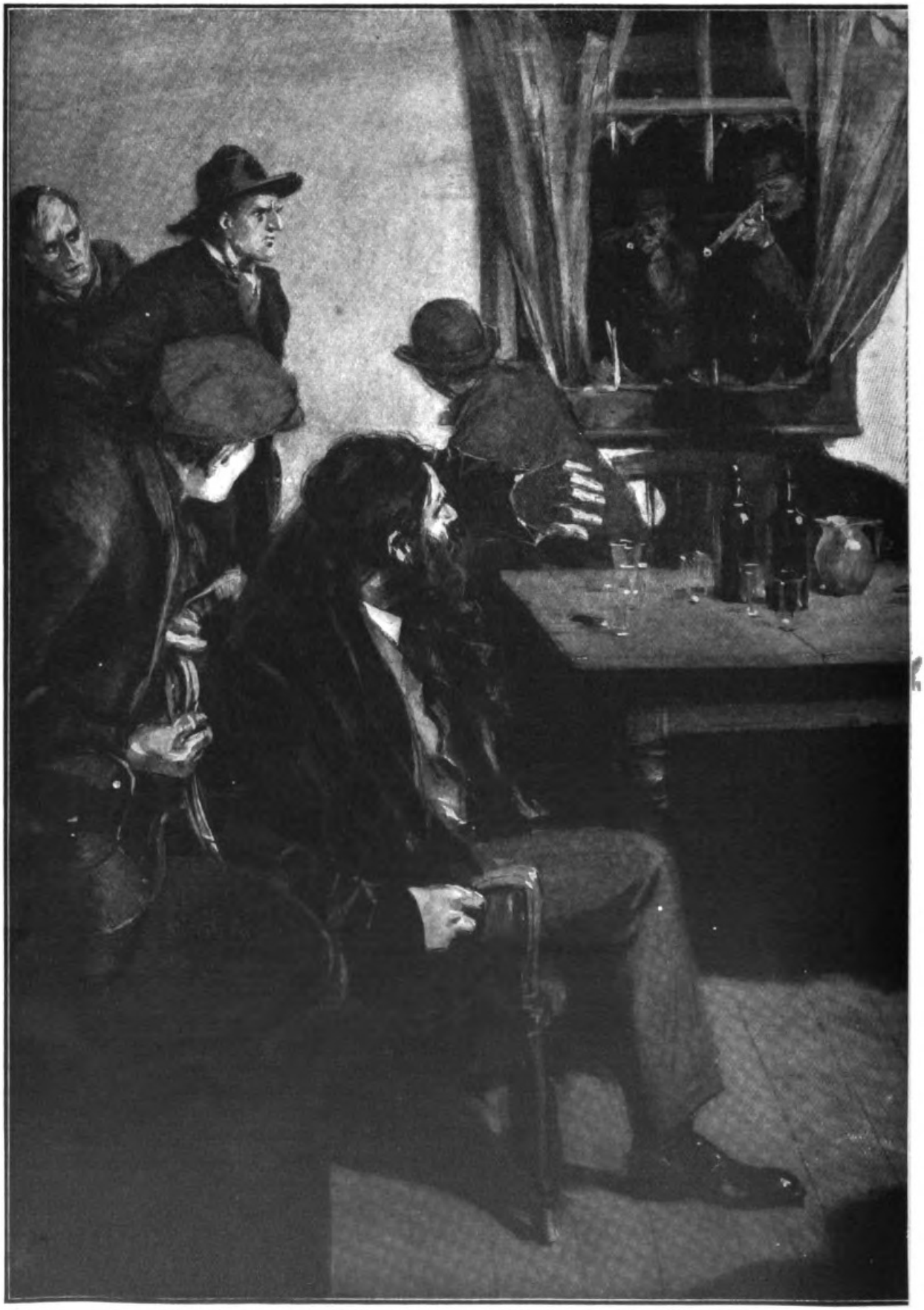
"It's a good plan," said McGinty. "The Lodge will owe you a debt for this. I guess when I move out of the chair I can put a name to the man that's coming after me."

"Sure, Councillor, I am little more than a recruit," said McMurdo, but his face showed what he thought of the great man's compliment.

When he had returned home he made his own preparations for the grim evening in front of him. First he cleaned, oiled, and loaded his Smith and Wesson revolver. Then he surveyed the room in which the detective was to be trapped. It was a large apartment, with a long deal table in the centre and the big stove at one end. At each of the other sides were windows. There were no shutters to these—only light curtains which drew across. McMurdo examined these attentively. No doubt it must have struck him that the apartment was very exposed for so secret a matter. Yet its distance from the road made it of less consequence. Finally he discussed the matter with his fellow-lodger. Scanlan, though a Scowrer, was an inoffensive little man who was too weak to stand against the opinion of his comrades, but was secretly horrified by the deeds of blood at which he had sometimes been forced to assist. McMurdo told him shortly what was intended.

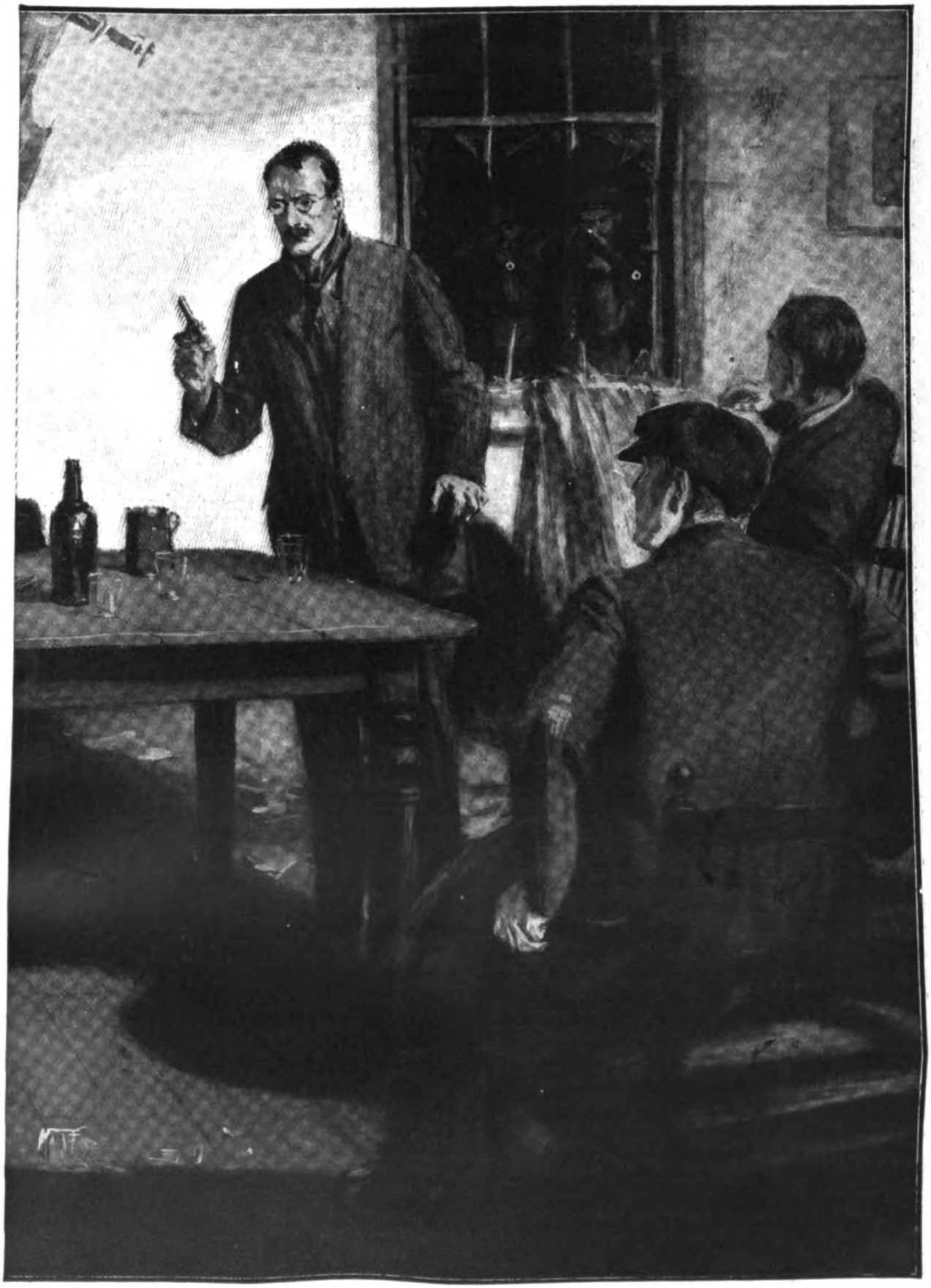
"And if I were you, Mike Scanlan, I would take a night off and keep clear of it. There will be bloody work here before morning."

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"THEN, WITH A SUDDEN SHIVERING OF GLASS, A BRISTLE OF GLISTENING RIFLE-BARRELS BROKE

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THROUGH EACH WINDOW, WHILST THE CURTAINS WERE TORN FROM THEIR HANGINGS."

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"Well, indeed, then, Mac," Scanlan answered, "it's not the will but the nerve that is wanting in me. When I saw Manager Dunn go down at the colliery yonder it was just more than I could stand. I'm not made for it, same as you or McGinty. If the Lodge will think none the worse of me, I'll just do as you advise, and leave you to yourselves for the evening."

The men came in good time as arranged. They were outwardly respectable citizens, well-clad and cleanly, but a judge of faces would have read little hope for Birdy Edwards in those hard mouths and remorseless eyes. There was not a man in the room whose hands had not been reddened a dozen times before. They were as hardened to human murder as a butcher to sheep. Foremost, of course, both in appearance and in guilt, was the formidable Boss. Harraway, the secretary, was a lean, bitter man, with a long, scraggy neck and nervous, jerky limbs—a man of incorruptible fidelity where the finances of the Order were concerned, and with no notion of justice or honesty to anyone beyond. The treasurer, Carter, was a middle-aged man with an impassive, rather sulky expression and a yellow parchment skin. He was a capable organizer, and the actual details of nearly every outrage had sprung from his plotting brain. The two Willabys were men of action, tall, lithe young fellows with determined faces, while their companion, Tiger Cormac, a heavy, dark youth, was feared even by his own comrades for the ferocity of his disposition. These were the men who assembled that night under the roof of McMurdo for the killing of the Pinkerton detective.

Their host had placed whisky upon the table, and they had hastened to prime themselves for the work before them. Baldwin and Cormac were already half-drunk, and the liquor had brought out all their ferocity. Cormac placed his hands on the stove for an instant—it had been lighted, for the spring nights were still cold.

"That will do," said he, with an oath.

"Aye," said Baldwin, catching his meaning. "If he is strapped to that we will have the truth out of him."

"We'll have the truth out of him, never fear," said McMurdo. He had nerves of steel, this man, for, though the whole weight of the affair was on him, his manner was as cool and unconcerned as ever. The others marked it and applauded.

"You are the one to handle him," said the Boss, approvingly. "Not a warning will he get till your hand is on his throat. It's a pity there are no shutters to your windows."

McMurdo went from one to the other and drew the curtains tighter.

"Sure, no one can spy upon us now. It's close upon the hour."

"Maybe he won't come. Maybe he'll get a sniff of danger," said the secretary.

"He'll come, never fear," McMurdo answered. "He is as eager to come as you can be to see him. Hark to that!"

They all sat like wax figures, some with their glasses arrested half-way to their lips. Three loud knocks had sounded at the door.

"Hush!"

McMurdo raised his hand in caution. An exulting glance went round the circle and hands were laid upon hidden weapons.

"Not a sound for your lives!" McMurdo whispered, as he went from the room, closing the door carefully behind him.

With strained ears the murderers waited. They counted the steps of their comrade down the passage. Then they heard him open the outer door. There were a few words as of greeting. Then they were aware of a strange step inside and of an unfamiliar voice. An instant later came the slam of the door and the turning of the key in the lock. Their prey was safe within the trap. Tiger Cormac laughed horribly, and Boss McGinty clapped his great hand across his mouth.

"Be quiet, you fool!" he whispered. "You'll be the undoing of us yet."

There was a mutter of conversation from the next room. It seemed interminable. Then the door opened and McMurdo appeared, his finger upon his lip.

He came to the end of the table and looked round at them. A subtle change had come over him. His manner was as of one who has great work to do. His face had set into granite firmness. His eyes shone with a fierce excitement behind his spectacles. He had become a visible leader of men. They stared at him with eager interest, but he said nothing. Still with the same singular gaze, he looked from man to man.

"Well," cried Boss McGinty at last, "is he here? Is Birdy Edwards here?"

"Yes," McMurdo answered slowly. "Birdy Edwards is here. I am Birdy Edwards!"

There were ten seconds after that brief speech during which the room might have been empty, so profound was the silence. The hissing of a kettle upon the stove rose sharp and strident to the ear. Seven white faces, all turned upwards to this man who

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dominated them, were set motionless with utter terror. Then, with a sudden shivering of glass, a bristle of glistening rifle-barrels broke through each window, whilst the curtains were torn from their hangings. At the sight Boss McGinty gave the roar of a wounded bear and plunged for the half-opened door. A levelled revolver met him there, with the stern blue eyes of Captain Marvin of the Coal and Iron Police gleaming behind the sights. The Boss recoiled and fell back into his chair.

"You're safer there, Councillor," said the man whom they had known as McMurdo. "And you, Baldwin, if you don't take your hand off your gun you'll cheat the hangman yet. Pull it out, or, by the Lord that made me—— There, that will do. There are forty armed men round this house, and you can figure it out for yourselves what chance you have. Take their guns, Marvin!"

There was no possible resistance under the menace of those rifles. The men were disarmed. Sulky, sheepish, and very amazed, they still sat round the table.

"I'd like to say a word to you before we separate," said the man who had trapped them. "I guess we may not meet again until you see me on the stand in the court-house. I'll give you something to think over betwixt now and then. You know me now for what I am. At last I can put my cards on the table. I am Birdy Edwards, of Pinkerton's. I was chosen to break up your gang. I had a hard and a dangerous game to play. Not a soul, not one soul, not my nearest and dearest knew that I was playing it, except Captain Marvin here and my employers. But it's over to-night, thank God, and I am the winner!"

The seven pale, rigid faces looked up at him. There was an unappeasable hatred in their eyes. He read the relentless threat.

"Maybe you think that the game is not over yet. Well, I take my chance on that. Anyhow, some of you will take no further hand, and there are sixty more besides yourselves that will see a jail this night. I'll tell you this, that when I was put upon this job I never believed there was such a society as yours. I thought it was paper talk, and that I would prove it so. They told me it was to do with the Freemen, so I went to Chicago and was made one. Then I was surer than ever that it was just paper talk, for I found no harm in the society, but a deal of good. Still, I had to carry out my job, and I came for the coal valleys. When I reached this place I learned that I was wrong and that it wasn't a dime novel after all. So I stayed to look after it. I never killed a man in Chicago. I never minted a dollar in my life. Those I gave you were as good as any others, but I never spent money better. I knew the way into your good wishes, and so I pretended to you that the law was after me. It all worked just as I thought.

"So I joined your infernal Lodge and I took my share in your councils. Maybe they will say that I was as bad as you. They can say what they like, so long as I get you. But what is the truth? The night I joined you beat up old man Stanger. I could not warn him, for there was no time, but I held your hand, Baldwin, when you would have killed him. If ever I have suggested things, so as to keep my place among you, they were things which I knew that I could prevent. I could not save Dunn and Menzies, for I did not know enough, but I will see that their murderers are hanged. I gave Chester Wilcox warning, so that when I blew his house in he and his folk were in hiding. There was many a crime that I could not stop, but if you look back and think how often your man came home the other road, or was down in town when you went for him, or stayed indoors when you thought that he would come out, you'll see my work."

"You blasted traitor!" hissed McGinty, through his closed teeth.

"Aye, John McGinty, you may call me that if it eases your smart. You and your like have been the enemy of God and man in these parts. It took a man to get between you and the poor devils of men and women that you held under your grip. There was just one way of doing it, and I did it. You call me a 'traitor,' but I guess there's many a thousand will call me a 'deliverer' that went down into hell to save them. I've had three months of it. I wouldn't have three such months again if they let me loose in the Treasury at Washington for it. I had to stay till I had it all, every man and every secret, right here in this hand. I'd have waited a little longer if it hadn't come to my knowledge that my secret was coming out. A letter had come into the town that would have set you wise to it all. Then I had to act, and act quickly. I've nothing more to say to you, except that when my time comes I'll die the easier when I think of the work I have done in this valley. Now, Marvin, I'll keep you no more. Have them in and get it over."

There is little more to tell. Scanlan had been given a sealed note to be left at the address of Miss Ettie Shafter—a mission which

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he had accepted with a wink and a knowing smile. In the early hours of the morning a beautiful woman and a much-muffled man boarded a special train which had been sent by the railroad company, and made a swift, unbroken journey out of the land of danger. It was the last time that ever either Ettie or her lover set foot in the Valley of Fear. Ten days later they were married in Chicago, with old Jacob Shafter as witness of the wedding.

The trial of the Scowrers was held far from the place where their adherents might have terrified the guardians of the law. In vain they struggled. In vain the money of the Lodge—money squeezed by blackmail out of the whole country-side—was spent like water in the attempt to save them. That cold, clear, unimpassioned statement from one who knew every detail of their lives, their organization, and their crimes was unshaken by all the wiles of their defenders. At last, after so many years, they were broken and scattered. The cloud was lifted for ever from the valley. McGinty met his fate upon the scaffold, cringing and whining when the last hour came. Eight of his chief followers shared his fate. Fifty odd had various degrees of imprisonment. The work of Birdy Edwards was complete.

And yet, as he had guessed, the game was not over yet. There was another hand to be played, and yet another and another. Ted Baldwin, for one, had escaped the scaffold; so had the Willabys; so had several other of the fiercest spirits of the gang. For ten years they were out of the world, and then came a day when they were free once more—a day which Edwards, who knew his men, was very sure would be an end of his life of peace. They had sworn an oath on all that they thought holy to have his blood as a vengeance for their comrades. And well they strove to keep their vow. From Chicago he was chased, after two attempts so near to success that it was sure that the third would get him. From Chicago he went, under a changed name, to California, and it was there that the light went for a time out of his life when Ettie Edwards died. Once again he was nearly killed, and once again, under the name of Douglas, he worked in a lonely canyon, where, with an English partner named Barker, he amassed a fortune. At last there came a warning to him that the bloodhounds were on his track once more, and he cleared—only just in time—for England. And here came the John Douglas who for a second time married a worthy mate and lived for five years as a Sussex country gentleman—a life which ended with the strange happenings of which we have heard.

EPILOGUE.

THE police trial had passed, in which the case of John Douglas was referred to a higher court. So had the Quarter Sessions, at which he was acquitted as having acted in self-defence. "Get him out of England at any cost," wrote Holmes to the wife. "There are forces here which may be more dangerous than those he has escaped. There is no safety for your husband in England."

Two months had gone by, and the case had to some extent passed from our minds. Then one morning there came an enigmatic note slipped into our letter-box. "Dear me, Mr. Holmes! Dear me!" said this singular epistle. There was neither superscription nor signature. I laughed at the quaint message, but Holmes showed an unwonted seriousness.

"Devilry, Watson!" he remarked, and sat long with a clouded brow.

Late that night Mrs. Hudson, our landlady, brought up a message that a gentleman wished to see Holmes, and that the matter was of the utmost importance. Close at the heels of his messenger came Mr. Cecil Barker, our friend of the moated Manor House. His face was drawn and haggard.

"I've had bad news—terrible news, Mr. Holmes," said he.

"I feared as much," said Holmes.

"You have not had a cable, have you?"

"I have had a note from someone who has."

"It's poor Douglas. They tell me his name is Edwards, but he will always be Jack Douglas of Benito Canyon to me. I told you that they started together for South Africa in the *Palmyra* three weeks ago."

"Exactly."

"The ship reached Cape Town last night. I received this cable from Mrs. Douglas this morning:—

"'Jack has been lost overboard in gale off St. Helena. No one knows how accident occurred.—Ivy Douglas.'"

"Ha! It came like that, did it?" said Holmes, thoughtfully. "Well, I've no doubt it was well stage-managed."

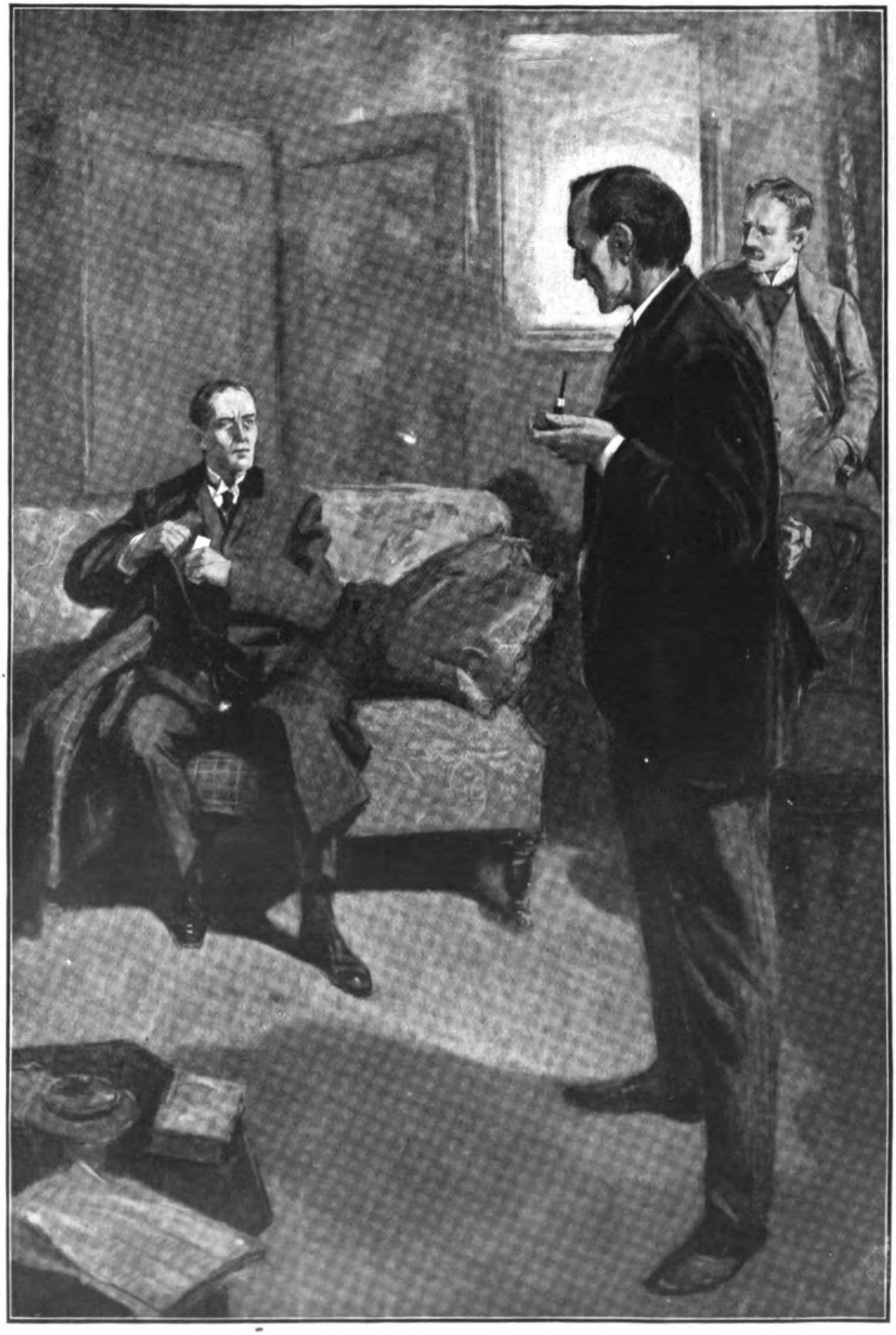
"You mean that you think there was no accident?"

"None in the world."

"He was murdered?"

"Surely!"

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"'I'VE HAD BAD NEWS—TERRIBLE NEWS, MR. HOLMES,' SAID HE."

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"So I think also. These infernal Scowrers, this cursed vindictive nest of criminals——"

"No, no, my good sir," said Holmes. "There is a master hand here. It is no case of sawed-off shot-guns and clumsy six-shooters. You can tell an old master by the sweep of his brush. I can tell a Moriarty when I see one. This crime is from London, not from America."

"But for what motive?"

"Because it is done by a man who cannot afford to fail—one whose whole unique position depends upon the fact that all he does must succeed. A great brain and a huge organization have been turned to the extinction of one man. It is crushing the nut with the hammer—an absurd extravagance of energy—but the nut is very effectually crushed all the same."

"How came this man to have anything to do with it?"

"I can only say that the first word that ever came to us of the business was from one of his lieutenants. These Americans were well advised. Having an English job to do, they took into partnership, as any foreign criminal could do, this great consultant in crime. From that moment their man was doomed. At first he would content himself by using his machinery in order to find their victim. Then he would indicate how the matter might be treated. Finally, when he read in the reports of the failure of this agent, he would step in himself with a master touch. You heard me warn this man at Birlstone Manor House that the coming danger was greater than the past. Was I right?"

Barker beat his head with his clenched fist in his impotent anger.

"Do you tell me that we have to sit down under this? Do you say that no one can ever get level with this king-devil?"

"No, I don't say that," said Holmes, and his eyes seemed to be looking far into the future. "I don't say that he can't be beat. But you must give me time—you must give me time!"

We all sat in silence for some minutes, while those fateful eyes still strained to pierce the veil.

THE END.

Important Announcement

TWO GREAT SERIALS

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S thrilling Sherlock Holmes story having reached its conclusion, our readers will be interested to know that arrangements have been made to follow it in due course with two great serial stories:—

(1)

"THE LION'S SHARE"

By ARNOLD BENNETT

In this novel, which is written in the lighter vein of "Helen with the High Hand" and "The Card," but which, nevertheless, carries a moral for our modern age, Mr. Bennett relates the history of two young women, both independent and free—one characteristically English, the other characteristically French. The scenes of the story alternate between London and Paris, and social life in each capital is described. Love, politics, finance, and the arts all enter into the tale. The novel will be found to be not only humorous and tender, but also most exciting.

(2)

A SERIAL *by* **W. W. JACOBS** which our readers will find one of the freshest and most amusing productions of the greatest humorous writer of our time.

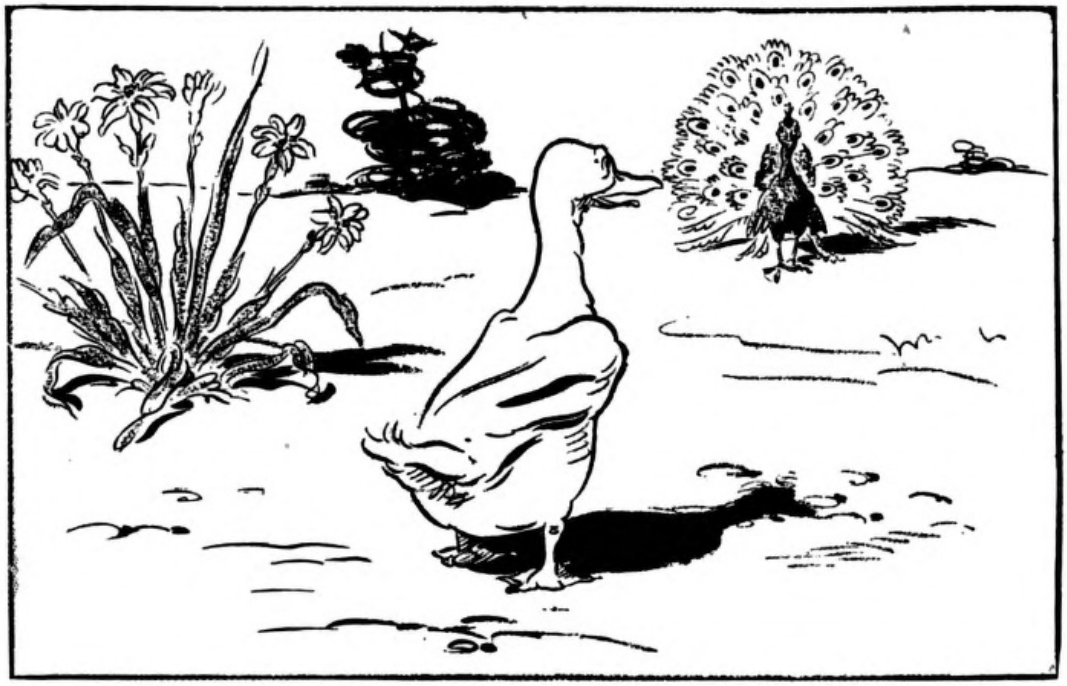
For many years past all Mr. Jacobs' stories have made their first appearance in this country in "The Strand Magazine," and we have recently concluded arrangements by which they will continue to do so for many years to come.

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"As Funny as They Can."

XI.

This month we have asked Mr. A. Z. B. Baker, the well-known American humorous artist, to edit this section, and he has selected a number of his famous studies of animal and bird life—a form of humour in which he has very few rivals.

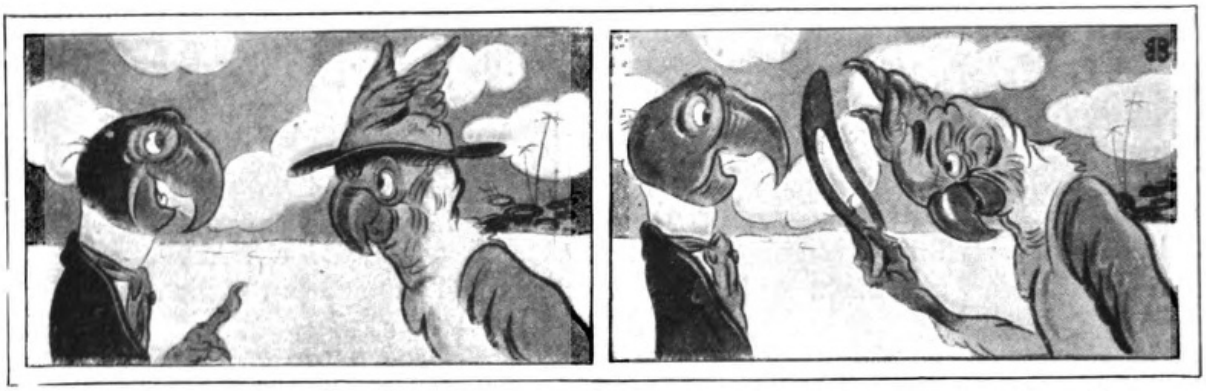


MRS. DUCK: "There comes that horribly stuck-up Mr. Peacock."



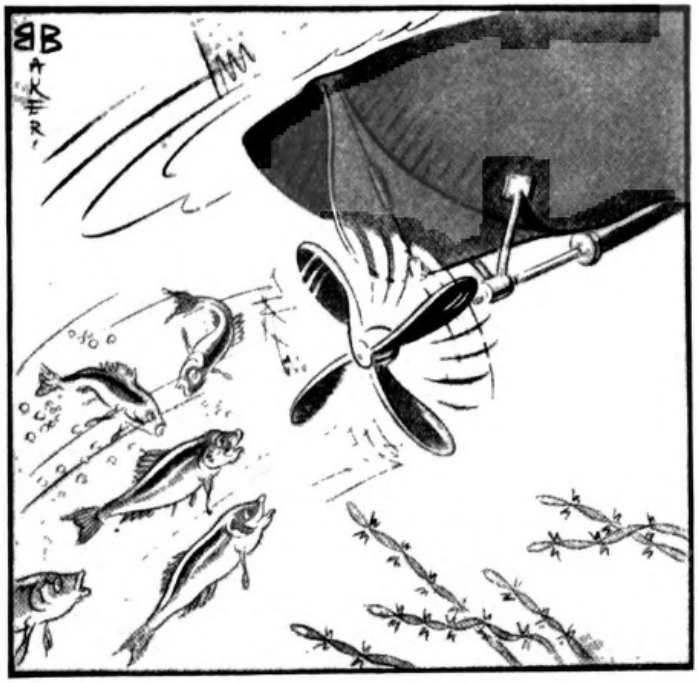
MRS. DUCK: "Pray excuse my rising, Mr. Peacock."

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PARROT: "Stylish sort of hat you've got on!"

Cockatoo: "Do you really think so?"



MODERN CONVENIENCES.

FISH: "Come on, fellows; this electric fan is just fine on a hot day!"



A DESERVING CASE.

TAILOR BIRD: "Poor fellow! I'll do what I can to make him look respectable. I presume his wife is a suffragette."



CHARITY.

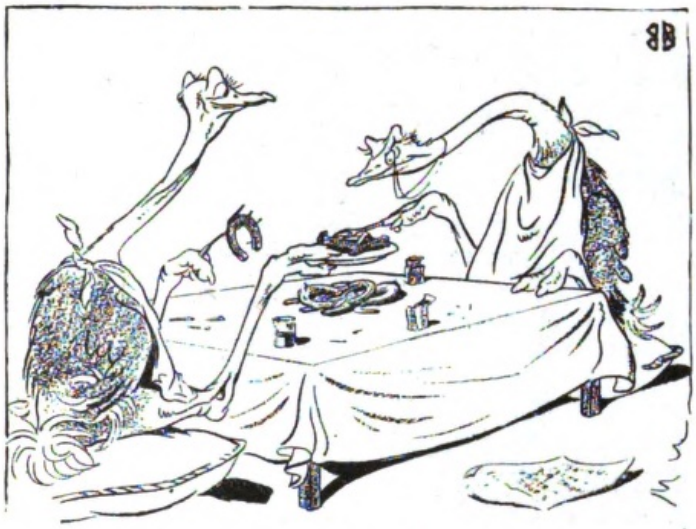
PHILANTHROPIC HEN: "Poor old chap! I can't very well give him money, but I can and have fixed up a meal for him!"



3 A.M.

TOMMY OWL: "Here comes your father home early, darling. Let's light the gas so that he can't see us."

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RECHERCHÉ.

MRS. OSTRICH: "Do try some of these railway spikes, my dear; you'll find them most piquante!"



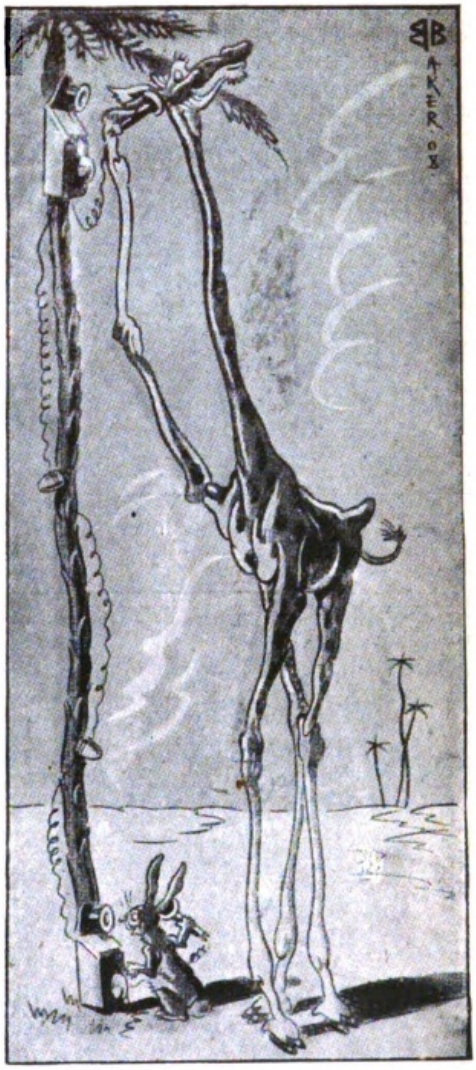
EAR MUFFS FOR ELEPHANTS.

Furnished by the Society for Improving the Conditions of Animals in Captivity.



NATURAL ADVANTAGES.

MRS. SPOONBILL: "How many lumps of sugar did you say, dearie?"



THE LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE IN THE JUNGLE.

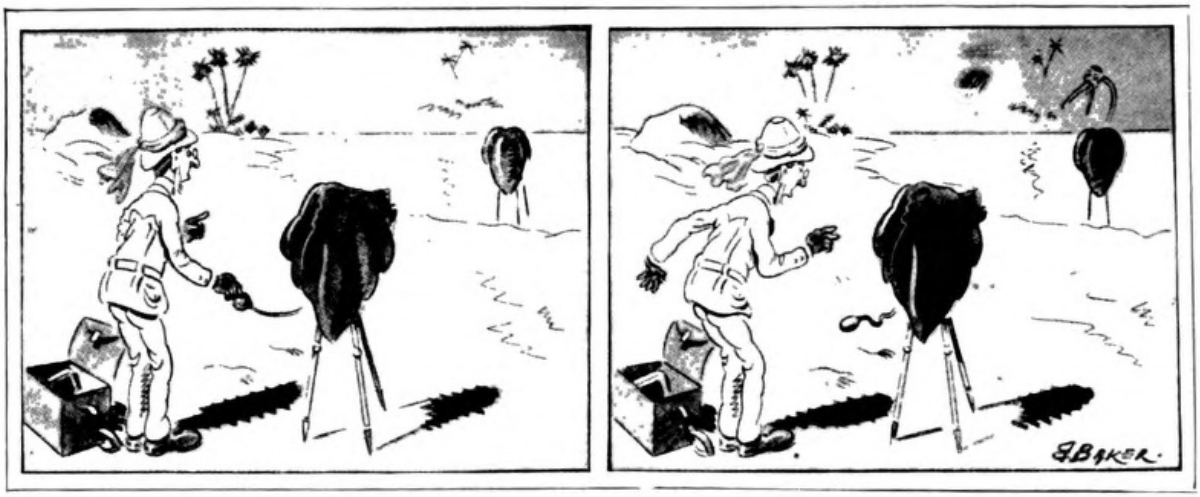


A SKY-SCRAPER.

THE GIRAFFE: "Well, my dear Mrs. Parrot, this is such a pleasant surprise! Why don't you call on me oftener?"

Old Mrs. Parrot: "I would if you had a lift, my dear; but I'm no longer as young and spry as I was once, and you do live such a long way up!"

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No. 1.—"Aw—another lover of photography!"

No. 2.—!!!!!!!!!



NEAR-SIGHTED.

MR. GOPHER: "Hum! Er—excuse me, Miss Mouse, but isn't that your—aw—corset-string come down?"



MR. HIPPO: "And yet they say 'there is no waste in Nature'!"



A LARGE ORDER.

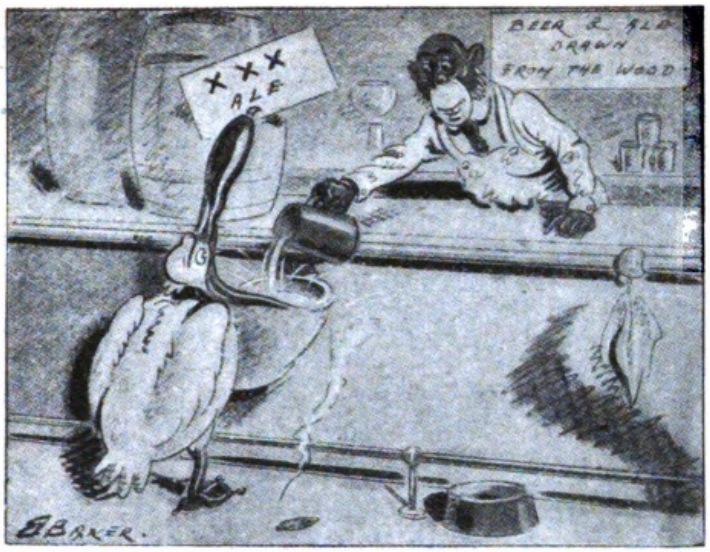
MRS. GRIMALKIN: "By the way, Thomas! While you're in town, you'd better get a few toy birds and half-a-dozen mechanical mice. The kittens will be two months old to-morrow."



JUNGLE HOSPITALITY.

MRS. PELICAN: "Oh, no, my dear Mrs. Monk, don't *think* of going yet! Wait until the rain stops. It's merely a tropical shower, and will soon be over."

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RUSHING THE PELICAN.

CUSTOMER: "Better put in another pint, Jocko. We have company for supper to-night."

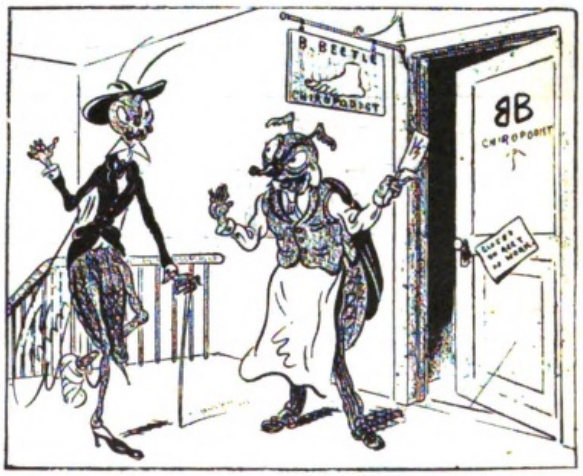


THE MORNING AFTER.

WOODPECKER: "Never again! It jars you too much if you have head work to do the next day!"



MISS SIMIAN doesn't need a horrid man to button up the back of her dress.



ANT: "Oh, oh! I've got a frightfully painful corn!"

Beetle Pedicure: "Sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to wait some time, sir. You see, I'm very busy now working on a centipede, sir!"



OH, YES, INDEED!

OWLET: "Say, teacher, is there another verb that has the same meaning as 'to court'?"

Professor Owl: "Yes, my son—to wit, to woo."



MRS HIPPO: "Oh, Mr. Monk, I do wish you'd teach me to roll cigarettes. You do it so cutely!"

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SAM BRIGGS BECOMES

By RICHARD MARSH.

"COME to think of it, seems odd that you're game to give your life, half-a-dozen times a day, for the life of people you don't know."

Sparrow it was who spoke. He was getting to be quite a card. I just took and had a look at him.

"Seeing I don't know what you're talking about, I can't say that I have much to add to the conversation; but I'm pretty sure that there's no one in this wide world I'd give my precious life for—unless it might be, perhaps, my old mother—and, might I add, Dora?"

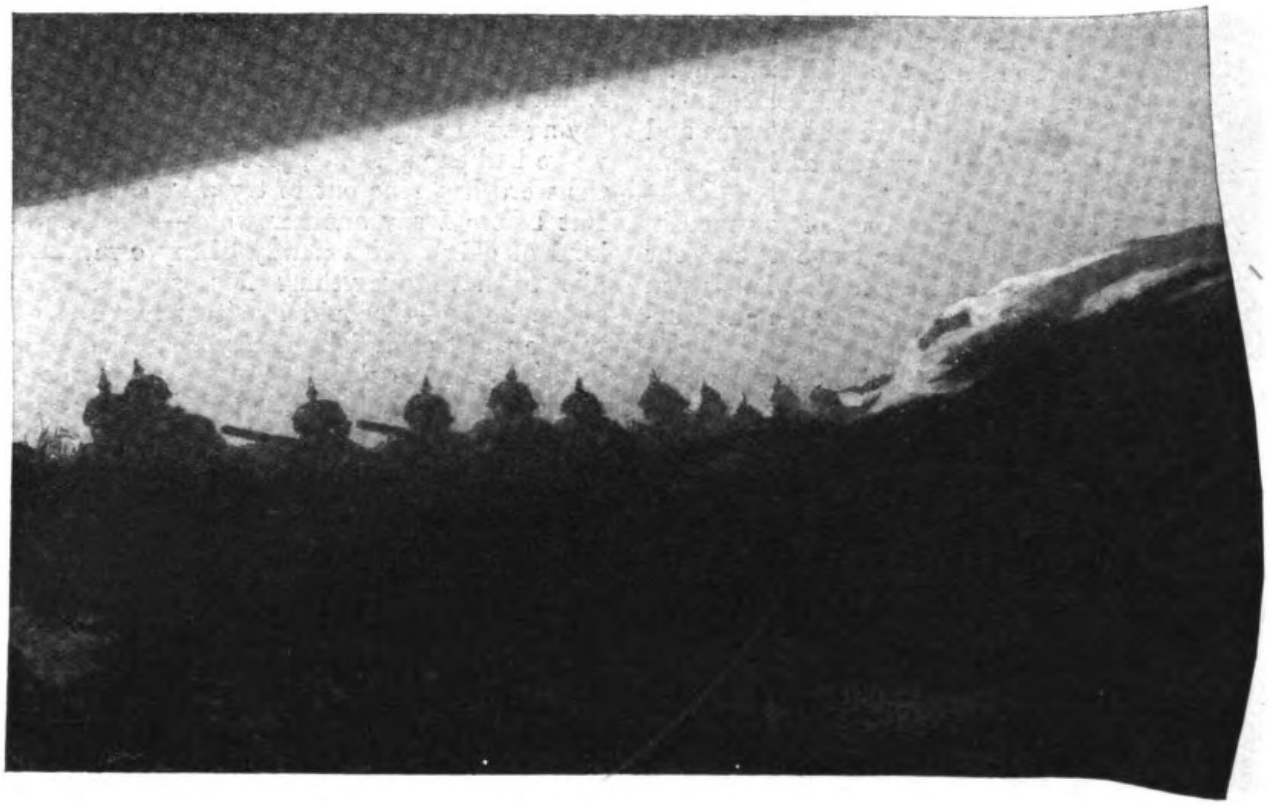
"Sergeant Briggs"—a sergeant I had been made since I had been out at the Front; all of a sudden I had been made one—"don't you make any mistake; you have been gazetted a sergeant because you'd give every breath in your body for any Tom, Dick, or Harry who happened to be sneaking around. Fact is, we all of us would. Among the things on earth which want carefully keeping out of, a trench—which means the worst kind of ditch—wants a good deal of beating. Yet here we are, we grown chaps, taking up our residence in one—what a one! My gosh! Just look at it!—risking our lives every moment of the day, laying up the seeds of all the diseases which anyhow make life not worth living. Look at me, warned not to get damp, yet without a dry thread on me—and haven't had for more than a month."

"I quite see your point, Sparrow." This was Lieutenant Durrant, who was sharing a bit of board with his subaltern, Mr. Baring, just close. "The fact is, it's a tangle; you've got to think it out a bit."

Sparrow put in his word: "Among all the rotten places, a trench takes the bun, yet just at this monent I wouldn't be out of this trench, not—not for a bag of buns. Just look at it—look at the rain, the mud, the air of darned awful misery. I'm told, by those who don't know, that this is rather a good sort of a trench. I can't speak for myself—— What's that? That sounded pretty close!"

"That was one of those new things—what

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A SOLDIER. v.—In The Trenches.

Illustrated by Charles Pears.

d'you call 'em? One of the nice little dears which take off a dozen heads all in a row. I never saw where it went."

"You may thank your lucky stars you didn't." This was Lieutenant Durrant. "Now, you men, keep down. Are you looking for trouble? Ormiston, you ought to know better; you know perfectly well that if they find you they find us all."

"If they should shoot me, sir—I'm beginning to wonder if worse things can't happen than that. Here have we been four days in the rain—nothing but the rain—without firing so much as a shot or seeing anyone to fire at. If we could be allowed to fire one round a day—say at noon—it would be something. There's one thing I didn't expect when I came out to the Front, sir; did you ever enjoy such boredom in your life as we are enjoying now? If we could climb up now and then and do a step-dance out in the open, it might be a little excitement, but to squat in the mud and the rain from dawn to dark, listening to Sparrow talk—do let us go out and talk to the Germans!"

"To-night so you shall."

That did it. I had had my eye on Lieutenant Durrant, and had got to know him well enough to guess when something was happening in the inside of his mind. The men all gave a jump; they all heard him—couldn't help it. His voice isn't loud, never, but it carries. Lieutenant Baring put in one of his wonderful phrases.

"Now you have torn it! I thought orders were that mum was to be the word."

Durrant took a cigarette from his pocket and put it between his lips. That was the maddening part of it. You could put anything you like in the tobacco way into your mouth, but you mustn't smoke it. If you don't chew, where's the fun of that? Every man twisted his neck and crowded closer to get a good look at him. He thought for a moment, looked at Baring and at me, then went quietly on:—

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"I really don't see what harm there'll be. Sergeant Briggs, what do you think?"

"Thinking's not much in my way, sir; never was." Someone said, "Hear, hear!" I couldn't see who he was. "If that gentleman," I told him, "will send in his name and address I'll say a few words to him. I'm sure he don't think much."

Just as the words were out of my mouth, who should come down the traverse into our own run but Captain Newstead, who was in command of our company. Lieutenant Durrant addressed him.

"Halloa, Newstead! you're the very man I was thinking of. So much doesn't happen down here that we get into a sort of family party. I shouldn't wonder if something of the sort happens round your way."

"We are a family party, aren't we? What else should we be? Look here, you chaps, I've been sent to have a straight talk to you. I've been sent by Colonel Stanway. In some respects he's a believer in the old ways. As Mr. Durrant says, we are a family party, the 9th Royal British Rifles. Rather a large family party—a thousand men and more—it's a pity we're not all here. I gather from what I've heard that you haven't been having much better sport than we have. Round my way we are dead sick of it, every man-jack of us—that's between ourselves, because, although we may not like it we have to lump it, and discipline has to be kept." He has got a slow way of talking, Captain Newstead has, and often takes his time when you'd think he wouldn't. "I'm coming to what I'm aiming at, if you gentlemen would only not make noise enough to disturb the country for ten miles round." A lot of chaps were whispering together; even though they were doing it pretty loudly, they would have found it difficult to make the enemy hear, considering the next trench was a good quarter of a mile off. The whispering he spoke of was nothing compared to the hubbub which followed when he spoke next; just a few words he added, and those quite enough: "What would you chaps say to doing a little real fighting?"

You should have heard how he was down on them then.

"One thing's sure—either you've got to keep still or I have. Choose for yourselves and do it quickly, if you please."

In a few seconds he was talking again, though I'd bet a trifle that every man's tongue was aching to wag. Newstead was as calm as you please; he knew how to work them up.

"After all, we did come out to fight; I suppose that has occurred to some of you. Trench work appears to be the German idea of fighting. It isn't everyone's, and just now it isn't ours; though, mind you, I'm not saying a word against it, nor is anyone. But we've had enough of it, just for a while, and the word has gone out to try a little change. But before I say another word—I'm a new kind of officer, with a way of my own, and like to have everything fair, square, and above board—I should like to remark that this sort of trench fighting, as being practised by us, is fair to middling safe; what I am going to talk about is quite the riskiest game you can play; so I'll tell you what it is. Then, if it don't suit, say so. You know, although you can't see it, the whole of this country is a maze of trenches—a regular tangle. Sergeant Briggs has handed over a plan of them to the C.O. which would surprise you. Haven't you, Briggs?"

"I don't know about surprising them, sir; they're not chaps who are easily surprised; but there do happen to be a few trenches round about."

"How on earth did you find that out?" asked Sparrow.

"Sergeant Briggs," explained Captain Newstead, "has been engaged for the last few nights on scout duty, and the consequence is that we know one or two things about what's all round which would surprise the Germans. We're going to take the whole jolly lot to-night. There is a masked battery at the top of the hill at the back which they have been building up for days; we're going to take that, too. If we have any luck, by the morning a change will have come o'er the spirit of the scene; which means that between this and then there'll perhaps be some as fine hand-to-hand fighting as you could want to see."

You couldn't have kept them still then, try as you would. They were all at it together; they hadn't done so much talking since the Lord knows when. Sparrow turned on me.

"So, Sam Briggs, while we've been lying in bed—box-mattresses, down quilts, and all the latest luxuries—you've been out and about? I don't call it fair!"

"What do you mean by that, sir?" This was Captain Newstead. "Sergeant Briggs has to do what he's told—pity you can't do the same."

"Well, sir, I'm going to have a try. Scouting! It's a thing I've dreamt of doing all my life. Sam Briggs, you're lucky. Out in the mud and the darkness and the

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rain—I believe it always rains cats and dogs at night—and the awfulness—and me lying all the time sound asleep in bed."

"What Sergeant Briggs has done has made certain things possible for you. You do them; if you find yourself alive in the morning you may think yourself lucky. Well, gentlemen, my instructions are to tell you that you are to get out of this to-night a little earlier than usual. We're going straight back to quarters, where we'll have something extra special in the grub line."

"Hear, hear! I say ditto to that—something hot for me!"

"As soon as you've finished you'll get yourselves ship-shape, and you men here will be under the guidance of Sergeant Briggs. Your lives will depend on your not making a sound, so don't you breathe. You must sling your guns—you'll do most of your work with your naked bayonets. Sergeant Briggs will take you to a German trench just over there"—Newstead nodded in the direction he meant. "You'll take cover till you get the word. The trench is one of the new ones, with a double entrance. You'll wait till their relief has arrived, then you'll slip along until you're in front of them—and with your bayonets you'll take their measure."

"It doesn't sound dead easy."

"It's not; it's very nearly dead impossible, because, you understand, that sort of thing will be going on all over the place, and you mustn't make a sound. They must be dead before they hear a whisper. I believe it can be done by men who can keep their heads and know how to use their weapons. But I may say this, if it can't be done that way I doubt if it can be done at all. If we keep on like this we shall be pottering about all through the summer. That's the game the Germans mean to play; it will suit them, but it won't us. If you're the sort of chaps you're supposed to be, and can sneak the whole lot of trenches in one night, you will have captured the whole position, battery and all. In the morning this part of the world won't be the same place for our friends from Berlin. It will be the biggest thing that's ever happened to them—upset their plans in all directions, the worst blow that ever struck them. We admit at headquarters that it will be an almost impossible thing to do. A lot of you fellows will practically have to account for two of theirs at once—that's why I'm talking to you like this; it will be your lives which will be at stake."

"Sounds as if it might be their lives."

"We shall be on their ground; they'll be as good as two to one—if we make one false stroke or breathe a sound, ten to one! Every thrust has got to mean a man. So strongly do we feel that it is impossible that the C.O. has instructed me to tell you, right out, that if any man feels it's impossible, all he has to do is to say nothing, but to spend a quiet night in bed. If it weren't that the gain would be so much more than the loss—enormous, mind you, that will be—we should have left the idea untouched. You won't be blamed for thinking it ought to have been. Now, my lads"—Captain Newstead drew himself straight up, and they all did. His glance passed from face to face; there was a grim something in their eyes as they settled on him—"volunteers are invited."

At that moment a "Jack Johnson" exploded about a hundred yards away. It made us jump—for noise they take a bit of beating—though directly afterwards we laughed. Newstead touched his cap.

"Good afternoon, sir—and good-bye. If we can get within striking distance of your masters to-night you'll be the last of the kind they'll send. Once more, gentlemen—volunteers are invited. You've heard what I've said—I've tried to make myself plain; it's a busman's chance, perhaps ten to one. Will you take it? The right men, at the right moment, in the right mood, will to-night transform the map of at least Belgium—to say nothing of France, and it may be Europe. That's the busman's, the outsider's chance. It won't come off; those sort of things scarcely ever do. All you have to do is to say you're not betting."

He put his hands into the outside pockets of his greatcoat—a nice state it was in, soaked through and through; as for dirt, you couldn't tell what the original colour had been. He paused for quite a while; on his own face, as his glance passed from one countenance to another, an odd little smile. Then he said, as if he were asking if they took milk in their tea:—

"Any takers, gentlemen?"

Then there was silence again. Clearly the men saw what a reply would mean. Sparrow was the first to speak. There was something about his tall, quaint figure as he spoke which gave me a kind of a flutter.

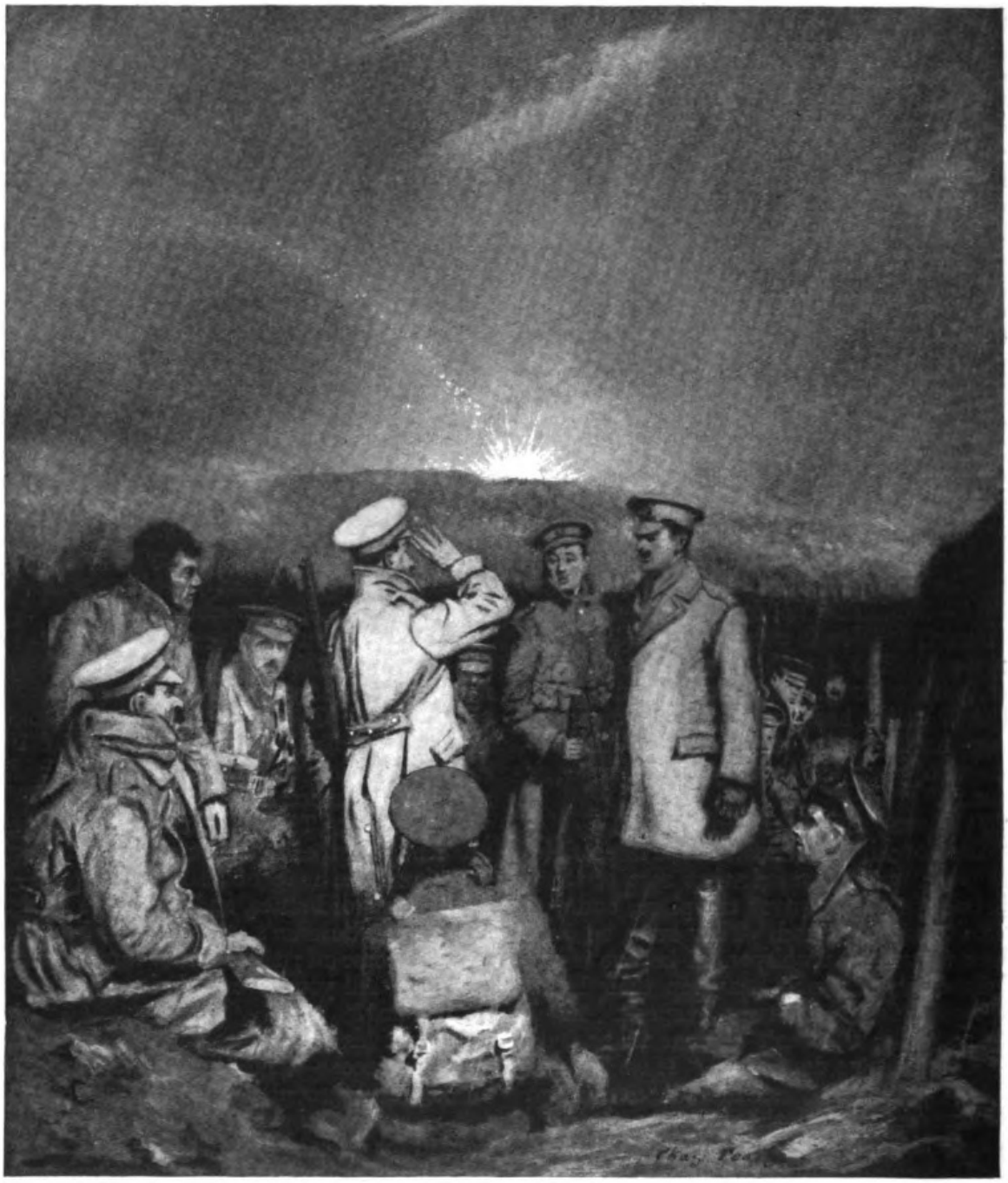
"I'm a taker, sir."

Newstead gave an almost imperceptible nod—and Ormiston came next.

"I'm another, sir—always liked a busman's chance."

It seemed that they all of them did, because

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"I'M A TAKER, SIR."

all of them took it. There wasn't a man in the trench that afternoon—it did keep on pouring; it seemed as if we could watch the mud rising higher and higher—who didn't volunteer for death that night. I admit that I had been the first to speak of the whole thing, and fairly ashamed of myself I was—I wasn't the same man since I had spoken. I had dropped a word to Baring; he had passed it on to Durrant; it had gone higher and higher till it reached headquarters. I never guessed that they would give it a second thought. When it was pointed out to me that I might pass a few nights finding out the lie of the land I nearly jumped out of my boots. A funny time I had, in the pitch-blackness, all alone by myself, as the boys say, picking my way about those German trenches—which you couldn't see even in the broad daylight—which was how I had been amusing myself those last four nights.

When I sent in my report and the heads had me up and said they had made up their minds to have a try you might have knocked me down with a feather. It wasn't for me to say a word, but I suppose they saw by the

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look on my frontispiece that I thought there was no more chance of the try coming off than of flying to the moon—they themselves up and said so.

"All the great things in war," said old Stanway, "have been impossible; all the things worth doing are what couldn't be done. If there are enough fools in this regiment ready to lay down their lives for the fun of laying them down—you understand, gentlemen, please, the responsibility will be our own, and not a word must ever be whispered at Whitehall."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said Captain Newstead. "I hope presently to see you again. Anything you don't understand, Sergeant Briggs?"

I saluted, and he strolled through the mud and slush along the trench to the cut at the end which led him to the next. Durrant and Baring went with him. Bob Sparrow, as usual, expressed himself plainly.

"Coy fish, the captain; always seems to me to be half asleep; but that's his little way. He'll be awake enough when there's any real fighting to be done. Sam Briggs, what's the meaning of this? Are you false to your friends?"

"No, Bob Sparrow, I'm not—and very well you know it—even in talking nonsense don't you allow yourself to go too far. What's going to happen is nothing to do with me. I do as I'm told, and there my duty ends. You know that I'm not much good at talking, but let me just tell you that, as matters stand, I don't believe our lives are worth a row of pins."

"Thank you, Mr. Briggs. When you do talk there's generally some point in what you say." This was Ormiston.

"But that's no business of ours. Our lives are not our own, they're our country's—that's why we're here. But why I opened my mouth to Lieutenant Baring in the first place—as I believe I did—was because it seems to me that if we go on as we are doing we shall never finish. We've been fighting in the trenches since the war began—and where are we? Where we began—and that's where we shall finish. It will take us about five hundred years to get to Berlin. No, thank you; not for me! This little trip to-night is non-official. Everyone can stop in his bed if he likes. You heard what was said, and it was meant. No orders have been issued—that is, no special orders; but if anyone cares to come for a night-stroll he is specially invited to enjoy himself as much as he can. That telephone-bell's ringing! Who's in charge there? Can't you hear?"

"Relief will be here inside ten minutes."

"Good! If you take my tip, when you get to quarters you'll take all the rest you can. We're going to make a night of it—the fresher we are the more we shall enjoy it."

I don't think any of the chaps went out of their way to take much in the way of extra rest—all the same for that! They ate themselves as full as they could—seems most soldiers don't miss a chance of doing that. There wasn't much drink going about; I don't fancy all of that was drunk; every man seemed to want to get to business feeling at his best. Arms were cleaned; they might have been going to parade before the King, the trouble they took in doing that. Rifles were taken to pieces more than once—more than twice; there wasn't a speck of dust left on a bayonet. I tore up certain memoranda I had made—I didn't want to be taken with them upon me; tried to get the notes I had to have, if the whole thing wasn't going to get into a glorious muddle, as clear and brief as possible, when who should come along but Sparrow. I was beginning to be afraid of Sparrow. As a man I hadn't a word to say against him, not a syllable; but when he came to what he thought was sentiment it turned you up, it really did. He sneaked up behind me before I had guessed that he was anywhere near, beginning to peer down the muzzle of his rifle-barrel in search of a speck or something which he pretended to have overlooked. I will say this, he was looking through it by the light of one of the very worst lamps you could ever want to meet; whatever there had been in the barrel I doubt if he could have seen it.

"Sam," he began—I knew his voice and what it meant—"what do you advise me to do?"

"I shouldn't advise you to strain your eyesight by trying to see anything by the help of that lamp."

"It is a beast!" His voice was hearty. "I don't believe it is paraffin they burn. pudding-headed idiots!" His tone became less natural. "But that isn't what I meant to say."

There was a distinct pause; then it came: "Sam, what shall I say to Louisa?"

"Say? You? Why should you say anything?"

"By this time to-morrow I may be dead."

"So may all of us. What do you think Louisa cares about that? What difference would it make to her?"

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Bob might have thought that the remark was something in the nature of a smack in the face; he screwed up his eyes in a more desperate effort to see down the muzzle.

"She's your sister."

"But you're not her brother. Look here, Bob Sparrow, no offence intended, but it seems to me that where my sister Louisa is concerned you're barmy on the crumpet."

Bob sighed. "It's hard when you talk to me like that; expecially at such a time as this."

"You think so? Then, let me tell you I don't. You've only spoken to the girl once in your life, and then for a few chance minutes at a railway-station. I don't know if she's ever written to you——"

"You know she has." The reproach which he meant his voice to convey! "I'm always trying to show you her letters."

"Letters! I saw one. 'DEAR MR. SPARROW,—Thank you for yours. Unfortunately, unlike most girls, I don't care for chocolate-creams.—Yours faithfully, LOUISA BRIGGS.' And that's what you call a letter! It's enough for me! and so like her! Bob Sparrow, you're quite a decent chap, I like you; but do shove somebody else's sister down my throat, not my own! Where a woman is concerned, it's odd how a man can lose his head."

"Aren't you going to leave a line of any sort or kind for Miss Wilkinson—in case anything happens?"

I stood up straight; he did put my back up dragging in Dora.

"Mr. Sparrow, on previous occasions I have asked you not to mention Miss Wilkinson's name in a public place. My position towards her has nothing in the very least in common with yours towards my sister Louisa. Kindly remember it if you conveniently can."

We were well on time when we reached the point at which we were to get to business. Practically the whole of the regiment was there; certainly all of them who weren't on leave or sick. They might have been out for a little pleasure picnic, the way they carried on; hadn't seen them in such a joky mood for I don't know how long.

"Pipes out, please! No smoking allowed!" was the order which went out as file after file turned up. Then Captain Newstead spoke; I didn't know he was there until I heard his voice.

"Sergeant Briggs wishes to say a thing or two, and then no one is so much as to whisper till the fun is over. Silence is what we want; surprise is the thing we're counting on. You'll find it may be a bit of a bore: moments have a trick of hanging on your hands in times like this; but on this occasion every one of them should be well worth waiting for. Now, Briggs, away you go."

"Yes, sir; I've pretty well let everything go already. I just want to explain where we are and what is expected, and do it as quietly as possible. The telephone is just where we are—their telephone; our chaps are going to do all that's wanted while we're waiting. We brought all the stuff with us, and have laid it as we came along, so we've only got to make the final connection, and the Germans will be talking to our own headquarters. Word will be passed the moment the fun begins. The German trenches are all in front of us. The main entrance to the first is down there on the right, among that broken ground—just far enough off, I hope, to be out of sight and hearing. Keep as low down, please, as you can. They'll come along down the road over the hill; we have reason to believe that they may be a bit lively to-night, so we may hear them before they come. We don't want them to hear us. They will come right down the hill—very good path, though we can't see it—and fall in at the bottom, perhaps a thousand of them. Those going to be relieved will come out as soon as the relief appears—they're always sharp at doing that. As soon as they are out they go off. We keep quite still till the last of them has gone. By that time the relief should all have gone in, leaving a guard outside. As soon as the last of those going out have gone a signal will be given—by us—one whistle. Four of ours will be under cover close by the entrance. The moment the whistle sounds their guard will be knocked out. The men of my section must follow me down the slope; sharp is the word and not a sound—each with his bayonet ready. There should be an end of their guard before we get there. You'll keep close to me, doing nothing else but follow; in no circumstances are you to attempt to do a single thing until the word is given. Most of the trenches—there are miles of them; it is really a great work—are in two storeys; we shall press along the bottom, right among the men, paying no attention to them as we go. With luck, they won't pay any to us—but that's where the trouble is going to be. If they do spot us we're done; we'll be either dead or missing. They are sometimes a bit lively as they get into their places for the night. They've had what they call a 'feast day' to-day, and have probably

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had a drop extra to drink—we're counting on it. So, suspecting nothing, we may slip through. I shall take you right to the far end of the trench. If we get there I shall go like that." I made a sort of hissing sound with my teeth. "You'll mark your man and you'll send your bayonet right into him, far enough to out him at one go. Don't you give him a chance to make a sound, or he will out you—silence is what we want. If the thing is properly done and you keep cool and we have luck, they won't get a chance to give tongue. The same game will be played in a very few seconds all over the trenches—each section will be led by a man who knows the way—they'll all be dead before they know they're dying; they never will know what killed them. And the trench will be ours from start to finish—cuts and all."

Captain Newstead put in a word.

"That's the idea—so, gentlemen, you understand what you have to do. Anyhow, we're going to fight. They'll want the trench back again to-morrow; they'll do their best to get it, probably, if they have to call in a whole division. We've got a few men waiting to come to our assistance—so perhaps you'll be so good as to start by taking the place to-night. Sergeant Briggs"—I went a few steps aside with him; he spoke so low and stood so close I could hardly hear what he said—"what do you think? How is it going to be?"

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure."

"Does each of the men understand what it is they're in for?"

"Pretty well, sir. I don't suppose any of us will quite do that until we've got well started. I know I sha'n't."

"I see what you mean—no, I suppose we sha'n't. Anyhow, you don't think they'll lose their heads? After all, they're only young at the game."

"They won't do that, sir, old or young; there isn't a man among them who doesn't mean to give as good as he gets—and a bit better. Don't you let any idea of that sort worry you. This mayn't be quite the sort of thing they've been waiting for since they first joined, but it's not so very far off; so—meaning no offence—when there's any mention of their losing their heads, you don't know what it is you're talking about."

That was a time of waiting, that was. The surprise party, the first night we got there, was bad enough, but nothing compared to this. I knew about certain things which were taking place behind the scenes, so, to some extent, I was in the know. They knew nothing, they couldn't have done, but no one could have behaved better. Not allowed to smoke, or whisper, or move—they couldn't have behaved better if they had been the soldiers of a lifetime, instead of its being their first time out—which it was, because I counted the surprise party nothing. So far as I could tell, they never even breathed.

I wondered what they were thinking of, half sitting, half lying, taking such cover as they could, in some of the worst weather you ever saw. There must have been some of them who were thinking of the folks at home—not one who didn't know perfectly well that the chances were he would never live to see another day. I know that's about where I was, but all that really worried me was how to keep my bayonet perfectly dry and ready for use. All those little things do worry you at a time like that.

We waited there for quite two hours—I kept glancing at my watch and thinking things each time I looked—a lot longer than we ought to have done. They were more than an hour overdue. My fingers were getting so cold, I felt that if something wasn't done soon they would be too cold to get a good grip on my rifle. The men were probably worse off than I was. Then two things happened for which I wasn't prepared. I believe it made the whole lot of us a little jumpy; that our nerves were as tight as fiddle-strings. We itched to be at them almost past bearing-point. First of all we could hear them coming over the hill—heard them, I should think, half a mile away. We hadn't expected them to be quite as quiet as they usually were. What festival they had been keeping we didn't know, but someone over at headquarters had heard a whisper that they were keeping something, and that some of them might be expected to be as good as drunk; but the noise they made was a bit too thick.

The night, speaking generally, was as black as ink, never ceasing to rain; but as the front ranks reached the top of the hill they seemed to get into a sort of glow as if the shadows there had lifted, so that they stood out quite plainly. Anyhow, we could see them, and hear them, too. The slope went up perhaps two or three hundred feet; as they came in sight the second thing happened, at what seemed to be the top of the slope. There was a sudden illumination; gun after gun was fired, shell after shell rose in the air, moving through the pitch-blackness like a great flight of so many rockets. We could follow them every inch of the way; they seemed to me to go for miles; then down they came in a mass, bursting as they

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descended. The darkness was illuminated as by a display of fireworks. What they had been aimed at it was impossible even to guess, but it seemed that either by wonderful shooting or amazing luck they got there. Not only had the shells themselves burst into flame, but, alighting upon some object on the ground below, in an instant the whole country was a blaze of fire.



"I WENT QUICKLY DOWN THE SLOPE, RIFLE SLUNG, BAYONET IN HAND,

The effect was as unexpected as it was glorious and grand; but a moment's reflection showed that the glory and grandeur were all on one side. The beggars had been building up their battery on the top of the hill; the whole position of the trenches was covered; the work was finished; they had chosen that night to treat us to a trial show. That was the festival they had been keeping; we were to have an exhibition of what their new guns could do. Plainly they had done something. Whether they struck us or the French we could not say, but they seemed to have worked fine havoc somewhere, havoc with which they were contented; because as the mischievous flames continued to light the country, the beggars on the side of the hill actually sang out, "Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" which was as if we had yelled "Hurrah!" And I'll be hanged if they didn't burst out laughing and come down the hill with a sort of hop, skip, and jump.

That beat the band. It was the top brick off the chimney. It made me mad. No hint could be plainer that the fun was not going to be all on our side. Instead of our catching them napping it looked as if they had caught us, as if the great mass of flame, still showing in the far-off sky, meant that they had done us more mischief than we could do them.

The actual result was that I gritted my teeth and made up my mind that it was those who laughed last who sometimes laughed the best. The idea of sticking bayonets into men who had not been expecting anything of the kind hadn't quite suited my stomach, but the sound of those "Hochs!" and the sight of that blaze put all ideas of that kind dead off.

I should doubt if they ever came down that hill quicker than they did that time. They were forming up at the foot, and the chaps who were doing their spell in the trenches were coming out at a pace which did them credit. The noise they made! I can't help thinking that, not guessing we were within ten thousand miles of them, the order had been, "Go as you please!" They shouted together, and joked—a lot of them speaking English. The way many of those Germans do speak English is surprising—almost as well as we do. A great voice roared out—he'd been keeping the festival!—"Oh, Mr. Englishman, how about your magazine? Have they blown your bomb-shells up, and bust the whole thing in?"

A fine thing it was for us, keeping cover there, to hear his nice friends laughing.

They did move themselves in spite of the noise they made. The chaps who had been on duty went tearing up the hill as if they were anxious to see the last of the flames.

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THE OTHERS SO CLOSE BEHIND THAT THEY ALMOST TROD UPON MY HEELS."

The fellows who had been doing themselves well were turning into the trenches with an ordered precision which suggested that the noise they made and the jokes they cut did not prevent their attention to business. I was right in front of our lot and could see all that was going on. Suddenly there was a faintish whistle; their guard went down, in a sort of lump, in the very middle of enjoying a joke—it was a lesson to him that sentries were not supposed to do that kind of thing.

I went quickly down the slope, rifle slung, bayonet in hand, the others so close behind that they almost trod upon my heels. In a brace of shakes I was in that trench, the others close up; there wasn't any of the inclination to be funny which the Germans had shown; though, come to look at it from one point of view, that walk of ours, or march, or stroll, was one of the funniest things which took place that night. There was a fine old hubbub in the trench itself. I don't fancy that a German is very quick at seeing a joke, not in a general way, but when he does he takes care to see all there is of it, and enjoys it to the very end. That song about "Oh, Mr. Englishman," seemed to have been enjoyed by every man of them; what it meant we Englishmen did not understand. The remark about "bust the whole thing in" seemed to convey humour of so rare a sort that they couldn't have too much of it. The way they kept telling each other so, while we picked our way among them, keeping tight hold upon our bayonets, was, to my thinking, full of a humour which they were to see, if they saw it at all, a little later on.

Judging by what we saw, the trenches seemed to be becoming regular fortifications. We were at the bottom, about eight or nine feet from the open air above. About half-way up, four or five feet from the ground, the earth had been banked; a ridge, perhaps eighteen inches wide, ran right along. On this ridge, just then, the men seemed to be settling themselves for the night—quite a job they made of it. I don't suppose they did it as a rule, they could scarcely always have been so full of beans; and I don't suppose that every night they were encouraged to make that shindy. How, in spite of everything, we came to escape their notice is beyond me altogether.

Bend down as we might, our heads were within reach of their feet on the ridge on which they stood.

They didn't keep their feet still by any means. How it came that we weren't kicked a dozen times beats me; I know that I was touched oftener than I quite cared for—and harder. One fellow put the sole of his huge, filthy military boot right up against the point of my nose—took the skin off, and almost broke the bone; it took all I knew to keep still as if I hadn't noticed what he had done. I think he noticed it anyhow, because he glanced down as if to see what it was he had come into contact with. If he had stooped a little lower, as it seemed to me, he might have got the bayonet that was meant for another chap.

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"THE TRENCHES WERE OURS!"

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What was happening behind, of course, I couldn't say; it was a comfort to learn that our other chaps didn't seem to notice such trifles as having their noses kicked off their faces. It wouldn't have surprised me in the least if, in spite of orders, they had done a little kicking back again. Had the circumstances been other than they were there would have been trouble in the first five seconds. The idea of those Germans trampling us underfoot—which, of course, was what it came to!

I thought that we should never stop going on. The story of how the first time I got along those workings from end to end wouldn't make a bad yarn. But it was different then; I had only carried my own life in my hands; now there were a thousand and more depending upon the smallest accident. The first time I went alone it took long enough—it seemed ages; later inquiries showed that it occupied well over a quarter of an hour. Measurements showed that the way I went was not so very much under a mile; so that, under the conditions, twenty minutes wasn't bad going—especially with your heart in your mouth every inch of the way and your life shivering in the balance. How they would have liked to put more than their boots in our faces, those joking Huns!

Although they did not know it, their festival was their undoing. Their fine show of fireworks, instead of being a great success, had been their ruin. If some kind of a hitch had prevented the inauguration of their wonderful battery—with some of the biggest guns on record—they might have been disappointed at the moment, but ultimately they would have scored. Had they been a little less fond of "celebrating," we shouldn't have been on the map.

We had got to the very last cut—I call them "cuts," never mind what other people do. Someone far away back had set the whole works in a roar; it seemed that it must have been a top-hole joke; nothing would please the others than that they should see the point of it. What the officers were doing all that time was beyond me; perhaps, at the beginning of the night-spell, some of them hadn't turned up—there was no reason why they should; some of those who had were making jokes of their own. I am told that where discipline is concerned German officers can be cruel devils; but sometimes, especially when, for some official reason, the drink is in them, discipline is let slide—the men do as they please. Of course, it is only on the surface. Let an officer suddenly change his mind, or his mood, for any reason whatever, you should see the difference which takes place then. A private is flogged to death for what a second ago he did for nothing.

At last we came as far as I meant to go. The jokes were at their highest. Men had taken bottles out of their pockets and were drinking final toasts—we couldn't see much, but we could hear them well enough. It was those toasts which brought matters to the sticking-point. A chap by me, who owned to having been a German waiter and who spoke English as well as if he had been born in Walham Green, began what seemed to be a sort of game with them: starting a kind of poem which they all seemed to know well, taking it in turns to say a line or two. In English the poem was—and the language! You never heard more crowded into that size of space. It was all abuse, sheer impudence. They cursed us from top to toe, and then started cursing all about us—but when they started on Dora Wilkinson, that was the signal for our lot of rockets to go off! One chap said something impudent about Dora's mouth—though, mind you, they didn't mention her name, never having heard it—and then they all of them said "Hoch!" and had a drink together. The chap who started the game was drinking when I stood straight up, braced myself, and let him have it.

What was happening elsewhere, of course, I couldn't say; I was too much occupied with my own affairs; but I could guess from the sounds which reached me. That poem stopped—sudden! The queerest noises came instead, as if something was happening which took away their breath. It did! There was a sort of exclamation here and there, a choking cry, but so far as I know there was not an articulate utterance in the whole of those workings. The trenches were ours!

[*Another exciting experience of Sam Briggs will appear next month.*]

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THE KAISER AND

By H.R.H.

The Infanta Eulalia of Spain

The following article, written for the most part before the War and before the Kaiser's name became a word of horror, shows him even in times of peace as a man half crazy with conceit, a busybody, and a bore. It shows also that he has always possessed the power of imposing his own particular self-worship on his people—a kind of little Mumbo-Jumbo in real life.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages and Kings."
—"*Alice in Wonderland.*"

A GREAT crowd filled an immense hall of the grey castle which the past has left in the heart of modern Berlin. People of every rank stood shoulder to shoulder, for it was the one day of the year when the Imperial Court sets courage and faithful service before birth and noble ancestry—the day of the *Ordensfest*.

I was quite young, and I felt joyous and happy as I passed up the hall in the Imperial procession, with a page bearing my long *manteau de cour*. And each time that I turned from side to side to bow to the people, I caught a glimpse of the Kaiser at the head of the procession, a silver figure, like Lohengrin, on whose cuirass and helmet the light flashed. Before him walked four heralds in medieval



A KING AND A CABBAGE.

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HIS COURT



THE SHADOW OF THE CRÓWN.

dress, sounding silver trumpets, and when he reached the dais and stood before the throne, looking down the castle hall, I saw in his steel-blue eyes that look of exaltation which his profound and unshakable belief in the divinity of kings gives him.

Was I a Princess born in a democratic age, or was I living in the age of chivalry, or at the vanished Court of Versailles? Before me, as I went to the dais, stood an Emperor as unshaken in the belief that he possessed god-like qualities as Charlemagne when a Pope set the unexpected crown upon his brow, or as the Roi Soleil, unflattered by worship he believed to be his due. It seemed that I should have been one of those Infantas of Velazquez in a brocade dress and fluttering a little fan.

The impression the Kaiser made on me that morning of the *Ordensfest* was not new, though it came with fresh, almost startling, force. I had known him years before as Prince Wilhelm, a simple and unaffected youth. Then he became Crown Prince, and I noted a change. His manner became more imperious, less spontaneous. I felt that he was schooling himself, holding himself in check, conscious of the burden of coming responsibilities, fearing, yet longing for, the golden irksomeness of the Imperial Crown. Since he has ascended the throne I have never met him without realizing that he is dominated by the belief that he is an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, divinely appointed to reign.

As he conferred orders and decorations on the stream of men who humbly approached his throne at the *Ordensfest*, I could see from their reverence and from the look of awe on their faces that his manner, his regal pose, his glance, had forced them to accept his own belief in the majesty and righteousness of kingship. But when we had passed to the great banqueting-hall he forgot for a moment to be godlike, and became the unpretentious Prince Wilhelm of the past. We sat at a table on a dais, looking down on the great company invited to enjoy the Emperor's hospitality, and we were served by young nobles. The page who had carried my train, a handsome boy who looked about twenty, stood behind my chair and handed dishes or filled my glass with the skill of a practised footman. It was the first time that a foreign Princess had been present at the *Ordensfest*, and I had received a hint that it was customary to send the page who served one a present the following day, and I had learnt that there was an unwritten law that the present should be a watch. I was sitting next the Emperor, and suddenly he turned to my page with an almost roguish smile.

"You are a happy boy," he said, "to have the privilege to serve the beautiful Infanta"—Sovereigns always know how to flatter. "What present would you like her to give you?"

"Sire," answered the page, "there is nothing I should like her Royal Highness to give me so much as the flower that caresses her neck."

It was a courtly and charming reply.

"You must give it him," said the Emperor, gaily; and, of course, I did.

And the page has kept the flower. Every year he writes to me and tells me that he still treasures the faded petals.

"The deity has come down from its pedestal," I said to the Emperor, when I had given the boy the flower, and we both laughed.

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That was a little incident that relieved the tedium of a visit to the Schloss at Berlin; for, in spite of the courtesies of host and hostess, I felt then, as I do in all palaces, that I was in prison. Indeed, to me the palace life is so irksome that, when I hear the sentry pacing up and down outside my windows, I always feel that he is there to prevent me from going out more than to prevent other people from coming in. Whenever I have stayed with the Kaiser and Kaiserin I have been given a beautiful suite of rooms, but a prison is still a prison, however thick the gilding on the bars. Everything one does or



"AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF THE ALMIGHTY."

says is noticed and talked about and criticized and spread abroad. All day long my Spanish lady-in-waiting sat in an antechamber with the German lady-in-waiting and the German chamberlain appointed to attend me. It was intolerable to think that these three persons were sitting there with nothing whatever to do but to speculate on what I should take it into my head to do next and to exchange Court gossip. In an outer chamber was another group of idlers, servants whose chief duty was to conduct me processionally from one part of the castle to another.

Madame la Princesse appears in the antechamber, and the ladies make profound curtsies and the gentleman a profound bow. She smiles—princesses must always appear to be radiantly happy—and she tries to find something agreeable to say to each, and not to make bad blood by being more agreeable to one than to another. She announces her desire to go to the Kaiserin's apartments. The chamberlain passes on that interesting information to the footman in the outer antechamber. A procession is formed, and Madame la Princesse is conducted, with the pomp of a Bishop entering a cathedral to say Mass, to the other side of the castle. The procession passes through the Kaiserin's ante-chambers, where another army of servants is idling, and the ladies-in-waiting, who make profound curtsies, and the gentlemen-in-waiting, who make profound bows, expect Madame la Princesse to smile and to repeat the gracious remarks about the state of the weather she has already made to the members of her own suite. The doors of the Kaiserin's apartments are thrown open with becoming reverence, and Madame la Princesse disappears, leaving her suite to gossip with the Kaiserin's, and probably to speculate on the nature of the Royal conversation across the sacred threshold they may not pass unless bidden. A quarter of an hour elapses, and Madame la Princesse emerges, smiles at the bowing courtiers and curtsying ladies, and, feeling more like an idol than a human being, is solemnly conducted back and enshrined in her own apartments.

The etiquette of Versailles in the time of Louis XVI. could hardly be more exasperating to a modern woman than that of Berlin in the twentieth century. Before luncheon and dinner processions converge from all parts of the castle, conducting members of the Imperial family and Royal guests to the drawing-room.

"The Kaiser will be in the drawing-room in ten minutes," was the regular warning I used to receive from a lady-in-waiting fearful that I should be late and knowing the value the Kaiser sets on punctuality. In point of fact, I never was late, and, indeed, punctuality almost ceases to be a virtue at the Schloss, where one lives under a rule as inexorable and as precise as that obtaining in a nunnery.

On the way from the drawing-room to the dining-room the Kaiser and Kaiserin and their guests pass through the apartment in which the ladies and gentlemen in attendance have been discarded. They stand in a great circle, and it is the invariable custom to make the tour of the circle with the usual smile and the usual banal remarks. That duty performed, the Royal personages go into the dining-room and the suites retire to eat in another room. In Madrid the persons in attendance

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on the Royal Family dine with them. When I first went to Berlin the Kaiser's children were young, and, although they lunched with us, they were not permitted to speak unless first spoken to. After the meal the Royal party returns to the drawing-room, but it must not be thought that when alone Royal persons unbend and behave naturally. The daily discipline of relentless etiquette has its effect on them; they cannot forget that they are Royal, and therefore obliged to mask their feelings more rigorously than is necessary for ordinary people; indeed, most princesses I know are reduced by this inexorable discipline to nonentities whose mouths are twisted in an eternal smile. At Berlin we conversed politely for the regulation time and, after making the circle of the suites again, were conducted back to our apartments in half-a-dozen processions.

Back in one's rooms, it is impossible to emerge without a repetition of wearisome ceremonies. To go out for half an hour's walk by oneself is a relaxation the poorest can enjoy; it is forbidden to a palace prisoner. The etiquette of Berlin requires a Princess to be accompanied by a lady-in-waiting. And usually the lady-in-waiting cannot walk fast, so that the enjoyment of a little vigorous exercise in the open air is impossible. Moreover, people about Courts are usually uninteresting companions. Obviously, intelligent persons would not consent to lead such aimless lives and to conform to such an inexorable code. How inexorable is that code may be judged from the fact that one of the Court ladies in Berlin was confined to her room for three days as a punishment for walking across the courtyard in an indecorous manner—that is to say, with one hand ungloved!

The Emperor William's insistence on law and order even extends to details of housekeeping. For instance, he knows that I like to begin the day with something more substantial than the coffee and rolls most Continentals take in the morning. Accordingly, whenever I have stayed at the Schloss he has himself given orders that an English breakfast should be served in my apartments, and I have always been indulged with the eggs and bacon and marmalade I am accustomed to. At first sight it may seem a little odd that an Emperor should be at the pains to arrange the menu of a guest's breakfast. The Kaiser evidently knows as well as I do that a Princess in a palace is less happily situated than a visitor in an English country house, who gives his orders and gets what he likes served in his room. It would never occur to me to ask for a boiled egg at breakfast in a palace where people are not accustomed to have boiled eggs for breakfast, because the order would pass through so many persons before it reached the kitchen that my egg would probably be an *omelette au surprise* or a terrine of *foie gras* before it arrived in my dining-room.

Above and beyond the Kaiser's love of seeing that things work smoothly in his home is his love of his capital. To him Berlin is a daughter, whom he likes to see beautiful and well turned-out, just as he likes to see the Kaiserin and the Duchess of Brunswick charmingly dressed.

"It has been raining hard," he said, coming into my room one morning, "and it has just stopped. I want you to come out with me, because I have something interesting to show you."



"HIS ATTENTION TO DETAIL IS EXTRAORDINARY."

I put on my hat at once and we went down to a carriage which was waiting, and drove away. I was wondering what interesting sight I was going to see, and what surprise the Kaiser had in store for me.

"Look!" he cried, suddenly. "Look at the streets! There have been torrents of rain and the weather only cleared up a few minutes ago, but do you see that there is not a speck of mud on the road?"

It was true. The streets were surprisingly and absolutely clean.

"You appear to dry as well as to sweep them," I remarked.

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"I have an army of road-sweepers," he said. "Here they are," and he pointed to a group of men energetically plying their brooms. "I wanted you to see how clean I keep Berlin."

"And is that all you have brought me out to see?" I asked, teasingly.

"Yes, all," he said, and we both laughed.

The Kaiser knows that I am passionately fond of dancing, and he used to make a point of arranging small dances when I was at the castle, so that I could enjoy myself without the restraint imposed on Royal personages at the formal Court balls. They used to call these small dances "*les bals de l'Infanta.*" At Court balls we walked round the circle of guests—at all Courts people seem eternally standing in smiling circles—and the foreign ladies, penned behind their Ambassadors, used to afford me considerable amusement, especially the Americans, who used to appear in larger numbers than they do at present. There they stood, in the glory of expensive Court trains, which could be no possible use to them afterwards, and curtsied to the ground when the Ambassadors had recited their names to each of us. I often wondered why they came and what pleasure they could possibly derive from seeing us smile and from curtsying to us. Obviously, sensible and representative women would not be among them, unless, indeed, their husbands held official positions which necessitated their presence. After circling the circle we went to the dais and sat for a few moments in gilt armchairs, facing the general company, before descending to dance the *quadrille d'honneur*. When that ceremony was ended one's partner, a Prince or an Ambassador, handed one back to the dais, made a low bow, and retired. At Courts etiquette does not allow a Princess to choose a partner because he happens to waltz well or to be amusing. At Berlin chamberlains had lists of partners for Princesses, and one of them would bring me the card on which their names were inscribed, just as a waiter brings one a bill of fare in a restaurant, and I gave my orders. Each partner came to the dais, made a very low bow, and, when the dance was over, consigned me to my golden armchair with another low bow. The Kaiser has caused the minuet to be revived at his Court, and, when I watched that stately dance from the dais I used to feel certain that I was at the Court of the Roi Soleil. But the *bals de l'Infanta* were far more charming, for then I could dance with whom I liked, and waltz to my heart's content.

These informal dances are just an instance of the personal consideration which the Kaiser has always shown me. "*Madame, vos désirs sont des ordres pour Guillaume,*" he telegraphed to me once, and that was an answer to a letter I had sent begging him to ask the Sultan Abdul Hamid not to chop off the head of Izet Pasha, who was lying in prison under sentence of death. A Turkish lady, whom I knew in Paris, had been to see me and had begged me to ask the Kaiser, who was about to visit Constantinople, to intercede with the Sultan for the unfortunate man. I knew nothing about Izet Pasha, but my friend was so distressed and so confident that I would help her that I was very much touched and immediately wrote to the Kaiser. The lady was overjoyed when I showed her the courtly reply I had received, and the Sultan, of course, granted the Kaiser's request.

The matter did not end there. Two years later, when I had entirely forgotten it, I arrived one day in Madrid, and the instant I got out of the train the Queen Mother and my sister, the Infanta Isabella, who were waiting on the platform to receive me, began to question me about some mysterious Turk in whom they evidently supposed I was deeply interested.

"Who is this Turk you have sent us, Eulalia?" asked the Queen.

"But I do not know a single Turk," I said.

"But this Turk who has arrived in Madrid because you want to have him near you," said my sister.

"What crazy nonsense!" I cried. "Are you both out of your minds?"

"Certainly not," said the Queen, "seeing that I have a letter from the Sultan, saying that he has sent the man here as Turkish Minister entirely to please you."

Then the truth dawned on me. Abdul Hamid must have asked the German Emperor why he desired the prisoner he had pleaded for to be pardoned, and the Kaiser must have told him that it was the wish of the Infanta Eulalia. Mohammedan ideas of feminine psychology made the Sultan see a tale of the Arabian Nights, and, determining to humour me to the top of my bent, he sent the hero of the imaginary romance to Madrid, where, as he expressly stated in the letter the Queen Mother showed me at the palace, he hoped he would remain as permanent Minister, to be for long years an ornament of the Court of the Infanta Eulalia.

French people, who think of the Kaiser as a Teuton to the backbone, caring only for German ideals and achievements, would be surprised at the genuine taste he has for

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French literature, which he has cultivated by an exhaustive reading of French classics. Realizing that I am *au fond* French in spite of my Spanish name and title, the Emperor often showed me that side of his character which makes him an admirer of French literature, French art, and French drama. One day he took me to the old palace of Sans-Souci at Potsdam to show me the apartments of Frederick the Great and the relics of the King's friend, Voltaire, which are preserved there. We went into Frederick's library, and when the door was closed I found myself in a circle of bookshelves from which there seemed no exit. All the books were French.

The Kaiser smiled.

"Here you are again in your dear France," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "I am very proud of my French ancestry, and you yourself are very proud to let me see that Frederick lived in a French atmosphere, and to show me all these French books with which he surrounded himself."

Of course, as may be imagined, the Kaiser's interest in French culture is more in the way of relaxation than anything else. As I have intimated, his dominant characteristic is his deep-rooted belief in the divinity of his office. Why the ruler of a modern State which has been so progressive in its scientific and commercial achievements should be so imbued with medieval ideas of kingship is a problem to puzzle psychologists; but it is a factor that cannot be neglected if one is to form any proper appreciation of governmental conditions in Germany.

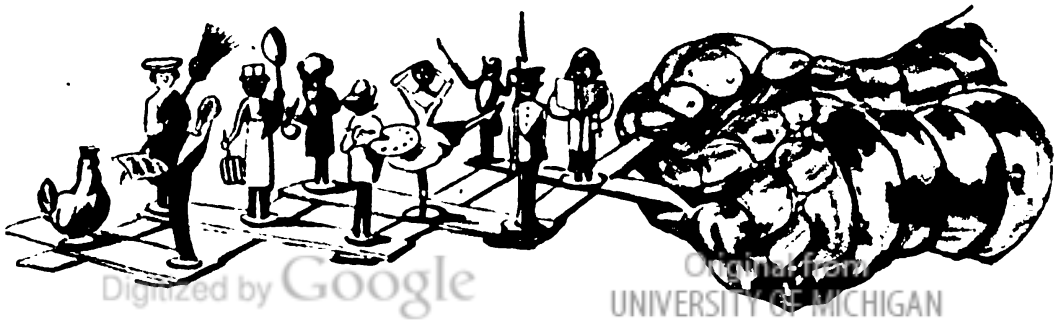
The origin of the Kaiser's belief in the divinity of kings is one thing, but the acceptance of this belief by the whole nation is quite another. Probably the only explanation lies in the docility of the Teutonic temperament. An average citizen who does not revolt at a system of police control so irksome as to be unbearable to the Anglo-Saxon, who does not balk at addressing even minor officials with high-sounding titles, is certainly more ready to believe that absolute power is vested in his Emperor than a man of more independent habits of thought and action.

No matter how distasteful such a form of Government may be to citizens of a freer State, or how unsound in theory, it has had its good points. Because Emperor William has believed in law and order and has had power to enforce his conceptions on his people, German cities are clean, well-cared for, and are freer from the curse of corruption in local government than in some more democratic countries.

But because the Kaiser's ideas of proper government included mighty armaments, the military party, always the dominant class, was encouraged to grow stronger and more powerful each year. His very enthusiasm over his efficient army and navy no doubt had a very great influence on the nation at large. Trained to venerate their ruler, naturally they were willing to uphold what he upheld. He had always fostered the growth of trade, and his people had seen how this policy had benefited them. The Kaiser believed in increasing his army and navy, and the people, never questioning his judgment, did not rebel when the tax-collector took a little more of their earnings each year. I feel sure that Emperor William acted on the principle—however mistaken—that heavy armaments were the surest guarantee of peace.*

Whether the Kaiser ever realized that his encouragement of the military caste had loosed a force that might sweep everything before it is hard to say. If it ever occurred to him that the party was growing too strong, surely his mystic belief in his own divinely-derived power reassured him with the argument that his personal authority could always hold these turbulent elements in check. Accustomed to rule as absolutely as any medieval potentate, the Kaiser had unconsciously called into being vast forces which in turn were to dominate him, to engulf him in the most gigantic cataclysm of human history.

* This seems to us a striking instance of the Kaiser's almost mesmeric power of making those with whom he comes in contact accept, without question, the point of view which he desires.—[Ed.]



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How Ketcham Played Bridge.

A STORY FOR BRIDGE-PLAYERS.

By R. F. FOSTER,

Author of "Bridge Tactics," "Bridge Maxims," "Complete Bridge," "Royal Auction Bridge," etc., etc.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.



This story, written by perhaps the greatest living authority on the subject, will not only interest Bridge-players, but cannot fail to give them hints which they will find useful in actual play.

THE ship left New York late in the afternoon, so there was just about time to dress for dinner. As George Willoughby, gentleman of leisure, just returning from an extended trip to the States, gazed contentedly at his reflection in the little glass over the folding washstand in his cabin, his memory wandered back over some of the curious acquaintances the chief stewards of various vessels had selected for his companions at the dinner-table in the past, and he could not help wondering what was in store for him on this particular trip.

Upon arriving at his appointed seat, he found he had been assigned to the best waiter on the boat. At the head of the table an expensively-gowned woman, with a lavish display of diamonds, was arguing angrily with her husband, a man evidently twenty years her senior, with a big mouth and bushy eyebrows, who looked as if he had made his money by active participation in his own business. According to the list, their name was Hart.

Immediately opposite were two men under thirty, both with light hair, and a certain reserve in manner which rendered them completely oblivious to anyone else at the

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table, confining their conversation to themselves in a soft undertone that sounded decidedly English.

Mrs. Hart was in the middle of some complaint about not being able to see anyone from those seats, and being so far from the captain's table that she might as well be travelling second class, when Willoughby felt a gentle nudge at his elbow. Upon turning round he found the seat beside him had been taken by a man of some fifty years, almost bald, clean-shaven, with a short upper lip under a very sharp nose, and protruding chin. The eyes had a peculiar shrewdness, and a pleasing smile seemed to redeem an otherwise sneering expression of the face. The head followed the motion of the elbow, indicating the direction of Mrs. Hart's tirade.

"A tip to the head waiter would have fixed all that," he whispered, without looking up. "Strange how some people never learn the ropes aboard ship."

The remark being accepted with a smile, Willoughby's neighbour turned round and nodded, as if to give emphasis to his opinion, and then added, presenting a visiting-card, "My name's Ketcham."

The letters "M.D." following the name indicated that he was a doctor, residing at Moberly, Missouri. He made no move to introduce himself to any of the others at the table.

While Willoughby was speculating on the possibilities of the faces that would appear in the unfilled places, his ear caught parts of the conversation between the two young men opposite, to which Mrs. Hart was also listening.

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"I always bid two if I have more than five of the suit," the one to the right was saying, "just to show that I want to play the hand with that for the trump."

"I think it just as well," agreed the other, "even if you have not the top cards. The length makes up for them."

"Of course, of course!" rejoined the first speaker. "Top cards are not so necessary in trumps as at no trumps. I think we should do splendidly together as partners."

Once more George Willoughby felt that gentle nudge of the elbow and found the bald head inclined towards him. "If those fellows play as rotten as they bid, they must have borrowed their passage money," was the doctor's whispered diagnosis. He was about to add something further, when Mrs. Hart broke in.

"Oh! do you play auction?" she gushed, regardless of her husband's nudge to remind her that the young men were total strangers. "I'm just crazy about auction. Of course you've read 'Whitehead's Conventions.' What do you think of the Nullo? Do you think they'll adopt the no-bid rule in America this year? Are you playing the weak take-out when your partner goes no trumps?"

The young man nearer her blushed, bowed slightly, put his napkin to his mouth, and confessed that he had read Dalton, Badsworth, and Bascule, names which seemed to mean nothing to her, but she smiled approvingly.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed. "My husband says he never bids without the top cards; but of course, if you have read all those books, you know. We must have a rubber some time."

The young man felt called on to say that he would be delighted—some time—that his name was Campbell, and his friend was Mr. Howard. Another nudge at his elbow, and Willoughby could just catch the words, as the doctor reached for the mustard, "If the old man never bids without the top cards, I'll take him for a partner any time, and play those two young fellows for sixpenny points."

"Then you play auction?" inquired Willoughby, with apparent carelessness, although it was his favourite game and he had the reputation of being one of the best players at his club.

"Everyone plays it," answered the doctor, with a smile. "I can usually hold my own. Country doctors have a good deal of spare time, you know, but the good players are all in the big towns. I don't pretend to be in their class."

In the smoking-room after dinner Willoughby did not see the doctor, but he found the three other men discussing the possibility of a rubber with Mrs. Hart, a proposition that did not seem to strike Mr. Hart very favourably.

"Women are rotters when it comes to bridge," he was saying. "They always want to play the hand, and they think any five-card suit is as big as a house for trumps. They over-bid and under-play almost every hand. I won't play with women for a stake. My wife's a sure loser every time. She knows too much about book rules. Why, here's one of our table," he added, quickly, turning to Willoughby, who introduced himself as he ordered coffee. "Why can't we have a game here?"

The cards being brought, the four men sat down for a rubber. When Hart suggested sixpence a point, Campbell winced a little, but agreed. Willoughby cut Hart for a partner, at which the two younger men, who got the deal and seats, seemed decidedly pleased.

"I think we understand one another's system," remarked Howard, as he shuffled the pack.

"I am in the lumber business in Michigan," interrupted Hart, looking over at Willoughby and puffing at his cigar, which did not seem to draw well. "I don't know anything about book rules, so you'll have to excuse any breaks. But when I bid a suit I've got the top cards," he added, with an emphatic nod, "and when I double I'm right there with the cards to do it on."

"But of course you play the plain-suit echo?" Campbell asked him, as he dealt the cards.

"Never heard of it," was the lumberman's prompt response.

"But you surely play down-and-out to show your partner you can win the third round?" persisted the dealer, while Willoughby could not repress a smile.

"Never heard of that either"—with a shake of the head and another look at the obstinate cigar. "If you think there's anything in those echoes and things, go ahead and play 'em. If the bidding's right the play don't change things much. Remember, partner," he added, holding up a warning hand; "no bidding suits without the top cards on the first round, and when I double leave me alone. I've got the cards."

Nothing remarkable happened until it got round to Hart's deal on the rubber game. He bid a heart. Campbell, sitting on his left, startled the table by calling five royals, looking round with an air of extreme self-satisfaction

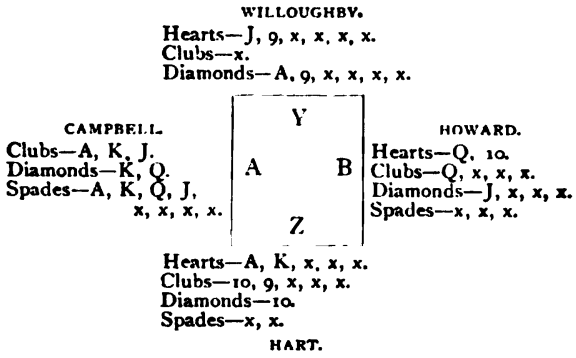
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at the same time. Hart remarked that he had never heard of such a jump, and hoped Campbell was not straining himself. Willoughby, sitting third, found himself with six hearts to the jack, six diamonds to the ace, nine, and one small club.

He overcalled the five royals with six hearts, which caused the immediate removal of Hart's cigar, in which the smoker suddenly lost all interest.

Howard doubled. Hart passed. Campbell looked annoyed, but went six royals, which Willoughby doubled. When it got round to Campbell he redoubled, and at the same time Willoughby was conscious that Dr. Ketcham had taken a seat at his elbow.

The hands were as follows:—



Judging that the declarer or his partner must be void of hearts, and that the club singleton was too risky, Willoughby led the ace of diamonds. Dummy laid down four to the jack. Hart dropped the ten, and Campbell the king. Another diamond and Hart trumped with the deuce of spades, the queen of diamonds falling from the declarer's hand; but that was the last of it, as Campbell held eight solid trumps and the ace, king, jack of clubs, dummy having the queen.

A nudge at Willoughby's elbow was followed by the whispered comment, "You played that well. Tried to throw you off on the diamond, didn't he?" and the doctor leaned back and lit a cigar.

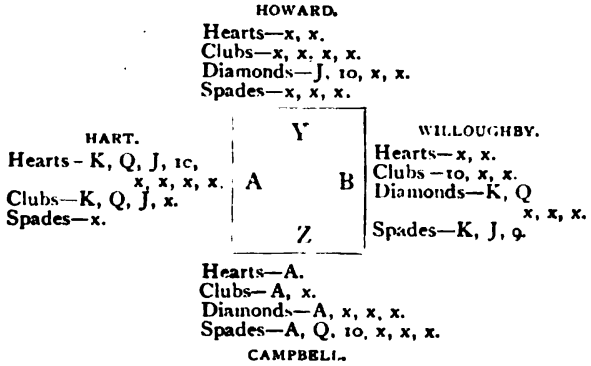
"Down for two hundred," remarked Hart. "Was my heart bid all right, partner? All I had was ace, king to five, and five little clubs; but I always think a two-suiter worth a bid."

On the next deal Willoughby went game, and they cut for another rubber, the same partners being together, Howard getting the deal. He was about to sit still when his partner insisted on taking the winning seats and cards.

"I see you've got superstitions as well as echoes in your game," observed Hart, as he shifted his own seat, Campbell going to Willoughby's left.

On one of Campbell's deals he bid two no trumps, having four aces. The doctor, who was overlooking his hand, raised his eyes in mingled surprise and pity. Hart overcalled with four hearts. When Howard reminded him that three was enough, Hart testily replied that he could count. As soon as Howard and Willoughby passed, Campbell dropped the no-trumper and doubled the four hearts, which prompted the doctor to conceal his desire to laugh by turning away his head.

Hart redoubled, tapping the edges of his cards on the table at the same time, as if to challenge any further bidding. All passed, the hands being as here shown:—



Howard led the jack of diamonds, and Willoughby looked a trifle anxious as he laid down the dummy—five diamonds to the king, queen; three spades to the king, jack; ten and two small clubs, and two little trumps. The lumberman held up his hand as if to reassure him.

"Just put on the king," he directed.

Campbell covered it with the ace, and Hart trumped the trick. A trump lead went to Campbell's lone ace, and he led ace and another club up to dummy's weakness. Hart held the second lead with the jack, exhausted the trumps, put dummy in with the ten of clubs, and discarded his singleton spade on the queen of diamonds.

"Five odd, redoubled, and one over the contract," snapped Hart. "And they had a hundred aces," he added. "Those echoes of yours didn't work very well on that hand," he observed, as he passed the cards to Campbell to cut for the next deal.

"Very unfortunate distribution of the cards, partner," apologized Campbell, in his usual soft voice, ignoring Hart's taunting manner. "Of course, my original bid was correct with a hundred aces in hand; but you didn't support my no-trumper, and I never dreamed he could make four odd in

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hearts. You saw my hand?" he added, turning to Ketcham.

"I saw you bid no trumps when you should have said two royals, and I saw you go to sleep afterwards," answered the doctor, removing his cigar and smiling at Hart.

"May I ask the favour of being told what you would have done?" demanded Campbell, reddening.

"I should have pulled myself out of the redouble with four royals, of course, willing to take a sting to save the game and rubber. You had six royals to the ace, queen, ten. If he goes to five hearts he is done for, if you will only make your aces and not lead the same suit twice."

"That's right. You're quite right," agreed Hart. "That's the rubber. Here, doctor, take my hand. I must go and see if my wife's all right. I'll be back after a bit. Say, I had the cards to redouble on all right that time, partner, eh?"

"Since you two young gentlemen understand each other's game so well," suggested the doctor, blandly, laying down his cigar before cutting the cards for partners, "perhaps you would prefer to play together all the time. I'm a mug at this game, but I'll take my partner's end of the stake if he doesn't like my play."

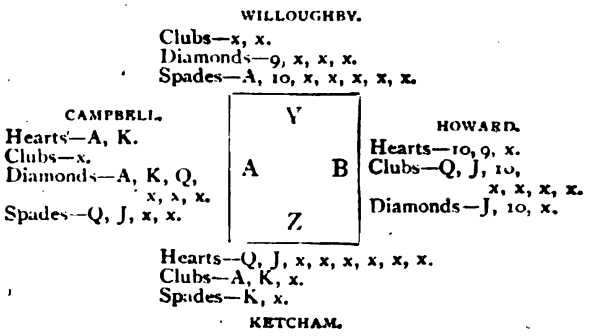
Willoughby objected to the latter part of this suggestion with great energy, whereupon the doctor said that perhaps the young gentlemen would like to have an extra with him. Much to his apparent satisfaction, they both took him on for an extra sixpence a point. Willoughby began to wonder just how good a game his partner played that he should be willing to back it for eighteenpence a point, and was rather curious to see him play a hand. He had not long to wait.

"I don't play them as well as they do in the big towns," the doctor apologized, as he dealt the cards. "But I'll try not to let you down, partner."

Upon picking up his hand he said he was sorry, but he would have to pass the bid.

Campbell, sitting second, bid two diamonds. Willoughby overcalled with two royals, Howard passed, and the doctor refused the royals by bidding three hearts. Campbell did not think either major suit could go game against his six diamonds to the tierce major; four spades to the queen, jack; ace, king of hearts, and one small club, so he left the doctor to play it at three hearts.

Campbell led the king of diamonds. As shown in the following distribution of the cards, dummy laid down four small ones, seven spades to the ace, ten, and two little clubs.



The doctor had no diamonds, but held eight hearts to the queen, jack; ace, king, small in clubs; king and one small spade. He ruffed the diamond and led a trump. Campbell won it and led the spade queen through dummy, who played small. Howard trumped the spade, and the doctor dropped the king without a moment's hesitation. Just then Hart returned to the room.

After the trumps were gone, the play on the first spade lead enabled the doctor to lead his small card through Campbell's jack, making both ace and ten in dummy, and getting a discard of the losing little club in his own hand. This gave him four odd and the game.

"I should have bid two hearts on your cards instead of passing," remarked Campbell, after looking at the three trumps and the ace, king of clubs that were left in the doctor's hand, laying down his own hand at the same time.

"And I should have bid three no trumps right off on yours, and won the game," returned the doctor, after a glance at the diamond suit. "No matter what we bid, all we make against your hand is two spades and two clubs, any way we play it."

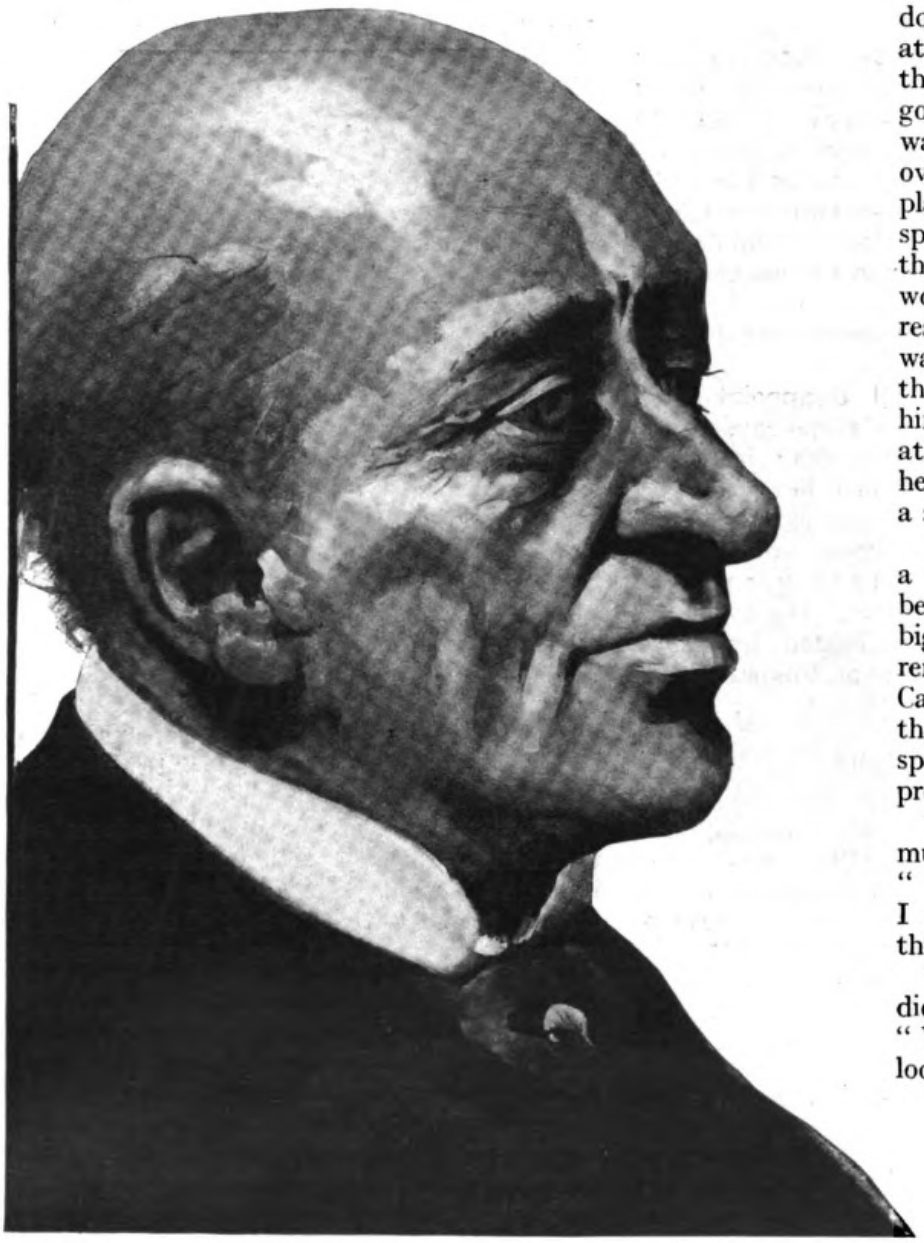
"But you could overcall three no trumps with four hearts and make it," objected Howard, after looking over the situation.

"Not on your life," interrupted Hart. "Your partner plays the hand rottenly. Here's spades called on one side of him and hearts on the other. He's got the diamonds, and if you've got anything it's clubs. He should have led the singleton."

"Pardon me," objected Campbell, reddening. "I do not want to be forced to ruff with the two top trumps."

"No, I know you don't," agreed Hart, taking the cigar out of his mouth and pointing to Howard's clubs. "You are one of those who think they can take two tricks with an ace of trumps if they hold on to it. You just start with the club, win the first trump

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DR. KETCHAM.

lead, and then push a spade through, as you did, and your partner gets two ruffs before trumps are led again, and that saves the game, doesn't it? What's the good of all your echoes and things if you can't play an ordinary everyday hand?"

When Hart was informed that the doctor had two extras on the rubber, he declined to cut into the table again, but expressed his regret that he could not have a little "interest" in it, as he called it, himself.

"I should be glad to have a couple of extras with you," suggested Campbell, rather stiffly, and the lumberman snapped up the offer with a short, "You're on."

While this acrimonious discussion about what might have been done to win the game at no trumps or beat the heart contract was going on, Willoughby was quietly turning over in his mind the play of that king of spades, which secured the club discard and won the rubber. The result of his meditations was to conclude that the man sitting opposite him was no amateur at the game, even if he had learned it in a small town.

"They don't prepare a tenace position any better than that in the big towns, partner," he remarked, quietly, while Campbell was dealing the next hand. "That spade king was very pretty."

"The spade king," murmured Campbell. "What was that? I did not notice anything particular."

"No, of course you didn't," snapped Hart. "You were too busy looking for echoes."

They had played eight rubbers, when Willoughby suggested that it was time for him to retire, at the same time promising to give his opponents their revenge another time, as they had not won a rubber all the evening. The doctor seemed loath to stop, and insisted on a consolation for a wind-up, proposing to make it half-crown points, upon which Hart generously offered to make his extras half a crown also.

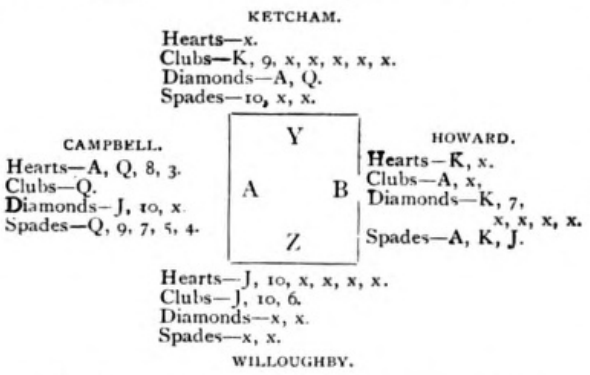
The last rubber was a close thing. They were game all, but Willoughby and his partner had some two hundred the best of it above the line. Willoughby dealt and passed. Campbell, sitting second, also passed, and the doctor bid one club. Howard bid two diamonds, holding six to the king; ace, king, jack of spades; ace and one small club; king and one small heart.

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Willoughby overcalled with two hearts, and Campbell passed, as he held four hearts to the ace, queen; singleton queen of clubs; jack, ten, small in diamonds; and five spades to the queen. Dr. Ketcham studied the position for a moment, glanced at the score, took his cigar out of his mouth, and bid two no trumps. Hart had seen two hands, and began to look solemn. Howard doubled the two no trumps with his three kings and two aces, and all passed.

Howard led a small diamond, and dummy went down.

"I am afraid I shall disappoint you, partner," was Willoughby's apology, as he spread six hearts to the jack, ten; jack, ten, small in clubs; and two small in each of the other suits. Whatever he may have thought, Dr. Ketcham never stirred an eyelash. Campbell could not repress a smile, and Hart threw his cigar on the floor. He could see that the no-trumper was beaten by about five tricks, the hands being as follows:—



The doctor played a small diamond from dummy and won Campbell's ten with the ace, which made Hart turn away and sit down. The doctor led the king of clubs and Howard held up. Dummy put on the ten, and the queen fell from Campbell. Another club forced the ace, dummy giving up the jack and keeping the six. Campbell started an echo by discarding the eight of hearts.

Confident that his partner had queen and jack of diamonds, as the ten had forced the ace, Howard led a small one, so that his partner might get out of his way. Ketcham won the trick with his unguarded queen and proceeded to make five established clubs. Two by cards, at double value, game and rubber, against thirty aces. When Hart heard the score announced he could not believe his ears, and came up to the table to see for himself.

"Permit me to tell you, partner," observed Willoughby, as he added up the score, "that no player in any of the big towns can beat that style of game. You are a wonder."

"Why, he pulled the wrong card!" shouted Hart. "He could have won that first diamond trick with the queen. They could have beat the hand sixty ways."

"Pardon me," interposed the doctor, gently. "If I show I hold the ace of diamonds and a set-up club suit, Mr. Howard shifts to the hearts on his partner's echo with the eight that he discarded, doesn't he?"

"So they played one of their echoes on that hand, did they?" laughed Hart. "And it didn't work! Why, I don't need any echoes to beat that hand. The diamond opening is a wretched one. Lay down the king of spades to show the re-entry, then the diamond. When you get in with the club, lead the king of diamonds if the ace is gone, because it doesn't matter whether your partner blocks you or not, he must have a spade left. The doctor never takes another trick. He's down for six hundred, and thirty aces, and yet he goes game! That hand ought to be stuffed and put in a museum, and you two fellows along with it!"

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Trench Games

AS PLAYED BY OUR INDIAN SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT.

. . By . .

MAJOR C. H. BUCK.

MOST people are aware that chess was introduced into Europe from the East, but probably very few know that a large proportion of the parlour games, which were started in England during the latter half of last century, also came directly from that quarter of the world.

It may surprise many to hear that the agricultural classes in India have practised many of what we look upon as our games, together with a multitude of others, from time immemorial.

During the heat of the day in that country a little group of Indians may frequently be seen under a shade-giving tree, resting from their labours in the field and amusing themselves with halma, morrice, fox and geese, or some such game. They, of course, have their own names for them, and their apparatus is primitive in the extreme; the board is marked out on a smooth piece of ground with the finger or a little stick; the counters consist of small bits of brick, stone, berries, or, indeed, anything which comes handy; cowries (small shells) are employed in place of dice.

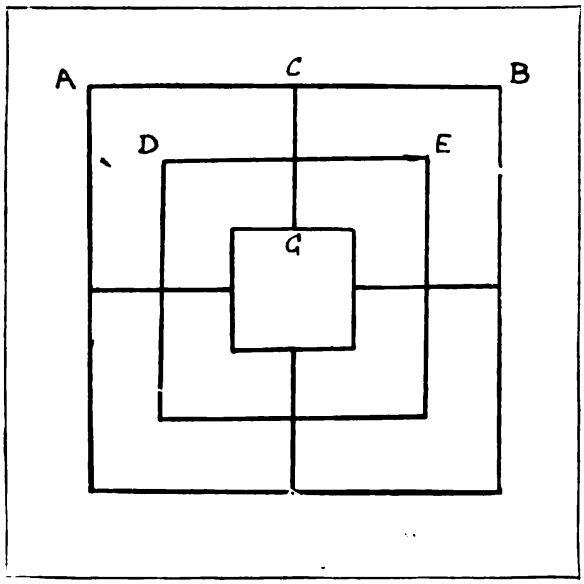


FIG. 1.—"SUA BAHI."

Not infrequently there come times on active service when soldiers have to while away several hours in some benighted spot far from all ordinary means of recreation. On such occasions it is useful to know a few games which can be played quietly and without any special paraphernalia; so those of the Indian agriculturist, which are played out in the fields, naturally come to mind as peculiarly suited for use in or near the trenches, and no doubt many of the Indian soldiers will know how to play them. I will therefore describe some of those which I have seen being played by two persons.

"*Sua Bahi*" (Account Book), or *Morrice*, which is much played in the Punjab, offers openings for the exercise of a considerable amount of skill.

The board is marked out as in Fig. 1 herewith.

Make the sides of the outer square somewhat longer than one foot. One player takes nine bits of brick and the other nine berries. Toss for first turn. The counters are placed one at a time, by each player alternately, on the points formed by the corners or where the lines meet one another. Only one counter may be on one spot at a time. The object is to get three in a row, and when this is achieved

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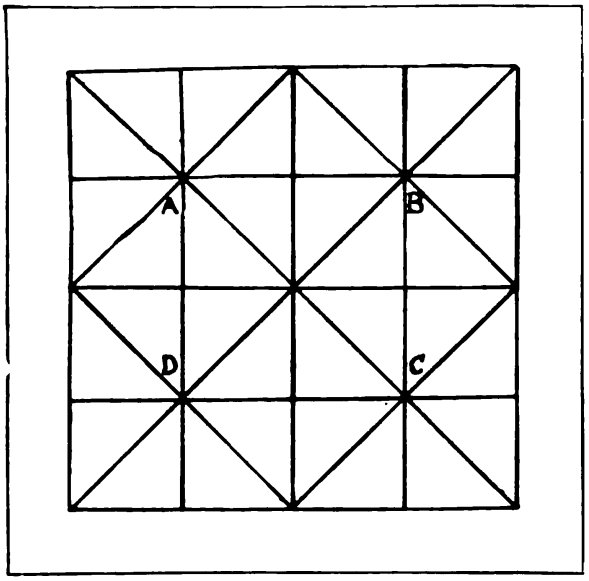


FIG. 2.—"SHER BAKRI."

a player may remove any one counter of his opponent, provided it does not at the time form part of three in a row.

When the last counter in hand has been placed on the board, the game continues by moving one counter at a time along the lines from one point to the next, provided it is vacant. Whenever three in a row is formed, one of the opponent's pieces (not being one of three in a row) may be taken, and so on. That player wins who reduces his opponent's counters to two.

Three in a line may be broken by a player when his turn comes and afterwards remade, but while broken the pieces become liable to seizure.

It will be observed that one very useful position to obtain is that shown by the letters A, B, C, D, E, G. The counter C can be moved to the vacant point between D and E, and at the next turn it can go back again, and so on, on each occasion making three in a row.

A game which is known in some parts of India as "*Sher Bakri*" (Tiger and Goats) is played on a board marked as in Fig. 2.

The pieces consist of two tigers (represented by stones) and twenty goats (hard pellets of clay about the size of peas). Five goats are placed at each of the points A, B, C, and D. The players draw lots to decide which takes the tigers, and the winner places one tiger on any unoccupied spot. Thereupon the goatherd may move one of his animals along a line in any direction to any adjoining spot which is vacant. The second tiger is then placed on another vacant spot, and thereafter any goat may again be moved. After this one tiger is moved one space at a time, or it may hop over in a straight line any spot occupied by a goat or goats and remove one of them. Neither tiger nor goat may ever move on to a point which is already occupied.

The goats win if they hem the tigers in so that they cannot move, while the tigers win if they kill off all the goats.

"*Dek Buli*" (See and Forget) is a kind of puzzle played on a figure made by joining the points of a pentagon as shown in Fig. 3.

Nine pieces are used, and the first thing to do is to place each at a point next but one to its predecessor in a straight line, until all are down. This condition is fulfilled if they are placed in the order shown alphabetically on the diagram.

The next object is to jump one counter into a vacant space over another, which is removed, and to continue doing so until only one counter remains. A piece can only be moved if there is another on a point next to it, with a vacant space beyond, and if all three points are in a straight line.

"*Kutti Chella*" (Running Dog) is somewhat more complicated. Twelve small holes are made in the ground in the positions shown on the next page (Fig. 4).

Holes 1 to 5 belong to one player, and 6 to 10 to the other. Five counters are placed in each of these ten holes.

The first player takes up all the counters from any one hole on his own side, and moving round the figure, always in the same direction, drops one into each hole, including X and Y, until the handful is expended; if the next hole contains any counters, he picks

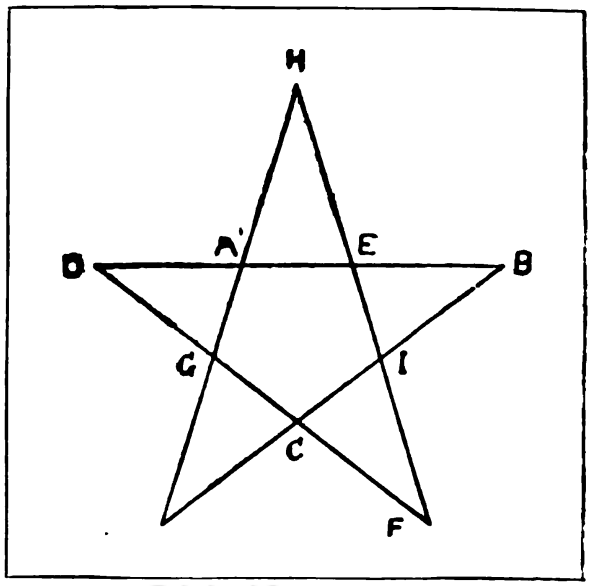


FIG. 3.—"DEK BULI."

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them all out and continues as before. If an empty hole comes next to where the last of a handful is dropped, the player hops over it and removes all the counters in the hole beyond, and if this happens to be either X or Y he may also remove all counters from each of those holes of his opponent which happen to contain exactly four. If, however, two empty holes are in front when he finishes his handful, he has to stop and his opponent commences. For this purpose the holes X and Y count as two holes.

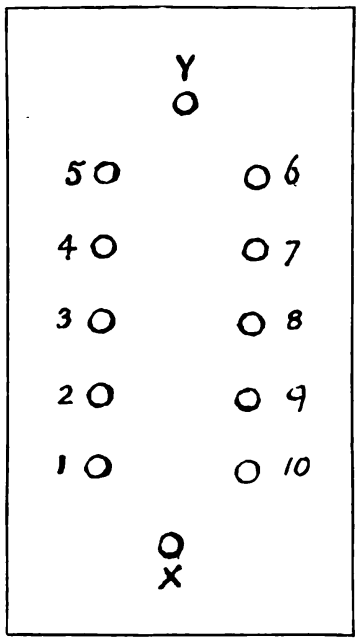


FIG. 4.—"KUTTI CHELLA."

When all five holes on one side become vacant, the player of the opposite side picks up all the counters which he has taken and drops them five at a time into his opponent's holes until he has none left. If fewer than five are over, they must be placed in one of the still vacant holes of the opponent. Those holes which contain five are then closed (covered over with earth) and are not counted when moving is taking place, but they act as a double-hole stop.

Play continues until the five holes on one side are covered, whereupon that side loses.

If one or more holes on one side are covered and the remainder become vacant, the same action as above is taken.

If all five holes on one side are closed and counters from the store remain over, these are retained in hand.

The score is calculated by counting the number of counters in hand and in the closed pits on opponent's side, and deducting similar counters belonging to opponent.

"*Geth-chatta*" is played on the last diagram (Fig. 5).

Geth means "span," or the distance from A to Z; *chatta* means the breadth of four fingers.

Each person has three counters, and there are three cowries for throwing (coins can be used instead). The throws count as follows: One cowrie hole down and two hole up (one head and two tails) = one move; all up or all down = two moves, and the thrower gains another throw, which he cannot refuse; one up and the other two down = *nil*.

If there are four throws all up or all down in succession, no move is scored, and the player loses his turn.

X is the home of one player and Y that of the other; Z is the goal. Each player starts from his home to A and E respectively, and then has to move round the square in the same direction. The object is to get all three counters through the opponent's home into the goal.

After each set of throws the player may move one of his counters an equal number of spaces or he may divide the number of moves gained among his three pieces. He may move on to and past a spot containing one or more counters, but may not end up at a point containing more than one of his opponent's pieces; when such a move is made the opponent's piece has to return to its home for a fresh start.

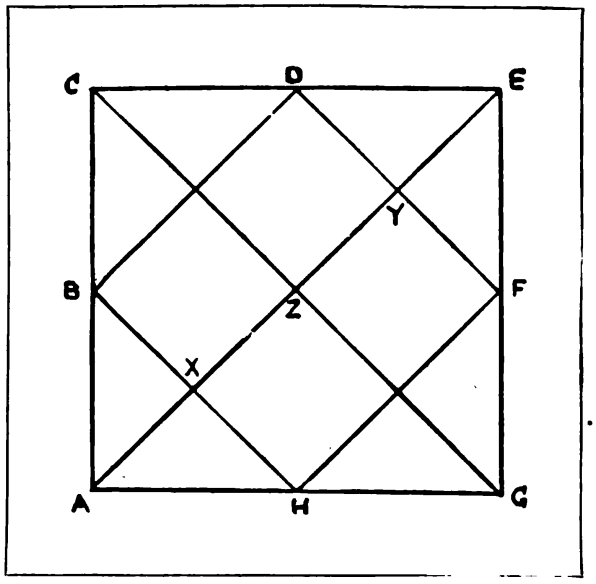


FIG. 5.—"GETH-CHATTA."

When a piece is near the opponent's home, if the score of the throw or throws is more than sufficient to take it to the centre and no other piece can be moved, it must continue through its own home and recommence its journey round the square.

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The KNIGHT of the ONION SHIELD.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By F. CARMICHAEL BRUNTON.

Illustrated by H. R. Millar.

THE old earl lay dying in his gloomy castle, and his three sons stood round his bed.

"I have left the castle to you, Richard, because you are the eldest," the earl said, in a feeble voice. "And I have left the money to you, John," he added, turning to the second son, "because you are the most prudent."

Then he lay with his eyes closed for a long time.

"And have you forgotten me?" asked Jeremiah, the third son, who was usually called Jerry, and treated accordingly.

"Oh, you," the earl muttered. "You can have my old pony Rosie and the little bag of gold lying under my pillow. You are so easily made happy."

Then the old earl shut his eyes for the last time and stopped breathing.

Now Jerry was quite unlike his brothers Richard and John. They were both tall and dark and proud, and thought of nothing but how they might grow rich and powerful, and rule over their fellow-countrymen. Jerry was of medium height, and had thick golden-red hair and the merriest blue eyes in the world, and a laugh that matched them. He

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cared nothing for the solemn feasts and fierce wars of his brothers; all he cared for was to be allowed to go in and out of the peasants' cottages listening to their stories and helping them to work in the fields, and laughing heartily at their jokes and his own. So he was quite content with his gift of the old pony and the little bag of gold. He had not even expected so much.

"Now I am free," he said, with a laugh. "I can go over the whole world with Rosie and my little bag of gold."

His proud brothers looked at him scornfully, and thought they would be well rid of such a ridiculous fellow. So one fine morning Jerry set off with his treasures. He took a stout stick to help him along the road and a thick old cloak to keep out the rain, and left his two brothers to do as they liked. Therefore as Richard had the castle and no money, and John had all the money and no house to live in, they agreed that they would go halves, so we can leave them to enjoy their solemn feasts and fierce fights and roam with Jerry through the countryside.

Jerry met with kindness wherever he went, because he laughed and joked and told stories which amused people so much that they thought it a grand thing to have him to stay a night with them, and never asked any other payment than his merry company. So he travelled a long way on his old pony, and saw many strange countries, till at last one day, as he was going along the road which led to a great city, he met a man with a cart full of new onions. Jerry had hardly any money left, for he had given it nearly all away or spent it on presents for people who had been kind to him.

"Those are fine onions," he said, getting off his pony's back to look at them. "I can smell them from here. Will you sell me two sacks cheaply, and I'll see if I can sell them again at a profit? I'm very short of money just now, but I believe that's what they call business."

The man was glad to sell them without the trouble of taking them to the market, and Jerry soon had two large sacks fastened one on each side of Rosie's back, and away he went to the city, walking beside Rosie and singing gaily.

Presently he came to the top of a hill, and saw lying below him a walled city, with red roofs and many spires and towers. The whole place seemed astir. Troops of soldiers were riding about, and crowds of people thronged the streets. Church bells were ringing and trumpets sounded.

"There's something more than a fair going on here," thought Jerry. "I wonder if they'll buy my onions. Anyway, there's sure to be some fun."

He stood at the top of the hill watching, when suddenly he felt as if someone were looking hard at him, so he turned round and was just in time to see a girl's face peeping at him from behind a large oak tree. He turned away again, and began to go on towards the city, when a voice cried "Stop!" and the girl darted out from behind a tree and ran to him.

"Good morning," Jerry said, smiling pleasantly. "Do you want to buy some nice onions?"

"Onions, indeed!" the girl repeated, angrily. "Do I look like it?"

Jerry stared at her for a moment, and thought she did not look like it. She was very lovely, and was richly dressed, but her clothes were torn by the brambles in the wood, and her dark hair was hanging loose about her face, and her eyes were very bright and frightened-looking.

"What's going on in the city there?" Jerry asked. "Do you think they would buy my onions?"

"Onions!" the girl cried again. "Can you talk of nothing else? Look at me. I'm a princess. My father is king of this country, and to-day I'm to be married, and that's why I've run away. I don't want to be married, and I hate the man."

"Dear, dear!" said Jerry. "That's a good joke. You were to be married to-day, and here you are looking very untidy, if you'll pardon me saying so, and they haven't found out yet that you've run away. Won't there be a fuss? But why don't you want to be married?"

"The man's older than my father, and I hate him, and he's ugly, and he *squints*," the princess whispered.

"Poor man! If he squints he'll only see two of you, whereas I wouldn't think six of you too many," Jerry replied, gallantly.

"Besides, I'm too young to be married," the princess continued, with a toss of her head. "I want some fun first."

"That's true," said Jerry. "What are you going to do now? They'll soon find out that you've gone."

"I know, and so you've got to save me," she replied. "I rather liked your face, though I don't like your sacks of onions, and that's why I've told you all about it."

Jerry stood and thought for a minute, then he said:—

"It's a great pity to waste good onions,

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but I'll do it for your sake, and besides, it's the only way I can think of, so I'll empty one of these sacks, and you must get into it."

So he emptied the onions into the hollow trunk of a tree near and helped the princess to get into the sack. Now the sack was large and the princess small, so she thought it great fun at first as he tied the sack on to Rosie's back, and away they went.

"Turn round and go away from the city as fast as you can, Mr. What's-your-name," the princess commanded from the sack.

"My name is Jerry," he answered, as he turned the pony round.

Even as he did so there was a greater commotion than ever in the city. Soldiers on horseback came clattering down the streets, and messengers ran to and fro, shouting and waving their arms, so that by all this hubbub Jerry guessed that they had discovered the loss of the princess. However, he said nothing to frighten the lady in the sack, but strolled along by Rosie's side, singing and whistling. Very soon they were overtaken by a troop of soldiers, who had been sent to scour the country for news of the princess.

They drew up round Jerry, and their officer said:—

"Now, my man, have you seen a young lady anywhere about this morning?"

"I'm only a poor onion-seller," Jerry answered, "and young ladies don't buy onions from the likes o' me."

"What have you in your sack?" the officer asked, poking the one full of onions with the point of his sword.

"Onions," Jerry said; "fine fresh onions. Will you buy some?" And he began to open the sack.

"None of your nonsense," the officer shouted, angrily. "Come on, men, we're wasting time here with this half-witted fellow, who only understands one word, and that's onions. Bah! The princess will be getting further from us every minute."

So they rode on at a gallop, little thinking that they were really leaving the princess behind.

As soon as they were out of hearing the princess said:—

"Jerry, I'm nearly suffocated, and I've got cramp. You must let me out."

"All right," Jerry answered. "It doesn't matter to me if you want to go back to marry the man with the squint."

The princess grumbled no more after that, and they went quietly along for some time.

"You must be pretty uncomfortable," Jerry said, when they were passing through a dark wood of pine trees. "I don't see anyone about now, so if you like I'll let you get out and stretch yourself a bit."

"Thank you, Jerry," said the princess, meekly.

So he took the sack off Rosie's back, and was just going to open it, when there was a distant sound of horses' hoofs on the road. It came nearer and nearer, and Jerry knew that there were several horses galloping towards them.

"You mustn't come right out," he said to the princess. "There's somebody coming."

Directly the mouth of the sack was undone the princess popped her pretty head out and took a deep breath of fresh air.

"It's much worse than I thought it would be," she said. "And I'm hungry now, but I suppose you've nothing to eat but onions."

"Nothing at all," said Jerry. "But I'll roast one for you if you like."

"I never tasted one in my life," the princess replied, turning up her nose; "but if the taste of them is anything like the smell of this sack, I'd rather not."

"Then I'll just roast one for myself and we'll see," said Jerry.

He calmly set to work, gathered a pile of sticks, and began to make a fire, and all the time the thundering of hoofs came nearer and nearer.

The princess began to be alarmed, and called out, "Oh, Jerry, do go to the top of the hill and see who's coming."

"Take care that my onion doesn't burn then," Jerry said, as he ran to the top of a little hill near.

"It's a big fat man on a black horse," he cried. "And two other men are following him."

The princess gave a little shriek at that, and dived down into the sack again.

"It's him!" she cried. "Save me, Jerry! It's the man I was to marry!"

Jerry had already guessed who it was, but he never made a fuss upon any account, so he just tied the princess up in the sack again, and left her on the ground at the foot of a tree while he turned his onion round over the fire, for he knew it would be no use to run now.

A few minutes afterwards the big knight came galloping up, and sniffed the air as he smelt the roasting onion. Then he saw Jerry, and drew up his big black horse beside him.

"Varlet," said he, "have you seen the Princess Amelia on your travels to-day?"

"I never heard of Amelia before. Who is

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"'IT'S A BIG FAT MAN ON A BLACK HORSE,' HE CRIED. 'AND TWO OTHER MEN ARE FOLLOWING HIM.'"

she?" Jerry asked, taking the outer skin off his savoury onion.

"Lout!" cried the knight. "What have you in that sack?" And he whacked the unfortunate princess so hard that she nearly screamed.

"Onions," said Jerry, without looking round. "I'm a poor onion-seller, my lord. Will you buy some? They're fresh and sweet."

"Thief!" cried the Surly Knight—for that was the name he went by. "Open your sack, and let me see for myself. I believe you're off with stolen treasure."

"Maybe I am," said Jerry. "But I'm not going to open the sack; the air might spoil the onions. You see this fine big one? It came out of the sack, and onions are all very much alike."

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"HE STRUCK HIM A GREAT BLOW ON HIS CHEST WHICH SENT HIM TUMBLING TO THE GROUND."

But the Surly Knight was in a very bad temper as usual.

"That sack of yours is a mighty queer shape," he said, "and if you don't open it I will."

And he drew his great sword.

Up sprang Jerry with his stout stick in his hand, and before the Surly Knight could avoid him he struck him a great blow on his chest which sent him tumbling to the ground.

Now the Surly Knight was a great bully and boaster, and not really a great fighter at all, so he sprang up, threatening Jerry with all kinds of deaths, and made a lunge at him

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with his sharp sword, but as he squinted he saw two Jerrys instead of one, and hit at the wrong one, while the real Jerry sprang lightly aside. Then Jerry struck the Surly Knight another great blow on his head, so that without a word he fell dead on the ground.

All this time the poor princess was struggling to get out of the sack, for she did not know what was going on, and she thought it impossible for Jerry, with only his stick, to win the victory against an armed man. When she heard the blows she shrieked aloud, and with a great effort burst the sack open and sprang out.

The two followers of the knight, strangely enough, stood looking on, and never tried to interfere. When they saw their cruel master fall, they gave a shout of joy and cried out, "Well done, young man! You've rid us of a great tyrant!"

The princess also was overjoyed, and held out both her white hands to Jerry, saying, "You've saved me, Jerry. Come back with me to the palace now, and my father, the king, will reward you."

"If you'll give me a kiss," said Jerry, "that will be reward enough. I've been in palaces before now, and I know that they are miserable places where everyone watches the other person, and no one does as he likes. I prefer selling onions. But I may as well tell you that I'm an earl's son, all the same, though I'd quite forgotten it, to be sure, and you won't believe it, but there it is. My brothers are the Earls Richard and John of Saltmarsh, and you can send and ask them whether it's true, if you doubt it."

When the princess heard this she liked him better than ever, and said:—

"Indeed, you must come to the palace and see my father. Besides, I can't go back there alone."

"Very well, I'll take you back on one condition," said Jerry, "and that is that you'll go in that sack."

The princess was not at all pleased, but she saw that there was no other way, so she got into the sack again, and they set off in the direction of the city, while the two servants of the Surly Knight came behind carrying his body.

When the strange procession reached the city there was great excitement and rejoicing, for it seemed they all hated the Surly Knight, and were very glad he was dead. The news soon reached the palace, and the king sent messengers to meet the hero who had slain his enemy and bid him come to the palace. They asked him how it had happened, but Jerry would tell them nothing. All he said was:—

"With the king's permission, I shall tell him what happened when I see him."

As soon as they came to the palace, they were told that the king was sitting in state ready to receive them.

"Rosie and the onion sacks must come, too," Jerry said.

"That is impossible," said the lord chamberlain. "If you don't know how to behave in the presence of royalty, you must be taught."

And he told the servants to lead Rosie to the stables.

"Rosie behaves as well as any man or woman, and a great deal better than some," Jerry said. "I know she'd like to see the king, and if she doesn't come neither do I."

When the king heard what the disturbance was about, he said that he would be delighted to see Rosie, too, and in they both went.

Then Jerry fixed his laughing blue eyes on the king, and standing beside the old pony with the two sacks on her back, told his story from beginning to end, and to prove that it was true he undid one of the sacks, and out popped the lovely little princess.

Of course her father was overjoyed at this, and said to Jerry:—

"I will give you the princess for your wife, if she agrees to it, and I'll give you a castle and lands and money enough to keep you for the rest of your life, for you have this day rid me of the only enemy I ever feared."

So Jerry and the princess were married, and one day they became king and queen, and the last time I saw them they were both well and happy.

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"ROBINSON CRUSOES" AS A HOBBY.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" has always held first place among engrossing pieces of literature, and rich man's son and poor man's son alike have found delight in the adventures of the famous castaway. But it is probable that the most enthusiastic admirer of the hero whose adventures have been so graphically depicted by Defoe is a Philadelphian named William S. Lloyd, who has spent a lifetime in hunting the corners of the earth for rare and interesting editions of "Crusoe." His efforts have been rewarded by the accumulation of the most complete collection of the famous book in the world.

The agents of Mr. Lloyd have had standing orders for years to buy up all editions of the coveted work that they can find. This has resulted in the accumulation of over three hundred volumes of the adventures of the island hero. The books are printed in many living languages and even in some dead tongues, for Mr. Lloyd has copies of "Robinson Crusoe" in Latin and Greek, though why the work was translated into these languages is a question that even the owner of the books is unable to answer.

Among the thirty-three languages represented in the Lloyd "Crusoe" collection are English, German, French, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Norwegian, Swedish, Croatian, Italian, Polish, Rumanian, Lettish, Slavonic, Finnish, Urdu, Dutch, Bohemian, Bornean, Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Hebrew, Yiddish, Greek, and Latin.

Each nation as it appropriated the story of Robinson Crusoe appropriated to itself the hero also. Thus in the illustrations in French copies of the work Crusoe is depicted as a Frenchman; when the Germans read about the stirring actions of Defoe's hero they decided at once that Crusoe was a German; while the Spaniard sees him only as a native of old Spain, and the Russian recognizes in him a fellow-subject of the Czar. And so on with all the nationalities representing Crusoe. He is never an Englishman except to the English-speaking people.



I. — ROBINSON CRUSOE AS SAVED FROM THE WAVES — WITH HIS SLIPPERS STILL ON, HIS HAIR PARTED, AND HIS SASH AND NECKTIE PICTURESQUELY INTACT!

Perhaps the most striking feature of the rare volumes in the collection is the work of the artists of the various periods and of the various countries. Some of

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2.—AN EARLY FRENCH VERSION OF THE SHIPWRECK.

these rare illustrations are reproduced in this article. The French artist who illustrated an early version of the book chose as the theme of his frontispiece Robinson Crusoe giving thanks for his deliverance from the waves (Fig. 1). In the picture the castaway is seen to have made his way through the angry billows from the wrecked vessel without losing the neat parting in his hair.

Neither has he found it necessary to discard his ballroom slippers to facilitate his struggles through the angry waters. He also has held on with commendable tenacity to his pretty flowing tie and his handsome sash. His entire wardrobe seems to have suffered not at all from the encounter with the billows. Had there been a ball in progress when Crusoe stepped on his island he could have walked right out of this French edition into the presence of the assembled company without causing any surprise at all.

Another creation of a French artist shows Crusoe clinging for dear life to a rock, while the waves threaten him from all sides (Fig 2). It is difficult to tell from the artist's sketch where the waves are coming from. They seem, in fact, to be beating from the shore instead of from the sea. How Crusoe ever escaped from such all-encompassing waves it is difficult to imagine. They are very wild waves indeed.

Neither is it possible to reconcile the British boy's idea of Crusoe with the hero depicted in a Portuguese edition of the book. In a fanciful conception by a Portuguese artist (Fig. 3) which is intended to represent Crusoe's dream, the castaway is shown with a typical Portuguese face and a well-waxed moustache, although Defoe does not mention the use of such aid to manly beauty as moustache wax in the story of the life of Crusoe on the island.

The German artists delight to depict Crusoe as a robust, smiling Teuton. In one picture he



3.—A PORTUGUESE CRUSOE, WEARING A NICELY-WAXED MOUSTACHE, IN HIS CHARACTER OF CASTAWAY.

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4.—A WARLIKE SCENE FROM ONE OF THE EARLIEST ENGLISH EDITIONS.

is shown in his island rig of skins, followed by two peculiar-looking animals that resemble the nondescript creations of the artists who design wooden horses for the circus.

The English artists one and all give full measure in the illustrations supplied by them. No single scene satisfies these artists. In one picture (Fig. 4) a view is given of almost the entire island, with the canoes of the cannibals on the beach, the cannibal feast in progress, Crusoe shooting cannibals and cannibals shooting Crusoe, and Crusoe's habitation on the side of the mountain, with plenty of back scenery for good measure.

"Robinson Crusoe" was first published anonymously. For a time the authorship was attributed to different men, and one story was circulated that it was written by Lord Oxford, who was then imprisoned in the Tower of London. Some time elapsed before the general public was acquainted with the real authorship.

To gather his collection, Mr. Lloyd has travelled all over the world. Book stores and collections in London, Paris, Tokio, Berlin, and Peking have been ransacked by him for "Crusoe" rarities, and the book agents of the world have standing orders to buy and forward any newly-discovered edition that is not in the Lloyd library. Mr. Lloyd says he has merely started his search for "Robinson Crusoe" novelties. He aims to keep his collection the best in the world.



5.—TITLE-PAGE OF AN ORIENTAL EDITION.

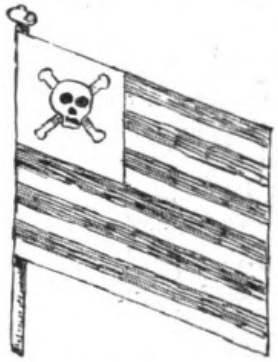
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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

246.—THE PIRATES' FLAG.

HERE is a flag taken from a band of pirates on the high seas. The twelve stripes represented the number of men in the band, and when a new man was admitted or dropped out a new stripe was added or one removed, as the case might be. Can you discover how the flag should be cut into as few pieces as possible so that they may be put together again and show only ten stripes? No part of the material may be wasted, and the flag must retain its oblong shape.

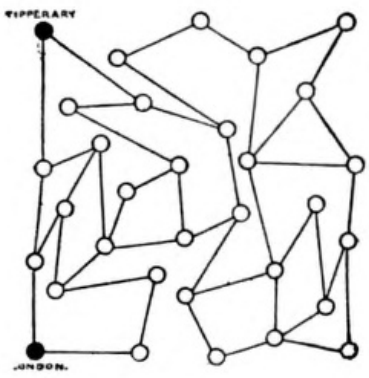


247.—A COW'S PROGENY.

"SUPPOSING," said my friend Farmer Hodge, "that cow of mine to have a she-calf at the age of two years, and supposing she goes on having the like every year, and supposing every one of her young to have a she-calf at the age of two years, and afterwards every year likewise, and so on. Now, how many do you suppose would spring from that cow and all her descendants in the space of twenty-five years?" I understood from Hodge that we are to count from the birth of the original cow, and it is obvious that the family can produce no feminine beef or veal during the period stated.

248.—THE WAY TO TIPPERARY.

THE popular bard assures us that "it is a long, long way to Tipperary." Look at the accompanying chart and see if you can discover the best way from London to "the sweetest girl I know." The lines represent stages from town to town, and it is necessary to get from London to Tipperary in an even number of stages. You will find no difficulty in getting there in 3, 5, 7, 9, or 11 stages, but these are odd numbers and will not do. The reason they are odd is that they all omit the sea passage, a very necessary stage. If you get to your destination in an even number of stages, it will be because you have crossed the Irish Sea. Which stage is the Irish Sea?



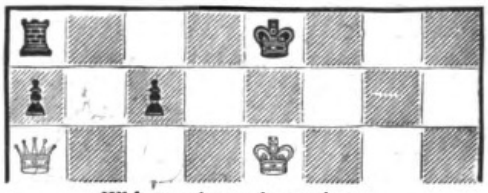
249.—A REMARKABLE PLANT.

THREE-QUARTERS of a cross; a circle next;
Two semicircles then an upright meet;
A triangle upon two legs is set;
Two semicircles; and a ring complete.

This will give you the name of a well-known plant, greatly appreciated by Thomas Atkins in the trenches.

250.—A LITTLE TWO-MOVER.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two.

HERE is a little chess problem made by the late Sam Loyd in his early days. It is not difficult, but there is a point in the defence that the solver may overlook. Part of the board is omitted merely to save space.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

241.—WAR STRATEGY.

THE following includes all the best possible play for Black, but White should always win.

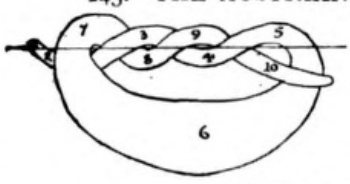
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 . . .	P to R 4	9 K to R 2 (*d*)	P to B 6
2 K to R 2	P to R 5	10 K to Kt 3	P to R 7
3 K to R 3	P to Kt 4	11 K takes P	P to B 7
4 K to Kt 4	P to B 3 (*a*)	12 K to Kt 2	P to Kt 6
5 K to R 3	P to B 4	13 K to B sq.	P to Kt 7, ch.
6 K to R 2	P to Kt 5 (*b*)	14 K takes P	P queens, ch.
7 K to Kt 2	P to B 5 (*c*)	15 K takes Q	K moves
8 K to Kt sq.	P to R 6	16 P gns. & wins	

(*a*) If 4 . . . . . P to B 4; 5 K to R 3, and wins easily.
(*b*) If 6 . . . . . P to B 5; 7 K to Kt 2, P to Kt 5; 8 K to Kt sq., and as in main variation.
(*c*) If 7 . . . . . P to R 6; 8 K to Kt 3, P to B 5; 9 K to R 2, P to B 6; 10 K to Kt 3, and as in main variation.
If 7 . . . . . P to Kt 6; 8 K to R 3, P to B 5; 9 K to Kt 2, and wins.
(*d*) The King faces whichever pawn advances.

242.—FROM THE FRONT.

THERE must have been 4,550 men. At first they were placed with 65 in front and 70 in depth; afterwards 910 in front and 5 in depth.

243.—THE AUSTRIAN PRETZEL.



THE Pretzel may be divided into as many as ten pieces by one straight cut of the knife in the direction indicated in the illustration.

244.—MEETING THE TRAINS.

AS the journey takes five hours, divide the route into five equal distances. Now, when the lady leaves Wurzletown there are four trains on the way and a fifth just starting. Each of these five she will meet. Also, when she has gone one-fifth of the distance, another will start; at two-fifths, another; at three-fifths, another; at four-fifths, another; and when she arrives at Mudville a train will be just on the point of starting. If we assume, as we must, that she does not meet this one "on the way," or meet the one that arrived at Wurzletown just as she left, she will have met altogether nine trains on the journey.

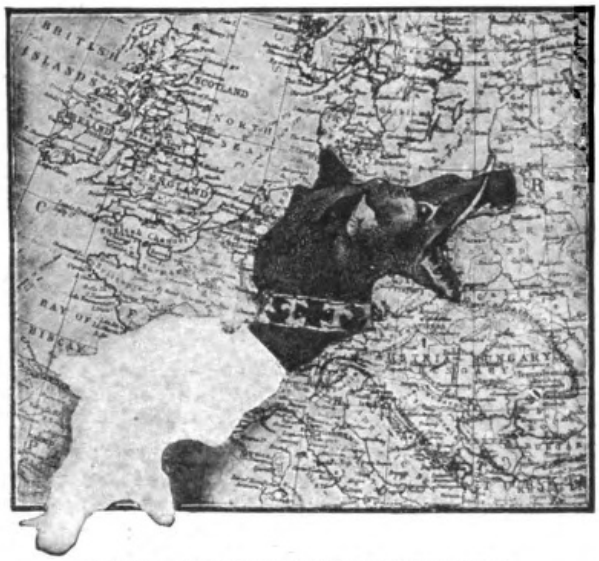
245.—QUAINT ARITHMETIC.

M I L D. The four letters, of course, represent respectively 1,000, 1, 50, and 500.

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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



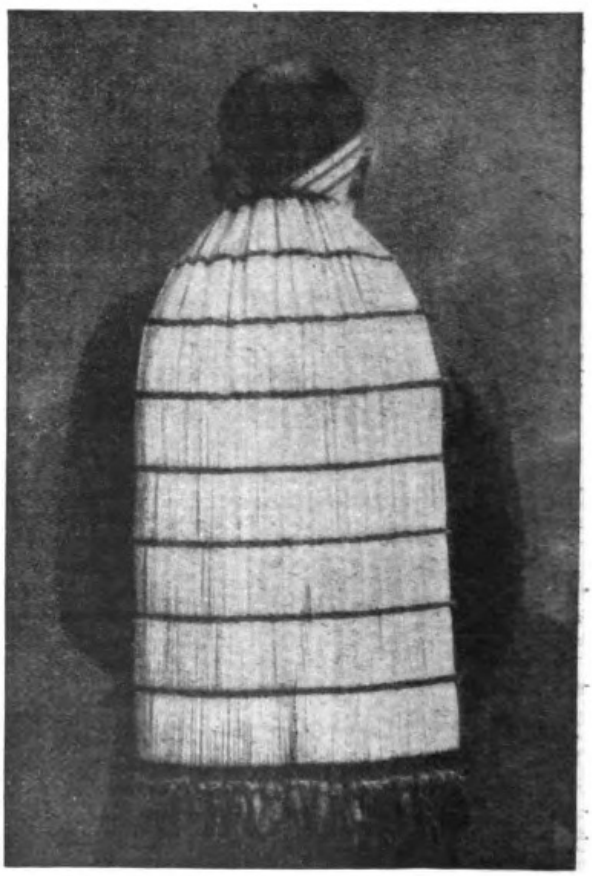
"THE ROAD-HOG OF EUROPE."

GERMANY has of late often been referred to as "the road-hog of Europe," and, curiously enough, her frontier forms an outline which fully justifies the title. In the above map the German Empire has been cut out, and an artist, with a few touches, has produced a result as striking as it is appropriate.

LIVE FROG IN A PIECE OF COAL.

A COLLIER who was working recently at the coal-face in the twenty-inch, or Smith-coal, seam at the Trafalgar Colliery, Forest of Dean, states that about 10 a.m. he was holing underneath the coal-seam, which is about twenty inches thick. He had holed in the under-earth a distance of about fifteen inches, and, as was the usual custom, to enable him to hole farther underneath he struck the pick into the coal-face a distance of about six inches from the floor. At the point where he did so a thin band of shale—black earth, technically known as a parting—was running along the coal-face. The pick, where he pierced the coal, appeared to strike through into space; the piece of coal below the pick fell off up to the parting above spoken of, disclosing a small cavity, out of which at the same time fell a live frog. It was small in size and dark in colour, with a bright yellow band running the whole length of the back. The examiner of the district came up just at the time and took charge of it. Shortly afterwards, at the request of the management, the pieces of coal were carefully looked over, and the piece with the shale adhering to it was found. In this was a cavity of such size and shape as would just about hold the body of a frog. The photograph reproduced shows the frog and the piece of coal, and the white arrow points to the cavity in the coal.—Sir Francis Brain, Trafalgar, Drybrook, Glos.



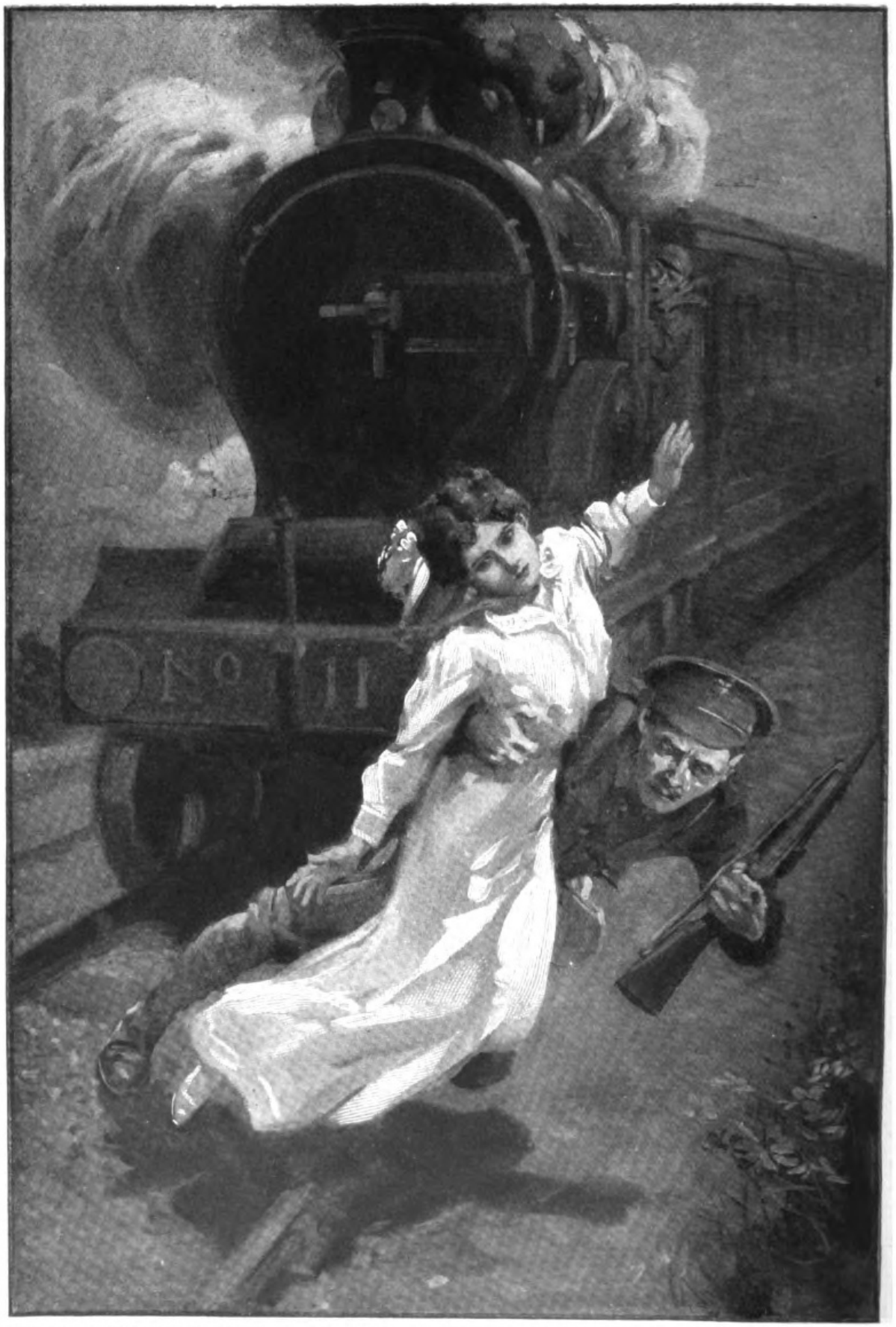


AN EXTRAORDINARY ORNAMENT.

HERE is a photograph of an Indian ornament which I recently secured some two thousand five hundred miles up the Amazon River. The white portion, which looks so much like straw, is in reality made up of a number of bones from the legs of the osprey, while the black spots separating the rows of bones are formed of some very hard seeds like peppercorns. The fringe at the bottom is composed of beetles' wings and monkeys' teeth. I have reckoned that at least three hundred and twenty-four birds, one hundred and sixty-four beetles, and eight monkeys must have contributed to the making of this curious ornament.—Mr. R. Cirne, 15, Whitelow Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

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"HE CLASPED HER FIRMLY IN THE CROOK OF HIS ARM, DREW HER TOWARDS HIM, AND GAVE A SIDEWAYS HEAVE."

(See page 606.)

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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The Sentry Post at Cowman's Curl.

By HAROLD STEEVENS.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

ROLAND LAMBOURNE shot out his arm, crooked his elbow and, having thus elaborately disclosed his wrist-watch, read off the time on its diminutive dial.

"She's running late this morning," he soliloquized, airing his newly-acquired railway slang with mild gratification.

Though he spoke aloud, there was nobody to hear him. He talked to himself for company's sake. Guarding railway lines is solitary work, especially when a man is of a quality to discourage gossiping girls; and Roland bore in mind the Baconian maxim, learned in the Fifth Form not so many years ago, that "a man were better relate himself to a statua or picture, than suffer his thoughts to pass in smother."

"Wind's against her, too," he went on. Then, conscious of his limited knowledge and wishing to be honest with himself, he added, "If that makes any difference."

The rattle of the falling signal caught his ear.

"Signal's off!" he cried, and was immediately ashamed to have shown such interest in a trifling occurrence. He laughed a half-whimsical, half-scornful little laugh.

"Oh, Lord!" quoth Roland. "If I get much more of this I shall go *dotty*. A soldier's life—ha ha!"

He started a yawn, but stopped half-way and stood quite still with his mouth wide open and his eyes fixed on the coppice across the line. Green, waving, delicious in filmy robe of spring, this coppice was a sight to gladden any eye—except Roland's, which had been looking at it and at very little else for a fortnight. He averred that he knew every bush—nay, every leaf—likewise the note of every bird which dwelt therein and made the place a chamber of song through all the hours of light.

The music now borne to him by the strong south wind was no bird's song, but a girl's.

"'Oh, blest south wind!'" murmured the soldier, fervently thankful for this unusual visitation.

At first the sound came fitfully; but, as the singer mounted the path towards the line, a favouring slant of wind brought her voice to Roland's ear as clear almost as if she were beside him. No voice of grandeur this, but a voice tuneful, blithe, and tender—winsome conjunction!—the voice of one whose spirit sings. Like an arrow it sped to Roland's unattached young heart. He forthwith pictured to himself a lady endearing as her voice.

The wind veered and swept the music past him.

"Pretty darling!" murmured he, with conviction, though he had never yet set eyes on her.

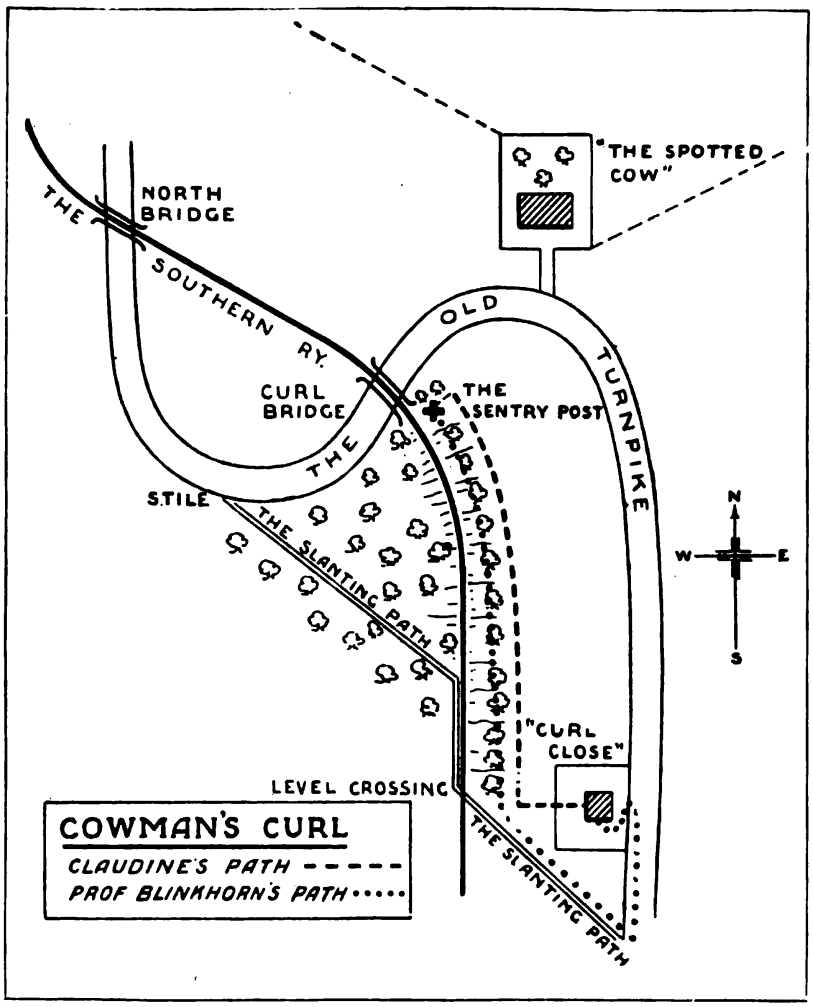
A rumble in the opposite direction called him back to duty. He jerked his head round, looked up the line, and saw a trail of woolly steam flocks rising over the tree-tops.

The Coast Express came scudding round the bend at fifty miles an hour. Soldier now, he forgot the lady with well-disciplined facility.

The spot called Cowman's Curl, where the following events occurred, though it has

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little claim to fame, is not without topographical interest. The accompanying diagram explains its features best :—



The Old Turnpike Road is the main highway from the capital to the coast. At Cowman's Curl, after running pretty well due south for the better part of seven miles, the Turnpike bends incontinently back on itself until it is actually trending northwards; then, as though repenting its solecism, it bends again with equal precipitancy in a second half-circle and resumes its unfaltering southerly way. The resultant S-shaped bit of road is Cowman's Curl. It is a singularity which has put the Southern Railway Company to the expense of building two fine steel bridges with their corresponding banked approaches instead of one, as the diagram indicates.

The point immediately interesting to us is that the pedestrian may thankfully avoid the Curl by taking a footpath which, starting at the stile near its western end, strikes across in a south-easterly direction and rejoins the road some half-mile farther on. This path, besides curtailing distance, offers the most delicious relief from the girding road, for it plunges at once into a joyous thicket—the same whence came the voice which captivated Roland — climbs a steep bank to the railway line, marches beside it for some little distance, then crosses the metals at a right angle, slants down the opposite bank to open meadowland, and so to the road.

Its combined advantages make it a great favourite with the natives, none the less, but rather more, because it involves a danger above and beyond the danger incidental to level crossings everywhere.

The special advantages accruing from the transgression are the saving of several score paces and the enjoyment of a few adventurous moments in a place both risky and forbidden. Whichever way you are going, your back is turned towards trains approaching on one or other set of metals, so that you are in a particularly likely position to be surprised and run over.

Roland's post was near the southern end of Curl Bridge, and as the Coast Express came scudding along much behind her time he caught a glimpse of the sturdy engine-driver craning his neck round the side of the cab, his blue smock quivering, his knotted neckerchief fluttering in the wind.

Used as he was to it now, the spectacle of an express train rushing by was as fascinating to Roland at twenty-two as it had been in childhood, when, with his brothers and sisters, he used to race to the fence, climb with desperate haste, and shout, "Ra-ga-la-ba-na!" while wildly waving his cap—he would have liked to do it now, for old times' sake. His sense of soldierly duty impelled him to turn about and cast an eye down the line to see that all was clear.

It was well that six months on the parade ground under the eagle eye and scorching tongue of a veteran sergeant-major had taught Roland the habit of instant, unquestioning,

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vigorous action, or the contemplative lad might have had cause for shame. For the figure of a girl was there between the down metals right in the track of the Coast Express.

So swiftly came his warning shout that he might have turned with that intention ready formed. Yet the girl heard nothing, could not have done, for she never paused nor turned her head, but marched straight on, swinging her arms as she stepped from sleeper to sleeper with lissom, skipping stride and the graceful poise of a ship's mast. The gust of wind that pressed her skirts about her also brought once more to Roland's ear the sound of her song. He knew then that it was indeed his singing lady; he also knew why she could not hear—partly because she was singing, partly because the wind kept back the sound of the train from her ears.

Roland got away beautifully; a hundred yards champion could hardly have done much better. One moment he was stationary, the next he was moving at great speed in the direction of the unheeding songstress. Yet it is obvious that even had he been a ten-seconds man, which he was not, and unencumbered with rifle and accoutrements, he could barely have exceeded twenty miles an hour, whereas the express, gathering speed each moment, was approaching sixty; so that for each yard he covered the train covered three, and most likely more.

Six months ago he would have given the thing up as hopeless and salved a flabby conscience by addressing himself to futile shouting. He could not do so now. The habit of "sticking to it," whatever the job and whatever his distress therein, had become engrained in him by virtue of a prolonged course of "advancing by rushes" up slippery grass slopes, standing stock-still in icy puddles during night attacks, and other exercises of activity and endurance.

Summoning all his will and pluck, he flung off his momentary dismay and made up his mind not to look backward, but to keep his eyes fixed on the girl, whom, indeed, he was overhauling very fast, and to rely on his sense of hearing to apprise him of the train's immediate proximity. For now the scour of rushing wheels was plainly distinguishable, despite the strong head-wind, and gathering volume every instant.

The realization that the sharp bend in the line and the screen of bushes would prevent the driver from seeing the lady until it was too late to slow down in any useful degree nerved the soldier to greater effort. Everything depended on him and his speed; near as he was, he dared not even shout now for fear that if she turned and saw her peril suddenly she might lose her head, and by some inept behaviour compass her own destruction. He did not know Claudine Dorrington, or he would have harboured no such apprehension. Incidentally, he would have saved himself much breath and some violent exertion.

Nonchalantly still she stepped along; her very gait proclaimed a heart abounding with the hope of life, where trouble found no lodging. Still her clear and tender song rose up between the trees, blending wondrously with the liquid clamour of the birds. Her straw hat, blown back by the wind, hung down over the nape of her neck, and a strand of hazel hair, escaped from its coil, fluttered behind her like the pennon of a lance.

Roland was in fine condition, but the sudden forced effort and the excitement with it were telling on him, and he knew it. Moreover, the supreme moment was yet to come. One thing was in his favour: beside the heaped-up flints and gravel in which the sleepers lay embedded there ran a well-kept strip of ground, as firm and smooth as a cinder-track, and as he raced along he blessed the hobnailed feet which had made it so. Better still, it followed a falling gradient. Thus, while his speed was helped, he was able to give his whole mind to the supreme problem which now confronted him—how to get the girl off the line.

The things which happened in the next few frantic moments were so jumbled together that it is almost impossible to sort them out into any strict order of sequence. Roland himself changed his rifle from his right hand to his left; it did not occur to him to throw it down, though that would have been easier, for throughout his training it had been impressed upon him that a soldier's rifle is his best friend, and that he must cling to it to the last. Then he braced himself for a spring.

The girl finished her song with a high, long-drawn phrase full of melodious pathos, and as she did so the wind dropped suddenly, like a drawing-room audience ashamed to be caught chattering. Instantly her ear was smitten by the thunder of the express, pierced by a series of most alarming shrieks from the whistle, for at length the driver had come into a full view of the level crossing and of the lady straying on the line.

Roland heard the fearsome jerk as the brakes clamped the wheels. He saw the girl check her pace and step immediately towards the outer rail, while her back was still to the

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train; and as she set one foot on the polished metal and turned her face towards the danger he saw her steady eye and firm-set lips. The sight of the irresistible monster hurtling down might well have shaken any human nerve. Whether Claudine's nerve betrayed her is a matter of dispute; certainly her countenance revealed neither fear nor flurry, but—her shoe slipped on the rail, she lost her balance and staggered, not towards the path and safety, but towards the approaching engine.

The poor driver! For him it must have been particularly horrifying, for nothing but a miracle could now prevent the juggernaut in his charge from crushing out an innocent young life. He himself was perfectly helpless, and from his position on the right of the cab he had not seen the soldier at all. His agitation of mind could be gauged by the ear-splitting screech which he let out of his whistle, though he must have known that as a warning it was now more than futile. The lady's chance had gone; she could not possibly recover in time to save herself.

Anger is an emotion which Nature has implanted in animals to enable them to mobilize their utmost forces in moments of supreme conflict. Only on this hypothesis is it possible to explain the spasm of rage which seized upon Roland, banished every thought of danger at this critical instant, and gave power to his muscles far beyond their normal, far beyond anything he had ever known before. Rage, not against the girl, certainly not against the engine-driver, and to lose one's temper with a four-coupled compound olive-green locomotive would be the height of absurdity. Fury of red rage all the same. His eyes blazed, his cheeks flamed, his teeth ground together, the blood roaring in his ears drowned every other sound.

The shingle flew as he leapt upon the ridge. His right arm shot out and seized the staggering girl by the waist. Bracing his legs, he anchored his feet as well as he might on the unstable surface, clasped her firmly in the crook of his arm, drew her towards him, and gave a sideways heave which seemed to rive his very entrails.

His action swung the girl clear and brought him round with his back to the line. In that instant the engine was upon him. Had he heaved a little less furiously the sharp corner of the foot-plate must have driven in his skull. But his burden drew him after it; he felt a gush of cool air on his neck, a tornado of racket and dust reinforcing his own momentum drove him forward, his insecure footing gave way, and he plunged down the steep embankment.

As he went he heard a shout from above and caught a fleeting glimpse of the fireman leaning out of the cab with the driver's scared face peering over his shoulder. He did not see the guard, but judged that a burst of objurgation which reached him in a mutilated form probably originated in the van.

He noticed that the deafening clatter of the brakes ceased, which meant that the driver, seeing tragedy averted, had put on speed again. Then he landed on his back with a heavy thump, slithered a yard or two, and came to rest with his feet pointed upwards and his head downwards on the edge of the ditch.

Beside him lay the girl, and the numbness of his right arm, which was beneath her, and the bumped feeling in his right side told him that his efforts to break her fall had not been unavailing, though it had left him powerless to break his own. He was further reassured concerning the girl's undamaged state when he saw her struggle up to a sitting position and primly draw her skirt over a pretty brown stocking.

Breathless and half-stunned, he felt no inclination to stir from where he had fallen, grotesque though his position was. It comforted him to find that his left hand still grasped his rifle, and he mildly wondered how on earth he had avoided impaling the girl or himself upon his fixed bayonet; he thanked his stars that the catch had been at safety.

The damsel was flushed and bewitchingly tousled; she must also have been considerably shaken. It was rather an awkward position, now that the danger was past. To Roland woman, barring his sisters, was a creature adored at a distance, whose behaviour could in no circumstances be foretold. He soon began to feel uncomfortable. What would she do? Would she begin to cry? Would she be indignant, or, worse still, effusive?

The girl was apparently rather younger than the man, but in a predicament of this kind she was adept woman, while he was still boy. She guessed his thought in a twinkling, and took measures accordingly. Such breath as he had managed to recover was immediately taken away again by her opening remark.

"Oh," said she, "I hope you haven't scratched your new bayonet!"

Her words were nonsensical, her smile whimsical; but the eyes she turned so

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frankly to him were moist and soft. Taken aback by her levity, he could only respond to her lead.

"It isn't new," he said, and felt at home at once. In his family flat contradiction of each other's statements was an honourable tradition, dating from the earliest times.

"Indeed—and how old may it be?"

"We got them three months ago."

"Well, old soldier," said the girl, a shade more serious now that she had succeeded in putting things on the safe level of matter-of-fact, "I'm afraid you saved my life. *What* a responsibility!"

She was sitting beside him with her legs tucked under her, and while she talked she started coiling up her scattered hair as if it were the most natural thing in the world to do.

"Thank you!" She lifted his hand from where it lay on the grass and gravely shook it in both of hers. Her eyes were wet and brimming.

His alarm awoke again. He felt that he must take a stronger hand in the conversation if it was not to become emotional. So he got his legs down and wriggled to his knees.

"Are you sure you're not hurt?" he said.

"Quite sure," said she. "There, now, I'm a selfish cat! I never asked if *you* were. And me a Red Cross person, too! Do let me bind up something."

Roland suspected she was making game of him and he hardly liked it. He was still at that elementary stage of malehood which assumes, naturally and without sense of the ridiculous, the right to upbraid the other sex on the least provocation. Moreover, his stupidity blinded him to the fact that from first to last the girl was fighting open-eyed and with intrepid courage lest the insufficient body should betray the dauntless spirit. She had not broken down, as she had feared she might. Was her reward of valour that she should be taken for a frivolous trifler by her gallant young saviour?

"I'm afraid you were off the footpath," he said, trying to be severe.

"Was I *really?*" replied she, and gave him such a laughing, comradely look that he was obliged to laugh, too, and his idea of chiding her evaporated at once. "And *I* am afraid the sentry left his post without orders."

"My stars! So he did," cried Roland, jumping up in alarm.

"Though Claudine Dorrington is the last person to blame him for that. There!" And she held out her hand. "Thank you very, *very* much. Now you must run away back. Quite sure you are all right? One day I shall come and thank you properly. Oh, yes, *I'm* perfectly all right. Good-bye! Run!"

"Well, I suppose you're right, mums," said Claudine. "He's sure to be a nuisance, but we'll try and bear him."

"I'm sure I am right, dear," said Mrs. Dorrington, "though daddy wouldn't hear of it when I suggested it at the beginning of the war. But I know he worries about those reduced dividends, and the boys are just at the expensive age, you know. What does a boarder matter to us? I'd put up with the inconvenience ten times over to save daddy a moment's anxiety. And so would you, dear."

"Yes, indeed," said the daughter, fervently. "I'm sure he has quite enough to think about in those horrible trenches as it is, poor darling!"

"I was perfectly frank with the Professor, of course. He understands that we may have to turn him out at a minute's notice—if daddy comes over."

Claudine saw the queer, strained look come into her mother's eyes, as though she were gazing far over land and sea to the desolate waste of muck in which her colonel husband's regiment fought day and night to hold their place in the thin, thin khaki line. She jumped up and put her arms round Mrs. Dorrington's neck.

"I'm so glad you took him in, mother dear," she said. "Now we can tell daddy that we are largely self-supporting, can't we? But what's the creature like?"

"Perfectly harmless," said Mrs. Dorrington, glad to think of anything but that haunting vision of misery, wounds, and death. "He's just the stage professor in real life. But he'll be down presently; then you can see for yourself. He wanted to unpack his bag. Why, there he is in the garden already—look!"

Claudine went over to the window, and from that point of vantage enjoyed an excellent view of the professorial back. Professor Blinkhorn was peering intently over the garden fence in the direction of the railway line. His spreading wideawake was drawn well down over his head, its farther descent only arrested by a bulging mass of lank, grizzled hair. The stoop of his massive shoulders obviously imposed a considerable strain on the seams of his velvet jacket. The strap across one shoulder supported a vasculum, or botanical collecting-case, and a shining fern-

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trowel protruded conspicuously from his jacket-pocket, which was large.

"What is he looking at?" said Claudine.

"He tells me he is a botanist attached to some Welsh agricultural college whose name I didn't catch, and probably couldn't pronounce if I had. He talks like a Welshman."

"Have you counted the spoons?"

"Hush, silly girl! He is collecting material for a monograph on 'The Flora of Our British Railway Banks.'"

"Sounds dry enough!"

"He made that joke himself. They sent him round from the Spotted Cow. Mrs. Durling seems to have amused him enormously by telling him he wouldn't find much on our railway banks unless it was dandelions, which haven't begun to blow, and colt's-foot, which is over. He begged her to take him in, but he says she looked at him as if he were a murderer."

"Kind of her to refer him to us!" said Claudine.

"I was rather doubtful what to do myself. But he seemed so anxious to come here, and he suggested a price which was more than I could have asked him—he said it was worth a great deal to him to be close to Cowman's Curl. I'll write for his references this afternoon."

The professorial front—he turned at last—was eminently convincing, chiefly on account of a pair of tinted spectacles with unusually large glasses, which seemed to obscure nearly half his face. The visible remainder was of a vigorous cast, jovial rather than genial, the mouth and chin together suggesting a style of man who would not be unkind so long as he had his own way. Claudine retired behind the curtains to make a grimace.

Professor Blinkhorn set to work at once. Armed with a written permit to frequent waste grounds adjoining the Southern Railway for the purpose of plant study, he came and went at pleasure. His ramblings naturally made him known to the sentries, with whom he was at pains to be as friendly as their sense of duty would severally allow them to be. He had travelled a good deal in the course of his plant-hunting expeditions, had a fund of stories, and was fond of a joke. For a learned man of peace, he was wonderfully interested in their work, and proved himself a ready listener. He also carried a portly flask of good liquor, a big cigar-case, and a pocketful of first-rate chocolate. With these three things, he said, he could support life for a whole day, or longer if necessary, and had done so many times. Incidentally, they were all at the service of his friends, especially such as were doing their duty by their country as sentries and railwaymen.

He was fond of night-walking, and always went for "a look round" after dinner, usually landing up sooner or later at the Spotted Cow, where his regular offering of half a gallon was as regularly accepted and appreciated; indeed, after the first night or two the attendance at that friendly haven became better than it had been since the war took away most of the best drinkers.

Mrs. Dorrington, for her part, had every reason to be content with her lodger. He was a cultivated man and took the trouble to be amiable, in addition to which he was generally out of doors. The only trouble was his precious case of specimens, "the idol of his heart," which he earnestly desired should not be touched, save by himself—a harassing requirement in the presence of that irredeemable iconoclast, the domestic servant. But after all, did he not pay in advance?

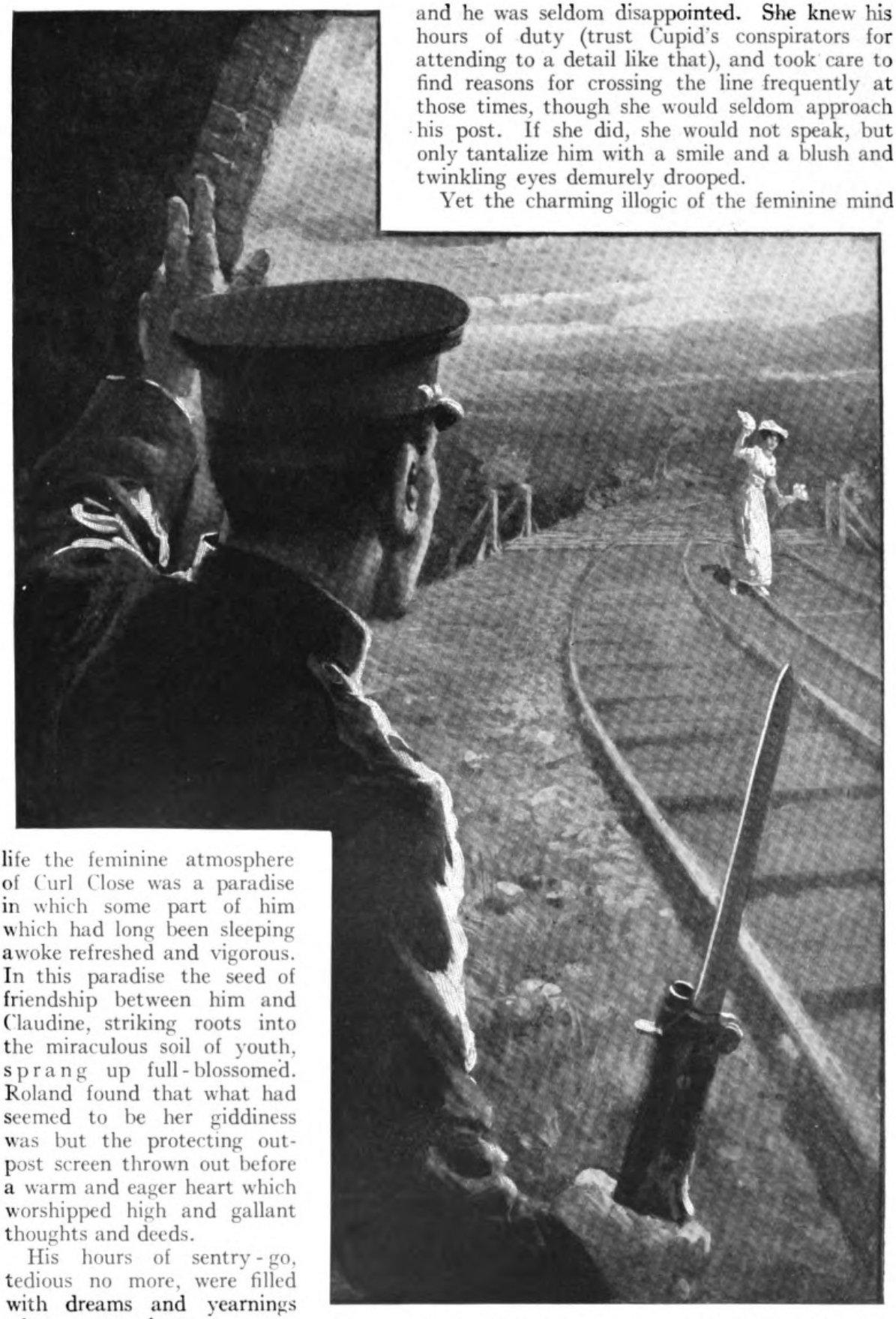
Claudine, while she appreciated the professor's conversation, conceived no better liking for him than when she saw him first. Her delicate girlish taste was repelled by the dogmatic or, more candidly, the hectoring strain which she perceived in him, despite his efforts to please. She also disliked the patch of pink sticking-plaster which invariably decorated his face, though it is only fair to admit that he apologized almost daily for his grossly inefficient shaving, while lamenting the lack of a barber at Cowman's Curl.

The little house called Curl Close, where the Dorringtons lived and Professor Blinkhorn lodged, stood in its garden between the Old Turnpike and the railway, almost within earshot of the level crossing where Claudine had nearly lost her life. Indeed, the footpath passed within a few yards of the garden fence. Nor was the house much farther from the sentry post at the south end of Curl Bridge, where Roland was stationed on that desperate occasion. A glance at the plan will make the position clear.

Mrs. Dorrington had been greatly moved by Claudine's account of the rescue, and her heart went out to the young soldier who had saved her dear daughter's life at the risk of his own. Roland was invited to the house, and made to feel that his presence there was a cause of great delight, which was true. Nothing was too good for him. Fortunately, he was modest as well as brave; also, his hours of leave were few. So he was not spoilt.

After several absorbing months of camp

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"SHE SAW NOTHING CONTRARY TO A SENTRY'S DUTY IN SPEECH BY SEMAPHORE, WHICH SHE HAD SECRETLY LEARNED AND NOW PRACTISED UPON HIM FROM THE LEVEL CROSSING."

life the feminine atmosphere of Curl Close was a paradise in which some part of him which had long been sleeping awoke refreshed and vigorous. In this paradise the seed of friendship between him and Claudine, striking roots into the miraculous soil of youth, sprang up full-blossomed. Roland found that what had seemed to be her giddiness was but the protecting outpost screen thrown out before a warm and eager heart which worshipped high and gallant thoughts and deeds.

His hours of sentry-go, tedious no more, were filled with dreams and yearnings whose very pain was rapture. By day he listened continually for the sound of her singing, and he was seldom disappointed. She knew his hours of duty (trust Cupid's conspirators for attending to a detail like that), and took care to find reasons for crossing the line frequently at those times, though she would seldom approach his post. If she did, she would not speak, but only tantalize him with a smile and a blush and twinkling eyes demurely drooped.

Yet the charming illogic of the feminine mind

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saw nothing contrary to a sentry's duty in speech by semaphore, which she had secretly learned and now practised upon him from the level crossing, using, instead of flags, a microscopic pocket-handkerchief in one hand and anything she happened to be carrying in the other, such as a basket of eggs, a jug of custard, or a bundle of early rhubarb—the Dorringtons were charitable.

The only fly in the golden amber of these days was Professor Blinkhorn, who, if not already poking about on the scene, was always likely to turn up with bland and accidental air. Either he was naturally clumsy or else he was void of delicacy. In charity they accepted the former view. He was a nuisance all the same, and the interest he displayed in a soldier's life and a maiden's occupations was politely but rigidly discouraged.

When Roland's turn came round for night duty, Mrs. Dorrington, ever searching for ways of recognizing the debt she felt she could never repay, conceived the idea of making coffee for him and sending it out to his post on the line. Claudine insisted on taking it herself, in spite of Roland's strenuous protests. The sight of the girl was balm and gladness, but it alarmed him to think of her traversing the darkness alone in such a solitary place at dead of night. That she should do this for him melted him entirely; he knelt at her feet—in fancy.

Yet Claudine had no fear of the night in meadow or wood, nor of the sights and sounds belonging thereto. Eschewing the Turnpike, she deliberately chose to go by way of the garden, slipping out at the back gate and striking across the meadow to join the slanting path at the foot of the embankment. As for her "reputation," it gave her the smallest concern; besides, nobody knew but her mother.

On this the second night of Roland's watch the Professor complained of a severe headache. At ten he bade the ladies an elaborate good night, then took his candle and thumped up to bed, shutting his door with an emphatic snap.

Claudine looked straight at her mother's face.

"Thank goodness, he's gone!" she said, in a voice of dramatic relief.

"Softly, dear," answered her mother. "I can't think what is your objection to him. Come, now, he might have been a great deal worse. I'm sure he means well."

"I hate him," said Claudine, genially. "Besides, his spectacles are hideous."

"Oh, come, come, girl! You are talking wildly!" laughed Mrs. Dorrington. "And now I'll go and make the coffee."

By the time it was ready Claudine had on a short skirt and high boots, for the grass was beginning to grow, and the nights were getting dewy; also a long cape which hung from her shoulders nearly to her knees. Her hazel head was bare. Mrs. Dorrington threw on a heavy shawl and the two walked together down to the garden gate. There Mrs. Dorrington put the jug of coffee into her daughter's hand and drew the big cape over it.

"I shall wait here till you come back," she said.

"No, no; don't do that, mother dear. You had better go in, hadn't you? You'll get cold standing there. I shall be all right. Why, it's no distance at all!"

"Well, be quick, dear," said her mother, "before the coffee gets cold."

Claudine vanished into the darkness.

She had not gone many yards when she heard footsteps away on her left; obviously somebody was walking along the beaten footpath towards the line. Though mildly surprised that anybody should be abroad so late at Cowman's Curl, she was not perturbed, but simply halted for a moment in the middle of the meadow in order to let the wayfarer get well ahead before she reached the path herself. She was much more surprised when the sound of footsteps suddenly ceased, because she knew that the wayfarer must either have stopped also or quitted the footpath altogether.

"Oh, bother the man!" she muttered. "Get on, for goodness'——"

She held her breath and stood motionless. Within a few yards of her, a vague black figure was moving directly across her path. Obviously the man, as man it must be, had left the footpath where it reached the embankment, and was now climbing slantwise towards the thicket. His footsteps were muffled by the rough grass.

The unexpected apparition shook her a little, and her impulse was to retreat towards the garden gate. Before she had time to act, another and more dominant impulse leaped up in her mind. She turned, not back to the garden gate, but towards the sentry post.

Reason told her that the stranger was most likely a harmless tramp making for some hovel among the bushes wherein to light a fire and doze till dawn. But she was not in the habit of pampering her reason by following it blindly or too often, especially in matters of real importance; nor had she a man's terror of behaving foolishly. Thought for Roland extinguished all thought for herself, and something which was not reason whispered

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to her that Roland was in danger from this man.

Urged by an earnest desire to catch sight again of the man from whom a moment before she had been on the point of fleeing, she hurried forward over the rough ground. She succeeded, but only just. As she reached the foot of the shrubbery she made out a black smudge which she could not have seen at all had it not been in motion. Next moment it plunged through the leafy wall and disappeared.

Claudine knew this bit of ground as well as any living soul, perhaps better. She had played over it day by day and year by year with the boys; she had searched it for wind-flowers, primroses, bluebells, lords-and-ladies, blackberries, and hazel-nuts in their seasons; she had watched the birds in their nests and the rabbits popping in and out of their burrows. Now, staring into impenetrable darkness, she yet saw as through a magic glass the whole thicket laid out before her eyes, every tree and bush in its place and none obscured by any other; she saw the stranger pushing his way through the bushes towards the spot where Roland must be standing.

Her plan sprang up ready formed. It was to run along the meadow ground at the foot of the embankment outside the shrubbery; then, when she reached the point above which she knew the sentry post to be, to plunge in and scramble up. Though the distance was greater and the ascent steeper than if she took a slanting course, this way would be quicker because it was unimpeded over most of its length. The rest depended on her strength and activity as a climber, and on that score she had no doubt. She must, *must* get there first.

For a few moments she heard the stranger blundering through the thicket above her; then all chance of following his progress farther was destroyed by the rumble of a train approaching over the north bridge. Ah, then Roland, too, would hear nothing! And the enemy, if enemy he was, would come upon him unawares! She hurried the faster.

The landmark she sought was a service-tree or woodman-pear, whose autumn berries regularly filled her mother's vases. Unerringly she found it, made doubly sure by feeling its downy leaves, and plunged without shrinking into the black copse. Here, she knew, was a rugged upward track occasionally used by the platelayers. A steep, uneven, slippery track, but at least free from trees. True child of the woods and fields, she was able to guide herself by the feel of her feet on the track, and she stretched her left arm out to ward the twigs from her face. Once she slipped, and the coffee splashed over and scalded her bosom, but she hardly felt it.

It was a desperate, punishing climb, less for the physical effort than for the mental tension accompanying it. Her chest felt ready to burst, she breathed in gasps, her heart thumped, her strong young legs seemed powerless; but her mind was aflame with purpose, and she scrambled fiercely on. A crash told her that the train had reached Curl Bridge.

Whether by mere fancy, inspired by her own late peril, or whether by some subtler agency, she felt that if danger threatened Roland this train had a part in it. Could she be in time? Thank Heaven, this was not the night express.

A beam of light came creeping over the bushes above her, outlining each leaf and twig. She grasped a sapling ash, hauled herself up, dipped under a hazel bough, and stepped out beside the line. What a scene was that which met her eye!

Roland stood at his post, his legs a little apart and firmly planted, the butt of his rifle against his toe, the muzzle thrust forward; the bayonet flashed, polished and speckless. His head was turned towards the train, his eyelids narrowed to meet the glare from the headlights.

Behind the sentry and almost hidden in the bushes, crouched Professor Blinkhorn. The light which dazzled Roland gave little inconvenience to the other, whose eyes were screened by his big blue spectacles. His right arm was thrust forward to within a few inches of Roland's back, and his features wore a gargoyle smile of mingled cunning, malevolence, and triumph.

Claudine stood aghast. The thing was so like a *tableau vivant* that for the fraction of a second she could not count it real.

The light waxed at nightmare speed, the maddening din rushed up like a charging beast. The Professor's arm stiffened; the little movements of his legs and body were like a cat's when she is about to spring. So fiercely intent was his gaze on Roland and the train that he did not notice Claudine at all, and of course he could not hear her.

He judged his time perfectly. When the train was five yards from Roland the Professor suddenly straightened himself and drew his right shoulder slightly back in order to give his utmost force to the push.

Without an instant's hesitation Claudine darted forward, and dashed the scalding coffee in his face.

Professor Blinkhorn let out a frightful yell.

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"THE WEAPON FLEW THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A JAVELIN AND

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THE BAYONET PLUNGED INTO THE PROFESSOR'S RIGHT SHOULDER."

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Roland, startled, swung sharply round and looked into the eerie maze of moving light and distorted shadows just behind him. There he was astounded to see Claudine with flaming face of indignation towering above Professor Blinkhorn, while the latter, his spectacles gone and his eyes wide-staring with pain, astonishment, and sudden fear, was in the act of plunging his hand into the right pocket of his overcoat. Roland did not wait to inquire into the mystery, but instantly made to bring his loaded rifle up to the shoulder. Perhaps his movements were rather wild; anyhow, before he could complete the action some projecting part of the train caught the butt of his rifle and dashed it from his grasp.

The weapon flew through the air like a javelin and the bayonet plunged into the Professor's right shoulder. Blinkhorn screamed. The force of the shock spun him round. With his hands he caught wildly at the hazel bush—missed it; his foot slipped, and he shot face-foremost down the slope of the embankment. He tried desperately to recover himself, grabbing at the bushes as he went, but it was all dark here, and he could see nothing. At the foot of the bank his left side crashed violently against the slender trunk of the service-tree.

Then happened a most amazing thing.

Professor Blinkhorn exploded!

Claudine and Roland, peering down into the darkness, saw a blinding flash of light, which seemed to come out of the Professor's side. Simultaneously there was a terrific detonation. For a fraction of time the Professor stood with arms outstretched against the tree, a living cross of flame, and the terror and anguish in his face were as the imprint of a soul cast quick into the pit. Then the Professor was not; the place of him was void.

Claudine, trembling, seized Roland's arm, and he, feeling her totter, took her by the wrists and lifted her hands to his shoulders. Her head sank down; her soft hair brushed his cheek.

At break of day they examined the spot, and most of what they found was hurriedly removed. Half-way down the slope a careful constable picked up a curly scrap of pink sticking-plaster (the hot coffee must have loosened it from the Professor's face), and, turning it over casually in his hand, was struck by the curious appearance of its gummy side, which was covered with tiny marks under the gum. Examination under a powerful glass—borrowed, by the way, from the Professor's botanical equipment—revealed a photographic reduction of an amazingly ingenious and comprehensive telegraphic code. In the light of this code the Professor's considerable telegraphic correspondence, as recorded in the official duplicates, acquired a significance far from botanical.

The business was plain enough. The Professor was a spy. His mission was to impede the flow of reinforcements at a very critical period by wrecking Curl Bridge. Having quietly done away with the sentry, he would have placed his explosives on the bridge, leaving the first troop train to consummate the destruction. Had he succeeded, one of our main arteries of transport would have been interrupted; we should also have lost a goodly body of picked troops. Exactly how he got his information of movements so closely concealed was and still is a mystery.

His real name was Blinckhörnstein, and, singularly enough, he really was a botanist of some repute in his native land. His permit was perfectly genuine, except for the name; it was dated a month before the war began. His references were skilfully forged. His big specimen-case was found to be empty, but the sickly smell which still hung about it revealed without a doubt the purpose to which it had been put. The vasculum was never found; it seems likely that it, too, was diverted from its original innocence, that the Professor was actually wearing it on the fatal night, and that its contents were the proximate cause of his destruction. But for the accidental interruption of his infernal design, the Professor would have been safely in bed when the explosion occurred.

"Claudine, dear Claudine, you saved my life. It is yours. What will you do with it?"

"Roland, I give it back to you——"

"I won't take it."

"——in return for mine, which *you* saved."

"I don't want my life. I want you to keep it. I *want* to be yours."

"But, Roland, I couldn't let you rob yourself."

"You need not, Claudine."

"How can I help it, Roland, if——"

"Exchange is no robbery. Give me yours instead."

"Oh—oh, Roland, dear, how can you say such dreadful things? Oh, but I should hate to be mean. I couldn't take your life and give you nothing back, could I?"

"Of course not, not possibly."

"Certainly not! I couldn't do it."

"Then you *are* mine?"

"*Must* I be? Really and truly?"

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A VOYAGE BY SONG.

By J. E. PATTERSON,
Author of "Fishers of the Sea," "My Vagabondage," etc.

Illustrated by W. E. Wigfull.



OUTWARD BOUND.

THE time was when all who left their native country, for one at any considerable distance, were compelled to enter into close contact with the real son of the water—with Jack in his proper element, Jack at home, bare-armed, wrist-deep in the tar-pot.

But steam has changed all this. To-day the true sailor is as unknown to the average travelled landsman as he is to the stay-at-home, for the plain reason that the traveller does not go where the real merchant Jack is. When he has to cross an ocean or a sea, he goes "over steam," not "under sail." And there are no sailors in steamships. The very atmosphere of a "steamboat" kills the habits of the sea as known to sailormen.

Some persons say there are no sailors now alive—not under the Red Ensign, that is. Those same persons will tell you that here and there, in some Home for Decayed Seamen, or, in summer-time, sitting sadly on a bollard near the lock-pit or harbour-mouth of a port that was, you will find an ancient mariner—if you search far and well and are lucky. But those Mother Carey's chickens don't know that whereof they croak with such cocksureness, yet so dolefully. I have heard some of them croaking, without their knowing that I had "been there." The real "shell-back" is still alive. But, alas, his bulk grows less and less! His days are numbered, indeed.

All the same for that, if you be a traveller and are outward bound for the Cape, for India or Australia, or even for the farther East, and have the time to spare, go to the South-West India Dock, to the Tyne, or to Cardiff, Liverpool, or Glasgow, and book a berth on a sailing packet; especially if the month be April or May. Then, oh, for six to ten weeks of glorious weather, clear decks, and the straining of canvas! What a holiday! What a break from the hurly-burly

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and the everlasting petty worries of life ashore! She may be a ship, or a four-masted barque. But, in either case, she will be, ten to one, of about two thousand tons register. And what a sweep of clean, white deck—white and clean when she gets to sea, that is—against the cramped, saloon-lumbered deck of your liner! What a clarity in the air, against your smell of oil! What music in the straining of canvas, cordage, and spars, against your dithering propeller! What a chunk of the "simple life" at sea, against your transported artificiality and landsmen's ways as practised "over steam." Why, Neptune (in the sense of the sea's spirit, its essence) never boarded a steamship in this world. He would not be able to get his nose over the rail. His gorge would rise at the strange smells and noises. He would turn about on the ladder, saying: "This is not of me," and go back, sadder in that he was wiser in having seen the unexpected that hurt him by its blatant anachronism.

So it is that if you want to know the "shellback," and at the same time learn what real sea-life is, you must go where he works and sings, even though he "grumbles and goes" from song to song. When you get there you may find that he has changed; that he is not the queer creature of your imaginings. But what of that? What could stand still in this kangaroo-like age, when almost the very manners and morals of yesterday are obsolete to-day? So with the sailor—that scapegrace, never-settling member of the human family. The family has moved on up the Hill of Progression, and he has perforce gone with it—a little way.

But while there are sailing-ships the real Jack will be alive. Like the folk-songs of mountain peasantry, he cannot die while legends live. The young recruit is moulded and trimmed by the old hands—as the latter were by the true old salts who have completed and passed in their log-books for the inspection of the Sailing-Master of all voyages. In this they are assisted by their peculiar environment, and by many unnoticed forces at work during long, dreary passages under canvas. Thus is the sailorman kept in existence; thus does he pass on the songs which belong solely and characteristically to him and his life, and will do so long as sailing ships cross the great oceans. For only the passing of them can put an end to him and his songs. These songs are known by the name of "chanties," which is a sailor's pluralizing of either our word "chant" or of the French *chanson*. For the British "shell-back" is not the only sea-going man who sings at his work.

Just to show how he uses these ditties, and so indirectly see the man in his work, let us imagine the crew turning-to after joining the ship in, say, the South-West India Dock. The voyage is to be one to our far-away Colonies, and back to "any final port of discharge in the United Kingdom or the Continent of Europe"—by what route, Heaven, the master, and the charter-parties alone know. The order has come to move her to the lock-pit; the mate passes it forward; the bo'sun yells it in at the fo'c's'le doorway, and the men—all in some degree sober—appear on deck. The shore-boatmen pull away with a line; it is made fast to a bollard on the quay, and its inboard part is taken to the capstan. The bars are shipped, and round we go—sullenly, for this is the initial note of twelve or eighteen months' comparative isolation from our kind, with perhaps not more than two or three short breaks in all that time. Then the bo'sun (that connecting link between men and officers) cries out:—

"A song, boys, a song! Come on, now, isn't there a chanty-man in the crowd?"

In response a negro—he being of a livelier temperament, or more amenable to sociability under a cloud than are his white shipmates—strikes up, in a queer sort of falsetto:—

Solo: Oh, where are you goin' to, my yaller gal?—
Chorus: Away to Rio!
Solo: Oh, where are you bound to, bully boys all?—
Chorus: We're bound to the Rio Grande!
Then, it's heave-O, Rio! heave-O, Rio!
And fare-you-well, my bonny young gal,
For we're bound to the Rio Grande!

Solo: Oh, where are you bound to, sailor-boys all?—
Chorus: Heave-O, Rio!
Solo: Oh, where are you bound to, jolly Jack-tars?—
Chorus: We're bound to the Rio Grande!
Then, it's heave-O, Rio! heave-O, Rio! &c.

Solo: Oh, what to do there, my sailor-boys all?—
Chorus: Heave-O, Rio!
Solo: Oh, what to do there, my jolly Jack-tars?—
Chorus: In that far-away Rio Grande!
Then, it's heave-O, Rio! &c.

Solo: To die of the fever, sailor-boys all,—
Chorus: Heave-O, Rio!
Solo: To die of the fever, jolly Jack-tars,—
Chorus: Away in the Rio Grande!
Then, it's heave-O, Rio! &c.

This song now goes on to say what the vessel will load, how she will come home, and what we "sailor-boys" will do on arrival—"if we live to come back"; and its air is pretty nearly that of the independent milkmaid whose face was her fortune. The note of sadness in "die of the fever" and "if we live to come back" is far from being consequent

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to the parting, which is but one in a life of partings, and with those who seldom leave a permanent friend in any port. Nor is it due to the fact that for generations both the West African, the South American, the Mexican, and the Central American Rio Grandes were known as white sailormen's graves.

"Jolly Jack Tar" when applied to merchant seamen is about as much a misnomer as any term in the language. Taking him all-in-all, the man who earns his living under the Red Ensign, especially in "wind-jammers," is as sad a dog as ever trod a deck. Why he is so may be apparent to some of my readers; others will probably wonder why. I could explain why. But, apart from the fact that our voyage is being held back, that explanation would take us too far off our proper course. So let us leave it and resume the outward passage.

In the chorus all hands join. Seldom, indeed, more than three, generally but one or two, lines are sung by the soloist. In Elizabethan times there appear to have been sailors' work-songs with solo parts of four lines each, such as "Wee be three poore mariners," with its "bully boy"; and "The Mayde of Amsterdam." But "Rolling Home" is, I believe, the only one of this sort that is sung nowadays. Of course, the airs of chanties proper, as we know them, are, like the words, of a shoddy kind. And very often the singer will introduce lines of his own making, either out of conceit or because he has forgotten the acknowledged ones, yet the chorus ever remains the same. Rarely does it happen that, however moody the men commence a piece of work, if a song be started, they do not finish the work lustily and in a better frame of mind—except when being towed down Channel.

This is the time when the men slog through their work of setting sails and generally making ready to meet the open sea, and sing with heavy hearts. Remember, England's cliffs are still to be seen. "Out of sight, out of mind" has not yet begun to work. Joyous, if riotous, nights are still hot in mind. "Soft tack" and fresh beef and the many rough luxuries of shore-life have not been dwindled by the break that comes of being far from land. So it is that with heavy hearts and lumberingly the men go about, even though there are lusty songs the while.

Now, while more of the above has been sung (for capstan and hauling "chanties" are usually of a considerable length) the vessel has shortened-in her line. This is taken to the lock-head. The bars are again manned, and — this time from a British throat—we move around to the old ballad-like tune of:—

Solo: 'Tis of a flash packet of bully-boy fame;
She sails from the Mersey, and the "Dreadnought" 's her name,—

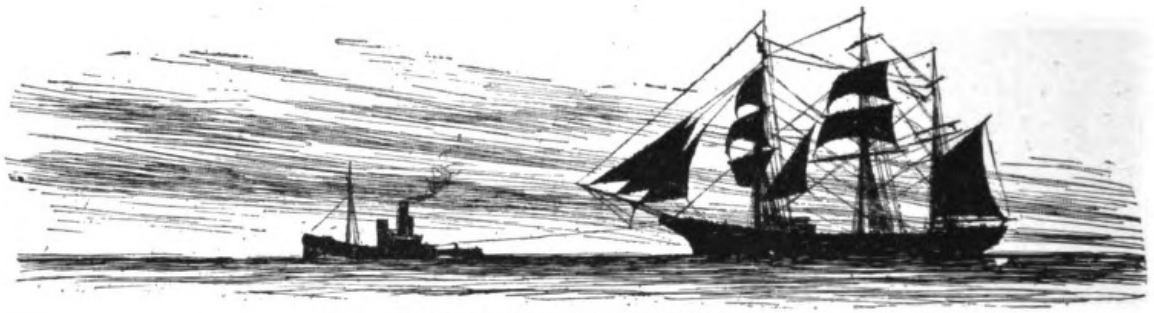


"ROUND WE GO—SULLENLY."

Chorus: Bound away, bound away!
Solo: She sails from the Mersey, where the broad waters flow.
Then away to the west'ard, O God, let her go!
Chorus: Bound away, bound away, where the stormy winds blow;
She's a Liverpool packet—O God, let her go!

Solo: Oh, it's now we are leaving the Waterloo Dock,
And the girls and the boys on the pier-head they flock.
Chorus: Bound away, bound away!

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BEING TOWED DOWN CHANNEL.

Solo: They give three loud cheers while the tears down do flow;
Then away in the "Dreadnought"—O God, let us go!
Chorus: Bound away, bound away, while the wages are low;
She's a Liverpool packet—to the west'ard we go!

By the time the "Dreadnought" is concluded the ship is taken in tow, her tug-boat being of a large and powerful make. For clippers, unless the breeze be a steady easterly one, are usually towed well-down Channel. But we have a fair wind. The lower topsails are loosed and sheeted home; the foresail and lower stay-sails follow. Then all hands man the fore-topsail halyards. The "chanty-man" stands up and pulls on the downward part with the second or third officer, and we get:—

Solo: Whisky is the life of man,—
Chorus: Whisky!—Johnny! (With this word, and at every recurrence of it, all pull together.)
Solo: Whisky is the life of man!—
Chorus: Whisky for me Johnny!

Solo: Whisky made me go to sea,—
Chorus: Whisky!—Johnny!
Solo: Whisky made me go to sea,—
Chorus: Whisky for me Johnny!

Solo: Whisky gave me two black eyes,—
Chorus: Whisky!—Johnny!
Solo: Whisky gave me two black eyes,—
Chorus: Whisky for me Johnny!

If the singer be of the common order he will here tell what *he* would do, were the ocean made of whisky; how, if he had a "whisky-shop," he would hang it on a halyard-block and haul the men up to it; and more of the same kind, until the mate cries out "Belay!" But occasionally a man will give the remainder of this song its other version—that of the evils of its subject. We then hoist the main-topsail, and with the work we hear another outward-bound ditty.

Thus the heavy sails are set, and lighter ones follow. The towline is cast off. England's white cliffs fade away astern, as the sun sets ahead. Night comes down, and we are alone to do our business on the waters. Now the days pass a little more pleasantly; nights go after them easily. The breeze freshens, and we tauten halyards to the somewhat lively tune of "The Banks of Sacramento," the first part of which is:—

Solo: Now, my lads, get your beds and lie down—
Chorus: With a hoo-dah! (All pull at "dah!")
Solo: Now, my lads, get your beds and lie down—
Chorus: With a hoo-dah, hoo-dah, O! (All pull at "O!")

Solo: Blow, boys, blow, for Californio,—
Chorus: With a hoo-dah!
Solo: There's plenty of gold, so I've been told,
On the banks of Sacramento,—
Chorus: With a hoo-dah, hoo-dah, O!

Solo: We came to the land where the cocktail flows,—
Chorus: With a hoo-dah!
Solo: We came to the land where the cocktail flows,—
Chorus: With a hoo-dah, hoo-dah, O!

Solo: We came to a river where we couldn't get across,—
Chorus: With a hoo-dah!
Solo: And the plenty of gold, as you'll now be told,
Was a bully, bully, bully loss,—
Chorus: With a hoo-dah, hoo-dah, O!

The third line of the last stanza gives a good idea of what is to follow. Thus goes the work—haul and pull, make fast and loose again, clean ship and mend gear—till a month is gone. Then, if the ship be an old-fashioned one—as we may suppose she is—the "Old Horse" is hove out. It is a world-wide custom for seamen to take a month's advance of wages. All the world expects him to be in debt when he puts to sea. And he is not the man to deceive all mankind. So comes the advance to clear him. That month he calls "working off the dead horse."

When the month is nearly past he fashions a strange something out of hoops from a biscuit-barrel, old canvas, and old manila rope teased out to make a flowing mane and a long tail. This is made in the fo'c's'le. Then, in the second dog-watch of the last day, when all hands are free, the great ceremony is enacted,

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A tackle is rigged aloft—a strong tackle, mind you. The wonderful-looking "horse" is hoisted out and over the side, with countless "Aye-aye-O's!" in the mock-pulls on the tackle—for the thing is hollow.

In the heaving-out a song is sung about "Now the old horse is dead." But I saw the performance only once, and don't remember any consecutive lines of the song. When the strange beast disappears over the side, a mighty shout of freedom goes up. The load is left behind. Men smoke their pipes with greater cheeriness. Eight-bells are rung, and the morrow begins without a grumble.

Now we are really settled down to the passage, to the habits of our Mother the Sea. And the weight of wind increases, so that we must shorten sail. But it is not satisfied with this; for we are soon afterwards lying-to under a reefed main-topsail. Then, as the ship is found to be slightly leaking, we man the pump-wheels, while we sing:—

Solo: Storm along, and round she'll go,—
Chorus: To me way storm along!
Solo: Storm along, and round she'll go,—
Chorus: To me hi-hi-hi, Mister Storm-along!

Solo: Storm along through frost and snow,—
Chorus: To me way storm along!
Solo: Storm along through frost and snow,—
Chorus: To me hi-hi-hi, Mister Storm-along!

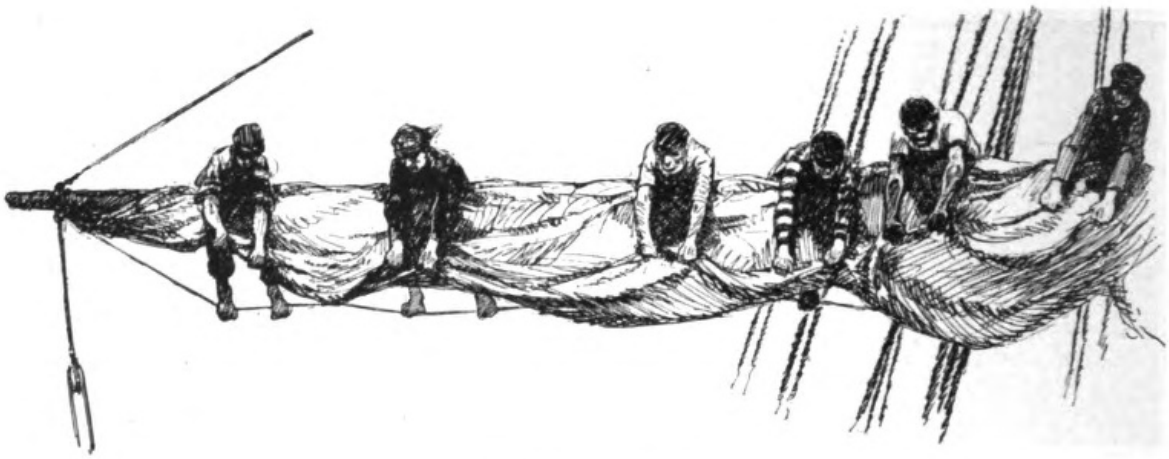
The above is succeeded by a piece of flattery paid to the personified storm, one of the very rare instances of Jack's venturing into poetry. The singer then works in the style of how *he* would have a ship built, rigged, and manned; how he would feed the men on cakes and wine, what he would load her with, and the wonderful places to which they would sail—in a way out-voyaging Sindbad, Gulliver, and all other imaginary seamen. By this it will be seen that one with sufficient fancy and flow of words can draw out the pump-song into an interesting ditty. More, if he has the gift of satire—which is often his in some form—he will indirectly let the officers know how *they* should comport themselves and govern the vessel. However, the breeze slackens. More canvas is needed. The topsails again go up, and so the outward passage continues.

After passing the Cape, without seeing it, we begin that glorious run known to Far-Eastern going sailors as "running the easting down," than which no horse or even yacht-race could possibly be so exciting and refreshing. Imagine two to three thousand tons of good British shipbuilding, under less than "all plain sail," and near the fortieth parallel of southern latitude, doing her sixteen to eighteen knots by the log. How easily I see it all again! That rush of wind and seas. The tugging, bellying sails that seem to say to the yards, "Come along, come along! What a thing it is to be alive!" The steady, leeward cant of the decks. The hiss of occasional spray over the side. The taste of salt in the breeze. The long, white, seething, boiling line under the lee. The longer white wake astern. The scudding clouds. The peeps of the glorious Southern Cross, and now and then the full, round moon (which somehow never seems to be so big or so bright in Europe) making the ocean appear as if it were a mighty prairie covered with



"WE MAN THE PUMP-WHEELS, WHILE WE SING."

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"PADDY DOYLE."

great, dark-green, snow-topped haycocks, that roll and heave within a mile or so, but are apparently still beyond that distance.

God and men, but the memory of it is enough to make one cry :—

Warp her out!—my soul is sick of traders' petty thoughts and pride;
Lay her on the starboard tack, my compass, sextant, chart for guide.
Give, O give me back again the God of oceans and of skies!
Give me back the endless spread of space, where noble thoughts and prayers may rise!

But, for good or ill, that may not be again. It is not given to every man to have "his day" in life. Personally, on this point, I may grumble; but I have no right to complain. And there is ever this virtue to things and places one has seen—they can always be seen again in a moment. So, for preference, let us head up Port Philip Bay and drop our anchor into the yellow waters of the Yara-Yara—in other words, at that combined London and Paris of the South, Melbourne. The heavy sails are rolled on to their yards with :—

Aye-aye-aye-aye, and we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!
Aye-aye-aye-aye, and we'll have no "slop-chest" suits!

At the end of each line the sail is bunted a little higher, until it finally rests on the yard. The above is given entire, and is evidently the shortest song, good or otherwise, in our language. The last line refers to the inferior clothing sold by some captains to their men.

At the end of a month or so—after some of the foremast hands have committed that sin so common in colonial and American ports, "jumping the ship" (deserting her), and new hands have been secured in their stead, we are away again — round to Sydney to load for that city of the Golden Gates and "Shanghaied" seamen, San Francisco to wit, or, as the sailorman always speaks of it, Fr'isco.

Again we cross the bay of Port Jackson, behind a tugboat. And most of us have light hearts at the thought that, although the journey is a roundabout one, we are homeward bound. Hence we run the sails aloft to such lively airs as :—

Solo: Way down in Dixie;
Dixie is the land for me—
Chorus: Sing a song, blow along, O! (All pull together at the "O!")

Solo: Way down in Dixie,
In Dixie Land where de cotton grows—
Chorus: Sing a song, blow along, O!

Solo: In Dixie Land I had a gal,
Way down in Dixie—
Chorus: Sing a song, blow along, O!

Solo: Her name it was Jemima Joe,
De finest gal, as you all must know—
Chorus: Sing a song, blow along, O!

The remainder is another story of how "the course of true love never did run smooth." But our passage across the Pacific to Fr'isco is not of the stormy character of true love. There are no very turbulent tracts of old Neptune's wide domains to cover. Thus we have but little song-singing on the way, because there is not much hauling to be done. It is rather a case of getting ready for the great "clean-ship" that will come in the Atlantic—scrubbing paintwork with sand and canvas, mending running-gear, and perhaps tarring the upper rigging.

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"BRACE HER UP, MY JOHNNY BOKER!"

We pass between the Golden Gates, roll up our canvas again to the tune of "Paddy Doyle," lose some more hands, and ship other new ones with the homeward load of grain. We cast off the moorings, drop out into the bay, and put the anchor down because we are some hands short at the last moment. Besides, when we get them it will be easier to slip away from an anchorage, without losing them again, than from moorings at a jetty. For they will be poor, drunken, "Shanghaied" creatures, ten to one.

Then comes the final weighing of the anchor—naturally a joyous time; a time when every hand goes lightly to its work, and in the crowd of old hands there is not a heart but swells as the links come in to the words :—

Solo: Set all hands to man the windlass,
See your cables stowed all clear;
We to-night set sail from Fr'isco,
And for English shores we'll steer.
Chorus: Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to dear old England,
Rolling home, sweetheart, to thee.

Solo: If you all heave with a will, boys,
Soon our anchors we will trip;
And we'll cross the briny ocean
In our good and gallant ship.
(*Chorus.*)

Of the foregone there are but eight more lines. It is one of the very few "chanties" that can be really classed as songs, and it is best rendered when divided between the watches, one watch singing the stanzas and the other the chorus. Unless the cable has been previously shortened-in, one song will not last till the anchor is a-peak. Thus "Rolling Home" may be followed by "Roll de Cotton Down" (a "chanty" that is only suitable for capstan and windlass work, and is, or used to be, a great favourite amongst the negro cotton-stowers on the Mississippi) or "The Australian Girl," or "Bound to Western Australia," which are also heaving "chanties" only.

Thus in pleasant weather, under "all plain sail," we shape our course for that place for which even "hard-case" seamen have something in the nature of dread—the Horn, or as the landsman terms it, Cape Horn. But, as we are anxious to get back to a British port, let us say that we double this home of storms and foul winds, and get into the Atlantic without being blown away down into the Antarctic. Here, with the wind gone ahead, we brace up our yards and flatten the sheets as we chant :—

Solo: Little Johnny Boker, what made you go to sea?—
Chorus: Do, my Johnny Boker, do! (Pull.)
Solo: Little Johnny Boker, in Liverpool you ought to be,—
Chorus: Do, my Johnny Boker, do! (Pull.)

This, too, has more stanzas, though always sung to the same work. But the officer has cried "Make fast!" which we do, and leave it. Then, as the mainsail is shaking in the wind, we put a bowline on it and shout :—

Solo: The bully ship's a-rolling,—
Chorus: Haul away the bowline! (Pull.)
Solo: It's a-raining and a-snowing, a-snowing, a-snowing;
It's a-raining and a-snowing,—
Chorus: The bowline haul! (Pull.)

And if rain and snow can come down violently in any part of the world, they certainly can do so in the neighbourhood of the Horn. However, after a bit of a blow,

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we run up the fore-upper-topsail again to the lusty air of :—

Solo : Sing a song of Ranzo, boys,—
Chorus : Ranzo, boys, Ranzo ! (Pull.)
Solo : Sing a song of Ranzo, boys,—
Chorus : Sing a song of Ranzo ! (Pull.)

Solo : Ranzo took a notion to cross the briny ocean,—
Chorus : Ranzo, boys, Ranzo !
Solo : He was a New York tailor, but he thought he'd be a sailor,—
Chorus : Sing a song of Ranzo !

Solo : So he shipped on a Yankee whaler, all to be a sailor,—
Chorus : Ranzo, boys, Ranzo !
Solo : She sailed away with a whistling breeze,
And bound high up on the northern seas,—
Chorus : Sing a song of Ranzo !

Thus night and day, week-in and week-out, as we continue to the North and East, presently to find ourselves a day ahead of the calendar, in foul weather and fine, fore and aft, the work is made light by songs which have a long and curious history, yet are rarely ever thought of outside the life that keeps them alive. But, like all else, they must die ; and we have to admit that their slow death has begun. The modern spirit—its stress, materialism, and its poor dignity—is silencing them in small ships. While the same factor, added to the power of steam-winches for raising topsails, anchors, and such other weights, is, I am told, killing these old ditties even in the descendants—so to write—of the famous " Black Ball Liners." Yet I do not think they will ever really die out while deep-water " wind-jammers " remain.

Now, completing our voyage, we will suppose her to have been an unpleasant vessel—hence the " jumping " of those more adventurous spirits in Melbourne and Fr'isco. And, being the bolder for that we are in a British harbour, where no bullying officer may indulge in brutalism, we warp her into moorings while singing :—

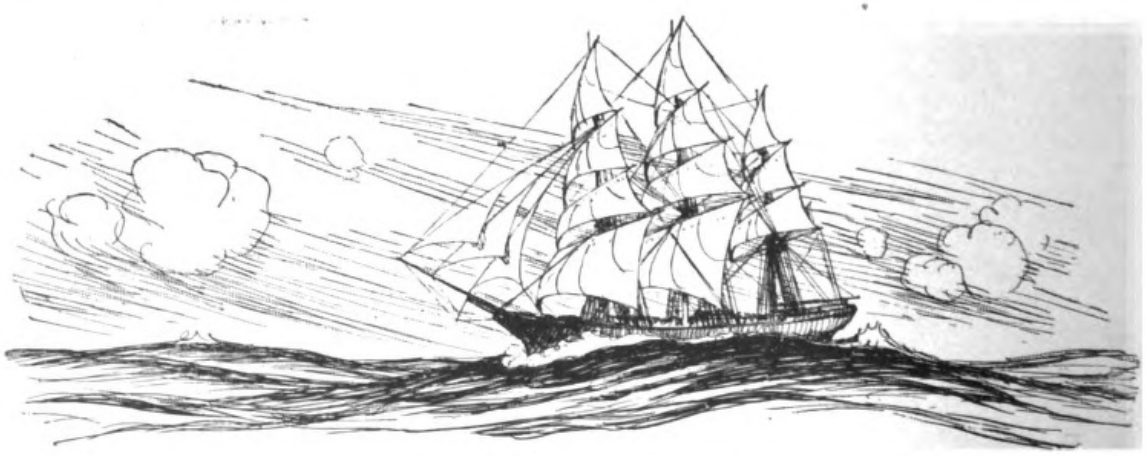
Solo : Leave her, Johnny, leave her,—
Chorus : Leave her, Johnny ! (Pull or heave. These three words are sung sadly.)
Solo : Now we'll sing you a farewell song,—
Chorus : Leave her, Johnny, leave her ! (Pull or heave. Sung with more gusto.)

Solo : Leave her, Johnny, leave her,—
Chorus : Leave her, Johnny !
Solo : Pack your bags and go on shore,—
Chorus : For it's time for us to leave her !

Solo : Leave her, Johnny leave her,—
Chorus : Leave her, Johnny !
Solo : For the grub was bad and the wages low,—
Chorus : So it's time for us to leave her !

Solo : Leave her, Johnny, leave her,—
Chorus : Leave her, Johnny !
Solo : For the Mate is a devil, and the " old man " 's worse,—
Chorus : So it's time for us to leave her !

So, having sailed the world around, we, now with our bags packed, bid her good-bye —knowing her to be as good as many and better than some. And as we go ashore it may be that we rather regretfully picture the day when an old negro sat and fiddled to the " chanty "-singers, as the ship, almost smelling of the perfumes and the romance of the East, was warped to moorings in a home-port.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

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The Discovery

By

AUSTIN PHILIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

I.

"TWENTY-FOUR pounds eleven shillings and ninepence, Mary! It's perfectly ghastly. Twenty-four-odd pounds!"

Mrs. Parkyn nodded. Her blue-grey eyes were grave; her strong, resolute, firm but not obstinate mouth was shut closely. She rose slowly, crossed the room, and drew the blue curtains, which, like the blue carpet, went so well with the old, much-polished furniture and the brass candlesticks and the brown paper and the oak-framed pictures on the walls. Then, tall, handsome, stately, and deliberate of movement, she came back to the fireplace, put a foot upon the fender, and looked down into the empty grate. There was a prolonged silence. Mrs. Parkyn did not break it. But presently she lifted her eyes to her husband's anxious face.

It seemed that he took the action as a hint to continue. He spoke immediately, not now fretfully, but with resignation in his tone.

"We must face facts," he said, slowly. "We simply cannot go on. This house—everything—isn't paying. The whole practice isn't worth two hundred a year!"

His wife nodded. She could oppose no answer; there seemed, indeed, none save agreement to give. She asked, therefore, a question instead.

"What do you propose to do?"

"What *can* we do? We must go—while we have money to move. Otherwise we shall eat up our—your—last hundreds; and we shall have a forced sale."

Two years before George Parkyn had put up his plate at Rutherford, that tiny spa with its brine baths to which rheumatic people go. And in those two years, though he had on his books some club and insurance patients and a few tradespeople, he had gained no headway where headway really mattered—that is to say, in the four great hotels. And he had no chance of gaining it. The doors were banged in his face. For the four other Rutherford doctors dined with the managers. The spa was a little "ring."

"Mary," he began again, "we are spending your capital at the rate of at least ten pounds a month. Out of the original eight hundred, what with—with earlier expenses, and with moving here and buying the so-called nucleus, there is only two hundred and twenty left. It is better to shut down, and to save something from the wreck."

"In the middle of the season, George? Wait for another three months! I heard only yesterday that the hotels were nearly full!"

"The hotels? Yes, I know they are. That's the cursed mockery of it all. There are a hundred and fifty at the Woolpack alone. Except for two or three patients who have come to me with introductions, I haven't been inside it these two years. Walton recommends Floyd and Mason to everybody, and even Dartner and Simpson hardly get a look in. But that's understood; they've got the Fleur de Lis and the Eagle solid. The whole place is a gang. I might work myself to a skeleton, and nothing would come of it, and *you've* tried hard enough. I tell you, Mary, it's impossible."

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He stopped, breathless and hopeless. Still his wife did not speak.

"Mary," he said again, "you *do* agree with me, of course?"

Mrs. Parkyn raised her head now. She had strong and well-marked features. They would have been too strong but for her warm and kind eyes. There was determination mixed with motherliness in her expression. She had no children; the mothering instinct seemed to have but one outlet—in tenderness for the man at her side.

"Yes, George," she answered, slowly, "I do agree with you—in the main. But I repeat that you ought to stay on for a while."

"For how long?"

"Till the end of the season, at any rate. That is, for another three months. It is a pity to lose more money, but we *must* give the practice every chance. Otherwise we should be cowards who ran away in the thick of the fight."

George Parkyn nodded. A sudden light—the outward and visible sign of the spiritual stimulus which she had given him—illuminated his long, thin face. He drew himself up, as if inspired with some new strength and courage, squared his broad, lean, slightly-stooping shoulders, and went out to a case in a mean street. Mrs. Parkyn dropped into a chair by the fireplace as if she were very tired. Force and stimulus—even spiritual force and stimulus—must come from somewhere. And the giver loses, sometimes, the vitality which the recipient gains.

She lay back with closed eyes for ten minutes; then she sat up, leaned forward, put her elbow on the padded chair-arm, and set her chin in her hand. As she sat there she had an aspect regal, imperial; almost that of Mrs. Siddons in her portrait as the Tragic Muse. Her husband must not, should not, be defeated—now that she had brought him through and far upon his way.

Brought him through? Yes; for he had not always been what he was at this moment: a clean-living, temperate, and—as far as opportunity allowed him—a thoroughly hard-working man. Once—for many years—he had been a slave to that terrible vice to which doctors sometimes fall victim; he had been in the habit of taking drugs.

He had been at Oxford for two years before going to St. Bartholomew's; he had been the most brilliant of students; had seemed hall-marked for a first-class degree. But, in his final term, overworked and in need of stimulus, he had started the drug habit with the result that he failed to do himself justice and took only a moderate degree. The disappointment induced him to more indulgence; he became each day a greater slave; restless and unable to settle long in any place, he sailed as ship's doctor—and remained one, as long as he could find employment; this, indeed, easy at the beginning, became each year more difficult: he was known and presently blacklisted by every line of reputation as one who stole cocaine and morphia from every medicine-chest on every ship on which he sailed. At last one captain, starker than his fellows, landed Parkyn at Plymouth with five pounds in his pocket, the balance of his salary; all that he could claim.

So Parkyn was stranded with a cabin-trunk and a suit-case, and just that five pounds in the world. He had exhausted his friends some time back. His relatives he had not seen for years.

He displayed resource—after his own fashion; he took the cabin-trunk to a pawnbroker and—there were dress-clothes and uniforms in it—he raised another five pounds. Then he took train to a village between Falmouth and the Helford River, found quarters in a fisherman's cottage, and, having no drugs available, sat steadily down to drink. In six weeks he was in the gutter, living on the charity of the fisherman who, after the initial fortnight, he had never even paid. It was out of the gutter—he had been drunk there one evening—that Mrs. Parkyn had lifted him and had set him on his feet.

She was then about thirty; she was stopping in the village, taking care of an old lady who was wealthy, healthy, and exceedingly loath to die. Nurse Warton's work was easy—almost a matter of form. She had a passion for industry and small outlet for her energy. So she set herself to redeem this man.

She succeeded. She had great force, and, though she was exceedingly feminine, her extreme strength of character led men to regard her with admiration rather than with affection; she had had many friends, yet had never been known to have a lover, and her heart, big, kindly, passionate, and maternal, seemed to go out to the man she had saved. Half from love, half from fear that he might relapse into drug-taking, needing her help sorely, he asked her to become his wife. She accepted him. A period of probation began.

She went back to her hospital at Birmingham; he obtained stray jobs as *locum* in that town and in the neighbouring country-side. He saved a little money; she had a small

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legacy; they looked round for a practice and found what they wanted—that is to say, a hundred and fifty pounds bought a promising nucleus at Rutherford, a little spa. On paper it was worth three hundred—with chances of quadrupling, for the spa was on the way to prosperity and its doctors were doing well. Actually the practice was almost worthless—and there was nothing whatever ahead.

Not without reason did the woman who had remade him sit staring into the empty grate. She had achieved much; she had done, indeed, all that was humanly possible; but she could not master Fate. And she was afraid—desperately afraid—that, in the hour of defeat and under the heel of misfortune, her husband might relapse into his ancient ways.

II.

A MAN came out of the Brine Baths—a man with a heavy face and groom-like whiskers—and got into a magnificent car; he was Floyd, one of the local doctors who had practised long at Rutherford; he was an incompetent and a humbug, but he had a permanent smile and a beautiful bedside manner, and with his women patients a faintly flirtatious manner which kept many of them fluttered and pleased. As his car started, he passed a man riding a bicycle, and he nodded most amiably, though with condescension in his kindness and contempt in the wave of his hand. And his car swung off to the country, to the house of a millionaire.

The man on the cycle turned the corner, passed the Brine Baths and the big hotel opposite, and began to climb the hill. It was steep, but he rode rapidly, as one who flies from care. He was Parkyn. A month had passed since he had talked with his wife about leaving, and things had not improved.

He reached his house, wheeled his machine into the garden, and went in at the front door. In the pleasant dining-room, furnished no less pleasantly than the drawing-room, he sat down without a word. He answered his wife with monosyllables. But she did not reproach him—because she understood.

The meal ended. He went to his study, to read for an hour or two, since, alas, there was nothing to do. He had hardly settled himself when the maid entered.

"A gentleman has called to see you, sir. I showed him into the drawing-room."

"Quite right, Rachel, thank you. I will come along at once."

The maid went out. The door closed upon her. But Parkyn did not move. He had that sudden feeling of fear common to those men who are intelligent, sensitive, and worried, and to whom the unknown good is often more terrifying than the known bad.

He rose, crossed the hall, and entered the drawing-room. A man advanced to meet him, extending his right hand.

"Doctor Parkyn, I presume? I am glad to make your acquaintance. I have come to consult you about my rheumatism—as a matter of precaution, more than anything else. I picked you out because I see you were at Trinity, Oxford—as I was myself."

Parkyn nodded, then spoke a little breathlessly; he was flattered and agreeably surprised. He regarded the distinguished, pear-shaped head of his visitor, who wore a moustache and a short peaked beard. The face seemed familiar to him. Almost he had placed it, *would* have placed it, but for the strange and distracting sensation which he had received from the visitor's hand.

The visitor began to speak to him before he had recovered from the shock.

"It is hereditary rather than immediate trouble which brings me to Rutherford. My living happens to lie in my right hand. My mother, whose constitution I inherit, suffered acutely in middle age from rheumatism in the wrist and forearm, and a slight chill warned me to take precautionary measures in time."

"Quite so, quite so." Parkyn showed genuine interest. "And the pain continues now?"

"No; fortunately I am free from it. But I thought it might recur. So I took advantage of a fortnight's holiday to come down and take the baths."

Parkyn hesitated. He looked carefully at the patient, who seemed to be a man of unusual robustness, in the very prime of life. But appearances are deceptive, and Parkyn—as Mrs. Parkyn had remade him—was anything but a fool.

"I should like to ask you some questions," he answered. "Excuse me one moment. I will be back again at once."

He hurried out to his surgery, returned again, made a careful examination, put a number of questions, and took a turn or two across the room. Then he turned back again and met his patient's steady eyes.

"To be quite frank with you," he said, "I do not see any signs of permanent trouble or rheumatism in the system. Indeed, I feel sure that the pain in the wrist and forearm was purely local and fugitive, the result of a passing chill. I do not even think that a course of hot immersions would benefit you.

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They are apt to cause a certain temporary lethargy and slackness, and their benefit, although profound in serious cases, is often preceded by a depression which it seems needless, in your case, to incur. I should advise you to take the tepid swimming-bath daily for a week or two, followed by what we call 'the pack'—that is to say, the lying in specially heated towels that the salt may absorb into the skin. I should advise plenty of fresh air—the swimming-baths are very stimulating—and a perfectly normal course of food. Come and see me again when you feel inclined to, and let me know how you are going on!"

The patient nodded. His fine eyes were still fixed steadily upon the doctor's face. Parkyn had, very definitely, the feeling that he dealt with a man who, whatever his profession, stood right at the top of it, and was out of the common ruck. He took out his appointment book. The patient understood.

"My name is Wearne," he said. "I am staying at the Woolpack Hotel."

Parkyn started, could hardly believe his senses, then realized where and when he had seen the man before.

"Not the surgeon!" he cried. "Yes, you must be Sir Godfrey, of course!"

The patient nodded again, and smiled as he walked to the door.

"Yes, that is my name. Thank you; I am very pleased with your diagnosis. I will come and see you again in a few days."

He went out as he answered. Parkyn escorted him to the front door, watched him pass into the roadway, and hurried back along the hall. He went into the study. It was empty. He sought the dining-room. There was no one in it. He ran to the foot of the stairs.

"Mary!" he called. "Mary, I want to speak to you! Are you in your room?"

"Yes." His wife's voice answered him from the bedroom which faced the roadway. "Yes, I will come down at once."

As she did not descend immediately, Parkyn went into his study and began to stride about. He was excited by the visit, pleased at the compliment which it involved, and, as his wife entered, he put his pleasure into words.

"Mary," he cried, "who do you think has come to consult me? No one less than Sir Godfrey Wearne, the fashionable surgeon—the man who operates so much on Royalty, and who was knighted the other day. It is gratifying—very gratifying—that he should have chosen me. I could wish his case were more serious so that it might be known that he is my patient, and that I could visit him at his hotel!"

Mrs. Parkyn did not answer. She had walked across to a window, and was setting straight one of the blinds. Her husband spoke again—eagerly; anxious to hear her views.

"I suppose it won't do me any good," he said. "It's too late—too late in the day. He isn't ill enough—and it isn't as if this had happened in my first year!"

His wife turned and faced him. It was apparent that the unforeseen visit of the great surgeon had excited her, for her cheeks were quite flushed.

"My dear," she answered—her voice was noticeably breathless—"it is impossible to say what may come out of such a chance as this. It may do you good—and it may pass quite unnoticed. We can only hope for the best!"

III.

THE local bank in small towns in the provinces is the gossip-centre of the community. Boyds at Rutherford was no exception; the cashier—a little, withered, wizened, disappointed man who had failed to be made a manager—was the sieve through which news passed. Parkyn did not bank there; his account was at the head office in Birmingham, but he had occasion, on the morning following the great surgeon's visit, to go in to cash a cheque. Mrs. Parkyn was with him. She was about to shop in town.

The matter of the cheque was settled; the Parkyns turned to go. But the cashier, who, full of pettiness and bitterness, solaced himself by stabbing others—detained them with a sign. He leaned across the counter and thrust forward his evil face.

"Have you heard the news?" His green eyes twinkled cruelly. "Do you know who's stopping in the town?"

Parkyn smiled. He knew the cashier and the cashier's weakness, and though he might have crushed the little reptile with a sentence he left the words unsaid.

"Who *is* stopping here?" he asked, politely. "Anyone likely to do the town good?"

"I should think so. Sir Godfrey Wearne, the great surgeon, is at the Woolpack. Isn't it a splendid 'ad.'? And"—the bitter voice grew more bitter and the yellow eyes glittered—"it will be another feather in Floyd's or Mason's cap. Sir Godfrey's in the bank at this moment talking to the manager about getting his cheques cashed, and——"

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The cashier ceased abruptly. An inner door had opened; footsteps were audible; voices came more near. Then the door which led from the counter to the manager's room was opened, and the manager bowed his visitor out.

"Good morning, Sir Godfrey," he said. "All is now in order. We shall have the greatest possible pleasure in cashing your cheques!"

The great surgeon bowed in answer and began to cross the tiled flooring towards the outer doors of the bank. Suddenly he stopped, smiled, looked genuinely delighted, and put out a welcoming hand.

"Why, it's Dr. Parkyn!" he said, genially. "I'm glad to see you once more. I've just had a swim. I am sure you advised me rightly. I enjoyed it so very much!"

There was a second of silence. In it Parkyn took the hand of the surgeon, the cashier winced visibly, the ledger clerk gasped audibly, the spectacled manager opened wide eyes which looked like gig-lamps, and the junior dropped his pen.

Parkyn made a half-turn.

"My dear," he said, "I want to introduce Sir Godfrey Wearne. He has come to me for treatment while here."

Sir Godfrey bowed to Mrs. Parkyn; Mrs. Parkyn bowed also; the great man uttered some commonplace and began to praise the baths.

"They tell me the country round is very beautiful," he said, presently. "And I hear that half-timbered houses abound. It is so much nicer to be shown the best places than to waste time in hunting for them—and I wonder, Mrs. Parkyn, if I called at your house after lunch to-morrow, whether you and your husband could find time to come for a drive?"

"I shall be delighted. Thank you so very much. And you, George, you must somehow manage to come. By the way, it is market morning—and I have all my shopping to get done!"

She turned away. The great surgeon forestalled her, held open one of the doors for her to pass out. He followed leisurely with her husband. Upon them the doors swung and closed. The cashier, the manager, the ledger clerk, and the junior looked at each other with all their eyes. And the cashier, whose brain moved quickest, was the first of them to speak.

"What a smack in the eye for the Woolpack crowd and for Floyd and Mason! I'll be——"

He stopped—and with excellent reason; he wanted no black marks. It did not do to use even the most harmless expletive before the manager, who was a man of prodigious piety, a mighty pillar of the kirk.

IV.

ALL things that happen in Boyds Bank at Rutherford are common property in no time; the hotel managers bringing in their previous day's takings, a churchwarden calling to pay in the collection money, the vicar running in to fix up a golf match, each heard that the great surgeon had consulted Parkyn; the news went across to the doctors' wives listening to the band in the reading-rooms; it was heard by visitors as well. It got carried into the hydro; the attendants—specialists in gossip—told it to fifty patients, lying prostrate in the brine. After lunch next day, a dozen people, waiting for the omnibus to Murchester, saw the Parkyns in a splendid car. Mrs. Parkyn sat beside Sir Godfrey, who was at the wheel himself.

And one of the nurses, come to summon a patient from the Brine Baths Gardens, which abutted on the roadway, put her frank opinion into words.

"What a handsome woman Mrs. Parkyn is! And how good and distinguished she looks!"

All who heard her agreed with her, though no one had said so before. It is only human, intensely human, to bow the knee to success.

And Parkyn, barring accidents, was made. All those at the Woolpack who could scrape acquaintance with the famous specialist asked him who was the best doctor in the place. Sir Godfrey, very naturally, did not utter anything depreciatory concerning Floyd and Mason, or Simpson and Dartner; he merely shrugged his distinguished shoulders, saying, "I consult Dr. Parkyn myself." It was sufficient. Those who swore by the other doctors wavered in their allegiance. Those who were new-comers, susceptible to the atmosphere, threw over the recommendations of their home medical men, and went to Parkyn, salving their consciences by saying to themselves, and others, "So clever, you know, my dear. He looks after Sir Godfrey Wearne. And his wife—such a distinguished woman. What, haven't you seen her? Oh, Sir Godfrey takes her out almost every afternoon in his car!"

V.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Lady Fraser. Thank you so much, Sir Godfrey; I've enjoyed myself immensely. What, you'll walk up the hill with us? Yes, it is a glorious night!"

Mrs. Parkyn finished speaking. Sir Godfrey

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"THANK YOU SO MUCH, SIR GODFREY; I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF IMMENSELY. WHAT, YOU'LL WALK UP THE HILL WITH US?"

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Wearne helped her on with her cloak. They were in the immense corridor-lounge of the Woolpack. It was crowded, for the season was now at its height. There were people in the hall as they passed through it. There was a whisper, which Parkyn heard. Many people were in the grounds, too, as they passed down the drive to the roadway. Mrs. Parkyn looked magnificently radiant; Parkyn, in all but one respect, was the happiest man in the world. Everything was altered. He was no longer an interloper; he had made good; and his star shone bright.

They walked slowly up the hill in the moonlight. Outside the gate of their house, on a bank above the roadway, Sir Godfrey said "Good night!"

"It's good-bye, too," he added. "Thank you for looking after me so well. Good-bye, Mrs. Parkyn; I hope it may be '*Au revoir*.' Thank you, too, for coming out so often in the car with me. If it hadn't been for your guidance I should have missed half the best spots. Remember, when you or your husband come to London, you must be sure and let me know!"

He turned, turned again, waved, and, full of vitality—for he was barely fifty—he hurried down the hill. The Parkyns went into the house and sat down in the study to talk.

Parkyn's face was ecstatic. Care was gone from him; he held himself differently; he seemed altogether another man. He had an added reason for pleasure—not a nice one, but the reason was part of the man. He was intensely jealous. Sir Godfrey, who had saved him, had been most attentive to Mrs. Parkyn. They had gone out alone quite often, and had become the greatest friends. Now this was over, and only the pleasant side remained. So, at heart very jealous, but despite his jealousy grateful, he gave the great doctor praise.

"What a splendid fellow he is," he said, presently. "And what a difference it makes. Why, this last fortnight, what with the hotels and the boarding-houses, I have netted a hundred pounds. He has recommended me everywhere. He is the kindest man I have met."

Mrs. Parkyn gave an inclination of the head.

"Yes, he's a good man," she answered. "He has a really large heart."

She spoke with such calm, yet with such overwhelming, certainty that her husband looked up in surprise.

"Why," he said, half smiling, yet half suspicious, "you speak as if you had known him for years!"

"Yes, perhaps I *do* speak of him as if I really knew him. He is so direct and so transparent that I think I really do!"

VI.

It is the initial step which counts always, provided that the man who takes it is determined not to slip back. Parkyn's reputation increased steadily; people who usually went to Germany in September came to Rutherford, bringing letters of recommendation or oral advice from their friends. The town was crammed to overflowing. He made in a single month more money than he had made hitherto in a year. The season prolonged itself into October. And still his luck held on.

He was happy as he had never been happy. He adored and worshipped his wife as, though an uxorious man always, he had never adored or worshipped her before. Their positions seemed reversed nowadays; it was no longer she who mothered him, but he who looked after her. "I owe you everything—everything," he would tell her, and would refuse, with absolute honesty, to admit that he owed anything to himself. He insisted upon buying her new frocks, new books, new ornaments, and bringing home expensive flowers. He aimed at making their domestic life a perpetual festival. It was his way of paying his debt. There was a solitary cloud on the horizon. Mrs. Parkyn was a little ill.

One day her husband noticed it. And, though he dared not himself take a holiday, he screwed himself up, against all his inclinations, to the point of sending her away.

"You want a change, dearest," he said. "You are looking jaded and run down. Why not have a fortnight at the sea?"

Mrs. Parkyn hesitated. She seemed to be turning things over in her mind. It was some time before she made reply.

"Perhaps you are right," she answered, presently. "I do feel rather run down. Possibly it is the reaction after our struggle, and the excitement of making good. I will write to my sister at Scarborough and see if she can put me up!"

A week later she started. Parkyn saw her off at the station; he put her into a first-class carriage, and heaped on her new books and flowers. In her absence he suffered greatly. But he still had heaps of work. And he consoled himself by thinking of the good which she would gain from the holiday and reminded himself how small a sacrifice he was making compared with what she had done for him. In a moment of exaltation he wrote and urged her to stay away for a

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"'YOU WANT A CHANGE, DEAREST,' HE SAID. 'YOU ARE LOOKING JADED AND RUN DOWN. WHY NOT HAVE A FORTNIGHT AT THE SEA?'"

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further fortnight, making it a favour that she should.

One morning he was forwarding her letters, two days before her return. He noticed one in a handwriting which seemed familiar; it was Wearne's—he had had a pleasant note of thanks from the surgeon in August, and he wondered why he should write now. Perhaps Sir Godfrey was coming down for the week-end? Perhaps it was to ask Mary to call on some friend of his who was staying in, or about to visit, the town? He felt that he had better open it. He ran a knife beneath the flap, read the enclosure, gasped, and read it again.

"MY DEAR MARY,—I am glad—immensely glad—to hear that things progress so satisfactorily; it would be a monstrous shame for a woman of your qualities and appearance to have to go on doing without all the good things which you so richly deserve. I am coming down again next summer to talk over old times with you and to take you for drives in the car. Write to me sometimes, but don't be too horribly grateful. You know I would do anything in the world for you—and always would have done—any time these twenty years. Forgive delay in answering; but I am busy beyond all words! —Yours always, with affection, GODFREY WEARNE."

For a moment Parkyn did not know whether he stood upon his head or his heels; he read the letter a dozen times again. From the mist of bewilderment and the fog of suspicion one thing stood out clear.

His wife and Wearne had known each other for twenty years past; they were old acquaintances, old friends, old——

Anything was possible. She had deceived him shamelessly; she had schemed behind his back. As a last resource, to prevent him from giving up the practice, she had arranged for this man to come down. The burying of a live personality in a town like Rutherford explained itself; so did the "slight rheumatism" which left Wearne so free to move about. So did the cheque—which he had insisted on sending for attendance; the cause of that was plain. Thank Heaven, he could afford to send back the money—if need be, ten times as much. And——

He stopped. He went red all over and trembled from head to foot. He had remembered to whom he owed all his prosperity. The thought of it turned him sick.

Like so many men who have one great weakness—and only one—he was at heart a rigid Puritan; the idea that he owed his security and his future to a man who had a secret understanding with the wife to whom he was devoted, maddened him past all words. What was her hold over the great surgeon? What tie bound them together? What dark secret did they share? What had been her past? She was so secretive—upon that subject; and he was so jealous a man. Had they——? It was only too probable. For he guessed that she had been a probationer at St. Bartholomew's when Wearne was house surgeon, or at the close of his student days.

He strode up and down the dining-room restlessly, savagely, for an hour.

Though he had now given up the drug habit for five years past, his nerves, which were calm enough in ordinary circumstances, were none too good under stress; and at this moment, since he was all to pieces, he did a wild, impulsive thing. He rushed out of the house, bareheaded, and ran down to the post-office below the baths.

He snatched up a telegraph form and wrote:—

"Come home. I want to see you at once!"

He went to the counter, pushed the paper forward, then suddenly thrust his fingers to their utmost limit under the wire netting and managed to pull it back. The clerk stared at him. He explained in a breathless voice.

"I've changed my mind. It's all right, thank you. I'm not going to send it now!"

He hurried out. He had realized that if he meant to get to the bottom of things, as he intended, he must wait. But it would be desperately hard.

He waited, waited in anguish; he had been devilishly, infamously deceived. Every hour his suspicion grew greater. Almost he broke open the little old-fashioned davenport writing-table in his wife's bedroom, where she kept private papers which she had never let him see. But he refrained. Pride restrained him; he would compel her to open it herself.

He did not sleep that night, though he snatched an hour or two of feverish slumber the following afternoon. Night came again, and with it a terrible temptation, the craving, as of old, for drugs. They were in the house—in his little portable leather medicine-case in the study; he was mad for consoling cocaine. He wrestled with himself and conquered, at the price of immense physical exhaustion, by going out and walking in the lanes, at top speed and bareheaded, with fingers digging into palms.

The day passed. He did not go home at

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one-thirty, but sought the Woolpack for lunch. He was afraid to sit opposite to the empty chair of the woman who had deceived him, and afraid of the medicine-case still more. He went a round of country visits on his bicycle, took tea at a cottage, and reached the station at half-past five. The train, due three minutes later, was on the stroke of time.

His wife descended from her compartment. She had benefited by the holiday enormously. She looked radiant, rejuvenated, better than for many years. He greeted her with a show of affection which hid increased suspicion, and to her good looks and vitality he assigned the worst possible cause. She had come *viâ* Birmingham, ostensibly from Scarborough. But from Rutherford one went to London *viâ* Birmingham as well. She had been, doubtless, somewhere to see Wearne.

But as yet he said nothing. He was going to wait and to unmask his batteries at his own chosen time. He put her into a cab and drove with her up the hill.

"How's the practice?" she asked. "Are things going well?"

"Quite well," he answered, between clenched teeth and in a dull, expressionless voice.

Mrs. Parkyn started. Then she put her hand into his hand, which gave no pressure in return.

"George," she said, "you don't seem very pleased to see me!"

He did not answer. Now in her voice there was fear.

"George, dearest, what have I done?"

He still was silent. She looked at him, saw his set lips, and understood. She sat staring miserably before her. Once or twice he glanced in her direction. She was trembling and very pale.

The fly reached the house. He got out, helped her—formally—to alight, paid the driver, and followed her up the steps. She crossed the hall, and had begun to ascend the staircase. He recalled her.

"The study," he said; "come into the study, Mary. I wish to speak to you—now."

She turned, faced him, hesitated, and did as he asked. She sat down in a wicker chair. He, too, sat down—at his desk. That was because he dared not stand on the hearthrug. His limbs were shaking with visible excitement, and with passion which he could not hide. But he fired the first shot in this duel of anguish in which he was trying his utmost to kill the thing he loved.

"Mary," he began—his fingers, all unknown to him, were drumming on the desk top—"I opened a letter addressed to you two mornings ago. I thought it might be something affecting the practice, and requiring attention at once. You can guess who it was from."

"Sir Godfrey Wearne?"

"Yes, Mary. I have it here. It proves that you have deceived me infamously. Is it, or is it not, true that you have known him for twenty years?"

"It is true."

"What were your relations?"

"We were friends."

"Friends! You were more than that. Otherwise you would not have lied to me, and concealed your friendship and pretended to have met here for the first time!"

"You made me. You are jealous; desperately jealous; and though I saw a chance of his helping you if I asked him, you might—you *would*—have been suspicious, and have taken it all amiss. Even as it was, you suffered horribly when he paid me a little attention, and took me out in his car."

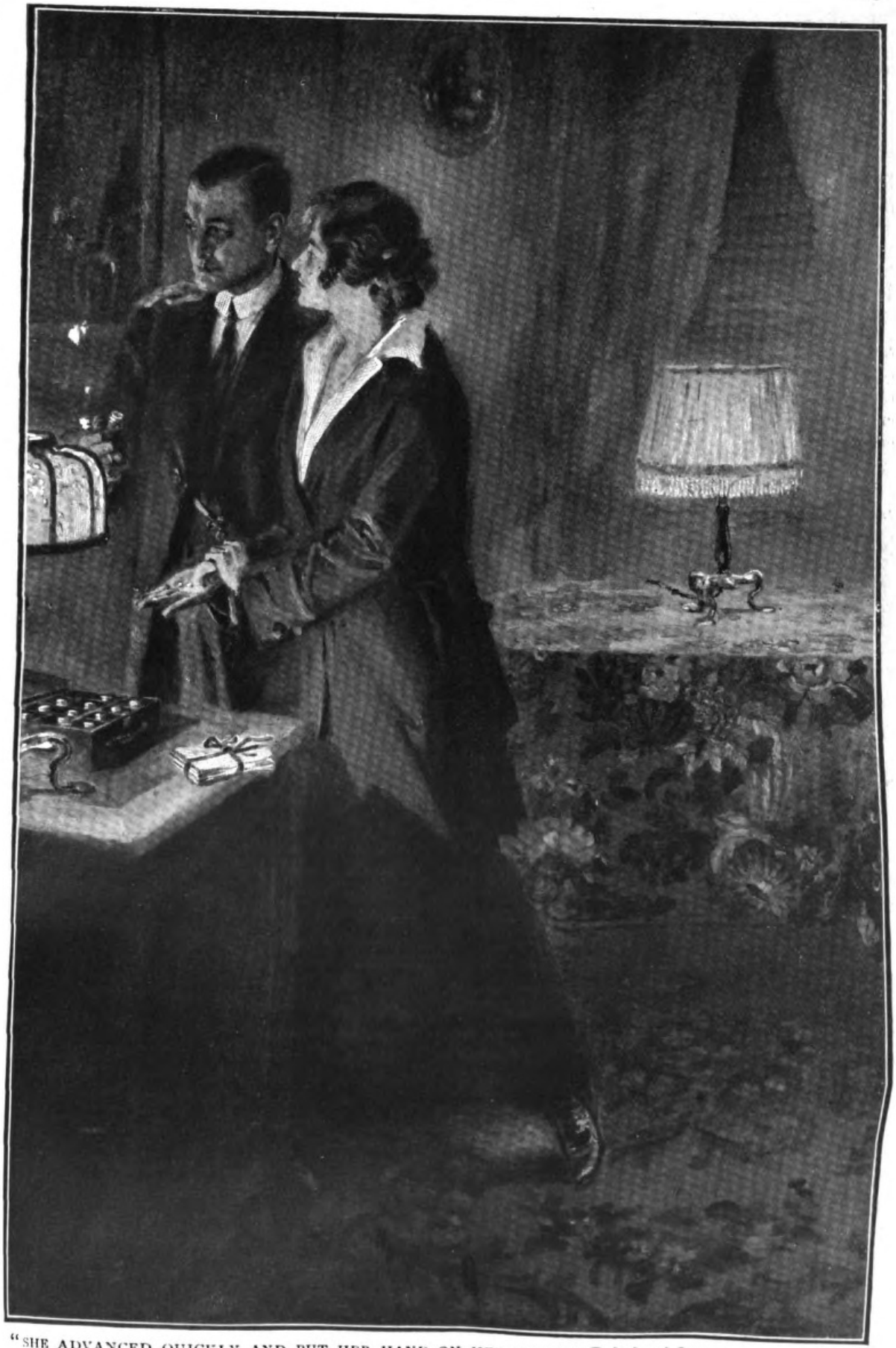
Parkyn looked at her steadily. He half believed her, but only half. And, with his peculiar temperament, he took a fierce joy in hurting himself by trying to think the worst.

"I don't believe you," he said, fiercely. "You are lying. This man was your lover. Perhaps he still is. How do I know you haven't been to see him? I suppose his other letters are in that writing-table upstairs!"

His wife jumped up. She came a step forward as if to implore him, then as suddenly she turned away. She went out. The door closed after her. Parkyn, who had come half across the room as he taunted her, stood in the centre of the carpet, the most miserable man in the world. What was she going to do? Was she going to leave him? Was she going to London—to Wearne? He realized his helplessness without her. He adored her. His whole point of view became different. He was prepared to accept the past if she would give him the present. He was ready to forgive her all. But would she let him? And could he ask her? He was proud and abnormally sensitive. It seemed impossible, utterly impossible, to humble himself so much.

For several minutes he stood astride the hearthrug, feet firmly planted, head bent upon his breast. Then—something had given way within him—he took three steps across the floor.

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"SHE ADVANCED QUICKLY AND PUT HER HAND ON HER HUSBAND'S WRIST. 'THANK GOD,' SHE SAID, SOFTLY. 'OH, THANK GOD!'"

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On his desk was his little leather medicine-case. He opened it. A dozen bottles stood disclosed. One of them contained morphia in tablet form.

He withdrew it, put his left hand on the stopper, and paused. But not to resist. He paused merely to indulge in fierce self-congratulation, in wild contemplation of his lapse. Because he knew now that this indulgence, once resumed, would not be temporary, and that he had no more the spur of affection which had helped him to abandon it, over five years ago. He knew, too, that all the ground gained would go from under him, that his wife's years of effort would be in vain. It was that knowledge which, in his extravagant jealousy, made him hunger for the tablets; he had as yet—it would be different when he felt its effect upon him—no real craving for the drug.

He laughed—horribly, bitterly—drew out the little stopper, tipped up the bottle, and dropped two tablets into his left palm. He closed it momentarily, replaced the stopper, and put the bottle back in the case. Then he opened his fingers and lifted his palm towards his mouth.

But he stopped. His fingers closed again. And for an excellent reason. The door had opened, and his wife was in the room. She closed the door after her and advanced towards him. She had a packet of letters in her hand. But these, though important, had second place temporarily. She advanced quickly and put her hand on her husband's wrist. And—he seemed to go back in one second to his humility of five years ago—he obediently opened his palm.

"Thank God," said Mrs. Parkyn, softly. "Oh, thank God!"

She took the two tablets, walked to the window, and threw them into the street. Then she came back and held out before her the packet of letters, tied with a ribbon of silk.

"George," she began, "I have here all the letters Sir Godfrey ever wrote to me. I have taken them from the—from that davenport writing-table in my room. And you can read them, every word!"

She held out the packet. But Parkyn waved it away. He was ashamed—but suspicious still.

And Mrs. Parkyn, who knew him so thoroughly, perfectly understood.

"George," she said, "I am going to tell you something, though the secret is not mine alone. It concerns Sir Godfrey's wife."

"His wife!"

"Yes. She was a fellow-probationer with me at Bart.'s. Sir Godfrey, who was house-surgeon, loved her passionately, though she was a silly little woman, not worthy of the love of such a man. Perhaps that was what made him love her. Anyhow, she refused him repeatedly, and he came to me for help. He knew that I could influence her, and I did. They were married—secretly. His people were ambitious for him, and would have ceased to help him at a critical moment in his career had they known of it. And she died within a year. Her baby died at the same time!"

Mrs. Parkyn stopped. Her husband's manner had altered, and she could see that he implicitly believed. She took out the top letter from the bundle, and pushed it into his hand.

"That is the letter he wrote to me when Ethel Winter consented to marry him," she added. "Read it. You *must* read it. I insist."

Parkyn obeyed. The letter was of a few lines only. But those lines came from the heart.

"MY DEAR MARY,—It's all right. She's promised to marry me. I'm the happiest man in the world. And it's your doing, all of it. I owe everything to you. Remember, if ever I can help you, Mary, you have only got to ask!"

Parkyn folded the letter, and held it out in silence. His wife took it, and their eyes met. His were humble, imploring forgiveness; hers were tender and proud.

And suddenly she held out her arms.

Parkyn stood irresolute. Then, with an impulse, he came forward across the room. Her arms went round him, and, as she kissed him, she said this, in her rich, low tones:—

"You poor old thing! You've been terribly stupid. You mustn't go on thinking you're the only man that I've helped."

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MY WIFE AND I.

By FRED TERRY.

THE fear of appearing egotistical naturally creates a feeling of diffidence when one is asked for a personal autobiographical sketch. It would seem, however, according to various courteous and clever publishers I have met, that it is the duty of those in whom the public take a more or less kindly interest to place on record something about their lives. If it is any return for my indebtedness to the public, I gladly obey, though I fear there is little of striking interest to chronicle of the years which have passed since Sir Squire Bancroft paid me my first guinea for acting.

I remember I felt at the time that I ought to pay him something—a sort of apprenticeship fee—for allowing me to appear with his company. For I had no experience. True, I was a Terry. My knowledge of the theatre, however, was very limited, having been educated with a view to business. But it is scarcely surprising, in view of the fact that I was the son of a father who "lived for the stage," and who adored Edmund Kean as the greatest of actors, and a mother who shared his histrionic enthusiasm and ability, that my ambitions were centred on the theatre.

And I have to thank Sir Squire Bancroft for literally pushing me on to the stage. After I returned from my schooling in France, I seemed destined for a commercial career. Anything suitable, however, seemed difficult to get, or maybe I was lacking in energy at the time; and when Sir Squire Bancroft, who saw me one day at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre in Tottenham Court Road, where I was waiting for my sister Marion, who was rehearsing in "Money," asked me how I was getting on, I had to confess that I was not getting on at all.

"Have you got a dress-suit?" he then surprised me by asking.

I said, "Yes."

"Well, bring it along, and walk on as one of the club members in 'Money.' I will give you a guinea a week."

"But," I protested, "I don't know anything about the business, and should certainly not be worth a guinea a week. I should like to walk on for nothing for the experience."

"Certainly not," was the reply. "A guinea a week, or no engagement. You then become my servant, and will do what I tell you. Otherwise, you might think you can do as you please."

And a guinea a week I duly received for walking on. It was an example which I have since copied, for although my wife and myself often receive letters from people offering to pay for a chance to appear in our companies, we remember the advice and example of my first manager.

I must confess, however, that I did not get beyond the guinea stage for some little time. Indeed, my earning capacity grew less when shortly afterwards—this was in the autumn of 1880—I joined dear old Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale, to whom I owe so much, for they only paid me one pound a week. After a little while, however, I thought I was worth more, and asked for a rise.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes, we'll see," said Mr. Chippendale, and with that enigmatic utterance I had to be content until the next pay-day, when I felt two small coins in the envelope which was handed to me.

"Eureka! Two pounds," I thought, and visions of luxuries and pleasures flashed through my mind as I hastened to open the little packet. Judge of my disappointment when I found that it contained a sovereign and a shilling only. However, about three months later I was advanced to twenty-five shillings, and felt that at last I was making progress.

My most vivid memories of those early days concern the variety of characters I played. I might mention, by the way, that my first speaking part was as Bertie Fitzurse in "New Men and Old Acres" at a *matinée* at the Crystal Palace with my sister Ellen, and my association with Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale was the commencement of a four years' tour throughout the country, when I played every male character in "Romeo and Juliet" except

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Romeo and the Friar and the old apothecary, all the male parts in "Much Ado About Nothing" except Benedick and the low-comedy characters, all in the "School for Scandal" except Sir Peter, Sir Oliver, and Moses, and practically every part and kind of part from the Black Admiral in a burlesque of "Black Eyed Susan" to Joseph Surface.

I merely mention this in order that some idea may be gathered as to what was required of an actor in the 'eighties. It was splendid



Fred Terry when three and a half years old.



Fred Terry aged five.
Photo. H. Watkins.

groundwork, and without entering into the much-vexed question as to whether the actress and actor of to-day would be better for such varied training with repertoire companies, I certainly think that it laid the foundation to whatever measure of success I may have achieved. To Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale I owe much.

In regard to the value of varied training, my wife agrees with me, although she seems, like Mary Anderson, with whom she made her professional *début* on March 21st, 1888, as Cynisca in "Pygmalion and Galatea" at the Lyceum, to be somewhat pessimistic in regard to the chances for the embryo actor and actress. Mary Anderson always contended that the best advice to give to girls who wanted to go on the stage was "Don't," unless — and she was always careful to add this qualification to the statement—the feeling that you can rise to the top within a very few years is so strong within you that it amounts to a moral certainty. To the girl who wants to show how pretty she is, she would say, "Keep out of it." I cordially agree with this.

I must say, however, that I do not see why anyone, given talent and the necessary perseverance, should not be as successful on the stage as in any other profession. Talent will tell, you know. Influence is helpful to a certain extent, but all the influence in the world would never make an actor or actress of anyone lacking the requisite temperament. I do not see that the stage is more crowded than any other profession. There is always room at the top, that's certain!

My wife and myself are constantly on the look-out for young, fresh talent in the ranks of our own company, and several "walkers-on" with us have finished by playing prominent parts. A girl will, of course, find the life a hard struggle, but hardship, I think, makes good talent.

For my own part, I drudged in my profession, and have had to work unceasingly ever since. Having won a position, it remains with oneself to keep it, and, believe me, your place is easily lost.

As an illustration of the old saying that it is better to rely on one's judgment than on the advice of friends in the choice of one's profession, it may be interesting to recall that when my wife suddenly announced her

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intention of following the advice of Sir W. S. Gilbert, who had seen her at some private theatricals, and abandoned the musical profession for the stage, she was told that she was committing professional suicide. At the time, perhaps, there was some justification for the remark, for after entering the Royal Academy of Music, when she was sixteen, with a view to becoming a pianist, she won several musical honours for singing.

"Why," said her friends, "waste the year you have studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and the honours you have secured, and which will mean so much to you on the concert platform, to enter an overcrowded, underpaid profession?"

She could only reply that she knew she wanted to act, in spite of her visions of Patti and Calvé successes. And thus it came about that she joined the theatrical profession.



Julia Neilson when nine and a half years old.
Photo. Fradelle.

Julia Neilson at fourteen years of age.
Photo. Mondel & Jacob.

Keeping for a moment to biographical details, I see that it was in 1884 that I appeared at the Lyceum as Sebastian in "Twelfth Night," my sister Ellen playing Viola. I only stayed a few weeks with Irving, but they were very pleasant weeks. One of my most amusing recollections of that period was of an incident in which my sister Marion figured. She was understudying the part of Olivia to William Terriss's Thornhill. At rehearsal one day Terriss said to her, "No one could play this part better than your sister Nell, but, as I always tell her, she does miss one great effect. When Olivia says, 'Devil!' she ought to hit me bang in the face."

"Thank you for telling me," said Marion, gratefully.

"It will be much more effective," said Terriss.

It was. When the night came for Marion to play the part, she struck out, and Terriss had to play the rest of the scene *with a handkerchief held to his nose*. Dear Terriss! What an irresponsible man he was. A rare comrade, full of the gaiety of life.

Irving never could be angry with Terriss, not even when he came to rehearsal full of absurd excuses. One day, however, he was so late that it was past a joke, and Sir Henry spoke to him sharply.

"I think you'll be sorry you've spoken to me like this, guv'nor," said Terriss, casting down his eyes.

"Now, no hanky-panky tricks, Terriss."

"Tricks, guv'nor! I think you'll regret having said that when you hear that my poor mother passed away this morning."

And Terriss wept. Irving promptly gave him the day off. A few weeks later Terriss and Irving were looking through the curtain at the audience just before the play began,

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Age 15.
Photo. F. Lériot.

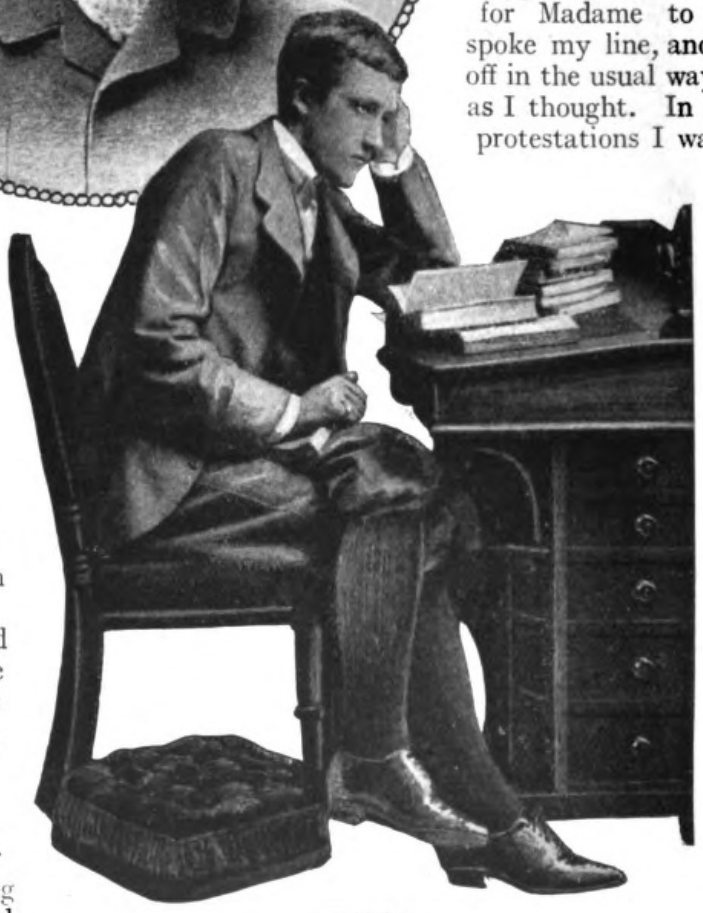
when Terriss said gaily to the "guv'nor," "See that dear old woman sitting in the fourth row of the stalls? That's my old mother."

He forgot he had buried her a month before!

I have often heard it remarked, by the way, that Irving was very exacting, a martinet, and at times unreasonable. I do not think he was. Being a master of his craft, Irving naturally expected the best from every one. But he was not the martinet some people have endeavoured to make him out. He was always considerate in very difficult circumstances.

It was during those early years, when among other parts I played Maynard in the "Corsican Brothers," with my old friend Charles Somerset playing the Brothers, that the most amusing and awkward contretemps of my life occurred. I am, unfortunately, somewhat short-sighted, which sometimes leads to confusion when I am on the stage without my glasses. On this particular occasion the lady—Mme. de Franchi—I had to meet was by no manner of means slight. It will be remembered by those who have seen the play that after speaking the line, "Madame, make yourself comfortable and rest," Maynard proceeds to show Madame de Franchi off through the door.

In those days rehearsals were few and far between, and it so happened that one night the stagemen had put the door on the opposite side. When the time came for Madame to make her exit I spoke my line, and was showing her off in the usual way, through the door as I thought. In spite of Madame's protestations I was forcing her, and actually made her go through what turned out to be a narrow aperture where the scenery had been badly joined together the audience meanwhile being convulsed with laughter, in which we both joined and both nearly got our "notice to quit" for doing so!



Age 16.
Two interesting early portraits of Fred Terry.
Photo. E. J. Passingham.

This incident calls to mind an occurrence one night when we were playing "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," in which figured Scroggs, my wife's pet King Charles spaniel, which, in the character of Charles II., I carry in one or two of the scenes.

Scroggs was quite a clever actor, but on one occasion he exhibited embarrassing individuality. The lines of the play demand that I, as King Charles, should meditate whether I condemned a certain person to death. Scroggs rested on my lap meanwhile. Now, it was customary for someone in the wings to give the spaniel a biscuit after he had

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Julia Neilson as Rosalind.
Photo. Alfred Ellis.

performed his part every evening. My soliloquy on this particular occasion went on and on, and Scroggs kept thinking about that biscuit. At last his feelings overcame him. Leaping from the royal lap, he trotted across the stage to—the fire-grate. Then, to the surprise of the audience, he disappeared from view, presumably climbing the chimney. In reality he simply went behind the back canvas and found the waiting biscuit. This was not all. After satisfying his appetite, and before anybody could stop him, he trotted back to the meditating monarch, again through the fire-grate. The audience roared. It was one of the greatest hits of the evening.

My life for a number of years in the 'eighties ran on in the same groove as that of hundreds of other actors. I varied engagements here by going to America to support Miss Fortescue in such plays as "Moths," "Sweethearts," "Gretchen," "Pygmalion and the Prince," and "King Rene's Daughter." When I returned from the States, I had several offers to go into the provinces, but preferred to remain in London, and gained much experience by playing some thirty new

Julia Neilson in "The Dancing Girl."
Photo, Elliott & Fry.

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parts at various *matinées* at different theatres during the course of a couple of seasons. Then in 1888 came the most important engagement of all in more senses than one, when I began my association with Sir Herbert Tree at the Haymarket, and with whom I remained for nearly five years, taking part in such plays as "A Village Priest," "Comedy and Tragedy," "Called Back," "Peril," "The Dancing Girl," "A Woman of No Importance," and "The Red Lamp." It was in "Comedy and Tragedy," when I played D'Aulnay to her Clarice, that I first met my wife, although it was our association in "The Dancing Girl" which really led to our marriage. I grew so interested in Drusilla Ives, the Quakeress and dancer, to whom I played lover, that we eventually decided to continue enacting the love comedy off the stage.

It was certainly a momentous and fortunate decision, for the collaboration has proved as happy and successful as one could wish. Certainly, I owe much to my wife's help, advice, and encouragement. Someone has since asked me the pertinent question, Should an actor marry an actress? Married collaboration certainly seems to have proved very successful with quite a number of leading lights in the profession. But, of course, everything depends on the selection of partners. It is certainly a more ticklish problem to choose a husband or wife than to choose a play. You can read a play in an hour or so, and satisfy yourself as to its suitability or unsuitability. But it takes a lifetime to properly read the one you choose to share your joys and sorrows.



Fred Terry as Paris in "Romeo and Juliet."
Photo. J. Laing.

Talking of loves and lovers, I really think "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" started a new fashion in stage love-making. In the old love-plays the hero and heroine were always spouting sentiment at the audience. Your stage lover of the old days was never allowed to be human. Present-day audiences, however, do not like too much sentiment from the stage. They like breezy action, thrilling adventures, and, of course, a strong love interest running through the narrative. A popular stage hero at the present time has a spice of devilry in him and a touch of weakness.

"Sweet Nell," however, was an experiment. We were told it was risky to produce historical drama, but we took the risk. Speculation, after all, is the salt of life.

One of my friends actually betted me a suit of clothes that the play would be a failure. I must say, however, that no one was more pleased than himself when he had to buy me that suit of clothes a few weeks later. I have always been convinced that the public loves romance, particularly when it deals with picturesque historical figures. After working all day in the office, a man likes to see on the stage the ideal hero, with the glamour of fine clothes and finer deeds upon him. "This," he says to himself, "is what I would be—if it were not for the office." We all think ourselves potential heroes. Your neighbour would laugh at you if you threatened to draw your sword upon him as the result of a business dispute. He would think it far more reasonable of you to draw a bill of exchange on him. Yet watch him at "The Corsican Brothers," and see how he applauds.

But there are historical romances—and historical romances. Naturally, much depends on the judicious selection of the right play. In reading a play I first of all consider whether

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it is a good play. I then get my wife's opinion of it. Sometimes these tactics are reversed; she reads first of all, and I then give my opinion. Then, having settled between us that it would be advisable to accept the play, we consider if there is a part for both of us or only one of us.

It very often happens—as, for example, in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"—that the parts are about equal, though, of course, Sir Percy gave me an opportunity for displaying half-a-dozen different emotions and four or five characterizations. It isn't often that an actor is provided with a part which permits him to bring tears and laughter, play an old woman, a fop, a rough scoundrel, and a hero on one and the same evening. I realized on hearing the play read to me that it was an opportunity not to be lost. I am very grateful to the public when I think that they appreciate my efforts.



Julia Neilson with her mother and her daughter Phyllis.



Phyllis Neilson-Terry when a baby—with her mother.
Photo. W. & D. Downey.

My affections are equally divided between Charles II. in "Sweet Nell" and Sir Percy Blakeney in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," although I must confess to more than ordinary fondness for Henry of Navarre. The latter part, while it certainly gives me less opportunity for opposing contrasts, is a more heroic character,

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though full of comedy and some pathos. But I am very grateful to one and all of the authors who have given me the opportunities during our management.

Talking of "Henry of Navarre," it is curious how very often an actor puts an entirely different reading to lines to what the author intended, yet both are right. In "Henry of Navarre," Mr. Devereux, the author, said to me, "Of course, my dear Terry, those lines were written as banter, but you have seen in them much more 'drama' than I intended. However, don't alter your reading yet; I'll think it over." Next morning he came to me. "Don't change your reading, old man; I see that not only is your reading permissible, but it greatly strengthens the end of the act." But, there, how difficult it is to judge the effect of a play until after the performance.

"The Scarlet Pimpernel" provides another case in point. The final act of this play was altered as the result of criticism from a galleryite in the town where it was first produced. Originally, Blakeney was whipped by the villain of the piece. The morning following the first performance, however, in Nottingham, I received a letter which ran something like this: "For God's sake don't let the Englishman be thrashed by that rascally Frenchman."

The criticism, though so emphatically put, was justified, for it was against the sentiment of the public for the hero to be thrashed, and from then onward the final act was fashioned in its present form.

My wife has often said, however, that it is the character of Sweet Nell that she loves the most. It is a fascinating, complex character, which appeals to her, more than any other she has played, and I am inclined to agree with her that "Sweet Nell" is probably the best play we have produced. In my opinion, however, among much fine work she has done, her performance of Rosalind is her best in comedy, and her Constance in "King John" is as fine a tragic performance as any I have seen, and I am a hard critic for my own to satisfy.

It was when we were appearing in "Sweet Nell" at Aberdeen, by the way, that Mrs. Terry received a message, the charm of which we have never forgotten. It was in the form of a telegram, which ran:—

"Heaven spare ye lang to kiss the breath o' mony flowery simmers. Haste ye back to Bonaccord.—Two Scotch Lassies."

As my wife's native heath is Scotland, you can imagine how delighted she was with this tribute. Provincial audiences, however, were always more than kind to us. How cordially they received us, and how they still do!—while their reception of my daughter Phyllis and my son Dennis made us very proud. At the outbreak of the war Dennis abandoned acting for soldiering, and in common with thousands of other fathers and mothers, Mrs. Terry and myself feel proud of the fact that we have a boy anxious to do his little in this great crisis. All honour to the splendid fellows who are fighting so magnificently for us.



Julia Neilson and Fred Terry in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."
Photo. Ellis & Walery.

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Black for Luck

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

HE was black, but comely. Obviously in reduced circumstances, he had contrived, nevertheless, to retain a certain smartness, a certain air—what the French call the *tournure*. Nor had poverty killed in him the aristocrat's instinct of personal cleanliness; for, even as Elizabeth caught sight of him, he began to wash himself.

At the sound of her step he looked up. He did not move, but there was suspicion in his attitude. The muscles of his back contracted; his eyes glowed like yellow lamps against black velvet; his tail switched a little, warningly.

Elizabeth looked at him. He looked at Elizabeth.

"Why, see who's here!" said Elizabeth.

There was a pause, while he summed her up. Then he stalked towards her and, suddenly lowering his head, drove it vigorously against her dress. He permitted her to pick him up and carry him into the hall-way, where Francis, the lift-man, stood waiting in his lethargic way to take her up to her apartment.

"Francis," said Elizabeth, "does this cat belong to anyone here?"

"No, miss. That cat's a stray, that cat is. I been trying to lo-cate that cat's owner for days."

Francis spent his time trying to lo-cate things. It was the one recreation of his eventless life. Sometimes it was a noise, sometimes a lost letter, sometimes a piece of ice which had gone astray in the dumb-waiter; whatever it was, Francis tried to lo-cate it.

"Has he been round here long, then?"

"I seen him snooping about considerable time."

"Then he must have been trying to lo-cate me," said Elizabeth. "I shall keep him."

"Black cats bring luck," said Francis, sententiously.

"Well, that will suit me all right," said Elizabeth. "I don't object to luck."

In the apartment, the door closed, she watched her new friend with some anxiety. You could never tell with cats; they changed their minds so quickly. His demeanour in the lift had been admirable—reserved, yet

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friendly. But she would not have been surprised, though it would have pained her, if he had now tried to escape through the ceiling, or had fled beneath the table and eyed her with the manner of one who knows that he has fallen among murderers, but is prepared to sell his life dearly.

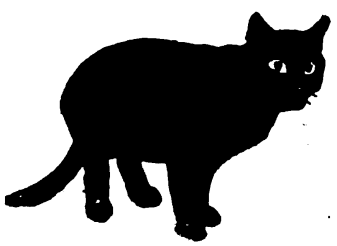
The cat did none of these things. After padding silently about the room for a while, he raised his head and uttered a crooning cry.

"That's right," said Elizabeth, cordially. "If you don't see what you want, ask for it. The place is yours."

She went to the ice-box and produced milk and sardines. There was nothing finicky or affected about her guest. He was a good trencher-man; he did not care who knew it. He concentrated himself on the restoration of his tissues with the purposeful air of one whose last meal is a dim memory. Elizabeth, brooding over him like a Providence, wrinkled her forehead in thought.

"Joseph," she said at length, brightening. "That's your name. Joseph. And oh, Joseph, my dear, you wouldn't believe how lonesome I was till you came along. I hadn't a soul to talk to except my cook. And she talks a sort of Norwegian English which you simply can't follow. But now I've got you it's all right. Yes, finish those sardines; they're all for you."

Joseph settled down. He settled down amazingly. By the end of the second day he was conveying the impression, as cats have the knack of doing, that he was the real owner of the apartment, and that it was due to his good nature that Elizabeth was allowed the run of the place. Like all cats, he was an autocrat. He waited a day to ascertain which was Elizabeth's favourite chair, then appropriated it for his own. If Elizabeth closed a door while he was in a room, he wanted it opened so that he might go out; if she closed it while he was outside, he wanted it opened so that he might go in; if she left it open, he fussed about the draught. But the best of us have our little faults, and Elizabeth adored him in spite of his.



It was astonishing what a difference he made in her life. She was a friendly soul, and, until Joseph's arrival, all the company she had had consisted of Francis, the lift-man, Frida, the Norwegian cook, and the footsteps of the man in the apartment across the way. Moreover, the apartment-house was an old one, and it creaked at night. There was a loose board under the carpet near the box-room, which was half-way house on the road to bed, and when you stepped on it there was a sound like burglars in the darkness behind you. Funny scratching-noises made you jump and hold your breath. Altogether, a ramshackle, eerie sort of an apartment, disturbing to live alone in.

Joseph changed all this. With Joseph around, a loose board became a loose board—nothing more—and a scratching-noise just a harmless scratching-noise. Elizabeth could hardly understand how she had got along without him.

And then one afternoon he disappeared.

The apartment was so large that the full realization of the tragedy did not come home to Elizabeth immediately. When she opened the door of the sitting-room and found it empty she said, "He is in the kitchen." Having explored the kitchen, she said, "He must be in the bath-room"—for one of the many traits which marked Joseph off from the ordinary cat was his curious fondness for water as a beverage. He was often to be found in the bath-tub, endeavouring to extract moisture from its arid porcelain. But, no—in the bathroom, too, she drew blank; and in the box-room, the spare bedroom, the dressing-room and her own bedroom. He had gone.

Of the possibility—nay, the probability—of this frightful occurrence, she remembered. Frida had warned her on the first afternoon. "You batter keeping good eye on him, or I bat you he rooning away. Yust so soon as ever he finding nicer place, he beating it." Those were Frida's words—ridiculed at the time, but now proved to have been inspired.

The logical inference that, as he was not in the apartment, he must be outside it, sent Elizabeth to the window, with the intention of submitting the street to one last inspection. She was not hopeful, for she had just come from the street, and there had been no sign of him then.

Outside the window was a broad ledge, running the width of the building. It terminated on the left in a shallow balcony belonging to the apartment whose front door faced hers—the apartment of the young man whose footsteps she sometimes heard. She knew he was a young man, because Francis *had* told her so. His name, James Renshaw Boyd, she had learned from the same source.

On this shallow balcony, the property of James Renshaw Boyd, licking his fur with

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the tip of a crimson tongue and generally behaving as if he were in his own back-yard, sat Joseph.

"JOo-seph!" cried Elizabeth, surprise, joy, and reproach combining to give her voice an almost melodramatic quiver.

He looked at her—coldly. Worse, he looked at her as if she had been an utter stranger. No light of pleased recognition gleamed in his yellow eyes. For a space he surveyed her, as if musing on the forwardness of strange females who addressed him by his first name; then, turning, he walked into the next apartment.

Elizabeth was a girl of spirit. Joseph might look at her as if she were a saucerful of tainted milk, but he was her cat, and she meant to get him back. She went out and rang the bell of Mr. James Renshaw Boyd's apartment.

The door was opened by a shirt-sleeved young man. He was by no means an unsightly young man. Indeed, of his type—the rough-haired, clean-shaven, square-jawed type—he was a distinctly good-looking young man. Even though she was regarding him at the moment purely in the light of a machine for returning strayed cats, Elizabeth noticed that.

She smiled upon him. It was not the fault of this nice-looking young man that his sitting-room window was open, or that Joseph was an ungrateful little beast who should have no fish that night.

"Would you mind letting me have my cat, please?" she said, pleasantly. "He has gone into your sitting-room through the window."

He looked faintly surprised.

"Your cat?"

"My black cat, Joseph. He is in your sitting-room."

"I'm afraid you have come to the wrong place. I've just left my sitting-room, and the only cat there is my black cat, Reginald."

"But I saw Joseph go in only a minute ago."

"That was Reginald."

For the first time, as one who, examining a fair shrub, suddenly finds that it is poison-ivy, Elizabeth realized the truth. This was no innocent, well-meaning young man who stood before her, but the blackest criminal known to criminologists—a stealer of other people's cats. Her manner shot down to zero, and below it, in the space of a quarter of a second.

"May I ask how long you have had Reginald?"

"Since four o'clock this afternoon."

"Did he come in through the window?"



"Why, yes. Now you mention it, he did."

"I must ask you to be good enough to give me back my cat at once," said Elizabeth, icily.

He looked at her with something almost of appeal in his gaze.

"Assuming," he said, "purely for the purposes of academic argument, that my Reginald is your Joseph, couldn't we come to an agreement of some sort? Let me buy you another cat—a dozen cats."

"I don't want a dozen cats. I want Joseph."

"But why?"

"Because he is my cat."

"There is no other reason? You are not superstitious, for instance? You have no beliefs about black for luck, and so on?"

Elizabeth was superstitious—profoundly so; but she was too vexed to admit it.

"Of course I don't believe in anything so silly."

"That settles it," said the young man, with sudden determination. "I'm sorry, but I cannot let Reginald go."

Elizabeth's cheeks were pink, and her voice shook with indignation.

"Do you intend to steal my cat?"

He made a gesture of remonstrance.

"Those are harsh words. Any lawyer will tell you that there are special statutes respecting cats. To retain a stray cat is not a tort or a misdemeanour. In the celebrated test-case of 'Wiggins *versus* Bluebody' it was established——"

"Will you please give me back my cat?"

"Your cat? Now, in what sense *your* cat? Did you buy him? No. Nobody buys a cat. You found him straying, and gathered him in. In the circumstances, I am extremely sorry, but——"

The remainder of the remark was lost in the slam of Elizabeth's door. The young man stood for a moment looking after her, then sighed, and closed his own door. The negotiations were ended: war had begun.

With her chin in her hands, Elizabeth sat in her bereaved sitting-room and boiled. For a time wrathat this pleasant-faced butblack-hearted buccaneer kept the sense of



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"WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME BACK MY CAT?"

She buried her face in the sofa-cushion and cried it damp.

Tears brought energy and resource. She went to the ice-box, and took therefrom a fine fish. Frida, she knew, was reserving this for the key-stone or coping-stone of her approaching dinner, but she required it for a more important end. She understood Joseph's character sufficiently clearly now to feel convinced that this fine fish, placed on the ledge outside her window, would infallibly draw him back to—— But it did not. There it lay, glistening but ignored. And the wind in the right direction! She could not understand it. Had Joseph suddenly turned ascetic?

She leaned out of the window, to supplement her offering with seductive cat-noises — little whistles and chirrups which alone should have been enough to draw him; and, as she did so, she perceived that the other window was shut. Somewhere behind it, it might be, Joseph chafed for freedom like a prisoned soul; but nor fish nor chirrup could draw him through a stout pane of glass.

Elizabeth withdrew in disorder. She had been out-generalled.

bereavement in check. But soon the realization of her loss struck home. Her set mouth quivered and her eyes filled with tears. Joseph was all she had, her only friend. She would have died rather than use this plea in an argument in which all moral right was on her side, but it was the kernel of the matter. The loss of Joseph meant the return of that horrible desolation of loneliness. Once more she was faced by solitude in the day and burglar-sounds and scratching-noises in the night.

We pay, in these modern days, for the resources of civilization with the small discomforts which spring from them. The elevator is a useful and convenient thing, saving time and labour; but it has its drawbacks. It is not pleasant, for instance, to be cooped up in one with a deadly foe.



Elizabeth had poise. She did not show her embarrassment when

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James Renshaw Boyd stepped into the lift just after she had entered it, but she certainly felt embarrassed; and all the way down she was conscious that she was looking like something stuffed. When Francis finally threw the door open, which he did in his usual horribly leisurely way, she was out and walking rapidly down the street before the young man could extricate himself.

But he, too, was evidently a rapid walker. She had only gone a few steps when she heard his voice at her side.

"Miss Herrold."

Even in her indignation, Elizabeth was not insensible to the compliment implied in the fact that he had taken the trouble to find out her name.

"We seem to be going the same way. I wish you would let me walk with you. I want to explain."

"Explain?"

"About Reg—about Joseph."

Elizabeth said nothing, but she slackened her pace. One gets so lonely in New York, when one knows nobody and has lost one's cat, that really to talk with an enemy is better than solitary silence.

"In the first place," he went on, "I admit the cat is your cat, and that I have no right to it, and that I'm just a common sneak-thief, and that I behaved at our last meeting like a cad and a hound, and—and all the other things you've been calling me all this time. Does that pave the way for the Hague Convention at all?"

Elizabeth tried not to smile; and, vowing she would ne'er smile, smiled. She could not help it. Nature had given her a warm heart and a friendly disposition, and, being always honest with herself, she admitted in the privacy of her own mind that this young man attracted her. Had they met in happier circumstances she felt she might have liked him very much indeed. Of course, things being as they were, friendship was impossible. He had behaved abominably; he had done her a grievous wrong; he had—however, she smiled.

The young man brightened up as if he had received an unexpected legacy. His whole manner changed. He began to talk as if they were old friends.

"It's this way. I'll tell you the whole thing. It will probably seem idiotic to you. It *is* idiotic. But I can't help it. I'm as superstitious as a coon. That's my only excuse. I had just come back from the first rehearsal of my first play that afternoon, and, as I walked in at the door, this black cat walked in at the window. It seemed like something specially sent. I felt that to give it up would be equivalent to killing the play before it ever was produced. Of course you will think me crazy, but that's how it was."

A sensation almost of faintness accompanied the revulsion of feeling which swept through Elizabeth. How she had misjudged this nice young man! She had taken him for an ordinary, soulless purloiner of cats, and all the time he had been reluctantly compelled to the act by this deep—one might almost call it holy—motive.

She beamed upon him, and he blinked as if he had encountered an unexpected search-light.

"Why, of *course* you couldn't let him go! It would have meant awful bad luck."

"But I—I thought you didn't believe——"

"Of course, I mean from your point of view."

"Oh, yes, of course."

"In any case, it would be like Sir Philip Sidney and the wounded soldier—'your need is greater than mine.' Think of all the people who are dependent on your play being a success!"

The young man blinked again.

"This is more than I ever hoped for," he said. "I had an idea that you might understand, but I never expected this—enthusiasm. It's awfully good of you, but I still feel mean."

"Oh, but you mustn't. Joseph was nothing to me—at least, nothing much—that is to say, well, I suppose I was rather fond of him, but he was not—not——"

"Vital?"

"That's just the word I wanted. He was just company, you know."

"Haven't you many friends?"

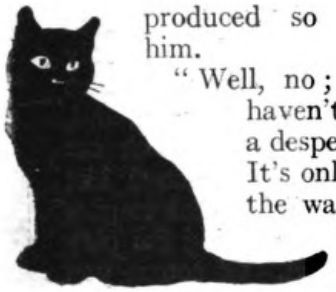
"I haven't any friends."

She spoke simply, without any effort at pathos, but the young man stopped in his tracks, and gasped. "You haven't any friends! Are you all alone in New York?"



Elizabeth smiled. It was curiously pleasant to find that her plight

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produced so much consternation in him.

"Well, no; as a matter of fact I haven't. But it isn't quite such a desperate situation as it sounds. It's only temporary. I came all the way from Canada to keep house for my brother; and I'd only just got here when he had to leave. He's one of the secretaries of a very restless old millionaire, you see; and the day I arrived he got one of his restless fits, and decided to go off in his yacht to the Azores; and of course all the poor secretaries had to go too. Well, it hardly seemed worth while going back to Canada again, as my brother might be back at any moment, so I just stayed on. It was rather fun at first, but I must say it got lonesome after a while. New York's such a deceptive city. It seemed so pleased to see me at first, but really all the time it didn't care a bit about me; and I soon found it out."

"Good Lord!"

"For a time I was perfectly happy, just feeling that I was really walking down Broadway and Fifth Avenue at last, as I had dreamed of doing ever since I was quite small. Then I began to get bored. I tried not to be. There seemed something almost wicked to me in the idea of feeling bored in New York. But I couldn't help it, and in the end I became so lonely I could have cried."

"And then Joseph came along?"

"Well, yes. Then, as you say, Joseph came along."

A look of holy resolution came into his face—such a look as some saint might have worn when renouncing worldly wealth and happiness.

"You must take him back."

"I couldn't think of it."

"Of course you must take him back at once. I never dreamed of anything like this."

"I really couldn't."

"But indeed you must."



"I won't."

"Good gracious, how do you suppose I should feel, knowing that you were all alone and that I had sneaked your—your ewe-lamb, as it were?"

"And how do you suppose I should feel if your play failed simply for lack of a black cat?"

"Oh, that's all absurd."

"Absurd? You know perfectly well that it would be courting disaster for you to let Joseph go—I mean Reginald."

"Then there's only one thing to be done. Whenever you feel lonesome you must simply step across, ring my bell, and come and chat with Reginald—I should have said Joseph—in my apartment."

Elizabeth's was a country-trained mind, and she still retained a fairly extensive respect for the conventions; but the offer was too tempting to refuse.

"I should love it," she said.

The gods are just. For every ill which they inflict they also supply a compensation. It seems good to them that individuals in big cities shall be lonely, but they have so arranged that, if one of these individuals does at long last contrive to seek out and form a friendship with another, that friendship shall grow more swiftly than the tepid acquaintances of those on whom the icy touch of loneliness has never fallen. Within a week Elizabeth was feeling that she had known this James Renshaw Boyd all her life. Their minds seemed to run together like a well-matched pair of horses.

His modesty charmed her.

"Is this play of yours the very first you have ever written?" she asked him. "I think it's wonderful to have had your first play accepted."

"M-yes," he said, doubtfully, and changed the subject, as if it hurt him to contemplate his remarkableness.

On every other aspect of the forthcoming drama, however, he was always ready to talk. Not unnaturally, it occupied most of his thoughts. He told Elizabeth the plot of it, and, if he had not kept forgetting important episodes and having to leap back to them across a gulf of one or two acts, and if he had referred to his characters by name instead of by such descriptions as "the fellow who's in love with the girl—not what's-his-name, but the other chap," she would no doubt have got that mental half-nelson on it which is such a help towards the proper understanding of a four-act comedy. As it was, his *précis* left her a little vague; but she said it was perfectly splendid, and he said, Did she really think so? and she said, Oh, *yes*, she really did, and they were both happy.

The unconventionality of their friendship soon ceased to trouble her. Their relations,

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she told herself, were so splendidly unsentimental. If James Renshaw Boyd had been her brother Jack—now in mid-Atlantic, painfully trying to take down shorthand notes from dictation without being sea-sick — she could not have felt more perfectly safe.

And that was why, when the thing happened, it so shocked and frightened her, and set the country-bred conscience, which had gone to sleep against its better judgment, screaming so loudly and unanswerably its accusing "I told you so!"

It had been one of their quiet evenings. Of late they had fallen into the habit of sitting for long periods together without speaking—a fact which should have warned her of danger, but did not. To-night neither had been inclined for conversation, for it was the night of all nights, the night when the play was to have its Broadway production. James had come in, outwardly calm, inwardly an inferno of leaping nerves, and she had fallen in with his mood and considerately abstained from jarring speech. She sat in her chair, nursing Joseph; he in his, staring glassily into space. And so, in a dim light, time had flowed by.

Just how it happened she never knew. One moment, peace; the next, chaos. One moment, stillness and quiet; the next, Joseph hurtling through the air, all claws and expletives, and herself caught in a clasp which shook the breath from her.

Nothing, apparently, had led up to this; it had just fallen on her without reason; and such was the shock of surprise that for a moment she was not conscious of indignation —or, indeed, of any sensation except the purely physical one of semi-strangulation. Then, like a wave, realization poured in on her, and she began to struggle.

Flushed, and more bitterly angry than she could ever have imagined herself capable of being, she tore herself from him. At the back of her anger, feeding it, was the humiliating thought that it was all her own fault, that by her presence there she had invited this.

She groped her way to the door. Something was writhing and struggling inside her, blinding her eyes and robbing her of speech. She was only conscious of a desire to be alone, to be back and safe in her own home. She was aware that he was speaking, but the words did not reach her. She found the door and pulled it open. She felt a hand on her arm, but she shook it off. And then she was back behind her own door, alone and at liberty to contemplate at leisure the ruins of that little temple of friendship which she had built up so carefully, and in which she had been so happy.



The broad fact that she would never forgive him was for a while her only coherent thought. To this succeeded the determination that she would never forgive herself. And, having thus placed beyond the pale the only two friends she had in New York, she was free to devote herself without hindrance to the task of feeling thoroughly lonely and wretched.

The shadows deepened. Across the street a sort of bubbling explosion, followed by a jerky glare that shot athwart the room, announced the lighting of the big arc-lamp on the opposite sidewalk. She resented it, being in the mood to prefer undiluted gloom; but she had not the energy to pull down the shade and shut it out. She sat where she was, thinking thoughts that hurt.

It was quite dark outside when she heard the door of the apartment opposite open and shut, and then a single ring at her own bell. She did not answer it, and it was not repeated. Her straining ears caught the faint rustle of paper, and then another ring and the clang of the ascending lift.

She waited until it had begun to descend, then went to the door. Underneath it, a scrap of paper jutted into the apartment.

She switched on the light and read it:—

"I'm sorry. Won't you forgive me? I am just off to the theatre. Won't you wish me luck? I feel sure it's going to be a hit. Joseph is purring like a dynamo.—J. R. B."

She ran to the window. All her resentment had gone. She loved him, and she knew now that she had always loved him. The one thing she desired at that moment was to catch a glimpse of him before he turned the corner.

He was out of sight, but he had left her something to keep him in her mind. As she leaned from the window her eye was caught by a movement to the left of her. The dim shape of Joseph moved restlessly on the little balcony.

"Oh, Joseph," she whispered, "bring him luck! Bring him luck!"



Joseph was in social mood. Insinuating himself through the ironwork of the balcony, he began to stalk condescendingly

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towards her along the ledge, as one assured of a welcome and possibly of one of those light snacks which he so esteemed.

He was amazed to find the air suddenly full of abuse and hissings.

"Get back!" cried Elizabeth, appalled. "You little idiot, if you try to get out of that apartment before eleven o'clock I'll kill you! Get back where you belong, and be a mascot."

Joseph retreated indignantly, and Elizabeth sat down to her vigil.

The sensible thing is generally the last that occurs to anyone as a reasonable step to take in a crisis; and Elizabeth did not adopt the obvious course of going to the theatre to see for herself the reception of the play. She faced the idea of doing so, but dismissed it. Stage fright in its acutest form had gripped her, and the notion of paying for a seat at the box-office and sitting in an orchestra-chair while New York coldly formed its judgment was not to be entertained. Her plan was to wait till James Boyd returned, and to receive the verdict from him.

The scheme miscarried. She had set one o'clock as the earliest hour at which she might reasonably expect him back, for on an occasion like this supper after the theatre would be almost inevitable. One o'clock came, and he was still absent. Two o'clock came; he had not returned. And somewhere between two and three, tired out, Elizabeth fell peacefully asleep on the sofa.

It was broad daylight when she awoke. Her watch had stopped, and she could not even guess at the time. At a venture she opened her front door and looked out to see if it was late enough for Francis to have laid the morning paper on her mat.

It was there—white and inviting; and somewhere in its folded interior must be the opinion of one in authority on last night's play.

Dramatic criticisms have this peculiarity—that, if you are looking for them, they burrow and hide like rabbits. They dodge behind murders; they duck behind baseball reports; they lie up snugly behind Beatrice Mae Someone-or-other's Advice to the Lovelorn. It was a full minute before Elizabeth found what she sought; and the first words of it smote her like a blow.

In that vein of delightful facetiousness which so endears him to all followers and perpetrators of the drama, the One In Authority rent and tore James Boyd's play. He knocked James Boyd's play down, and kicked it; he jumped on it with large feet; he poured cold water on it, and chopped it into little bits. He merrily disembowelled James Boyd's play.



It took Elizabeth one minute to realize that the One In Authority was a dangerous lunatic who should not be permitted at large, another to run downstairs and out to the news-stand on the corner of the street. Here, with a lavishness which charmed and exhilarated the proprietor, she bought all the other papers which he could supply.

Moments of tragedy are best described briefly. Each of the papers noticed the play and each of them damned it with uncompromising heartiness. The criticisms varied in tone; one cursed with relish and gusto, another with a certain pity, a third with a kind of wounded superiority, as if compelled against his will to speak of something unspeakable; but the meaning of all was the same. James Boyd's play was a hideous failure.

Back to the apartment-house sped Elizabeth; leaving the organs of a free people to be gathered up, smoothed, and replaced on the stand by a now more than ever charmed proprietor. Up the stairs she ran, and, arriving breathlessly at James Boyd's door, rang the bell.

Heavy footsteps came down the passage—crushed, disheartened footsteps—footsteps that sent a chill to Elizabeth's heart. The door opened. James Renshaw Boyd stood before her, heavy-eyed and haggard. In his eyes was despair, and on his chin the blue growth of beard of the man from whom Fate with its mailed fist has smitten the energy to perform his morning shave.

Neither spoke. He led the way into the sitting-room.

There, littering the floor, were all the morning papers, and at the sight of them Elizabeth broke down.

"Oh, Jimmy, darling!" she cried; and the next moment she was in his arms, and for a space time stood still.

How long afterwards it was, she never knew; but eventually James Boyd spoke.

"If you'll marry me," he said, hoarsely, "I don't care a hang."

"Jimmy, darling," said Elizabeth, "of course I will."

It was as they sat side by side, contemplating in silence a world not wholly dark, that a black streak shot silently from beneath a bookshelf and passed from the room.

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Joseph, as has been said, was an autocrat. He liked his breakfast punctually at the selected hour, and, if he did not get it, he showed his resentment by flight.

"Let him go, the fraud!" said Elizabeth, bitterly. "I shall never believe in black cats again."

But James Boyd, encircling her fondly, was not of this opinion.

"Joseph has brought me all the luck *I* need."

"But you told me ever so many times that the play meant everything to you."

"It did then."

Elizabeth hesitated.

"Jimmy, dear, it's all right, you know. I mean, if it was the money you were thinking of. I've got a little income, enough for us to live on till you make good. I know you will make a fortune out of your next play."

"I wouldn't touch a cent of it."

"But, Jimmy, if we can't get married I shall just die."

"Oh, we'll get married all right. Don't you worry about that. I wasn't thinking of the money end of it when I said that the play meant everything to me. Money is my middle name. At least, it's my father's, and he's such a corker that it comes to the same thing. Honey, in your more material moments have you ever toyed with a Boyd's Premier Breakfast Sausage, or kept the wolf from the door with a slice off a Boyd's Excelsior Home-Cured Ham? Dad makes them, and the tragedy of my young life up to the present has been that he was dead set on my jumping in and helping him at it. This was the position. I had a notion—a fool notion, as it turns out—that I could make good in the literary line. I've scribbled in a sort of way ever since I went to college. When the time came for me to join the firm I put it to dad straight. I said, 'Give me a chance to see if the divine fire is really there, or if somebody has merely turned in an alarm as a practical joke.' And we made a bargain. I'd written this play, and what we fixed up was that dad should put up the money to give it a Broadway production. If it succeeded, all right; I'm the boy genius, and may go ahead. If it is a fizzle, off goes my coat and I abandon pipe-dreams of literary triumph and start in as the guy in David Boyd and Co., pork packers, Chicago, Ill.

"Well, events have proved that I *am* the guy, and I'm going to keep my part of the bargain just as squarely as dad kept his. I



"'LET HIM GO,' SAID ELIZABETH. 'I SHALL NEVER BELIEVE IN BLACK CATS AGAIN.'"

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know quite well that if I refused to play fair, and chose to stick on here in New York and try again, dad would go on staking me. That's the sort of man he is. But I wouldn't do it for a million Broadway successes. I've had my chance, and I've foozled; and now I'm going back to make him feel good by being a real live member of the firm. And the queer thing about it is that last night I loathed the idea, and this morning, now that I've got you, I almost kind of look forward to it."

"Jimmy!"

He gave a little shiver.

"And yet—I don't know! There's something rather horrible in living in luxury on murdered pigs."

"Well, try not to think of it, darling."

"All right," said James, dutifully.

There came a sudden shout from the floor above, and on the heels of it a shock-haired youth in pyjamas burst into the apartment, yelling for Jimmy. At the sight of Elizabeth he halted, pinkly embarrassed.

"Now what?" said Jimmy. "By the way, Miss Herrold, my *fiancée*; Mr. Briggs—Paul Axworthy Briggs, the Boy Novelist. What's eating *you*, Paul?"

"Jimmy," cried the Boy Novelist, "what do you think has happened? A black cat has just come into my apartment. I heard him mewing outside the door, and opened it, and he streaked in. And I started my new novel last night! Say, you *do* believe this thing of black cats bringing luck, don't you?"



"'JIMMY,' CRIED THE BOY NOVELIST, 'WHAT DO YOU THINK HAS HAPPENED? A BLACK CAT HAS JUST COME INTO MY APARTMENT.'"

"Luck! My lad, grapple that cat to your soul with hoops of steel. He's the greatest little luck-bringer in New York. He was boarding with me till this morning."

"Then—by Jove! I nearly forgot to ask—your play was a hit? I haven't seen the papers yet."

"Well, when you see them, don't read the notices. It was the worst frost Broadway has seen since Columbus's time."

"But—I don't understand."

"Don't worry. You don't have to. Go back and fill that cat with fish, or she'll be leaving you. I suppose you left the door open?"

"By Jove!" said the Boy Novelist, paling, and dashed for the door.

"Do you think Joseph *will* bring him luck?" said Elizabeth, thoughtfully.

"It depends what sort of luck you mean. Joseph seems to work in devious ways. If I know Joseph's methods, Briggs's new novel will be rejected by every publisher in the city; and then, when he is sitting in his apartment, wondering which of his razors to end himself with, there will be a ring at the bell, and in will come the most beautiful girl in the world, and then—well, then, take it from me, he will be all right."

"He won't mind about the novel?"

"Not in the least."

"Not even if it means that he will have to go away and kill pigs and things?"

"Not if he has to slay them with his own hands."

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A New Defence Against the Submarine.

The story of a remarkable invention which promises not only to revolutionize sea-warfare, but to add greatly to the safety of all ocean travel.

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



BOUT the middle of December, 1914, there returned from abroad an American inventor, Professor R. A. Fessenden, who reported to his associates in the Submarine Signal Company of Boston, Massachusetts, that one of the great European Powers —I am not at liberty to say which one— after thorough tests, had decided to equip several of its battleships with the Fessenden electric oscillator, an instrument that promises to change the conditions of naval warfare, especially the relations of battleships and submarines. He announced, furthermore, that another great Power was in active negotiation for this American invention, the practical value of which will probably be demonstrated with startling effect in some one of the not distant sea battles.

Not only will this electric oscillator be of immense importance in time of war, but it bids fair to render still greater service in time of peace by ensuring ships against collisions at sea, either with one another or with icebergs. Tests by the United States revenue cutter *Miami* demonstrated this latter point, as will presently be seen, in a memorable cruise through the iceberg region off the banks of Newfoundland, during the month of April, 1914.

To put it simply, this Fessenden oscillator is a submarine sounding apparatus that sends its signals through the water, not through the air, one result being that these signals travel more swiftly than they would through the air, since sound moves through water at the rate of four thousand four hundred feet a second, while through the air it moves at the rate of only one thousand one hundred feet a second. All seafaring men know the untrustworthiness of sound warnings sent through the air from steam whistles or steam sirens. These warnings are often unheard even at a very short distance, say one mile or less, owing to adverse wind conditions, or to disconcerting " holes in the air," or to unfavourable reflections or skippings of the sound from the water's surface. For this reason submarine bells have for years been used with excellent results on lightships and buoys, and to some extent on moving vessels, their warnings being transmitted for miles through the water. In fact, it was in trying to extend the usefulness of these submarine bells, especially in connection with ships, that Professor Fessenden evolved his present electric oscillator, and solved the whole problem of protecting vessels from collisions at sea. His system of submarine signalling is really a kind of water wireless, destined, perhaps, to as important a development as aerial wireless.

Quite recently in Boston I had a talk with Professor Fessenden about his invention, at the factory of the Submarine Signal Company, a grimy and resounding establishment, the birthplace of submarine bells, scores of which are now clanging forth their warnings

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under the sea, electrically or pneumatically, on buoys or lightships spaced along the perilous ocean fringes of many lands.

I found the professor in a laboratory room filled with strange apparatus, electrical instruments, a model of his improved iceberg detector, and various other indications of an inventive mind. All his life Professor Fessenden has been an active explorer in new fields of knowledge. For years he was associated with Thomas A. Edison. He was one of the pioneers in wireless telegraphy, and his system of wireless transmission is used in the great Arlington towers at Washington, D.C. Also his system of electric power transmission was used by the Canadian Government in distributing the energy of Niagara Falls through the Province of Ontario. For years he was professor of electricity and physics at the University of Pittsburg. I have never met a man more keenly interested in a greater variety of things.

In one corner of the factory in a fenced-off space we came to the new-born oscillator, a smallish metal affair, no bigger than a sewing-machine, with many copper parts for the electrical connections and a drumhead of solid steel, twenty-two inches in diameter and five-eighths of an inch thick, that vibrates astonishingly under the electric current and gives forth a sound of terrifying loudness.

"Would you like to hear it?" asked the professor. Then, turning to an assistant, "Are you ready?"

He switched on a buzzing generator, adjusted a rheostat, pressed a black key, whereupon, "Whoo-oop!" the thing barked at us suddenly like an angry calliope, and the tone persisted as long as the key was held down. A shift of the rheostat handle brought a current of greater frequency and the tone rose to a piercing shriek. Another turn and the shriek was deafening. Louder and shriller screamed the quivering drumhead as the scientist manipulated the rheostat handle in the manner of a motorman speeding up his trolley-car. The whole factory resounded. I covered my ears and waved for mercy.

"But it will be unendurable on a ship, a thing like that, sounding all the time," I said.

The inventor shook his head.

"When you hear the oscillator sounding on a vessel you will scarcely notice it. Here we are right at the source of sound, but on a ship the oscillator is deep down in the hold and is submerged in water. You will see."

Professor Fessenden then showed me a grey steel tank like a big bath-tub, with ends made of steel plates, such as are used in battleships. Experiments have been made with this tank filled with water and the oscillator welded to one end, so that the vibrations pass through the liquid.

"When we sound the oscillator in this way," he said, "the water in the tank is thrown into a state of extraordinary agitation, so much so that if you dipped your hand in during the experiment it would be hurled out violently and painfully. I scarcely know whether this shock is physical or electrical. It is due to the fact that under the rapid and powerful impact of the vibrating end-plate the mass of liquid is literally squeezed together about a thousandth of an inch for each vibration, and then torn apart. One thousandth of an inch is an enormous amount when you reflect that water is practically incompressible. It is almost as if the atomic structure of the water had been twisted or distorted."

"Would these vibrations be transmitted through the water to a considerable distance?" I asked.

"To a very considerable distance. We have already received them at a distance of thirty-two miles, but that is only a beginning, like the first wireless message sent across the English Channel, which seemed wonderful fifteen years ago, but is nothing to-day."

"Do you think it will be possible to transmit these water vibrations over, say, a hundred miles?"

"I have no doubt of it—perhaps several hundred miles, with larger oscillators and more powerful currents."

"And you will be able to send messages in this way through the water itself, with no wires or cables?"

"Exactly. It is simply a matter of making the oscillator toot out dots and dashes according to the code. Now you see the importance of these oscillators in naval warfare, for a battleship equipped with such instruments can talk to its own submarines while they are miles away and submerged, and can actually direct their movements against an enemy's vessels."

"Without the submarines being obliged to come to the surface?"

"They need not come up until just before launching their torpedoes, say at a distance of a thousand yards from the vessel they wish to attack. Then they will only show their periscopes for a few seconds while they make final observations."

"And then launch their torpedoes?"

"Yes."

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Professor R. A. Fessenden wearing the receiver by which he hears messages and sounds coming under water from great distances. This is the man whose latest invention, described in these pages, will diminish the dangers to ships from collisions, icebergs, and submarines.

"It's a revolutionary development, isn't it?"

"You are not the first person to express that opinion," smiled the professor. "Some big authorities think it will change our whole naval strategy."

"But this has never been actually accomplished, has it—the control of submerged submarines from a battleship?"

"Not yet, but it soon will be accomplished. We have already put oscillators on several American battleships, on the *Wyoming*, the *Delaware*, the *Utah*, the *Florida*, and on four of the U.S. submarines, the D1 and D2, the K1 and K2, and we are now installing them on battleships of a great foreign Power."

I asked about the method of listening at a distance to these water wireless signals, and Professor Fessenden explained that this may be done in a temporary way with the help of a microphone lowered, for instance, from a lightship, or from a vessel at anchor. This microphone is connected with an ordinary telephone headpiece, through which a listener on the deck may hear signals sent through the water by an oscillator miles away.

"As a permanent listening arrangement," continued the inventor, "we use the oscillator itself, which is really a kind of telephone. I'll show you what I mean. Suppose you say something, anything you please, to this steel diaphragm after I have gone out."

With this the professor went into another room, and I recited "Mary had a little lamb" to the oscillator, and then counted slowly up to nine. Whereupon I heard the inventor's voice issuing distinctly from the disc of steel and repeating word for word what I had said. Standing in the next room, he had heard my remarks to the steel diaphragm through a telephone connection, and had spoken back to me by this telephone. In other words, the minute vibrations of my voice and of his voice had been sufficient to set that thick metal plate quivering so that audible words were transmitted through it in either direction.

"So you see," resumed the professor, on his return, "a vessel equipped with a set of oscillators may use them both for sending and for receiving."

"Does a vessel need more than one oscillator?"

"Yes, it needs two, like two ears, one on either side, which allows it to fix the direction from which a signal comes. This is done by

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a delicate instrument that takes account of differences in the intensity of a given signal as heard by the two electrical ears, one of which, on the more favourable side, hears the signal more distinctly than the other. A ship's officer has only to adjust this instrument and then read off on a dial the exact point of the compass from which the signal comes."



By this new invention ships may now receive warning under water of icebergs, approaching vessels, and submarines. It is a sort of water wireless. Part of the apparatus is placed, as here shown, in the hold of a ship, in a compartment filled with water.

"Then a battleship, as it received water wireless signals from one of its own submerged submarines, could tell in what direction that submarine lay?"

"Within a few degrees, yes. In such experiments our errors in fixing the direction have not usually exceeded half a point of the compass."

"How about the distance of a submerged submarine from a battleship—could the battleship tell that?"

"Yes, approximately, by the intensity of the sound received, for, of course, the oscillator's loudness grows less as the distance increases. There will be a distance indicator with a dial graduated in thousands of yards, and an officer will read off these distance-indications just as he notes the points of the compass. Besides this, a battleship will get precise information from the submarine herself, I mean a friendly submarine, by talking with her in code, by asking questions as to her speed, direction, distance below the surface, etc."

From all this it is plain that a battleship which can thus control the movements of submerged submarines has an enormous advantage over the ships of an enemy. A single cruiser, aided by half-a-dozen deadly craft steaming far below the surface and able to manœuvre safely on the lower levels, at the bidding of the mother ship, might easily wipe out a whole squadron of Dreadnoughts unprotected against this new danger. With oscillators aboard, a battleship becomes an eye to see, a brain to guide, while the submarines, moving sightless through the deep black waters, are arms that strike and destroy unerringly according to orders from above.

"Your invention increases the terrors of the submarine," I said. "It leaves the Dreadnought practically helpless."

The professor shook his head.

"That is true for Dreadnoughts not equipped with oscillators; but for others that are able to listen with electrical ears, the submarine becomes far *less* formidable. The oscillator makes it possible for a ship's officer to hear the propeller movements of an enemy's submarine while it is miles away. With our existing apparatus we can detect such propeller sounds at a distance of two miles, and we have a sound-amplifying device that will extend this distance to five miles or more."

"Does that mean safety for battleships from submarine attack?"

"A great measure of safety, yes."

"Then those three British cruisers that were sunk by German submarines *could have* escaped if they had carried these listening oscillators?"

"Unquestionably."

"What would they have done?"

"As soon as they heard the propeller noises of the attacking submarines, which would have been some time before the German torpedoes were launched, they would have changed their courses and gone ahead at full

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speed. That would have baffled the enemy, for submarines are slow-going craft, and only dangerous when their presence is not suspected. It is even possible that the British cruisers, knowing by dial indications the approximate distance and also the direction of the submerged German vessels, could have destroyed them by launching torpedoes of their own."

An illustration of the fact that the propeller and engine sounds of a submerged submarine may be detected by a distant vessel running along the ocean surface was furnished several years ago when the Submarine Signal Company actually demonstrated the thing in Newport Harbour at the request of a United States naval officer.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the incredulous officer, "that if one of our submarines submerges and runs backwards and forwards out of sight on the lower levels, you can hear her in a vessel at the surface and follow her by means of your listening apparatus?"

"Certainly we can," said the signal man. "Go ahead and sink your submarine. I'll show you."

So they made the test, and for some time a swift launch equipped with water wireless microphones circled and zigzagged about Newport Harbour, guided by sounds from the depths picked up and magnified by the electrical ears.

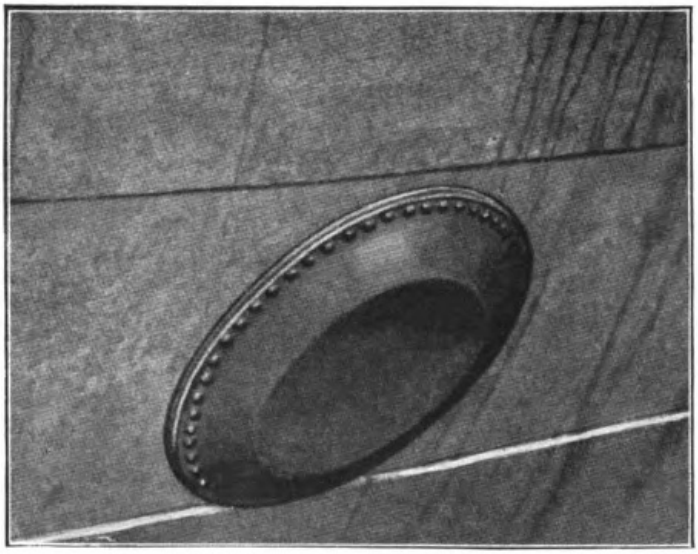
"You're wrong; you've lost her," declared the officer, presently. "The submarine is nowhere near here. I know the course she was to take."

The signal man insisted he was right, however, and a little later the submarine came to the surface at the very spot indicated by the listening apparatus. The officer was mistaken—and convinced.

I asked where the electrical oscillators are placed on a vessel, and learned that this point is somewhat forward of amidships and three or four fathoms under water, the exact location depending upon the lines of the hull. For example, in the case of the United States *Utah*, oscillators were placed about half-way between the bow and amidships and about twenty-three feet below the water-line. The deeper the oscillators are in the water the better is the sound transmission, since there is less interference from surface disturbances.

Professor Fessenden resolved to test a theory of his that the oscillator might be used to locate icebergs, in fog or darkness, by means of echoes thrown back under the water from their submerged foundations. It is known, of course, that about nine-tenths of the bulk of an iceberg lies below the surface of the sea.

Accordingly, in March, 1914, the inventor, on the request of the United States Bureau of Standards in Washington, sailed on the United States revenue cutter *Miami* for a cruise in the iceberg region off the banks of Newfoundland. He took with him an oscillator to be lowered overboard, and assistants to operate it. The officers on the *Miami* were sceptical as to the possibility of making an iceberg send back submarine echoes, and were much more interested in their own idea, that echoes might come back through the air from a steam whistle or a fog siren.



A ship's ear. There are two—one on either side. They are steel diaphragms through which messages and sounds are both sent and received. The *Titanic*, with such an apparatus, which had not been invented at the time of her disaster, might have received a definite signal of the presence of an iceberg.

The cruise lasted twenty-eight days, and was a succession of fierce storms and gales that caused great suffering. The iceberg experiments were made under extreme difficulties; in fact, during the entire expedition Professor Fessenden had only three hours for the testing of his oscillator, but these were favourable hours, and rich in results.

On April 27th, with the sun shining and a steady wind from the south, the *Miami* steamed close to an iceberg over a hundred

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feet high, a smallish one, yet bulking thousands of tons. Straightway the oscillator was dropped overboard to a depth of three fathoms, and the work began. In the wireless room under the bridge sat Professor Fessenden, his hand on the sending key and a stop-watch before him. He would send and listen, send and listen through the telephone headpiece. Beside him sat Captain Quinan and one of the officers, who listened in their turn. When they were a quarter of a mile off the iceberg, the oscillator began its quick tootings, and continued these every ten seconds or so as the vessel drew slowly away. The distance was increased to half a mile, to one mile, to two miles, to two miles and a half, and a record of results was kept.

The professor showed me Captain Quinan's official report published in the Hydrographic Office Bulletin of May 13th, 1914, which says :—

"We stopped near the largest berg, and by range-finder and sextant computed it to be four hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred and thirty feet high. Although we had gotten within one hundred and fifty yards of the perpendicular face of this berg, and obtained no echo from the steam whistle, Professor Fessenden and Mr. Blake, representatives of the Submarine Signal Company, obtained satisfactory results with the submarine electric oscillator placed ten feet below the surface, getting distinct echoes from the berg at various distances, from half a mile to two and a half miles. These echoes were not only heard through the receivers of the oscillator in the wireless room, but were plainly heard by the officers in the wardroom and engine storeroom below the water-line. The distance of the ship, as shown by the echoes with stop-watch, corresponded with the distance of the ship as determined by range-finder."

"What was the greatest distance from which you got the iceberg echoes?" I asked.

"Two and a half miles; but we only stopped there because a storm came up. We got echoes from other icebergs that must have been six or eight miles away, judging by time, but did not see them."

After his return from this iceberg investigation, in July, 1914, at the request of the Government, new tests were arranged for outside of Newport Harbour, between the United States submarines K1 and K2, both of which were equipped with improved oscillators placed on the superstructure of these submarines, that is, on top of the hulls, so that when the vessels were submerged the diaphragm vibrations would be communicated directly to the water.

These trials extended over a fortnight, during which time the oscillator was thoroughly tested. The professor himself went down in the submarine to observe the working of his apparatus. Notebook in hand, he would sit by the captain in the cigar-shaped torpedo-room with its queer pipes and big steel tubes, and direct the operations of sending and receiving.

"What shall we send them, captain?" the inventor would ask. Then the captain would think a moment and say, "Tell 'em we are steering at a hundred and twenty degrees." Or again, "Ask 'em what depth they are at." Or again, "Tell 'em we are now going down sixty feet and will run along there for ten minutes."

As they gained experience the operators found that they were able to transmit these water wireless communications at the rate of ten words a minute and receive them without a mistake over a distance of eight miles. For shorter distances they could send as fast as twenty-five words a minute. The submarines exchanged signals at a distance of thirteen miles. So clear were the tootings that the crews heard them distinctly without telephone headpieces when the vessels were six or seven miles apart.

"We not only succeeded in sending and receiving long-distance water wireless messages between submarines," said Professor Fessenden, "but at short distances, up to half a mile, we were able to talk with the human voice from one submarine to the other. I would say to the transmitter, for instance, 'Please ask Captain So-and-so to come to the 'phone,' and a moment later, by water wireless, I would hear the captain's voice asking what I wanted."

The professor pointed out an advantage that his signalling system enjoys in war over the aerial wireless system, owing to the fact that the masts and antennæ of the latter, being exposed on a battleship, may be shot away by an enemy, whereas the oscillators, far below the water-line and safe from injury, could keep on signalling, even if the whole superstructure of the ship was shot away. Furthermore, as already explained, water wireless offers the only means of communication during action between submarines, or between submarines and battleships.

Coming to the general future of this invention, its many advantages ensure its wide adoption on vessels of all sorts. In fogs and dangers of the night every ship will sound

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its code letter two or three times a minute, thus revealing its identity to other ships miles away. And the location and distance of each vessel will be made known by the automatic swing of an electric needle mounted beside the compass—the greater the swing on a graduated dial, the less the distance. This means no more collisions like that on the St. Lawrence, when the *Empress of Ireland* went down. The *Empress of Ireland* would have been talking that night to the other ship, listening to her signals and steering accordingly, if they had both carried water wireless oscillators.

As to icebergs, the echo method ensures safety, since it indicates distance and direction, as already explained. The *Titanic* would have known, by an electric indicator, the precise direction and distance of that tragic iceberg near her course while she was still three miles from danger.

As to perils of shoals and reefs along regularly-navigated coasts, it is plain that a line of oscillator stations placed at intervals, as lighthouses and bell-buoys are placed, and sounding forth water wireless code signals at brief intervals in bad weather or at night, would create a continuously-sounding zone of safety, reaching ten or twenty miles out to sea, and making it practically impossible for vessels to drive upon the rocks.

During my stay in Boston I witnessed a demonstration of this important submarine signalling work on board an ocean-going collier, the *Devereux*, no doubt the most scientific collier in existence, being equipped with three oscillators and used regularly, thanks to the interest of the Metropolitan Coal Company in this subject, for sending and receiving water wireless messages.

I stood in the captain's cabin on the *Devereux* beside the switchboard while operator Danny Price sent water wireless signals pulsating through the depths of Boston Harbour out to the tug *Le Baron H. Jenkins*, listening miles away with microphones overboard, and then out into the sea beyond. The turn of a brass wheel and the throw of a switch connected him with one or the other of the oscillators, or with two at a time. Price glanced at his voltmeters and ammeters, then pressed a key.

"Tooooooooot-toot-toot," answered one of the steel diaphragms eighteen feet below the water-line. Up here on deck it was like a boy's wooden whistle, rather low-pitched and musically pleasant, but a Swedish sailor known as Charley, who happened to dive overboard while the oscillator was sounding, declared to us on return that "it nearly split his noddle." All sounds are greatly intensified under water.



An operator at the key, sending messages under water. The Morse code is used. A steel diaphragm set in the ship's bottom under water is made to vibrate powerfully. This is reproduced by a similar diaphragm miles away and transmitted to a telephone receiver.

I myself had the experience of both listening and sending. I spelled out water wireless signals in dots and dashes and heard them go forth, and I caught answering messages that came vibrating among the islands and shoals and flashing lights of the harbour.

Darkness was coming on as the old barge, with her red and black hull, steamed past the spar buoy of Nash's Rock and came abreast with Boston Light, and I reflected that all these vessels lying about us were safer than they had ever been from dangers of the sea, because of this invention.

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A LITERAL TRANSLATION

By

Violet M. Methley

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS SOMERFIELD



THE South Downs occupied some three-fourths of the landscape, whilst the remaining quarter was filled by the English Channel.

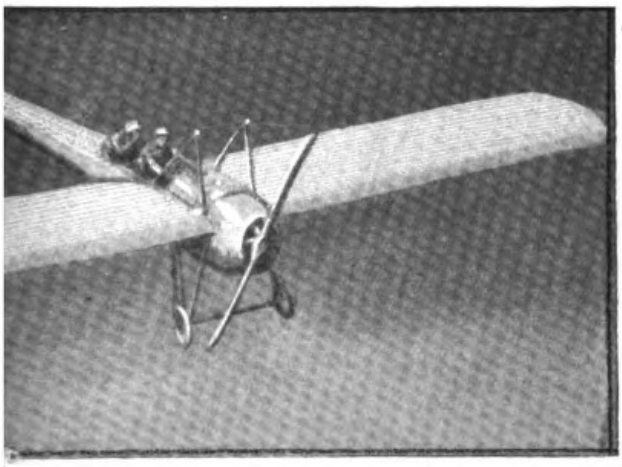
The afternoon was hot and very silent. The only living creatures in sight were tiny blue butterflies, fluttering over the mauve scabious like disembodied spirits of harebells—and Miss Gregson.

Miss Gregson had come out there after one o'clock dinner to cry. She sat on the yellow-brown turf and accomplished her self-imposed task unreservedly. And Miss Gregson was not one of those mythical beings who look attractive in spite of tears.

Sometimes even a worm will turn, and a down-trodden mother's help give way to her feelings, especially when such a peculiarly maddening mother as Mrs. Elphinstone-Smith is in question. Miss Gregson had been busied unceasingly since half-past five that morning with the light housework (help given), in exchange for which she received twelve pounds a year and her keep. The light housework had included a heavy wash; hence these tears. The future offered no possibility of better things — nothing but a vista of light housework (help given) for ever and ever and ever.

From somewhere in the distance came a faint clicking burr, like the far-off sound of a

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thrashing-machine. It grew louder, until even Miss Gregson's dejected curiosity was stirred. She turned her head, and there, far above, the sun glinting on wide yellow wings, was a huge dragon-fly creature, drawing steadily nearer each moment.

Most unbecomingly open-mouthed, Miss Gregson stared upwards; aeroplanes were not common objects of her particular stretch of sea-shore.

And then she became vaguely aware of a change in the sound of the throbbing engine; the speed, too, of the monstrous bird-like thing seemed to have slackened. It was almost overhead when suddenly it occurred to Miss Gregson that there might be something amiss. She sprang to her feet, hands nervously clasped, breathing in short gasps.

The aeroplane was certainly descending, but even the inexperienced eyes of the tired mother's help were soon reassured. This was no accident. The great machine volplaned down in a glorious swoop, settling with the whir of a monstrous cockchafer upon the sheep-cropped turf, not more than a hundred yards from the spot where the little woman stood.

Then, for the first time, Miss Gregson saw that two people were seated in the aeroplane. One of them leaped out the instant that it touched ground, a slight, agile figure in brownish overalls. Next moment he was supporting from the passenger's seat a still slimmer figure, wrapped from head to foot in a long waterproof coat. A close hood surrounded a girlish face, pretty in spite of a ghastly greenish pallor.

Across the little space which separated them Miss Gregson heard the man's voice, half-solicitous, half-humorously angry.

"There Aileen, buck up, old girl! You'll be all right in half a shake now we're down, you silly little idiot!"

The girl collapsed upon the turf and sat there in a dishevelled little heap, with closed eyes. Warm-hearted Miss Gregson could restrain herself no longer; she ran impulsively forward.

"Oh, are you ill? Can I help?" she cried, and fell on her knees beside the piteous figure.

"There's nothing really the matter with my sister." The man spoke with impulsive vehemence. "She's only most horribly air-sick, poor kid! It's me you're going to help, not her; that's why I came down directly I saw you."

"Help you?" Miss Gregson gazed in alarm from the slim young aviator to the portentous shape of the aeroplane. "I—I'm afraid I don't know anything at all about flying-machines. This is almost the first I've ever seen."

"I don't want you to know anything," the airman answered, brusquely. "I only want you to fly with me to Paris."

"Fly—with you—to Paris!" The words escaped in three spasmodic gasps. After which Miss Gregson stared speechlessly at this evident madman.

"Yes. It's like this. I'm flying to Paris for a big prize; half-a-dozen others are in for it. We're to be back at our starting-place by midnight, and the chief condition is that we must take a lady with us as passenger, and give her a dinner in Paris at the Splendide. *Now* do you see?"

"I—I—I'm afraid not."

"Oh, Lord! Look here! I want you to be the lady, since my sister has failed me."

The girl sat up and opened her eyes.

"I feel better now, Tim; perhaps I shall be well enough to go in a few minutes," she said, feebly.

"Not you, you silly young ass!" the young man retorted, with crude brotherly affection. "You'd be worse than ever before we'd gone half a mile. I've seen air-sickness before, and I don't want to be the death of you." He turned once more to Miss Gregson in vehement appeal. "It's most awfully important for me to win, madam, apart from the money, although that's a big consideration. The makers of this 'plane want to advertise it; they've promised me a good share in their business if I pull it off. And it's a fine machine. Oh, hang it all, it means just everything to me! Say you'll be a sport and come!"

Mrs. Elphinstone-Smith would have described the young man's tone as most familiar, but Miss Gregson hesitated no longer. She stood up with a new light in her faded eyes.

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"'FRANCE!' THE AVIATOR SHOUTED, AND MISS

"I'll come!" she said, with most unwonted decision.

"Oh, good! Now, Aileen, jump up, old girl! You must give this lady your coat and bonnet; her things aren't thick enough. And, I say——" For the first time the young man surveyed his prospective passenger critically, and something almost like dismay flickered in his expressive eyes at sight of that red-nosed, pale-faced little figure. "What about the—the dress? It isn't quite the thing for the Splendide, is it?"

"She must change into mine." The girl spoke decisively, a little colour returning to her pale cheeks. "Go and sit over there with your back to us, Tim; we won't be a minute."

Subsequently an extraordinary sight might have been seen. At three o'clock in the afternoon, in the unsheltered centre of a stretch of the South Downs, a modest mother's help changed her hideous tartan blouse and skimpy skirt for a gorgeous, flame-coloured satin dinner-dress, with resplendent, gold-beaded tunic.

There was an awful intermediate moment when Miss Gregson felt the proverbially sharp eyes of a hawk, hovering overhead, scorching her bare shoulders. Then the exchange was made, and, the other girl's long coat covering her from head to foot, Miss Gregson went timidly towards the aviator.

"My word, you've been quick—for women!" he cried, approvingly.

"How do I get in?" Miss Gregson asked.

The young man helped her to the seat. Miss Gregson's breath came thickly, her heart beat with intense excitement. That she should be about to ascend in an aeroplane, to fly to Paris, to dine at the Splendide in such a dress—it all seemed utterly, ridiculously incredible. Somehow the possible dangers of the enterprise did not strike her; excitement outweighed all else.

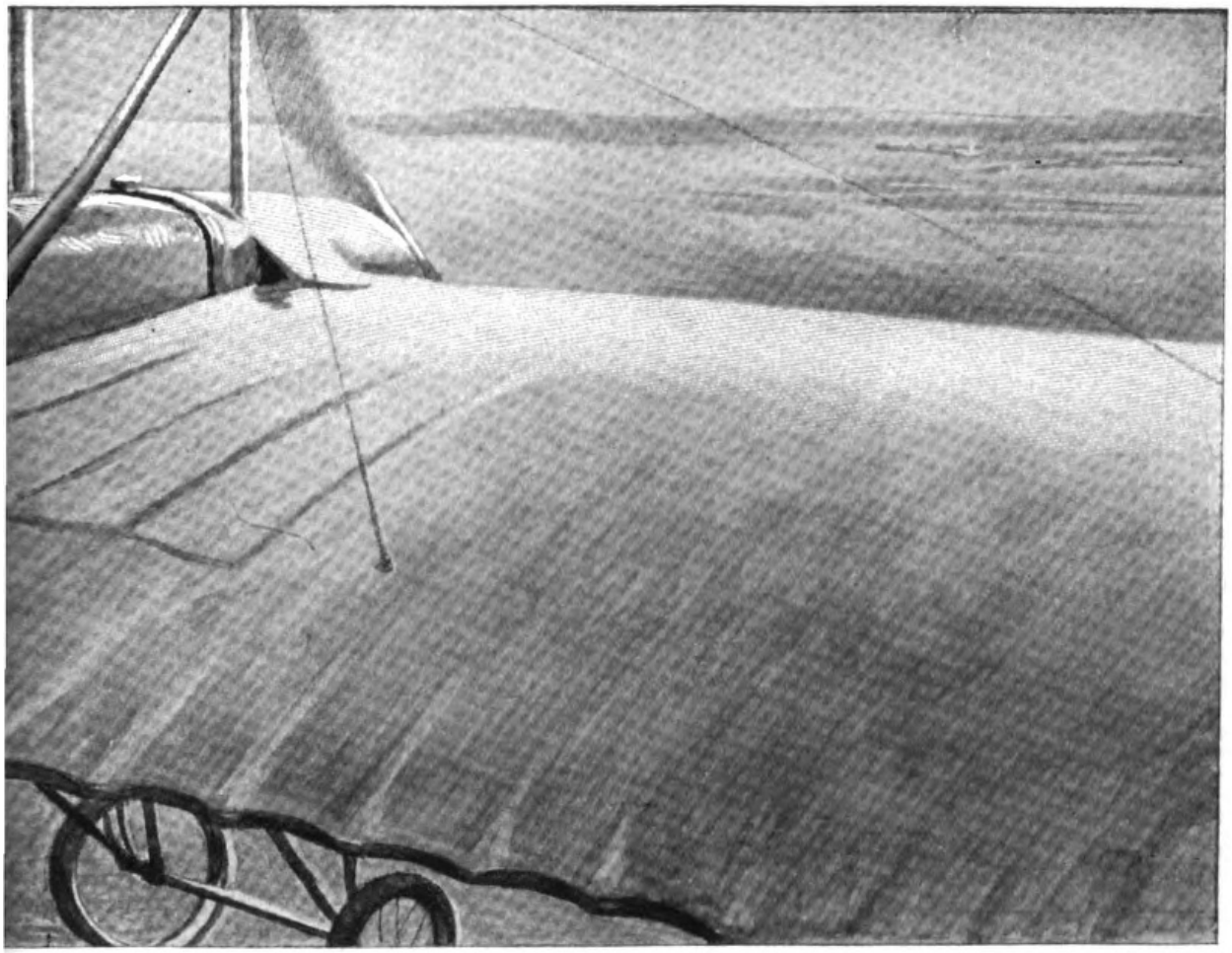
The aviator bent to kiss his sister.

"I'm awfully sorry, old girl, I am really," he said. "It seems beastly leaving you like this."

"It can't be helped, Tim."

"'Fraid not. Get back to Folkestone as soon as you're better, and stop at the hotel

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GREGSON NODDED, TOO EXCITED TO SPEAK."

there for the night. I must get you to start the propeller. Good-bye, old lady!"

"Good-bye, and good lady!"

The girl exerted all her strength and set the propeller whirling. The great machine slid forward faster and faster over the crisp, slippery turf. Then, of a sudden, Miss Gregson realized that it had left the ground, that they were rising up—up——

For one awful moment she felt as though she were a mere shell, as though all of her that mattered was being left behind on the receding earth. Then the gruesome feeling passed; presently she even found sufficient courage to glance downwards. The disconsolate figure of Aileen was growing small in the distance; away to the left, in a fold of the Downs, Miss Gregson caught a glimpse of the village of Cropden, and the red-roofed villa of her late tyrant.

That blue speck in the garden must be Mrs. Elphinstone-Smith herself; and at the thought Miss Gregson laughed aloud.

A voice spoke in her ear.

"Are you all right? Not frightened?"

"Not a bit," answered Miss Gregson.

On they went. The sea was beneath them now, like a gigantic sheet of frosted glass. Miss Gregson no longer hesitated to look downwards; the sheer fascination of flying had gripped her tight.

Now the white line on the horizon materialized, revealed itself as a new country, yellowish and white.

"France!" the aviator shouted, and Miss Gregson nodded, too much excited to speak.

Before very long they were flying once more over land, in the golden afternoon sunlight, on and on towards Paris. High over all a monstrous shape straddled, like one of Wells's Martians; Miss Gregson recognized the Eiffel Tower at once and plumed herself on the knowledge.

Above the whir of the engine the aviator spoke, uneasily, twenty minutes later.

"I don't see the marking-board that was to be put up to guide us to the flying-ground. Infernal nuisance if they've made some mistake. Keep a look-out. It's a white board with two black circles and a red flag on top."

But no such mark was to be seen, and

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presently the young man gave a despairing exclamation.

"It's no good; we shall have to go down and ask the way—and I hardly know a word of the confounded language to do it in!"

"I do!"

"You?"

"Yes. I learnt some from a French nurse. I can ask the way easily."

An instant later they were descending, and once more Miss Gregson experienced the sensation of leaving her personality behind her, this time in the air.

She scrambled out and made for the nearest houses, almost without waiting for the airman's instructions. In an incredibly short time she returned, followed by a blue-bloused artisan, and wearing an unmistakable look of triumph.

"I've telephoned, and found out exactly where the ground is," she said. "They've given me exact directions, and I've brought a man to start the engine."

The aviator grasped her hands fervently as he helped her back to her seat.

"You're an intelligent angel," he said, with intense conviction.

And Miss Gregson blushed quite becomingly.

Thanks to her careful instructions, they sighted the ground almost immediately, and descended and disembarked without further adventures. But as they made for the entrance at a run, the aviator came to an instant's standstill.

"Look!" he said, and pointed to where the shape of a second aeroplane loomed against the sunset.

A taxi whirled them through the streets of Paris, just beginning to wake for the night. In the glittering vestibule of the Splendide they parted to shed their coats.

A few minutes later a flushed but immaculate young man returned, and uttered a half-smothered exclamation.

"She'll keep me waiting, I'll be bound."

A little irrepressible laugh interrupted him. A flame-coloured figure rose from the divan not a yard away.

"Why—why," he stammered, "I didn't recognize you!"

The dress fitted well. The tear-stains and swollen eyelids had vanished, the red nose had resumed its normal colour and shape. The air had brought a charming colour to Miss Gregson's pale cheeks, and all the money in her purse had induced a clever maid to twist her hair expeditiously into something more becoming than its usual bath-knot. I have never suggested that Miss Gregson in her normal condition was ugly. On the contrary, she was more than commonly pretty—and barely three-and-twenty.

For the first time in her life Miss Gregson's hand rested on a masculine arm. For the first time she talked and laughed with a boy but little older than herself. There was something pathetic in the situation, if she had not been too happy to perceive it.

In a twinkling the perplexing array of *hors-d'œuvre* was before them, but they had finished their soup before a second couple entered the restaurant, the girl with ruffled hair, the man wearing a dislocated collar.

Miss Gregson's partner hailed the newcomers, laughing.

"Halloa, Elson!" he cried. "You the only survivors?"

The man answered between two bites at a radish. "Stewart-Blacke will be here in a few minutes. He ran out of petrol. The others fell out."

"Oh, let's hurry!" Miss Gregson crumbled her bread nervously. "Need we wait for any more?"

"Part of the bargain is that we shall take some of every course and wear proper dinner-dress, but so must they, by Jove, as we've got a start."

They had reached their ices before the third pair entered, and the young man raised his glass and smiled across the table at Miss Gregson.

"Your good health, partner," he said. "And—I don't even know your name."

"Nor I yours," Miss Gregson answered shyly.

"By Jove, no more you do! It's Timothy O'Hara."

"Mine's Sarah Gregson."

"Sarah! No, it doesn't suit you. Sallie—that's better. Weren't you ever called Sallie?"

"Only by my mother, and she died when I was six."

"Well, I shall call—— I mean I shall think of you as Sallie. Finished? Come on, then. Good-bye, Elson—good-bye, Stewart-Blacke—and bad luck to both of you."

They were off, speeding along the boulevards, without wasting an instant, for Elson and his partner were only two courses behind them.

Miss Gregson drew a long breath of mingled excitement and relief as the mechanic whirled the propeller and they rose once more into the air. A glorious full moon made almost daylight clearness. When they drew near the Channel, a broad track of glittering silver lay before them across the water.

A great excitement and a greater content filled Miss Gregson. Over her future, oddly

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"THE GIRL'S GRIP TIGHTENED. 'IF YOU CAN KEEP ON——' SHE SAID, BETWEEN HER TEETH, 'LET'S TRY AND WIN—STILL.'"

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enough, a dense curtain seemed to have dropped. And yet by this time to-morrow she would be once more a mother's help, executing light housework (help given).

Far ahead the lights of the English coast glimmered, when suddenly Miss Gregson became aware that something was wrong. Indefinably, the note of the engine had changed. A shivering jar ran through the fabric of the aeroplane, and she lurched to one side.

The girl heard O'Hara swearing beneath his breath. Instinctively she knew that they were in imminent danger, but she felt practically no fear. If they were to be killed—well, she could do nothing—and, anyhow, she had had a glorious afternoon.

"Lever jammed, by Jove!" O'Hara muttered, and once more the aeroplane swayed and tilted—tilted so that she clutched at the sides of her seat, white-cheeked but silent.

They were falling—and then, with a jar, the machine righted itself, and from the girl's companion came a long sobbing breath, as the engine took up once more its regular beat.

"Is it all right?" Miss Gregson ventured.

"*It* is——" After a pause O'Hara concluded his sentence, almost with a groan. "But I'm not."

"What's the matter?"

"I've cut my wrist confoundedly badly, wrenching at things." Again that sharp intake of breath. "It's bleeding like — like the deuce. I expect it's an artery or something."

A shiver ran through Miss Gregson, but she spoke quietly.

"Which hand?"

"Left—by good luck."

"Can you manage with the other?"

"Yes. But with this bleeding I shall probably faint—in a few minutes. Heaven help us!"

"Put your hand over here—let me take hold of it. Quick!"

Miss Gregson reached and caught the young man's arm between her hands. The sleeve felt soaked and sticky; under her fingers, at the wrist, a warm stream pulsed steadily.

The girl set her teeth and struggled for the fleeting memories of a long-ago course of first-aid lectures. Where did the artery in the wrist run? How hard it was to find!

"I've got it!" Triumph rang in her voice. "And — and — the bleeding has stopped."

"Good!" O'Hara's voice had weakened. "Can you hold on?"

"Of course. But don't talk."

On they went. They were flying low, and the voice of the sea came up to them. On, on, weighed down by the oppression of a nightmare dread. For if O'Hara's strength did not hold out, if the girl's grip relaxed, if the aeroplane failed them again by ever so little, it must mean instant death for both.

From below came the plash-plash of waves on the beach. Once more land was beneath them.

"Shall we descend?" O'Hara asked hoarsely. "*Now*, I mean."

The girl's grip tightened; something reckless in her responded to a note in the young man's voice.

"If you can keep on," she said, between her teeth, "let's try and win—still."

"By Jove, you've pluck! We will!"

On now, in silence, over the dark countryside. Miss Gregson's arms ached maddeningly, her whole body was stiff with the tension of her strained position. On the horizon a luminous cloud grew and increased.

"London!" O'Hara said, under his breath. And again they sped on silently for minutes which seemed eternities.

"We must be getting—near." O'Hara's voice was very weak. "Tell me when you see three green lights in a triangle and a red one below."

Miss Gregson tightened her grip while her eyes searched and searched again; then she spoke, with a little gasp: "There they are—quite close! To the right."

The wrist under Miss Gregson's fingers felt terribly limp; every moment she expected that O'Hara's grip of the lever would relax, that the aeroplane would crash down uncontrolled. But they were descending—steadily.

A blaze of lights beneath them; a chorus of voices.

"Here's the first man in! Who is it? Oh, you, O'Hara—good man!"

But the aviator did not answer. As the aeroplane came to a quivering standstill he collapsed limply against Miss Gregson's shoulder.

"Where's Sallie?" O'Hara asked, feebly, an hour later.

"Your sister?" The doctor looked round perplexedly. "I'm afraid—I don't know. She wasn't with you, Mr. O'Hara."

"Confound my sister!" O'Hara answered energetically. "It's Sallie I want!"

Which, perhaps, may help to explain why Miss Gregson left Mrs. Elphinstone-Smith without notice and without even returning for her box.

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THE LADY-BIRD:

Is It a Friend or a Foe of the Gardener?

The following article, which may be taken as finally clearing up an old controversy, is not only of interest to all lovers of the garden, but of the utmost practical importance.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S.,

Author of "Insect Biographies with Pen and Camera," "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," etc.
Illustrated with Original Photographs by the Author.

SOMETIMES lady-bird beetles appear suddenly and unexpectedly in vast swarms. The entomologists, Kirby and Spence, have recorded that in the year 1807 "the shore at Brighton, and all the watering-places on the south coast, was literally covered with them, to the great surprise, and even alarm, of the inhabitants."

The *Reading Mercury* informs us of another "most formidable invasion" of these insects in October, 1835, to one of the principal towns of Berkshire, which alarmed the authorities, and "the parish engines, as well as private ones, were called into requisition, with tobacco-fumigated water, to attack and disperse them."

The *Times* for August 16th, 1847, gives another account of a cloud of them, miles in extent, resembling "a long column of smoke from a steamer," hanging over the sea near Ramsgate and Margate. Next morning five bushels were swept from Margate Pier, and the coast was covered with them.

Again, in December, 1869, the writer of an article in *Hardwicke's Science Gossip* discusses the question as to whether "the lady-birds eat the aphides, or did the aphides cast their skins, become winged creatures, and fly away?" together with the further problem of the invasion swarms. In the latter case he concludes, "There is surely something not yet explained in the sudden appearance of these beetles." Then follows this editorial note: "N.B.—We hope no readers will accept the challenge to enter upon a lady-bird controversy, of which there has been plenty of late. We can only promise, if they do, not to commit ourselves to publication.—ED. *S.G.*"

In August of the same year, 1869, a letter to the *Times* records that "During the 14th, 15th, and 16th of this month countless multitudes of the little red beetles appeared upon the coasts of Kent and Sussex. They extended far inland, and on Sunday, the 15th, myriads were seen in London. Whence came they? Where did they collect in such prodigious numbers? What was the home that fed the larvæ from which the beetles sprang? Or if, as seems probable, they had many homes, what impulse brought together these millions for a common emigration? If you kindly give insertion to this letter, some intelligent observers of Nature may perhaps answer some, at least, of my queries."

The above are a few records selected from a large number which I have been able to gather to show that, although the lady-bird is one of the commonest and most familiar insects in the British Isles, yet since the beginning of the last century controversies have continually arisen in scientific journals and responsible newspapers as to what its function really is: whether it is a friendly insect or a dangerous one, the mystery of the origin of its vast swarms and the object of their emigration, and the all-important food problem of such hordes of insects, which apparently seems to have always proved a more or less terrifying question to gardeners and agriculturists.

Surely, however, the day has passed for such controversies as the above, with Nature-study rampant in our schools, and Boards of Agriculture eager to disseminate instructive literature for the mere asking. Wait a moment. Here, as recently as Saturday, May 9th, 1914, the same old problem has arisen in the "Practical Gardening" section of the *Daily Chronicle*. A correspondent claims to have made a discovery. The lady-bird, which of recent years has come to be regarded as one of our most useful insect allies, owing to its preying upon "blight," or green fly, he contends, is a huge fraud. His "ocular evidence shows that the lady-bird is the mother of blight." He writes: "I have preserved leaves from bushes showing the phases in the generation of aphis or

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blight. The black-currant bushes have served as an early nursery of the blight; the next stage will be the floating away of the blight on to beans, poppies, sweet-peas, etc." To put the matter briefly, he claims, after closely watching, for a few days, the lady-birds on black-currant bushes, to have observed the following details: "1. Arrival of the lady-birds. 2. Mating. 3. Depositing of larvæ on scene of No. 2. 4. Some five days later hatching of green aphis. 5. Appearance of the black blight. 6. General blighting of the leaves of the black-currant bushes." He further adds, "The lady-bug (lady-bird) is the first of every parasite to appear on freshly-opened leaves after the winter season," and he sends in proof of his observations lady-birds "alive when enclosed, tending their freshly-hatched green aphis."



Fig. 1.—The two-spot lady-bird searching for green fly or blight.—Twice natural size.

The "Gardening" editor, in giving publicity to the letter, with the necessary reservations, expressed the hope that, as suggested by the correspondent, the Board of Agriculture would give the matter its attention and make a conclusive inquiry, and that it would set other gardeners watching. Then for several weeks that followed there was a lady-bird controversy. Most of the correspondents absolutely disagreed with the impeachment of the lady-bird, while others asked for scientific correspondents to express their opinions. Indeed, history repeated itself, just as it had done many times before in the previous century, but on this occasion the invasion question did not find an opening.

From what has been written above, it will be seen that even to-day doubt exists about the friendly habits of the familiar little lady-bird. After the correspondent referred to had been treated rather severely by some of his critics, he was still unconvinced that he was wrong, and he again wrote suggesting that readers should "cage lady-birds with clean living plants and watch the result." Had readers followed his advice—and maybe some did—he might have found supporters for his theory, readers who could honestly claim to have seen what he thought he saw. It was an instance of inaccurate observation by an observer who recorded in perfectly good faith what he imagined he witnessed, and who did it so systematically that his theory readily obtained access to the newspaper columns, and for the moment created doubt in the minds of many people who held quite contrary views. Indeed, it was an unfortunate instance of where a little knowledge proved a dangerous thing, for our little lady-bird was sadly maligned.

Let us investigate the matter more closely, and if possible, once and for all settle this lady-bird problem.

In the first place, forty or more species of lady-birds may be found in England. They are usually identified by the number of spots on their polished wing-cases. The commonest species are the two-spot and the seven-spot. There is also a ten-spot, a twelve-spot, a thirteen-spot, a sixteen-spot, and another species which may vary from no spots at all to four, six, sixteen, twenty, or to its normal twenty-two spots, from which it takes its name. All species are subject to considerable variation, perhaps the most constant being the seven-spot, while the commonest species of all, the two-spot, is so variable that doubtful species are generally classified as two-spots. Also the two-spot not infrequently appears with its colours reversed, *i.e.*, black wing-cases with two red spots. In one instance that came under my own observation I noted that the insect with the reversed colour was the male, but whether the male insects have been confused with variations is a point on which I have no certain data, and one to which other observers might give their attention.

In Fig. 1 a female of the two-spot species is shown. It was photographed while munching an aphis, or green fly, but the latter had almost disappeared from view by the time

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the photographic plate had been exposed. The beetle itself, if watched when moving about amongst the stems and foliage, will be found occasionally to capture an aphis in this way, and quickly dispose of it; and the same may be said of the various other species with a greater number of spots. Like most winged insects, however, these beetles feed much more in their larval or grub stage than when fully developed. But on that point more anon.

Now, the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* pointed out that the lady-bird "is the first of every parasite to appear on freshly-opened leaves after the winter season." The word "parasite" may be disposed of by saying that it is a misnomer due to the mistaken observations of the writer. The correspondent would have been correct had he stated that the lady-bird was the first *foe* of the "blight" to appear on the freshly-opened leaves, for the last generation of green flies, before winter, place their brown eggs about the twigs of the last year's growth, and with the advent of the new foliage those eggs hatch out into wingless, viviparous females, which in a few days are able to give birth to young at the rate of about one per hour. Their young are all females, and, like their mother, quickly mature and at once commence budding out young, even at a greater rate than their parent. Indeed, it is a curious fact that the second and following generations are more perfectly developed than that which appears from the eggs.

A still later generation assumes a pupal form, individuals with rudiments of wings appearing, and these change into winged females which fly to other bushes and give birth to wingless young, and so start new colonies elsewhere. Probably these forms are produced as the sap in the leaves decreases, owing to overcrowding. Dark-coloured generations also commence to appear—as the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent observed—but they are a distinct species from the green generation.

At least four species of aphides occur on currant trees, and two of them appear to more or less confine their attentions to the black-currant bushes.

In a previous article on the "Aphid Wasp" in THE STRAND MAGAZINE, May, 1914, I gave some details on the reproductive possibilities of the aphides, and I endeavoured to show that their rate of increase is such that, by a kind of geometrical progression, they would, if unmolested for a few months, destroy every particle of vegetation on the dry land of the globe. One of the greatest agents of protection against such a catastrophe is the lady-bird. There are numerous insect and other foes of the aphides ever at work, but where the lady-bird scores is that it appears on the scene at the same moment as the aphides themselves appear from the egg.

The importance of its early appearance can be readily appreciated if we realize that each aphis which emerges from the egg is, like the first wasp of early summer, a "mother queen," but whereas the queen wasp may only become the parent of some fifty thousand or so offspring by the end of the summer, the queen aphis may, at the end of four weeks, or thereabouts, have become the progenitor of five thousand nine hundred and four million nine hundred thousand individuals, as calculated by Réaumur. Also, all of those individuals would be females, with the same extraordinary powers of reproduction as their first parent.

Now, the lady-bird hibernates for the winter. It is frequently found beneath the bark of old trees, and in other sheltered places. Often a larger or smaller number may be seen in company. Three individuals one autumn day selected the ceiling of my study as suitable hibernating quarters, and there they remained huddled together until one sunny day at the end of March in the following year, when one of the group moved about an inch away from the other two, and rested there. That same day all three departed. In the garden below the window were some black-currant bushes, which may, together with sunlight, have provided the stimulus.

Let us suppose that those three beetles, hungry after their long fast, alighted amongst the currant bushes, and each in the course of the afternoon devoured a dozen aphides. With each aphis that disappeared would also vanish the possibilities of nearly six thousand millions of its kind appearing perhaps a month later. That, indeed, is where the lady-bird nips the danger in the bud. It is not so much the number of aphides that it itself disposes of at this period, as the possible millions of millions that might be forthcoming as the season advances but for its timely aid.

The good work of the lady-bird by no means stops at this stage; in truth, it is only the commencement of it. Its next business is to select suitable sites for its eggs. These yellow eggs are arranged in little groups, usually on the undersides of the leaves, as shown in Fig. 2, and should be looked for with a magnifying lens, or with a powerful reading or photograph glass, the latter being more convenient for amateur use, as it gives a longer field of focus.

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Now it was the non-observance of these groups of eggs that caused the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent to go all wrong with his observations, for, in the course of a few days, from each egg a little blackish larva emerges, and it seldom has to move many paces to obtain its first meal, which consists of the first green fly it comes in contact with. It may take an hour in disposing of its first victim, but later on it becomes much more active, and it can then devour them at the rate of about twelve per hour. It eats them up entirely, not even leaving their skins, as several other insect larvæ which prey upon aphides do.



Fig. 2.—Eggs of the lady-bird on the underside of a black-currant leaf.—Four times natural size.



Fig. 3.—Two larvæ of the lady-bird seeking their prey on a young rosebud.—Twice natural size.



Fig. 4.—Another view of the larva which is seen on the lower part of the stem.

Even when full-grown it is only about one-third of an inch in length. It is of a dark slaty-blue colour, and its body is tuberculated and spotted with yellow. Through a magnifying-lens it reminds one of a miniature crocodile, but, being an insect, it makes it a six-legged "crocodile." In Figs. 3 and 4 some of these larvæ are seen at work on a rosebud in their characteristic attitudes, while in Fig. 5 we have an enlarged view of the crocodile-like "monster" in the act of destroying its lawful prey.

The defects of the gardener's insecticides and spraying devices will be obvious from the above photographs, for such agents are more likely to remove the natural foes—for there are many others attacking the green flies besides the lady-bird larvæ—of the aphides than the aphides themselves, and, moreover, the aphides that survive will certainly be first in recuperating and gaining the lost ground, rather than their natural foes.

Some day British gardeners will become more scientific, and we shall find them collecting and breeding lady-birds, hover-flies, lace-wing flies, and even gathering leaves with aphides attacked by the aphid wasp—of which I have previously written—for the express purpose of placing them in their plant-houses. Indeed, I hope to live to see the time when florists and gardeners will use a sixpenny magnifying-lens much more than they do costly spraying devices connected with complex installations of underground pipes over perhaps acres of nurseries. Also, although it may be looking well into *futurity*, I hope to live to see a Board of Agriculture issuing leaflets describing and illustrating clearly to the man in the garden his insect friends and their work amongst his crops, together with the best methods of attracting those friends, etc., so that he may not destroy them along with his enemies, as he so ignorantly does to-day. When that day arrives

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the gardener will have better crops at less cost and with considerably less labour, because he will then be working on scientific and natural lines.

If the larvæ, such as shown in my photographs, escape the desperate attacks of an energetic gardener, with caustic alkali, paraffin emulsions, soap concoctions, and what not, for some fourteen days or thereabouts, they are duly grateful to him, and go on devouring his troublesome aphides right and left, all of which are well digested and quickly converted into material suitable for the construction of a lady-bird beetle with hard and polished wing-cases, and a pair of powerful flying wings.



Fig. 5.—The rosebud seen through a good reading-glass, showing the aphides and the miniature "crocodile" that is rapidly devouring them.



Fig. 6.—The pupa, or chrysalis, into which the larva changes before becoming a beetle.—Twice natural size.

Before that development can be attained, however, the larva has to first become a pupa, or chrysalis. It attaches itself by its tail end to a leaf, when its larval skin dries, tightens, and about forty-eight hours later splits, disclosing the pupa within, as shown in Fig. 6. The pupa remains quiescent for about nine days, when its skin is burst open and the lady-bird emerges.

When the beetle appears it is somewhat surprising, for instead of its wing-covers being red and black-spotted they are entirely cream-coloured, a detail which I believe has never before been recorded. Still more surprising are its wings, which it immediately extends so that they may dry (see Fig. 7), for they, too, are of the same cream-colour, and are quite unlike the dusky transparent wings of the mature insect. Some fluid seems to circulate both in wing-cases and wings, causing them to become opaque and of a creamy hue.

There the beetle rests while its wings dry, and also while they become transparent, which they do some four or five hours later. Likewise the wing-cases—these are seen to slowly change colour. At first they become pink, and then the colour gradually strengthens to red, while the black spot slowly prints out, like a photographic image, until it stands in clear contrast on the red ground (Fig. 8). Whether the colours are produced by the action of sunlight is a point for experiment, but it should be noted that nocturnal beetles of various species, on their emergence from the pupa, are very slow to develop their full colouring,

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Fig. 7.—A lady-bird beetle just emerged from the pupa, the empty skin of which is seen above.—Four times natural size. Its wings are extended to dry and harden.



Fig. 8.—The fully-developed beetle, whose wing-cases have now acquired their red colour and black spots.

sometimes occupying several days. Also, the common black cockroach is almost white when it first appears.

When the red and black colours have appeared, the lady-bird opens its wing-cases and folds its flying wings beneath them. Then it rests for several hours, after which it suddenly opens its wing-covers again, expands its flight organs, and pushes into space (Fig. 9). What it looks for from above is some green area, upon which to alight, and perhaps it may also be guided by smell to the black-currant or other bushes it specially favours. It has been observed that during lady-bird invasions ladies wearing green dresses were continually spangled over with them, while fawn and other colours were almost free from them, showing that these insects possess a useful sense of colour. Its destination having been reached, its object in life then immediately becomes aphides, and a mate; and if it is a female insect she has the further object of seeking out promising sites amongst the aphides for her eggs, which, as we have seen, she arranges standing on their ends, like groups of ninepins amongst them.

From the details of the life-story I have given above, it will be readily seen how the *Daily Chronicle* correspondent erred in his observations. A pocket magnifying-lens skilfully used would have prevented the errors of observation recorded under the numbers 3 and 4.

There now remains the problem of the huge swarms. How do they come about, and why their sudden appearance?

The hop-grounds present perhaps the best and most normal instances of these incursions in this country. Favourable climatic conditions early in the year may allow the aphides to increase at an alarming rate, the crops seem on the verge of destruction, when suddenly lady-birds begin to appear, and hour by hour they increase in numbers, until at last they literally swarm over the plantations. Not only do they themselves rapidly destroy the aphides, but such excessive supplies of



Fig. 9.—The lady-bird full speed ahead.

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food, with little labour, result in rapid reproduction of the lady-birds, and from the numerous eggs deposited huge generations are quickly forthcoming. The young and voracious larvæ perform their work of destruction so thoroughly that the numbers of the aphides are soon restricted to their ordinary limits, and sometimes almost to the extent of total extinction; the result of which is that the balance has not only been restored, but lady-birds are then appearing in enormous numbers at the very time when their food supplies are diminishing.

Then, just when these myriads of lady-birds are appearing, one of those hot, sultry days occurs, when the air seems to rain winged aphides or "blight," when they get in one's eyes, and rapidly accumulate on one's clothes while one is cycling along the lanes. The hungry lady-birds, which have exhausted nearly all the available food supplies of the district, and are now hourly increasing in numbers, welcome the advent of these forerunners of a new food supply. The aphides that alight get quickly devoured, but the supplies they provide are insignificant. The lady-birds, however, follow up the trail, and make an onward movement, for these winged aphides travelling on the still, sultry air are but the surplus winged generations being produced from some distant plantation or field crops, where they are again multiplying excessively. Soon that area is reached, and the lady-birds commence their depredations amongst them, perhaps only a few at first, but in vast numbers later on as their relatives left behind also get on the track.

It will be seen that the very success of the aphides in development brings about their own destruction and restores the natural balance again. Therefore, there is no mystery as to where the lady-birds come from, or how they are guided to those parts where crops are in danger, as is sometimes supposed.

Then there are the abnormal lady-bird swarms that fall upon towns, the sea coast, and sometimes on the sea itself. What of these? Let us suppose that a swarm in the course of its travelling in search of food has neared the coast, and then the growing crowd finds that its food supplies are waning. At the same time strong winds arise, blowing seawards. The winds are too strong for the beetles to fly back against, consequently they are either compelled to rest upon the shore as they accumulate or to be carried out to sea.

If the latter event occurs, and they are carried at a sufficient height, they may reach a foreign shore in safety, but should the wind fall or change while they are *en route*, it would probably mean disaster for them. Swarms of painted lady and other butterflies are frequently brought to our own shores from oversea in this manner. Should they successfully cross the water, as they neared the land, perhaps a falling wind, assisted by their own efforts, would allow them to alight, and as all the swarm alike would be exhausted by the journey, they would all take the first opportunity of resting. The answer to the query as to whether these swarms not infrequently found on our seashores have come from abroad, or from the hop plantations, is probably that they may be either one or the other, the direction of the wind at the time of their appearance giving the correct solution.

There are reliable records of vessels having passed through belts of lady-birds ten or more feet broad and several miles in length, floating on the sea surface. In one instance, on July 24th, 1869, a belt of this kind was observed about thirteen miles off the Lincolnshire coast. On the same day the owner of a cutter recorded at almost the same spot running through numerous belts of green winged-aphides, "from a few yards to some hundreds in breadth, and extending both to port and starboard as far as the eye could reach." Here, then, was probably a failure at migration from our own coasts. Strong winds from the land may have blown a winged generation of aphides seawards, and later been strong enough to move on the lady-birds themselves, but apparently a sudden fall in the wind, when some thirteen or fourteen miles out, caused destruction to both.

The lady-bird, so far as I know, is almost free from natural foes in this country. At times, as we have seen, it, like the aphides, becomes too abundant. Perhaps Nature's remedy for uncontrollable swarms on land, and for which there is no further use elsewhere, is the sea itself.

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Dinner Here

By Mrs Barry Pain

Illustrated by Treyer Evans

Dramatis Personæ.

Hubert Ashe (*an Author*).

Gwendoline Ashe (*his wife*).

Scene.—*The Ashes' drawing-room in Kensington. Usual pretty furniture. Telephone on writing-desk. The curtain rises on empty stage with the telephone-bell ringing violently.*

Enter Hubert *hurriedly.*

Hubert.—Hang it! (*He takes up receiver savagely.*) Halloa!—Yes, I am. Who is it?—(*With change of voice*) Oh, it's you?—Yes, I *am* slightly ruffled, I admit; but go right on.—(*Laughing*) My dear Betty, it's a topping programme, and nothing we'd have liked better; but I'm afraid we can't possibly leave the house this evening.—Well, it's like this: You know the chronic state of Gwen's engagement-book, either nothing entered or the entries not looked at.—Precisely, and bless her, as you say. But it happens to be rather irritating this time. She's entered "Dinner here" for this evening, and can't for the life of her remember who she's asked. —Yes, racked her brains and mine, too. No good.—Yes, in full war-paint, wondering who on earth's going to turn up, and how many, if any.—Oh, glad it amuses you. As a joke it leaves me rather cold.—No, we're going to wait till a quarter-past eight, and then if no one has turned up we fall back upon a cold supper by ourselves.—Oh, if someone does come we explain that the cook has crocked up suddenly, and take them to a restaurant. —Well, we couldn't order dinner here for a totally unknown quantity of guests. But, I say, why not jump into a taxi and come round if you're alone, and we'll do a restaurant anyway?—Oh, I see; sorry. Our loss. Hope you'll enjoy it. Don't be *too* amusing at our expense.—Right. Ta-ta! (*He rings off. During end of telephone talk, enter* Gwendoline. *She wears a black evening-gown, with flowers at her waist, and looks worried and depressed.*)

Gwen.—Who was that?

Hub.—Betty rang up. (*He fills his case with cigars and cigarettes from box on table.*)

Gwen (*sitting dejectedly by the fire*).—What she want?

Hub.—Charlie's out, and she wanted us to do a play or something with her. One of her sudden inspirations.

Gwen.—And what did you tell her?

Hub.—Told her the truth, of course.

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GWEN.—Thanks. Then I'll never hear the last of *that*. Really, you and your ridiculous truth-telling with be the death of me! Why couldn't you simply have said that we had a small dinner here this evening? A man never *can* do the right thing unless he has two hours to prepare for it.

HUB.—Yes, that criminal instinct to tell the truth—deplorable! But is it absolutely necessary for you to wear black, and add to the gaiety of the situation?

GWEN.—Oh, don't worry about that. It had to be a sort of emergency dress. This'll just do if anyone smart turns up, and we have to go to a decent restaurant; and if it's some mangy relation and we can do a Soho pot-house, I simply remove these (*indicating flowers*) and the jewellery—as if on second thoughts, of course—and there's nothing much wrong either way.

HUB. (*beginning to pace irritably*).—Oh, isn't there? If you could only remember whom you were *likely* to have asked!

GWEN.—But I can't, so it's no good going through all that again.

HUB.—For Heaven's sake, let it be a lesson to you not to throw out invitations in that airy way of yours, and then think no more about it!

GWEN.—I did think more about it, or I couldn't have entered it in my engagement-book, could I? That's the part that bothers me. If I'd only asked one person, or a couple, I'd have put "Jones" or "The Browns"—just the name. But "Dinner here" must mean a small party. If only I could remember where I went last week—whom I met or wrote to! No, it's no good!

HUB. (*looking at his watch*).—Nor is it any good, as far as I can see, waiting in a state of semi-starvation till a quarter-past eight. You must have said eight to whoever it was.

GWEN.—But one must allow for possibilities. Really, for an author you haven't too much imagination! Might be someone who has to come a long way by motor-car, and the tyres may have burst, or they may have run over somebody, and been delayed by apologies, or——

HUB.—By that time one could say that one had given them up, of course.

GWEN.—We shall have quite enough lies to tell without that, thank you. You can surely wait fifteen minutes.

HUB.—Forty-five minutes, if you don't mind.

GWEN.—It's always eight o'clock when we have people, as you perfectly well know.



"ENTER GWENDOLINE. SHE WEARS A BLACK EVENING-GOWN, WITH FLOWERS AT HER WAIST, AND LOOKS WORRIED AND DEPRESSED."

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HUB.—But we haven't people, so it's seven-thirty, as I know still better.

GWEN.—You don't know. Wait and see.

HUB.—I've a jolly good mind not to wait, but to go off to the club and leave the whole rotten business for you to struggle with as best you can.

GWEN.—If you do, I'll howl the place down. (*The telephone-bell rings.*) There! That may be our guests. Thank Heaven! (*Takes up receiver.*) Yes?—I'm Mrs. Hubert Ashe.—Yes, he's here. What name shall I say?—Yes, hold the line, please.

HUB.—Who is it?

GWEN.—Sounds like the Duchess of Port-something.

HUB.—Nonsense! (*Takes up the receiver.*) Halloa! Who's speaking, please?—On behalf of whom?—I haven't quite caught it. The Duchess of what?—(*Frowns and shakes his head*) It's very kind of the Duchess, but I'm unfortunately not able to avail myself of her kind invitation, as I—er—I—er—I'm not able to leave home this evening.—(*In flattered tone*) It's extremely kind of her to say so. Will you convey my best thanks to her Grace?—Yes, thank you. Good-bye. (*Rings off.*)

GWEN.—What on earth——?

HUB.—The Duchess of Port-something. I couldn't catch the blessèd name. She's read my article on "Books for the Masses."

GWEN.—And what about it?

HUB.—Oh, she's got a meeting at her house to-night, and wants me to come and read the article. Happens to be her pet subject. Probably an old crank with theories.

GWEN.—She wanted you to read it to-night at a moment's notice? Isn't that rather odd?



"HUB. (LOOKING AT HIS WATCH).—'NOR IS IT ANY GOOD, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE, WAITING IN A STATE OF SEMI-STARVATION TILL A QUARTER-PAST EIGHT.'"

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"YES, THIS IS 7494.—OH, THE DINNER-HOUR WAS TO BE EIGHT O'CLOCK."

HUB.—It doesn't ich matter what it is I can't go, does it?

GWEN (*distressed*).—, would it have been a d thing to do? Might ave led to something?

HUB.—As it's defi- ely impossible, sup- ing we don't worry out it?

GWEN.—Oh, Hubert, *id* that was a brilliant icle. This would have en it such prominence uch importance!

HUB (*rising, ex- erated*).—Great Scot! right, I'll go!

GWEN (*rushing at him*). No, no; you can't!

HUB.—Then will you e off whining about

GWEN.—Don't be ry. You know you uldn't have liked ng at a moment's ice to strange people don't even know if 're married or single. *lephone-bell rings. She ches at her heart.*) Oh, vens! I believe I'm getting a telephone rt! (*Takes up receiver.*) Yes, this is 4.—Oh, the dinner-hour was to be eight ock. (*She makes signs of joy and relief* HUBERT.) Who is speaking, please?— o is it?—Are you there?—(*To* HUBERT) y've rung off. How maddening! I ted to speak about the restaurant. But, any rate, we know now that *someone* is ing, even if we don't know who.

HUB.—Or how many. Don't let us be too lly ambitious. It's a great deal to know we're not sitting here starving and sing unique invitations for absolutely ing. (*Walks up and down again.*) ldn't you tell by the voice who it was?

WEN.—It was a maid speaking. All was, "Please, is it half-past se t o'clock for dinner to-night?" wer when I asked who it was

UB.—If you had asked for th ng the hour you'd have *rking himself up*) Rea der if you're fit to dra any woman in h ty-fifth year can g

an absolutely imbecile situation passes my understanding.

GWEN.—Hasn't much to pass, then.

HUB.—Is there another man in London at this moment who is sitting in his own house, and wondering who the deuce is coming to dine with him? Upon my word, it's some way beyond the limit! Nothing but a couple of dirty sandwiches for luncheon, no tea, and this sort of a dinner! (*Telephone-bell rings again.*)

GWEN (*clutching her heart as before*).—There! Perhaps nd it! You can go this time, if mind l e rtunity o ad o B. (*

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HUB.—Well?

GWEN.—If that isn't the rottenest luck! Mrs. Mark Mathewson offers us her box at the opera to-night, and they're doing "Faust"!

HUB (*taking up newspaper furiously*).—Good! Now we won't spend the next hour in tearing out our hair because we couldn't go and see "Faust."

GWEN.—It's the first time in my life that I've had a box at the opera offered me—and the last, of course.

HUB.—So we *are* to have an hour's debate on the subject, are we?

GWEN (*tearfully*).—How can you be such an unsympathetic brute?

HUB.—Oh, I see; it's *you* who deserve the sympathy? I'm afraid I hadn't quite grasped that. Stupid of me, *and* brutal, as you say. I must apologize for having got you into such a tiresome situation. And I must think out some sort of consolation.

GWEN.—"Faust," of all delicious operas!

HUB.—Yes, we must take the Royal box next time "Faust's" on! That's it.

GWEN.—Oh, you savage! (*Telephone-bell rings.*) I'm not going to answer it. It's getting on my nerves. The thing hasn't stopped ringing for five minutes at a time since I came down. This *must* be our guests.

HUB.—Then perhaps it's safer for someone with a head to answer it. (*Takes up receiver with the air of a martyr.*) Halloa!—Yes, Hubert Ashe.—Who's speaking?—Miss Daisy Granville, of the Gaiety?—Oh, yes, perfectly. (*Long pause. Facial expression of ever-increasing gratification.*)—Well, I might be able to think of a suitable sketch in the course of a few days. I'm afraid I can't throw out an idea at a moment's notice.—Oh, you *have* the idea?—At the Trocadero to-night? 'Fraid I can't. I—we—er—we rather think we may have—er—several people dining here this evening——

GWEN.—What are you saying?

HUB.—In fact—yes—I am full up this evening.—Yes, it would have been delightful for me. Perhaps you could jot down your idea and send it to me for consideration?—Then I fear it must be some other evening. Most awfully sorry.—No, please don't say that!—Oh, no, no! Of course, I would have been delighted. Any other evening except Thursday or Saturday I should be more than ready.—Are you there?—Halloa!—Halloa!—Humph! Gone! (*Replaces receiver savagely.*)

GWEN (*excitedly*).—It wasn't *the* Daisy Granville?

HUB (*with biting sarcasm*).—Oh, no; one of the other half-dozen. (*He resumes his paper.*)

GWEN.—And she wanted a sketch?

HUB.—It's no earthly use talking about it. For Heaven's sake, take a book!

GWEN.—I *must* know. How can you be so inhuman? Why didn't she——

HUB (*with contained rage*).—She's got an idea for a music-hall sketch, and asked me to fetch her from Beauchamp Mansions and take her to dine at the Trocadero to talk it over to-night—now. As I couldn't, for reasons entirely your own——

GWEN.—Oh, but why hasn't she fixed another night?

HUB.—Because she preferred to ring off in a temper.

GWEN.—That comes of stammering over your excuses like a guilty schoolboy. I never heard anything so clumsy. Of course, she thought you were making it up. Oh, what an opportunity lost! Think of her name and yours! What a combination! You'd have made hundreds. We could have had a two-seater, and that Pekingese that I've never forgotten or stopped dying for. We could have had a cottage in the country, besides this, and a string of real pearls, and you never——

HUB. (*beginning to pace again*).—Great Scot, help me to bear it! (*Pausing suddenly.*) And why in thunder should I bear it? I'm off! There are things which some people do *not* bear. If anyone is ass enough to come here to-night you can say that I'm ill—dead—anything you like. I am not going to be the other ass to sit and starve here all night.

GWEN.—Hubert, I implore you! Don't—don't give way to yourself like that! Think of me just for this once. People arriving—perhaps streaming in—all asking where you are, and I having to lie to them by myself, no one to back me up. How can I take a lot of men and women to a restaurant—decide which restaurant—order the dinner—pay for it? And the wine—think of the wine! Hubert, if you go to the club, and I have to engineer this by myself, I swear I'll give them ginger-beer at the Ritz, and we'll have to leave London, socially disgraced—and ruined!

HUB.—Then, for Heaven's sake, give them ginger-beer—give them cocoa! I'm sick of London—sick of the whole thing! I'm going to ring up a taxi. (*Goes towards telephone. The telephone-bell rings.*)

GWEN.—There! That's Providence intervening! (*Grandly*) *I'll* answer it. You're not fit to. (*Takes up receiver.*) Yes, I'm Mrs.

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Ashe.—Oh, Jean, of course I know your old voice. I wasn't listening properly.—Oh, my dear, how perfectly sickening! Chicken-pox isn't a serious thing, you know.—No, no, of course you can't for ages, you poor dear! Horridly infectious.—Forgive you? It's a case of pitying ourselves. We were *so* looking forward to a jolly evening.—Don't be so absurd! Bother the dinner! Only sorry for poor Topsy and for you.—I know; I won't keep you, dear. Good-bye. (*To* HUBERT) It's all over! We're saved! (*Sinks exhausted into a chair.*)

HUB.—Was she coming?

GWEN.—She and Ted—coming to dinner and bridge. I remember perfectly now. *We* were going to have dinner with *them* to-night, and when her cook left I said we'd have them here instead. That's why I wrote "Dinner here." The doctor came as she was dressing. Chicken-pox—Topsy. Oh, do hold my hand! I'd clean forgotten them. It would have had to be Soho. Oh, Hubert!

HUB.—So that's that, and better than you deserve. And now for pity's sake let's get some food. What is there?

GWEN.—You won't go to the club? There's plenty of cold mutton—Bovril first—and a nice shape. I felt so sure we'd have to go out. But we can have it at once—instantly.

HUB (*with a grimace*).—That'll be about its only charm. Come along.

GWEN.—Oh, Hubert!

(*They are leaving in great dejection when the telephone-bell rings again.*)

GWEN (*with a scream*).—Oh, not again! I didn't ask anyone else—I swear I didn't!

HUB.—Another invitation, no doubt. This seems to be the night for them.

GWEN.—And we'll go, if it's from the old gentleman himself.

HUB (*taking up receiver*).—Halloa!—Halloa! You again? (*To* GWEN) It's Betty. (*He listens, begins to grin, then to smile broadly, and then laughs heartily.*) What, it was you every time? The opera? The Duchess? Daisy Granville? Well, you *are!* Hold on a minute—here's Gwen. She'll deal with you. (*To* GWEN) It's she who's been ringing us up all evening.

GWEN.—Oh, what a scandal!

HUB.—We'll pay her out for this.

GWEN (*taking receiver*).—Betty, you're a fiend incarnate. I'll never speak to you again. How *could* you?—No, we're free; it's all right.—Well, it sounds very attractive. Hold on. (*To* HUBERT) She wants us to join her party—Pagani's and the Haymarket.

HUB.—Better than Bovril and a shape.

GWEN.—Greedy pig! (*Into receiver*) Are you there?—Yes, we forgive you, which is frightfully nice of us.—All right; we'll be there in ten minutes, and you're really a brick, though sinful. Good-bye. (*To* HUBERT) Ring up a taxi, and then let's kick the telephone into splinters. Where's my cloak? (*Runs to door. He bars the way.*)

HUB.—First, do you promise that this shall never happen again as long as you live and have an engagement-book?

GWEN.—Promise anything. I'll wear the book chained round my neck. There! But wasn't this nice dinner worth waiting for? Spoilt boy! Ring up! (*She runs out.*)

HUB (*going to telephone*).—Spoilt boy! Hark, ye gods! (*Takes up receiver.*) Paddington 1077.—Are you taxis?—Then send one round—hurry up!—6, Aubrey Road——

Curtain descends as he speaks.

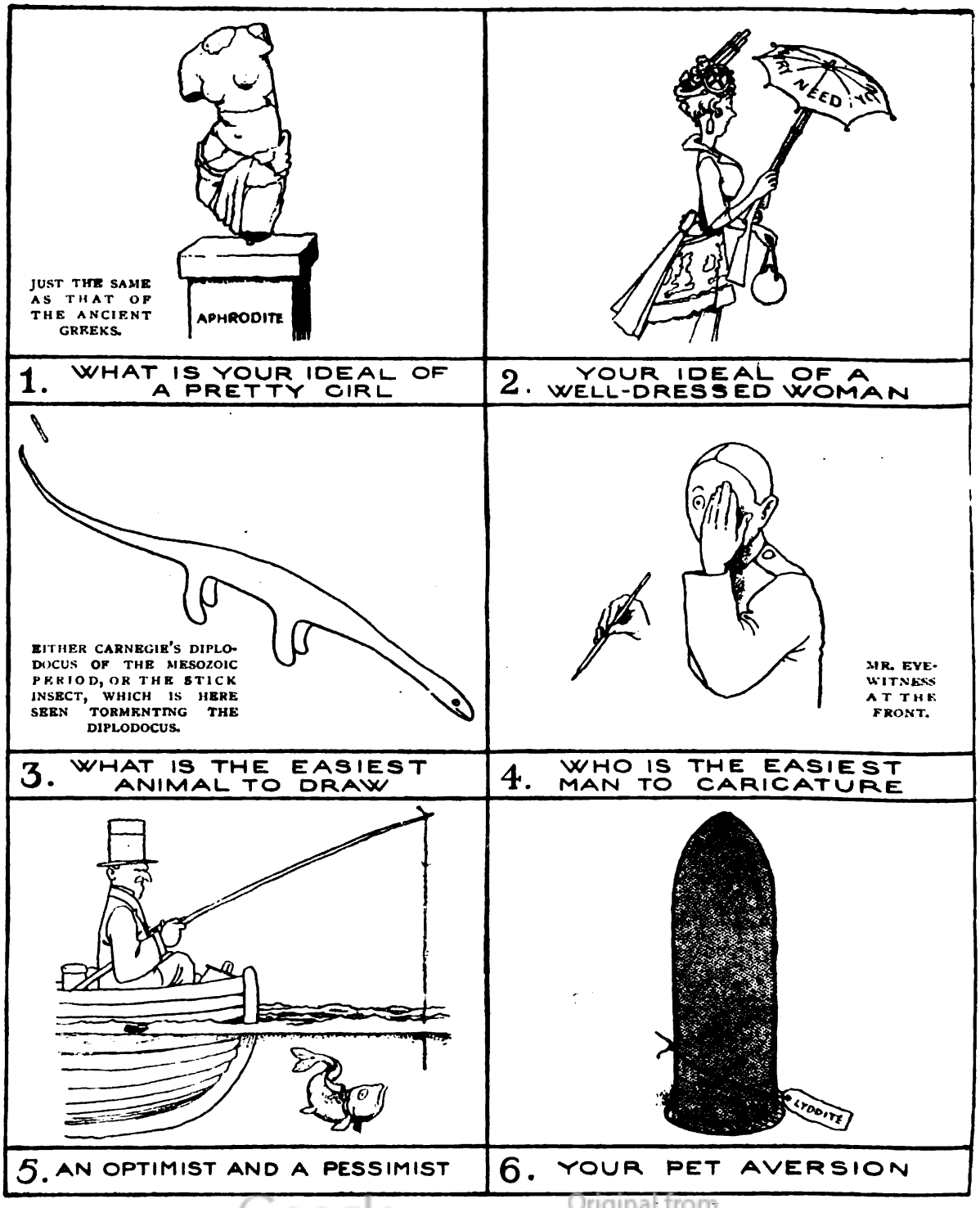


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A Confession-Book for Artists.

A novel adaptation of the old idea of Confession-Books, the questions being answered by artists, not in writing but by pictures. Our readers may look forward to other adaptations of the Confession-Book in succeeding numbers.

W. HEATH ROBINSON.



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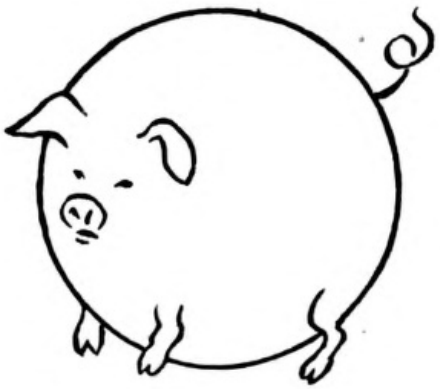
LEWIS BAUMER.



1. WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL OF A PRETTY GIRL



2. YOUR IDEAL OF A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN



3. WHAT IS THE EASIEST ANIMAL TO DRAW



4. WHO IS THE EASIEST MAN TO CARICATURE



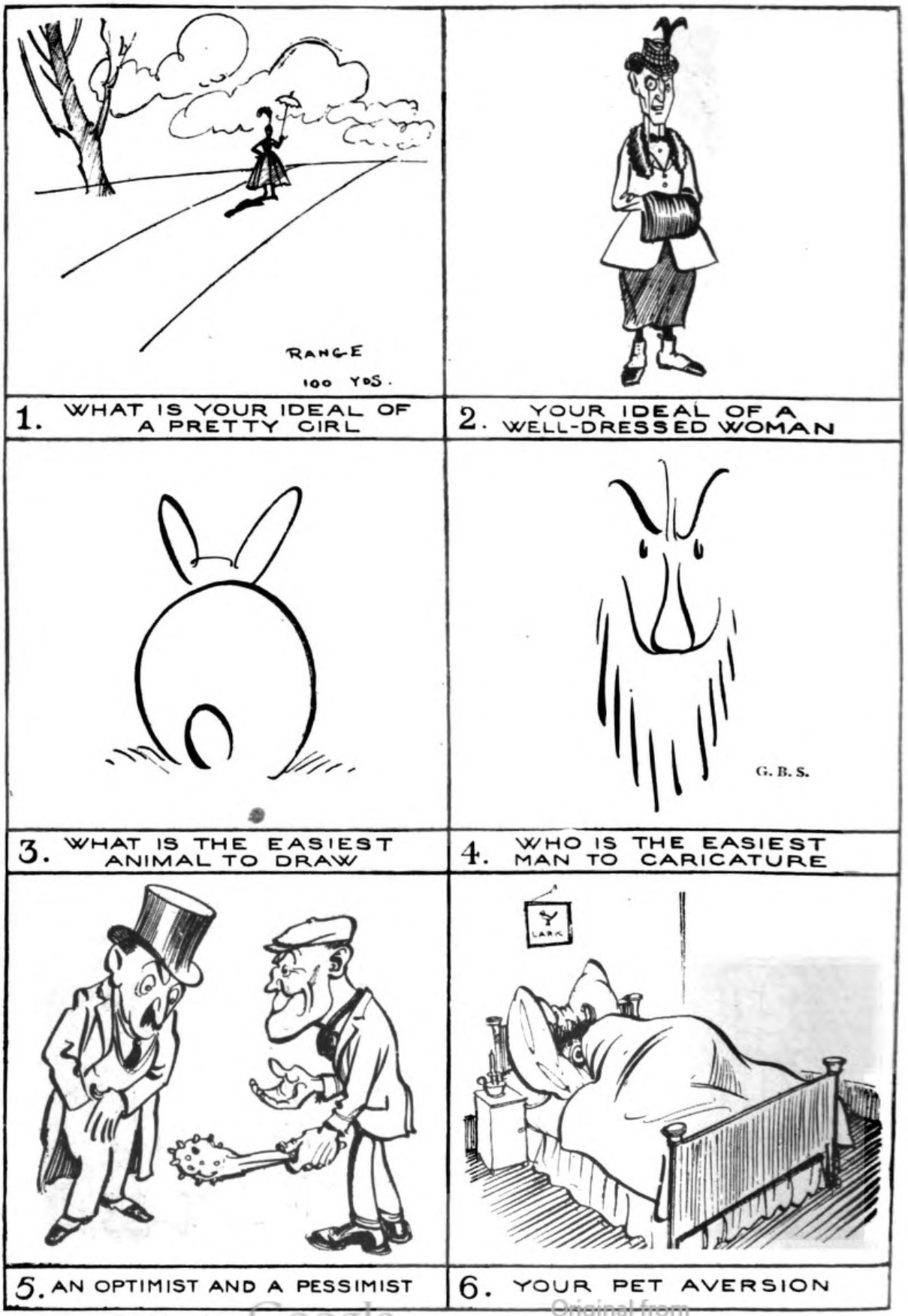
5. AN OPTIMIST AND A PESSIMIST



6. YOUR PET AVERSION

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H. M. BATEMAN.



1. WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL OF A PRETTY GIRL

2. YOUR IDEAL OF A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

3. WHAT IS THE EASIEST ANIMAL TO DRAW

4. WHO IS THE EASIEST MAN TO CARICATURE

5. AN OPTIMIST AND A PESSIMIST

6. YOUR PET AVERSION

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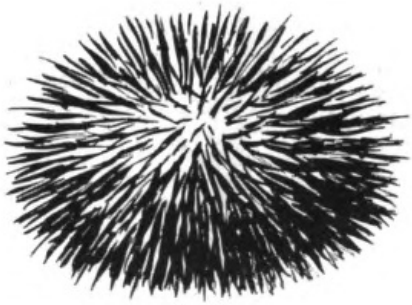
ALFRED LEETE.



1. WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL OF A PRETTY GIRL



2. YOUR IDEAL OF A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN



Hedgehog at bay

3. WHAT IS THE EASIEST ANIMAL TO DRAW



4. WHO IS THE EASIEST MAN TO CARICATURE



5. AN OPTIMIST AND A PESSIMIST



6. YOUR PET AVERSION

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HARRY ROUNTREE.



1. WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL OF A PRETTY GIRL



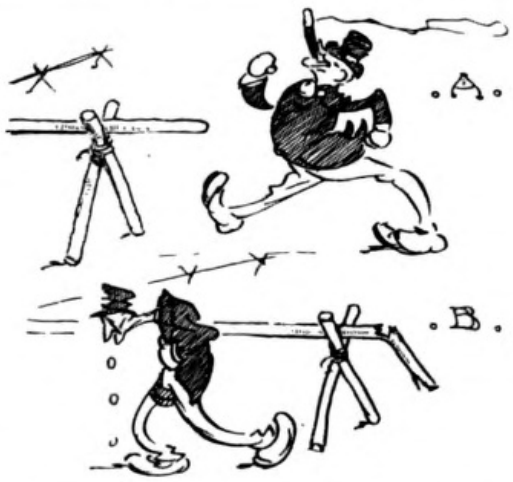
2. YOUR IDEAL OF A WELL-DRESSED WOMAN



3. WHAT IS THE EASIEST ANIMAL TO DRAW



4. WHO IS THE EASIEST MAN TO CARICATURE



5. AN OPTIMIST AND A PESSIMIST



6. YOUR PET AVERSION

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PHOTOGRAPHIC PROOFS

by

W. PETT RIDGE

Illustrated by
CHAS GRAVE

"AND don't you ever go up to London, and pop in at a theatre, Mr. Templeton?" Lady Welmore's companion waited until his son, out at the wickets, managed to run a four on account of a ball that nearly reached the boundary.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Welmore. You were asking—— No, not now, not now. My dear wife has her prejudices, and I feel it wise to respect them."

"Is she here? I'd like to have a bit of an argument with her concerning that question."

"Mrs. Templeton is engaged at the moment on parish work. Her help to me, in that respect, is simply invaluable."

"I was told," said Lady Welmore, opening a scarlet sunshade, "that she bossed the village. Ain't the heat trying? I'm not so slim as I used to be, and it finds me out."

Spectators around the field divided their attentions between the game and the two distinguished people near the white tent. It flattered the village to know that their vicar was capable of bearing himself well in any situation: here he was, easy and composed in the presence of a lady of title, just as later on, at the dinner at the Foresters' Inn, he would be the right man in the chair. Lady Welmore was a new arrival; the word had gone around that she could not be termed a born lady; moreover, she seemed a bit inclined to have her own way. Out at the wickets young Templeton was called by his partner for a run that failed; he came across, to sounds of applause and sympathy.

"To our great regret," said the vicar, "my son has just failed in a rather important examination. The case would not be serious but for the circumstance that I have no influential friends. Those I once had are gone, and new ones have not taken their place. My wife is worried about it."

"He'll make his way," declared Lady Welmore. "'Tisn't always those that are helped who get on the best. Look at me, for instance. What do you think my father was?"

The riddle could scarcely be counted an easy one, and Mr. Templeton was not sure that, even if he possessed the knowledge, a correct answer would have been welcomed. Lady Welmore spoke of early days in Duncan Terrace, Islington, referred to memories of Sadler's Wells Theatre. Mr. Templeton, not to be outdone in reminiscences, described his own first visit to the play. The late 'seventies, and he a youth of sixteen with an uncle in town who, as host, agreed, it appeared, to give the boy his own choice. To the uncle's content, the Strand was chosen, and the two, after a meal at Simpson's, went down the side street, entered a passage, and found seats right at the back of the pit.

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"You saw Ada Swanborough?" said Lady Welmore, interestedly.

Mr. Templeton believed this was the name of a young woman, of fine presence, who acted in one of the three pieces. The farce and the comedy had not remained securely in his memory; it was the burlesque at the end that stayed there. Mr. Templeton recited the plot, quoted one or two of the jokes; he seemed tempted to make an endeavour to hum the principal air. The tune and the singer, he declared, were as fresh in his mind as though one had been heard, and the other seen, but yesterday. A short girl, dressed in something like a military uniform, pert, animated features, head held at an angle, and a singing voice—small, but large enough for the band-box of a theatre—that delighted everybody, but charmed no one so enormously as the lad at the back of the pit. The uncle, it appeared, went abroad before the next year's holidays came, and the chance of seeing the wonderful young person again did not present itself.

"Someone near us, I remember, mentioned her age. If she is alive now she must be sixty."

"Fifty-nine!" retorted his companion.

"Perhaps you are right."

"I ought to know," said Lady Welmore. "That girl was me. Gave up the stage. I did, when I married my first husband, and if you had come to the theatre again you wouldn't have found my name on the bill."

"Surely you are joking!"

"I stopped joking many years ago."

"The play-bill had goffered edges," went on the vicar, musingly. "Shiny paper, and a perfume about it. Rimmel's advertisement was on the back. I kept it religiously—I mean I kept it carefully—for many years."

"You must show it to me, some day."

"My wife came across it on one occasion, and she decided that, in the interests of our boy, who was just then leaving Harrow, it ought to be burnt."

"Evidently a nice, sensible, broad-minded woman," remarked Lady Welmore. "Something strikes me we sha'n't get on well together when we meet. So she put it in the fire, did she?"

"I would much rather she had treated a ten-pound note in this manner." He looked out at the game; a new innings had started.

"Mr. Templeton," sharply, "just you give your attention to me, please. I want to talk to you. It's a long time since I met anyone who remembered the days and the times we've been speaking about, and I don't mind confessing it's pleased me a good deal. Flattery doesn't come my way very much now, excepting when people are trying to get money out of me, and I, naturally enough, value it all the more. Our conversation has done me good, and I'm grateful."

"The indebtedness is on my side."

"Don't speak when I'm talking. I feel so grateful that I'm inclined to do something for that big boy of yours who's bowling out there now. I know a political person—brother-in-law of mine, to tell you the truth—who wants a secretary."

"Lady Welmore," he said, rising and speaking earnestly, "if you can only do this I shall never forget, and his mother will never forget, all your kindness."

"It isn't his mother I shall do it for. She don't interest me. It's for the sake of that youngster at the back of the pit in the dear old Strand, and because he helped, I expect, to get me an encore for my song. There's just this about it, though. The last man wearing a black straw hat that I was acquainted with took lots of money for charities from me, and when I stopped giving he preached against me publicly for not going to church. That makes me suspicious. That makes me behave cautious. And, for all I know, you may have heard from somewhere that I was on the stage—although I thought everyone had forgotten it—and you may have pitched me this yarn—— Oh, don't get in a paddy about it. I always speak my mind."

"You will allow me to remark that I made no appeal to you on behalf of my son."

"I know that right enough," she said. "If you had, I shouldn't have moved a hand's stroke to help him. I like playing off my own bat. All I ask is that you give me some proof that you admired me as you say you did, right away in that time we've been speaking about. Now you can find my car."

"It just occurs to me," said the vicar, conducting her to the gate, "that, although the programme is missing, I have something else that you are likely to accept as satisfactory evidence."

"Send it along, or, better still, bring it up this evening. My daughter is away, else I could introduce you to her. She's all for earning her own living up in town."

Mr. Templeton went about the field chatting to members of the visiting team and remarking on the uncertainty of cricket; to the home eleven he gave congratulations, and mentioned that superior talent was bound to show itself. Having inquired concerning the

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"'WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME,' SAID MRS. TEMPLETON, AT THE DOORWAY, IN PRECISE TONES, 'WHAT YOU ARE DOING?'"

ailments of one or two elderly men seated on the white benches, he hurried away.

The informative leather frame standing upon the table in the hall announced that the lady of the house was out; added that she would return at four-thirty. This gave a good margin, and he took off hat and coat and went upstairs to go through the high chest of drawers that contained clothes, old manuscript sermons, accounts of receipts and disbursements since 'eighty-nine, and documents concerning a variety of subjects, from the reputation of a coachman to the behaviour of a rural dean. He found presently that he had transferred everything to the carpet, without discovering the object of his search, and, disturbed in mind, he began the work of replacing articles, carefully and slowly. The gong sounded for tea; he gave no attention to it.

"Will you please tell me," said Mrs. Templeton, at the doorway, in precise tones, "what you are doing, and why you are home thus early from the match?"

"Want to find something," he answered, curtly.

"Keep calm," she ordered. "Otherwise you will be getting a temperature. You know how excitable you are."

"Has anybody been interfering with my papers? If so, I shall be extremely annoyed. I want a photograph, an old cabinet photograph."

"Perhaps I can manage to find one for you. There are six or seven in the old album, mainly of my relatives."

"Margaret," he said, facing her, "all your aunts and every one of your uncles would be of little assistance to me just now. We are on the edge of a great crisis."

"I think I have heard you use the phrase before now."

"I am looking for a portrait of a young woman in a sort of—er—fancy costume, for which, many years ago, I gave the sum of four shillings. That photograph is, at this moment, worth untold gold to us."

Mrs. Templeton regarded her husband as a nurse looks at a delirious patient; she directed him to come downstairs at once.

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"Hang tea!" cried the vicar, heatedly. "I don't want tea. I want this portrait. Tell me at once what has become of it, or I shall take you by the arms and shake you most severely."

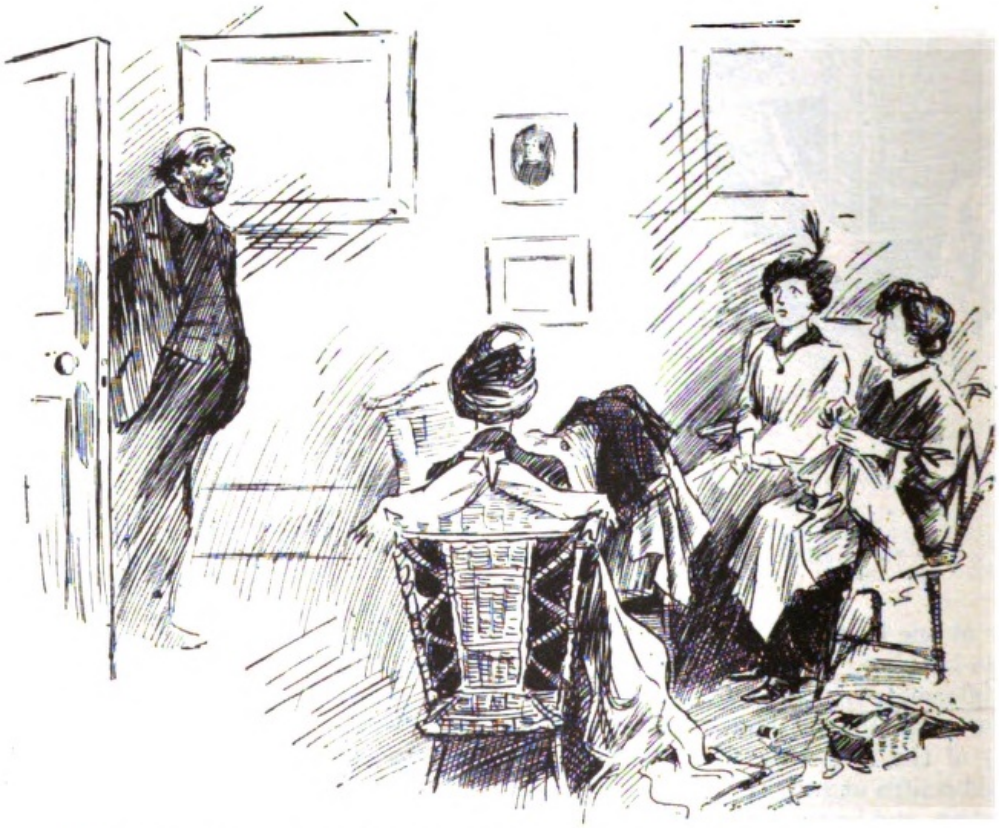
The lady of the house, frightened out of her normal manner, became deferential, showed eagerness to give assistance. Begging for time to think, she announced presently that she rather fancied that in clearing out for the latest jumble sale—— Her husband gave an impatient ejaculation, and this encouraged the efforts of her memory. She could recollect it clearly now. Some views of Switzerland, a collection of picture-post-cards, and the cabinet photograph in question were tied up together and made into one lot.

"Who bought them? Tell me at once, and tell me the truth."

Mrs. Templeton, shivering at the alarming tones in which the question was put, protested that it was impossible for her to answer. Miss Chadwell had control of the stall, and Miss Chadwell alone could provide the information.

Mr. Templeton, without his hat, raced up the path to Miss Chadwell's house, and broke in upon a sewing guild. To his strenuous inquiries the lady declared she could not reply off-hand; doubted whether, if she were given a week to consider the matter, the particulars asked for would be forthcoming. Mr. Templeton, unable to use the threats that had been effective in dealing with his wife, begged Miss Chadwell to make a special effort, and himself helped by reciting names of the folk who had patronized the sale. She arrested him at the mention of one of these.

Maynard was batting when the vicar returned to the cricket-field. Charlie Templeton had scored a duck's egg in the second innings, and Maynard, auctioneer, estate agent, representative of insurance firm, secretary of debating society, was endeavouring to atone for the failure. Mr. Templeton made a silent appeal that Maynard might be bowled, or caught, or stumped, or given out leg-before; the supplication was not immediately granted.



"MR. TEMPLETON, WITHOUT HIS HAT, BROKE IN UPON A SEWING GUILD."

"Halloa, Governor!" said Charlie. "You look worried. Mustn't let cricket affect you like this, you know. Takes you back, *I suppose*, to your youthful days."

"That is where I have been," he admitted.

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"Sit down, and let us have a quiet hat."

"Charlie, my boy," he cried, "I couldn't hat quietly to save my life. Run across to he pitch and tell Maynard I wish to see him on most important business."

"Now, my dear old pater," argued his son, 'you know as well as I do that you are talking in a most unreasonable manner; absolutely through your hat. I should no more dare—— Here are a couple of chairs. Now tell me. How did you get along with that queer old Welmore woman? And what are you bothered about?"

"I can't explain," replied his father, irritably. "I want to see Maynard. Why doesn't Maynard get out?"

There was a loud appeal in the field, and the two umpires met and conferred. Mr. Templeton hurried across and offered his services as arbitrator; Maynard was given out l.b.w. The vicar accompanied the batsman on the journey to the tent, and, mentioning that discipline and order in the game ceased unless decisions were accepted with good temper, put a few sharp inquiries. The young man answered in the manner of one suffering from injustice. He remembered the photograph well enough; it was slightly faded, and the mount coloured by age. It stood upon the mantelpiece of his office for a time, partly concealed by an almanac, and disappeared at about the time this present game was being arranged. Young Maynard did not know where it had gone, and managed to hint (as broadly as one can in speaking to the clergy) that he did not care a twopenny dash.

"I'll ask about it, though, if you like, sir," he added, noting the other's distress.

"Please do," begged Mr. Templeton, eagerly. "You might speak of a suitable reward—say a couple of sovereigns."

"The lady looked to me like an actress."

"She was a great friend of mine years ago," said the vicar.

"Beg pardon, sir; my mistake. But why not give it out from the pulpit on Sunday? If anybody in the village has got it, that's the best way to get it back."



"MR. TEMPLETON OFFERED HIS SERVICES AS ARBITRATOR; MAYNARD WAS GIVEN OUT L.B.W."

"A well-meant suggestion, Maynard, but not one that can be adopted. Let me know, before the game finishes, the result of your inquiries."

At the dinner that evening (it started at six o'clock, and the talking was over by eight) the general opinion was that the vicar did not seem so happy and adroit as usual. Instead of a genial speech with reminiscences of W. W. Read and Lohmann and Abel, with happy comments on modern and local players, he gave something like a sermon on the chances that life offered, and the frequent inability to take advantage of them. Maynard, in responding, at Charles Templeton's request, to the toast of The Club, found the speech he had prepared would be altogether unsuited to the occasion, and made instead a brief acknowledgment. The vicar gave up the chair after grace, and left the company to the enjoyment of a smoking concert.

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"Don't you trouble to leave, Charlie, just because I am going."

"Rather come with you, father. There's something I want to speak about."

"I thought about taking a three-mile walk."

"Nothing," declared his son, "would suit me better."

They slipped away quietly, and near the main road lighted pipes, hesitating whether to return for more matches, and deciding to take the risk. In the marquee someone had started one of the endless chants always demanded at festivities of the kind:—

I met my Nance, 'twas quite by chance,
Upon an Easter Sunday;
I gave one glance at my dear Nance,
And vowed to kiss till Monday.

The vicar took his son's arm.

"Have you something on your mind, too, my boy?"

"I want to begin work," announced the young man. "I think I'd better try to get a job as a clerk in the City."

"Don't decide too hastily."

"That's just it, father," he remarked. "If I don't settle it at once I shall keep drifting on down here and doing nothing but play cricket. Besides," he stopped to relight his pipe, "I particularly wish to be in London."

"A very natural and common desire amongst youths."

"There is a special reason in my case. I met somebody when I was last up in London."

"What kind of a man was he?"

"There was trouble outside Victoria. Just in Buckingham Palace Road, you know. A lad had snatched at her wrist-bag, and I happened to secure him. We walked as far as Edgware Road together, and there I saw her into a taxi."

"Old?"

"Quite young. About nineteen, I should say."

"Good-looking?"

"Perfect!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Templeton.

"And if I get a berth up there—I don't care what I earn at first, and I promise you I'll live on it, and not be a tax on you—I may, by chance, come across her again."

"I hoped for greater things than this Charlie, after the education you have had."

"I know," he said. "I know. Only, I'm not the least good at exams. The mere sight of printed questions sends everything out of my brain and I begin to draw faces on the foolscap paper. I might have done better this time, but she occupied all my thoughts."

"You didn't ask for her name?"

"I wanted to, but I couldn't. It would have seemed such a piece of impertinence. She knew this village, though, and that made us rather chummy and friendly, and she thought everyone ought to work, and she talked all the time in a most sensible manner. I can give you no idea of the way she talked. Tremendously shrewd!"

"We expected to see you begin at nothing less than a hundred and twenty a year. If you go into the City it means fifty; perhaps less."

"I'm sorry," said Charles, "to be such a bother to you."

They walked along in silence, each occupied with his own thoughts. At a lodge gate Mr. Templeton stopped, and his son, thinking this meant a return, wheeled round.

"I am about to call on Lady Welmore," remarked Mr. Templeton, despondently. "It's going to be a useless call, on my part, but I may as well get it over."

"I'll wait," said the lad. "By the by, going back to what we were talking about just now, I happened to come across, in a friend's office, a portrait that reminded me so much of the girl I met that I—well, I took it. Some day I shall have to make up my mind to give it back. I've been carrying it about with me ever since."

The moon was under a cloud, and the last lucifer had to be struck to assist inspection. The vicar gazed contentedly at the photograph. On the back was written, in the handwriting of his own youth, the words "Strand Theatre, August 25th, 1879." The light flickered and went out.

"My boy," he said, "come in with me and borrow a match from Lady Welmore."

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SOME MAGICAL "PLAYS" OF SAVAGES.

By P. AMAURY TALBOT.





FIG. I.—MARIONETTES THAT FIGURE IN THE PLAYS.

Photographs by the Author.

HERE DESCRIBED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

AMONG the Ibibios of Southern Nigeria each of the principal secret societies has its own "play"—many of which are supposed to be of religious or magical significance. These performances are given during the chief festivals of the year, or on special occasions, such as the celebration of a victory, to entreat the help of the gods or ancestral spirits, and in time of calamity. Of the plays about to be described, none had been seen by any European save ourselves; while those of which we were not fortunate enough to be eye-witnesses were related to us, at first hand, by men who had often been present and whose testimony had hitherto been found reliable.

Many rites which, according to native ideas, come under the heading of "magic" would seem more properly to fall under that of conjuring tricks.

To give a few examples. In the words of Abassi of Ndiya:—

"There is so much magic in our town that 'medicine-men,' strong in the knowledge of secret things, can take a small babe from its mother, throw it into a fu-fu mortar, and beat it to pulp before the eyes of all the people. Only the mother is not allowed to look upon the sight, but is led far away into the bush, lest she should weep too much and disturb the ceremony.

"Next, three men are chosen out and bidden to stand before the mortar. To the first is given a very little of the pulp to eat, to the second considerably more, while the third man is made to swallow the rest, even to the smallest morsel.

"When all is eaten the three move forward, facing the spectators, the one who ate the most standing in the middle. They then begin a dance, in the course of which the central figure pauses suddenly and, extending his right leg, shakes it violently. Then, from out of his thigh, the babe appears to be reborn, and is carried round for all men to see."

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The narrator added sadly that he had been told, could he but take this "play" to England, thousands of pounds would be paid for its production; but, he continued, he feared that such things would not succeed there, since the climate was too cold!

The play above described was being given at Ndiya one day, when we arrived unexpectedly. The performers stopped at once on our appearance, because, to use their own expression, they "Done fear too much." I have an uneasy suspicion that, in all probability, they had distinct cause for anxiety; for, from a somewhat intimate knowledge of the methods of Ibibio medicine-men, it would seem by no means impossible that *two* babes figured in the programme!

Another, and even more gruesome, play in great favour at the same town is described as follows by two chiefs, each of whom declared that he had seen it many times.

"A man is stationed in the midst of the market-place, with a friend on each side. Before him stands a fourth, chosen for his skill with a *machete*. After making many passes in the air with his weapon, the juggler appears to strike off the head of the central figure. The trunk is then supported on either side by the friends, who also fan the neck vigorously, so that no fly may be able to settle upon it; for they say that, should flies settle, the magic will be broken and the man can never return to life. Meanwhile, the seeming executioner is said to bear the head round the market-place, showing it to all the people. He then rushes back to the trunk, on which he carefully replaces the severed member, setting his own *machete* in the right hand and another in the left. Thereupon the supposed corpse rushes round the market-place, waving both weapons and shouting gleefully:—

"'Look upon me! You thought that I was dead, but see! I am alive again!'"

The people are said to fear this play greatly, just as they would the sight of a real ghost.

After considerable difficulty I succeeded in persuading a celebrated Ju-ju man of the town to consent to arrange that this play should be given in our presence. For an augmented sum he even agreed to allow me to take photographs of the various stages of the performance, as I had done during the sacred "Bird Dance" described later. Most unfortunately, however, a few days before the date on which the performance was to be given orders came for me to proceed to another district—instead of which, in the end, I was invalided home. Thus the chance to obtain photographic records of this weird exhibition was lost.

During most so-called "magic plays" there is a rule that men and women may not eat together, otherwise the spell would be broken; the dead could not be brought back to life nor the wounded made whole. This taboo is always enforced during the performance of another gruesome play, which is watched with a mixture of awe and excitement by crowded audiences.

The following account was given me from three different native sources, all of which tallied perfectly.

"When all the people have gathered together in the market-place a man is set in their midst. Long palm-stems are cut and sharply pointed at one end, after which these spear-like poles appear to be driven through the throat and lower part of the victim's trunk, so that they seem to pass through the body with the points sticking out on either side. Then the officiating Ju-ju priest calls upon the names of the man's father and grandfather, should these be dead, or more remote ancestors if the nearer kin are still alive. After this invocation the palm-stems are withdrawn and carried round in order to show the people. The supposed victim meanwhile also walks about in proof that he is none the worse for his adventure."

That such a trick, performed in the open and with the fewest possible accessories, can impose, as it does, time after time, upon hundreds of keen-eyed spectators surely argues no small amount of skill on the part of the performers. No hypnotism at present known to European science could account for such a result.

A third play given at Ndiya is that peculiar to the society called Udaw Akan, *i.e.*, "The Second-born Excels." For this performance a rope is stretched from the higher branches of two tall cotton trees, some hundred yards distant from one another, and kept as taut as may be by the efforts of many men. The "image," in full paraphernalia, climbs up the one tree, then dances right across the rope and descends by the other.

At Henshaw Town, Calabar, a celebrated play is sometimes given at the time of full moon. A single slender pole is fixed in the ground. Up this a man climbs till he reaches the top, when he stands on the point and dances; then turns, and climbs down head foremost, or springs from the top, and turns two somersaults before reaching the ground.

Many Ju-ju and Egbo men are clever ventriloquists. One play in which their

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powers are shown is called "Ekkpo Akpara." In an open space, such as one of the "town playgrounds," two long, stout stakes are driven into the ground, forked or notched at the ends. Between them, from top to top, a long palm-stem is laid, and upon this small fetishes are carefully balanced one by one. Then tom-toms are beaten, slowly at first, but with ever-increasing rhythm. When the music grows loud and fast the little idols begin to dance and talk with the voice of a man. Eggs also can be made to speak in a similar manner.

Abassi of Ndiya states that he learnt this play and brought it to his country from Obio Iban Iban—"The Town of the Women Magicians," described in another place.*

One of the most famous of these marionette plays, "Akan" by name, was given in our honour during our last visit to Awa. In this performance altogether twenty puppets took part, and while I secured as many snapshots as possible—two of which are shown on this and the first page of this article—my wife made hasty sketches of the principal performers. These consisted of grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, eldest son, eldest son's wife, second son with his wife, eldest daughter, her husband, and "the beggar." The other nine performers were quite subsidiary personages.

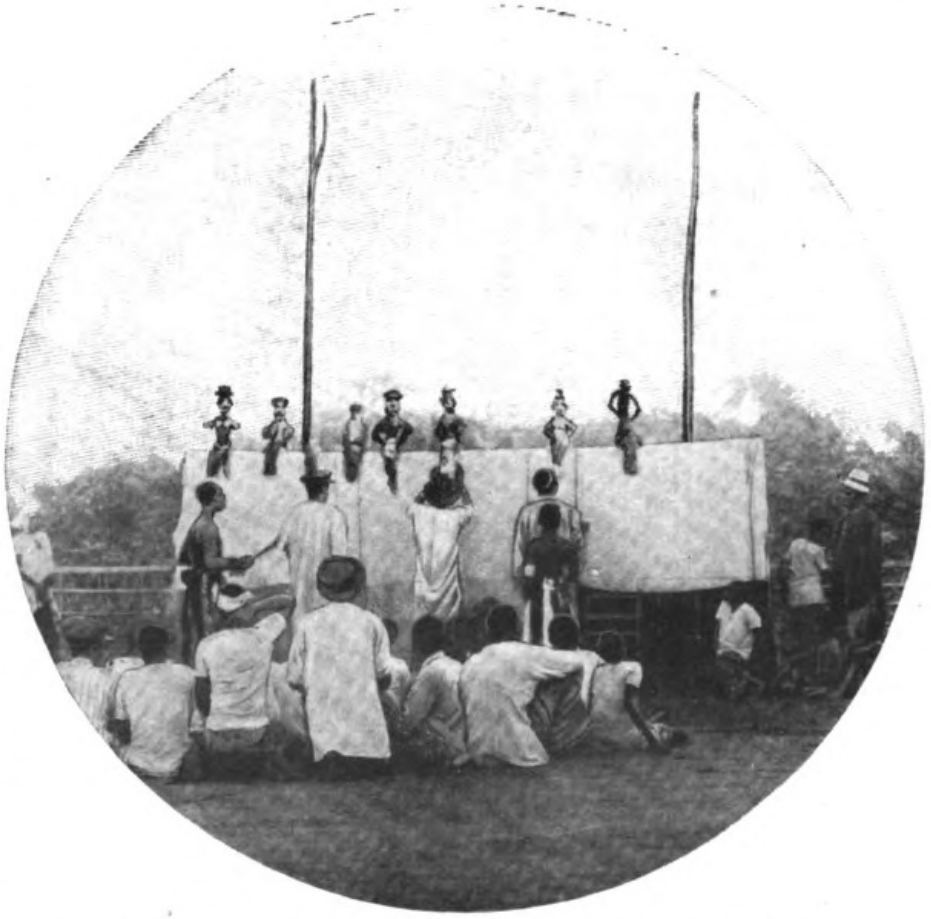


FIG. 2.—A PERFORMANCE OF A MARIONETTE PLAY BY SAVAGES.

A rough space, some twenty feet long and six broad, had been marked out with posts. Over these blankets were stretched, carefully sewn together so as to form a little room, behind which the manipulators could move unseen. In front stood three men, armed with brushes of palm fibre, with which they continually beat the screen of blankets, causing these to quiver and thus hide any movement made by the real performers as they passed up and down behind. The practical purpose of this little piece of by-play was disguised from the credulous onlookers by the pretext that it was part of the powerful "broom Ju-ju," and necessary for the manifestation of the "spirits." Up and down in front of the spectators danced three boys, dressed as women, with many beads, long silk handkerchiefs, and strips of brightly-coloured cloth knotted round the waist after the manner of "Fatting House" girls and "Ebere" women—the principal feminine secret society. As each fresh manikin appeared a black cock was lifted up to touch it, in order, so it was explained, to confer upon it the power of speech and movement. The voices of the actual speakers were disguised by the use of a small tube made from a corn-stalk, and covered at one end with the membrane taken from beneath a bat's wing.

Of plot there was none. Each character delivered itself either in monologue or in the

* "Women's Mysteries of a Primitive People." P. Amaury Talbot.

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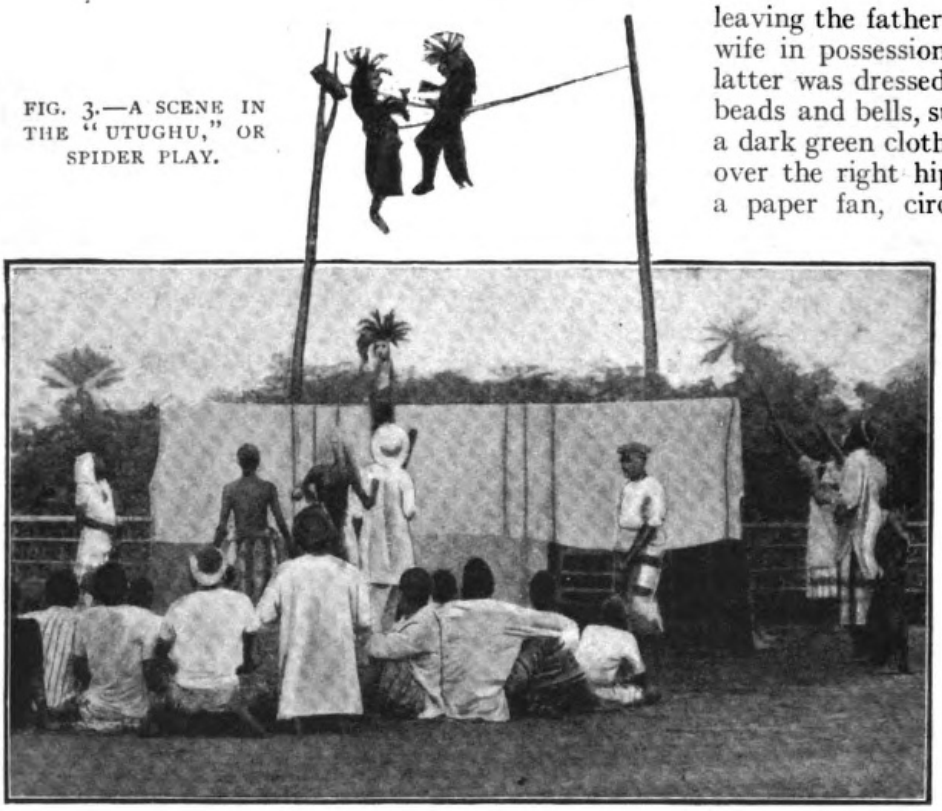


FIG. 3.—A SCENE IN THE "UTUGHU," OR SPIDER PLAY.

course of conversation, of topical remarks, or described matters of everyday occurrence in the lives of people such as these. The father, for instance, arrived during an animated discussion between his eldest son and daughter, his second son, and the wife of the first. Shaking a wooden sword, he bade them all be silent as he himself wished to "sing" now. His ditty was doleful in the extreme, and consisted mostly of a recitation of his matrimonial troubles. "Formerly," said he, "I had plenty yams. Now my wife has eaten them all, and run away to another man."

At this point a pale, coffee-coloured figure sprang up, naked, but bearing some well-worn rags in his right hand. He pushed to the front, exclaiming, "After all you are a chief and have something. I am the man who can justly claim the pity of our District Commissioner, because I have not even a single good cloth!"

On this the grandfather appeared, bearing a broom of palm fibre, to reprove the last speaker as a shameless beggar, and declare that he himself loved our party so much that he did not wish from us gifts to any large amount, and would be satisfied with a "dash" of even threepence!

After this interlude, obviously interpolated for our benefit, the greater number of the manikins were withdrawn one by one, leaving the father and the eldest son's wife in possession of the scene. The latter was dressed in a scanty garb of beads and bells, supplemented only by a dark green cloth tied in a loose knot over the right hip. In her hand was a paper fan, circular in shape, and ornamented with an adaptation of the stars and stripes. In spite of her flirtatious manner and provocative air, the personage above described, after regarding the male performer in silence for some seconds, addressed him in a tone of reproof.

"Why," said she, "do you thus excite yourself? I know that I am beautiful and attractive, but you must remember that I am not your wife! Also, I am not such a woman as would condemn her man to sickness or death by listening to the addresses of another!"

The rest of the play was indescribable, but I am happy to say that this is the only occasion on which I have encountered an instance of real vulgarity among primitive African peoples.

"Akan" is a very celebrated Ibibio play, and, according to the testimony of many Awa people, like most of its kind, was invented at Ibiaku, a few miles off. The history of the play was given as follows, by the native clerk of Awa Court.

"When there had been war between two towns," he said, "on the conclusion of peace the vanquished side must bring a certain play to perform before their conquerors. Next year the victorious party brings another play to visit the vanquished town."

No woman may know the secret of how the dolls move and talk. Every night for seven seasons the play must be practised before it can be shown openly. Towards the close of this period the performers come out and give notice to their fellow-townsmen: "Now we are going to play 'Akan' by daylight."

There was grim cause for careful preparation, for in this, as in everything African, tragedy walked close upon the heels of comedy. When the play is taken to another

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own, should but one of the dolls chance to be let fall, so that the spectators could learn rom its appearance the way it was worked. he townsfolk at once surrounded the visitors, nd either slew these on the spot for having evealed the secret to the women, or, more rugally minded, killed the one by whose ault the misfortune had chanced, and sold he rest into slavery.

After the garishness and coarseness of the play above described, we were quite unprepared for the beauty of that which was to follow. This was the so-called "Utughu," or Spider Play, which is stated to have been brought to this part of the world in quite recent times from the Ibiakus. The latter are said to have learnt it from the Ibos, among whom it is reported to have been practised from time immemorial. In teaching this play to the Ibibios, it was distinctly stated that the original name had been withheld because it was not lawful to entrust this to strangers. A new one had therefore to be found, and the one chosen was probably due to the fact that the figures carry out their strange play upon cords, which, seen against the sky, are not unlike the threads of a spider's web. To our minds there could be little doubt but that we were here privileged to witness a survival of one of the ancient "Bird Dances."

First, a strangely-bedizened, masked figure climbed up the pole on the left, then perched, in a brooding attitude, upon the log laid transversely across the forked end. He bore a feathered head-dress, shading a white mask with raised black lines drawn across the forehead, much like the brows and beak of an owl, from which the connecting lines of our own letter "M" are said to have been derived. For a while he sat still, gazing downward, brooding, as it were, from his perch in the sky over the abyss. Then slowly he let out the lower string of the two above his head, so that it fell earthward in a slack loop.

A little later, and the rope was pulled taut from beneath. Then, slowly at first, but with increasing swiftness, the strangest figure rose into view, flying upward as if to meet her mate. The grotesqueness of her attire seemed in no way to lessen her weird loveliness or the grace of her movements; rather did it seem to accentuate both. She wore a mask, brightest gold in colour, which, from the distance, looked as though it might have come straight out of some Egyptian tomb. Here were the same long, almond-shaped eyes as those which gaze from the walls of many a forgotten sepulchre newly opened to the light of day, or such as are depicted on the papyri of "The Book of the Dead."

Save that a beak-like point was painted over the forehead, beneath the feathered head-dress, there was no suggestion of bird traits. The features were small, and the expression strangely gentle and appealing, while the contours were soft and rounded. With arms outstretched, the lovely apparition floated upwards; then, on reaching the brooding figure above, pressed her feet against the post upon which her mate was seated, and, raising her head till it was slightly above his knees, waved the throat to and fro, much as a bird does at breeding time. After a while she slipped backward a few feet; the male then rose and, waving arms in a wing-like motion, slid after her till both reached the central point between the two posts. Here each drew feathers from amid their robes and strewed them upon the ground (Fig. 3). As

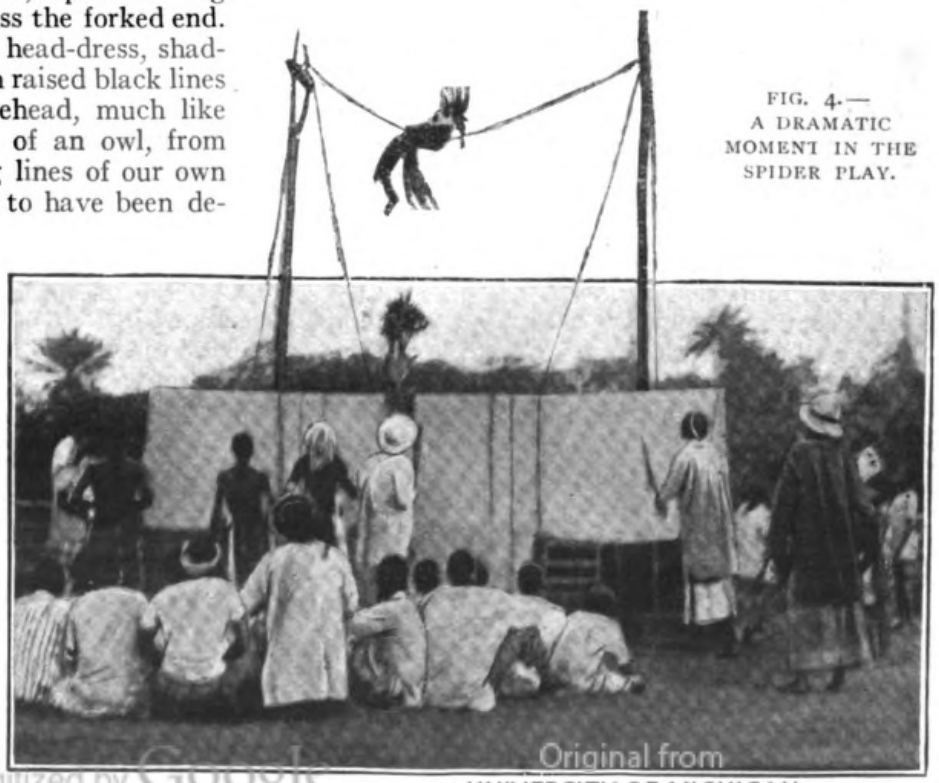


FIG. 4.—A DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE SPIDER PLAY.

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these fell through the air they reminded one irresistibly of the story of old Mother Goose, so dear to childhood's days. A moment later the bird-wife sank backward, sliding down the cord, and when she had disappeared her mate returned to his perch on high.



FIG. 5.—THE MASKS USED DURING THE PLAY.

Next she flew upward bearing a mirror, in which he surveyed himself for a long time, waving arms, undulating throat, and apparently preening himself, while all the time his humble little mate lay upon the rope, gazing upward. After a while he gave back the looking-glass, and she slid with it out of sight once more, to return, first with a big umbrella, which he spread over him, and secondly with a folded paper, which looked from the outside like a great sheet of papyrus, but when unrolled proved to be one of the gaudy lithograph portraits of the King and Queen. After scores of graceful posturings—sometimes singly, sometimes together—the lady bird retired, apparently not to return. Her mate seemed to grow uneasy, bent forward as if in search, slid a few feet along the rope as though in pursuit, then caught at the one above and, after turning three somersaults over this, finally slid to earth and disappeared from view (Fig. 4).

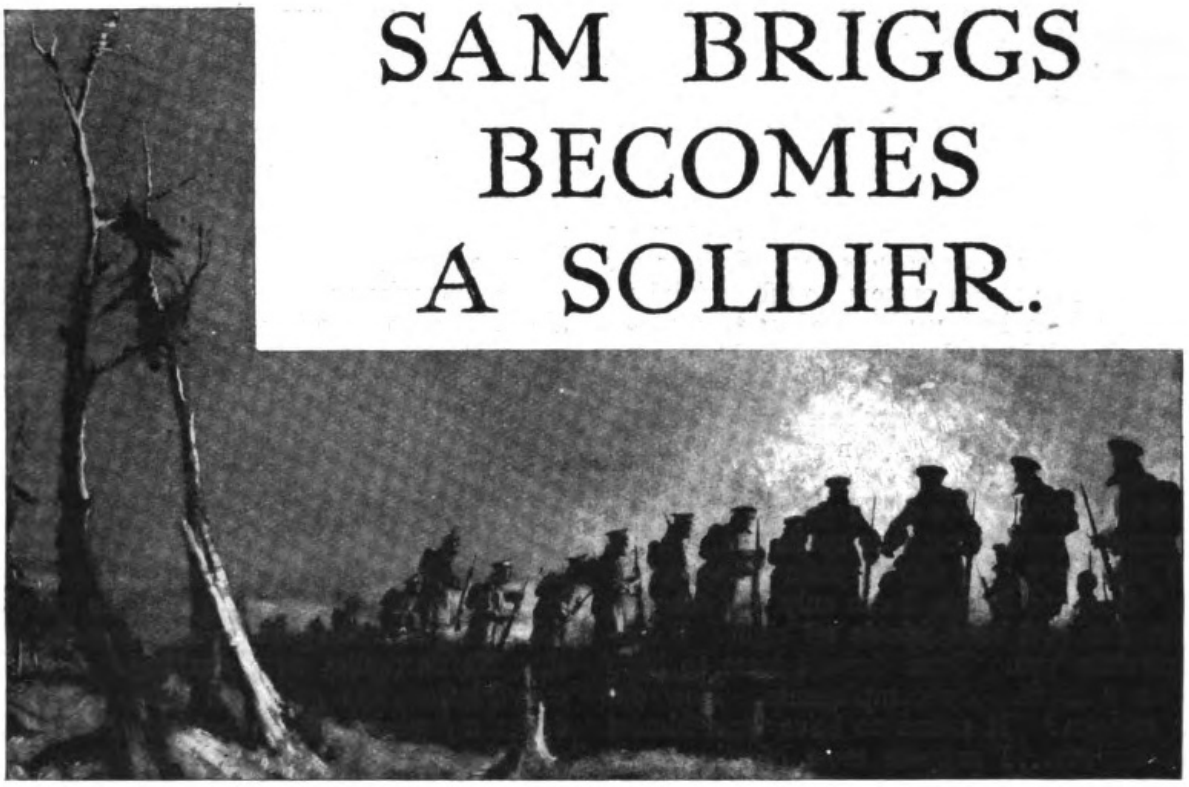
For several minutes nothing happened. Only posts and cords were to be seen, clearly silhouetted against the pure beauty of an early morning sky. Then into view once more, ecstatic, upward soaring, came the bird-wife. Higher and higher she mounted, arms extended and mask touched to a new radiance by the glory of the sunlight, until her head was on a level with the empty perch. Then came a sudden pause, a gaze as if of incredulity, and the whole lovely form shrank together, drooping, abandoned, and alone. With a gesture infinitely pathetic the frail arms crossed the breast ; the weird loveliness of the head and upper part of the body was lifted, bowing again and again as if in sad homage to the empty seat. Then, with arms outflung in a gesture of superb abandonment and despair, the lithe figure fell backward and downward till it reached the central point. Here the rope was drawn taut, and the deserted mate gave an upward spring and caught the cord above. Five somersaults she turned on the twisted ropes, and then, amid wild applause, seemed to fling herself to earth, gliding down by the lower cord almost too rapidly for the eye to follow.

All through the play, though the ropes were plainly visible, the performance seemed independent of such external aids, while the players appeared to float, effortless as birds against the blue.

I have spoken of the loveliness of the gold-painted mask worn by the bird-wife on this occasion. After the performance we wished to sketch it, as well as the other. On payment of the requested "dash," this was permitted, and our disillusionment may be imagined when the actual objects were laid in our hands (Fig. 5). Carved from a solid block of wood, almost grotesque in outline, the whole glamour and beauty of the thing seemed to have disappeared as if by magic. Hardly could we be persuaded that these were the actual masks worn during the play. It was only when placed upon the heads of two of the performers, after the latter had moved a few yards away, that we saw they were, in very truth, the same.

Thinking over the difference, scarce believable save to those who had actually witnessed it, a memory wave brought to mind visions of those masks worn in the dramas of old Greece. There, too, the conditions were not unlike. Given, as here, in the open—possibly also with a background of swaying palms, may not the glamour of air and sky have lent to those masks also, when seen from a distance, a beauty and aloofness which not only heightened the effect of the glorious text, but gave to the whole an atmosphere in which great men and women lived and acted greatly, far removed from the commonplaces of this workaday world?

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SAM BRIGGS BECOMES A SOLDIER.

VI.—A Night Surprise for the Germans.

By RICHARD MARSH.

Illustrated by Charles Pears.

WHEN you came to listen, it was not so still as it seemed. A long way off you could hear the sound of guns; closer there were all sorts of noises; in the trenches themselves all sorts of things were going on, it was not easy to say what; in the darkness it was hard to tell. There were voices not far away; someone was whispering; there were grunts and groans, queer noises which, although I had never heard the like of them before, meant that men were struggling for breath. All at once there was the sound of a telephone-bell; the receiver was close to my hand.

"Look alive," I said. "What do they want?"

In the new conditions, with all those dead, dying men, right and left, all round, I did not recognize my own voice. I seemed unable to speak above a whisper. A chap named Hart was looking after the 'phone, a youngster, a sapper, who I had a sort of a feeling was all of a shake. It sounded like it when he spoke.

"They want to know what's happened."

"Tell them we've done it—the trenches are ours."

"You don't mean to say that we've done them all in, bayoneted the lot?"

"How can I tell you what we've done? I can answer for my man. There doesn't seem to be a kick left in him. Do as I told you—answer that 'phone."

He answered. Somehow his voice sounded queerer than before.

"Sergeant Briggs says that the trenches are ours. He doesn't quite know what has happened, but there seems to have been no resistance." At that moment noises which could be heard better came along what one began to see was a dimly-lighted passage. "Something seems to be going on now." Hart was plainly listening to someone who was speaking to him. "Yes, sir, I quite understand. Sergeant, our chaps are coming in. They're going to fetch the Germans away. They've got the ambulances outside."

"I know all about that!" I had to speak sharply, the youngster gave me the jumps.

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"You chaps, stay where you are; the relief's coming. All those drunken beggars can't be dead."

It was Ormiston's voice which replied.

"Mine very much isn't, but I don't think he's very happy. There's quite a series of discussions going on down the street."

Fifteen minutes afterwards the trenches were alive with new-comers, men who scarcely spoke. The recent owners, so full of jubilant pride, which had vanished they themselves probably did not know how or where, were being borne away. Men had come in quietly, strangely quietly, lots of them. They spoke to each other in broken sentences, half-tones. There was nothing to show at what they were working. We could guess. Presently someone came along who spoke out, a voice of authority. It was Captain Newstead.

"Sergeant Briggs, I can only just see you, but I'm told that you're all right. I congratulate you. There doesn't seem to have been a hitch. My compliments. How did it happen? It seems to have been almost miraculous. I suppose most of them were drunk?"

"Well, sir, they had been drinking. All the same, our chaps managed very well. Of course, they're nothing like all of them dead. I expect most of them are more frightened than hurt—that and the drink between them. It's taken the wind right out of me. I don't understand what's happened in the least. Those great strong men—all in a moment, and not one of us hurt. Hart, who's that at that bell?"

Someone was calling. There seemed to be some misunderstanding, as if Hart were in a bit of a muddle. He seemed to be replying to the call, without result. The arrangement had been that we should tap the 'phone at the main German line about a hundred yards from the chief entrance. Now, at the last moment, we had connected ourselves. Without knowing it, the Germans at their own headquarters were talking to us. But just at the moment, from the fuss Hart was making, that seemed to be just what they weren't doing.

"Anything gone wrong? Can't you get an answer? What's up?"

"That's just what I can't make out. Halloa!" His voice changed, and dropped.

He spoke in a language which I didn't understand, but had already learnt to recognize from the sound—German. He talked it perfectly himself, which was why we had brought him along. All the men who were to use a telephone, as far as possible, spoke German as well as they did English. I understand that funny games had been played on some men who could only speak English. Had on toast all round they'd been, and the whole lot of us with them. You never caught a German on the telephone who could only speak his own tongue. Why, they talked to each other in English; when they had anything private to say they used a code. It is so easy to tap a telephone that I'm told it's simpler to make out what a man is telephoning about than to keep it dark. They are deep, those German chaps! Did us down every time. But we were improving. We shall do a bit better than they do before we've done. We'd not been used to playing the game on the lines they did; it takes time and practice.

Directly I heard Hart speak German I knew that something was queer. Captain Newstead is a German scholar. The way he caught hold of my arm and gave me a squeeze showed that Hart's replies were startling. A lively conversation was going on after a fashion under my very nose. What was being said was clear enough to Captain Newstead and Hart. It might have been Choctaw Indian to me, which was hard, as I have found it before and since. When I do get back, if ever, it will be evening classes for me. I'm not going to be the one chap left in the world who can speak only English.

When those two had finished, with me still not understanding a word, Newstead asked Hart, speaking with what I should call downright excitement—I'd never known him within a hundred miles of that sort of thing before—"What does he mean? Who's that talking at the other end?"

"Well, sir, that's what I don't quite understand, and as you can see for yourself I daren't ask. Seems as if this is one of those new machines of which they're talking, which you can switch on to two lines. By George! I've got it. There's a switchboard with two keys; they must have switched me on from the other end."

Captain Newstead interposed.

"All right, all right! Bar explanations! Who's talking?"

"There's a calling-station at the top of the hill. I don't yet quite see how they've worked it, but they've switched me on. It's the new battery which they've just been installing. Something or other has happened down here which has made them think that everything isn't as it might be. They want to know what's up. I believe we're spotted."

"Do you mean that they know we've taken the trench?"

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"They're so foxy it's not easy to say what they do know, but I believe they're on to it that I'm English—that I'm a new operator, anyhow—whose presence here they do not understand. They've asked for my name, and told me to turn on someone—some German beggar—whose name I can't catch. He may be dead for all I know; Sergeant Briggs may have done him in."

Captain Newstead cut him short.

"Look out! They're ringing you up again."

Hart hadn't been at the receiver more than three or four seconds before he said, under his breath, in English—I've noticed that some operators have got a way of talking so that it doesn't go along the wires—"that's torn it! They're on to the game."

He didn't speak again until he hung up the receiver in what seemed to be a bit of a paddy.

"Oh, ring off! What's the good of talking?" There was no mistake about the temper he was in. "They've got it all right. I suppose, Sergeant Briggs, you didn't know that there was a calling-station at the top of the hill?"

"How was I to? I never knew there was anything at the top of the hill. I only knew about the trench."

"All right, Hart, no talking. So far as I know, we none of us knew that there was anything at the top of the hill. A new battery of big guns seems to have got itself installed there somehow. I shouldn't wonder if it turns out that the whole purpose of these trenches was to cover it. They've been building their battery. A regular fortress they've probably made it. Those guns which they fired were some of the biggest things I've seen. We only knew about the trenches. Where the deuce the battery really is I don't understand. You'll find in daylight that these trenches command the country for miles—certainly on this side. How the battery is to be reached I don't understand. Must be at the top of a mountain. Look out, Hart; they're calling you again."

The man's language—in German—when he replied to the call was clearly not what the captain thought it ought to be.

"What on earth, man, are you up to? What on earth is the use of sending such language along the wire?"

"The chap at the other end is cheeking me. You take the receiver, sir, then you'll see what I mean."

The instrument changed hands. For some seconds the captain was evidently trying to carry on a conversation with someone at the other end in his very best German; then, all of a sudden, he used words which I have been told are unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

"The impudent blackguard!" We'll put it that that's what he said. Anyhow, he stopped the conversation. "What does the idiot mean? He must be drunk!"

"I doubt it. They've got their rag out, and are playing a game with us, that's all. This is possibly not the only means they have of communicating with the trenches. They've found out that something very queer has happened down here, and they're going to pay us back what we've paid them. If possible, they're going to keep us ragging at the 'phone, wasting time—cheeking us, and all that—so that we sha'n't guess what it is they're really up to."

"You think that's the idea, do you? Perhaps it's a game which two can play. Halloa! Is that headquarters? Is that the C.O.? I'm Newstead, sir. We've taken the trench all right, but somehow the show's been given away. There appears to be a big battery of guns which the Germans have been building at the top of the hill—something very special in the way of guns, they seem to be. They've got a big telephone-station, and are evidently on to what has happened here. I think they're telephoning the news to their own headquarters. What shall we do?"

You could tell from what the captain said that the answer was, "Keep the trench."

"Yes, sir; quite so. We'll do our best to do that; but can't we have reinforcements? They're probably telephoning in half-a-dozen different directions. We don't know from which direction an attack may be coming, whether from above or below. We'll hold on to the trench all right, no fear about that; but if you could let us have enough men as soon as possible—say before it begins to get light—we might spring another surprise on Germany, and have a shy at their brand-new battery, while they're taking it for granted that we're thinking of nothing else but holding the trench."

That was a night! I don't pretend I've got it all clear now, because I haven't; then I was all in a muddle. Considering how things turned out altogether different to what I had expected, it wasn't strange, and I certainly don't pretend to know just what it was Captain Newstead arranged with the C.O. I believe that his arrangements got a bit tangled, whatever they were.

This is about what I do know, so far as I can get what happened into proper order. For goodness gracious' sake, don't let anyone imagine that things are done in the Army

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in the way they were done that night, because they're not. I don't want to get broken for telling tales out of school.

"Briggs," said Newstead to me—no intention on my part to be disrespectful and forget an officer's rank, but there wasn't much respect flying about just then—"Briggs," he said, "would you like to go for the gloves—a regular buster?"

"Well, sir, I don't care what I go for, but I'd like to go for something."

"Then we'll go for that brand-new battery of theirs. That infernal beggar said something to me for which I'll cut his throat, if ever I do get at him. A German swine is not going to be insolent to an English officer and get off scot-free if I can help it. The colonel's sending reinforcements. We're not bound to wait till they actually do come. Fifty or sixty men may be able to do now what an army won't be able to bring off a little later. Is that you, Durrant?"

A figure which had come through the shadows somehow now stood at attention.

"Yes, sir. They told me that you wanted me."

"So I do; they're quite right. I want you pretty badly. Durrant, I'm going to leave you in command."

"In command, sir? What of?"

"Of the trench. The Germans have got a new battery of guns on the top of the hill, as perhaps you know."

"I do, sir. The chap I forked was telling me more about it than he meant. They brought the whole bag of tricks just as it stands from Essen, Krupp's place. They've been planning it for months. It cost no end of a lot of money, some of the biggest things in guns that ever have been used in the open—been no end of a job to get the foundations right. Now the whole thing is rigged up it commands the country for miles. The battery doesn't contain guns of one size only, but of all sorts and kinds, so that they can get any range, and fire what they please. Seems as if this trench was only one of a network running all round the hill, and intended to cover the battery."

"Oh, that's all, is it? Well, we'll show 'em. Durrant, we're going to take that battery."

"Newstead, what on earth do you mean?"

"What I say. Didn't I tell you that I was going to leave you in command of the trench? So I am. And while you're in command I'm going to slip out with fifty or sixty men—I won't take one more than I can help—and stroll up the hill. The C.O. is sending reinforcements as hard as they can pelt, so you'll be all right. Got the idea?"

"I've got a sort of a glimmer." Mr. Durrant's voice sounded as if he did not like what he had got.

"I'll take every other man. I don't suppose I need ask for volunteers; it would be fairer to take them as they come. The first fifty alternate men will do for me. Attention! Stop that talking! Briggs, give them a call. Each odd number Sergeant Briggs calls, the man it stands for hauls himself out of the trench and waits outside. Right, Briggs; call up to a hundred."

I did. There was a bit of an argument before I had got very far. The wrong men pretended they were the right ones. In that light we couldn't see. The whole lot of them would have got out of the trench if it hadn't been that Captain Newstead wasn't the sort of officer to be caught napping.

"Stop that!" he shouted. "Even numbers stand still; only the odd ones move. If I catch anyone disobeying, I'll have the whole lot back again, and start at the other end."

It was easier for him to talk than do, even for him. I believe that when I had got the fifty out a lot of them were wrong 'uns; judging from things they said to each other they certainly were. The captain caught some of them at it, or thought he did. The way he sent them back to that trench was a treat. If they were right and he was wrong—as, of course, they all of them swore—it was hard on them.

"How long will you be?" inquired Lieutenant Durrant, anxiously, when at last some sort of a squad was ready.

"My dear chap, I don't know the exact distance, but I doubt if it's a hundred yards to the top, and the same distance down. How long they are going to keep us when we are at the top is more than I can tell you. I assure you we sha'n't be a moment longer than we can help. You'll be comfortable and happy while I'm away."

"Shall I? Glad you think so. What shall I tell the colonel if he wants you?"

"The colonel knows where I'm going. Hart will send him any kind messages you want him to."

A rueful voice came from somewhere beneath my feet.

"Can't I come with you, sir?"

"No, sir, you cannot. How dare you want to desert your post? You men stand closer. I want to say one word to you before we start. There is the word—— What in thunder——?"

As we stood in a broken crowd by the side of the open trench out of which we had just

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scrambled, waiting for the word he spoke about, the world was lit by a blaze of light. Some sort of newfangled shell was being fired which came from the battery above. We were so close that it almost made it light enough for us to read. Up it went, up and up and up, a flaming thing, spinning round as it mounted in the air. I fancy we all of us thought that it would explode like a rocket when it got up high enough; but it didn't. It began to curve, towards us, making a sort of arch of flame through the darkness. It took my breath clean away as I saw the thing beginning to descend when it seemed right above our heads. Someone said—I don't know who, but he seemed to be about the first to get on to the idea of what was going to happen :—

"It looks as if they were aiming at us. They can't have got a periscope up there which would enable them to see us by this light!"

Judging from the sound, there seemed to be a disposition among the chaps left in the trench to get into a bit of a scare. The captain stopped it.

"Easy, men, easy! If they are aiming at us they've made a rotten bad shot. They're going to miss us by nearly five miles."

The thing wasn't so far off as that, but another moment showed that it was not going to come uncomfortably close to us. I couldn't tell how far off it did drop, but it was a sight as it neared the ground, making half-a-dozen noises at once, zigzagging as if it weren't quite sober. It exploded before it was still quite down; then the sight it was—and the din it made! It wasn't so very far off, because pieces of something, we couldn't tell what, passed quite close to us.

"I wonder how much a show like that costs," said Captain Newstead, when it was over, and the darkness seemed blacker than ever. "I doubt if it was worth the money. Now, my men, you saw where that came from. That's where we want to go. They probably keep a stock of those little playthings. If we have luck, and get on to them before they guess we're within a thousand miles, we may give them a pleasant surprise and take that stock of playthings over. Forward, men; keep close together, and go as you please. The only order you're likely to get from me is the retreat, and that you're not likely to get in a hurry."

We weren't; we never got it at all. All the world knows it, so there's no harm in blurting it out. I had seen Ormiston among the chaps who had got out of the trench. So soon as we had started, I wasn't surprised to hear his voice and to find that he was at my side.

"Do you know what I believe they were doing with that shell? I believe they were finding the range. When they've got it—which they jolly soon will do—they'll drop what the gallant captain calls their 'pretty playthings' right into the trench. That will mean marching orders—if there are any of us left to march. If Durrant and his friends take my tip, they'll move while there are. Who may that happen to be?"

That was what I was asking myself. We were going up the hill in a straight line, so far as that was possible. Someone seemed to be coming down it a little to the left. Newstead halted us.

"That may be the German army come out for a stroll." Although he only spoke in a whisper, we heard plainly what he said. "If it is, we don't want to have our fun spoilt before it's properly begun. Steady! All ears, please."

We were all ears; the men who were moving could not have been aware what keen ears there were quite close to hand, or they wouldn't have made so much noise. Not that I suppose they were really noisy, but to us, in the silence, taking such cover as we could in the sodden undergrowth, every sound was audible. What was clearly a considerable body of men was coming down the slope at a pace which showed, at any rate, that someone among them knew the way they were going.

"Making for our trench," whispered Ormiston in my ear. He seemed to be in a cheerful mood. "Not for the first time, either. Lieutenant Durrant and Co. aren't going to be dull. If our friends above don't succeed in finding them, with their pretty playthings, those chaps will find them with theirs."

"Our chaps'll do the finding first, unless they're up to some deep game. If they keep blundering on like that, those beggars, if they don't get themselves filled with lead, will be sent back quicker than they came down."

We remained where we were, all ears, for what seemed to us to be an endless time. Then the noise on the left suddenly stopped. Possibly the men who had made it had reached a break in the ground which took them farther from our ears. Up we went again; pretty hard it was. Chaps were stumbling all the while; three or four of them came down regular crackers.

"If those German gentlemen," growled the

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captain, "can't hear us, it's because Providence must have suddenly made them stone-deaf."

As he spoke he came down a oner himself. If someone hadn't given a grab at his coat, it would have been worse than it was. When we had reached what seemed to be a bit more like open ground, we paused to look round. It seemed pretty light behind. In the valley below lights were burning; we couldn't tell what they were, perhaps made by soldiers, ours or theirs. In front there wasn't a gleam; it was so dark we could scarcely see our hands before our faces. A clump of trees rose in front of us, so close, so high, so dark, we might have been standing on the edge of an impenetrable forest. It was only a trick of the light and of the position in which we stood. I had taken observations in the daytime, and knew that there weren't anything approaching forest trees within miles.

"It'll be all right, sir, if we keep straight on. I don't know what the trees are, but they're no forest. There are about a dozen of them; they seem to have lost their way. They stand out like a landmark; you can see them for miles as you come along the road to the trench. I shouldn't wonder if the battery is somewhere just behind them."

We pressed forward, acting on a sort of hint with which I favoured Captain Newstead. It might not have been a forest we had entered, but there were a good many more than a dozen trees; they seemed to be bigger than I had supposed. When we got right into the thick of them we lost our way.

"Now, Sergeant Briggs, perhaps you'll tell us which way we're to turn. This is a case for cats' eyes, and a cat which knows the lie of the land."

It was. It struck me as we stood there cowering together that I had bit off a trifle more than I could chew. We didn't know whether to turn to the left or right, or which was our left and right, back and front. If we had carried on like that in the daytime, pretty idiots we should have looked. Bad words were used; I don't know if they all came my way, but they sounded as if they did.

"It's no use your swearing at me, Private Ormiston," I said to him right out. "If you want to take on the job of guiding us you can. I'm sure I never asked for it."

"There's one thing some of you chaps might do—point your guns down. Seems as if every bayonet you've got has been prodding me. I don't say you're all doing it on purpose, but some of you might prod each other for a change."

That was the captain. If it was one of the men he wouldn't have used quite that sort of language. I will say this for Captain Newstead—he had a way of seeing a thing was funny when other people couldn't. As someone had just been sticking the point of his bayonet none too gently into the fleshy part of my thigh, I knew what it meant.

Then all in an instant we were out in the open; the forest had gone. I don't know how we managed it, but we did.

"I wish I dare switch on my torch. This seems to be almost as bad as the forest. We mayn't be standing on the edge of a precipice, but we might be. I thought we were over one just then."

I knew that Captain Newstead had an electric torch. Lots of people had, officers and men; but if he was going to switch one on just there, so far as taking anyone by surprise went, we might as well have stopped in the trench. We not only didn't know where we were, but who was about us. A spark of light might have given us away, to say nothing of a glare. It was a wild-goose chase we were on, anyhow; one didn't need to be told that. I doubted if Captain Newstead himself quite knew what it was we were after, but having started, it was quite as well that we should see it through. I could just make out one thing, without his torch.

"It seems to be a pretty steep descent we've got in front of us, but I don't think it's quite a precipice. I fancy it's only a break in the ground. If you'll let me go first, I'll pick my way and give you chaps a line."

Ormiston cut in just as I was starting.

"With your leave, Sam Briggs, I'll give the line. I fancy I may be almost as good over bad ground as you are. What I can't make out is not if there's a precipice, but what's below. Listen."

We did—for all we were worth. In a lonely place like that, at the top of a hill, one might have expected there would be nothing to listen to; but there was. You couldn't hear it unless you listened; then it was plain enough—a dull, throbbing sound, seeming to come from immediately in front of us, but from somewhere a long way down.

"It's the beat of an engine," whispered Ormiston; "that's what it is. Don't you catch its regular pulse—throb, throb, throb? It shakes the ground. I shouldn't wonder, Captain Newstead, if it was the battery, and we've almost fallen on top of it. If they've got the latest thing in guns they'll want machinery—electric for choice. Unless

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I'm mistaken, that's a dynamo working for all it's worth."

I don't know if he knew what he was talking about, or if he only guessed, or if a dynamo makes a different noise to any other kind of engine ; but he was right enough about its being the wonderful new battery in front of us, and about the noise being made by an engine. Something happened which made that clear. Another shell was fired. As we stood there, in a dozen different minds what to do, there came a rift in the darkness down below, and all at once we were looking at something which was brighter than the brightest day. There was din enough to deafen us. It came so unexpectedly that half the chaps caught hold of the other half as if they were shaky on their feet. A howitzer was fired, which was a bit startling, considering we had not the faintest notion that one was there. As before, a great flaming ball, cutting through the blackness, mounted upwards towards the sky, so close to where we stood that we could see it giving out spurts of fire as it went.

"What diabolical machine is that? The thing is red-hot."

Whether it was or not I couldn't say, but it certainly seemed to be, just as the other had done. I fancy the idea was that it would act as a sort of searchlight, and if it was being used, as Ormiston suggested, to find the range, its course could be followed by whoever had fired it, so that it was possible to tell just how near to the mark it came. Captain Newstead wasn't interested in anything of that sort ; he was all eyes front. While the fiery ball was still ascending he issued his orders. It wasn't necessary to be particular about speaking softly with that roaring thing going through the air.

"You saw where that came from ; if you use your eyes you can see it now."

There was what seemed to me to be a group of buildings perhaps twenty or thirty feet beneath. There was not a gleam of light. If it hadn't been for the glare made by the shell, or the howitzer which had fired it, there was nothing to show that it was there.

"That's the German battery, the latest article of the kind. We're going to take it. I don't know how. That's frank, but we're going to. Each man is going to make the best of his way down the hill, and each man is going to find his own way in. And when we are in, we're going to give the Germans a shock which they won't get over for many days to come. It's no good to think of getting back, because it can't be done. Now, men, pull yourselves together. To the battery, if you please!"

I believe that what he said about not being able to get back was what did it. I don't know what else did. Looking back now, I don't need to be told that we couldn't have done anything madder if we had tried. We should have realized that then if we had stopped to think, but we didn't. The captain had a way of getting a little off his head ; he thought nothing of hurling himself against a stone wall when he did—and that time he hurled us. When he started to run down the hill we ran too, all in a crowd. When we reached the bottom, some of us came smashing against something which was there. What it was we couldn't tell. The light of the flaming shell no longer came our way ; we were too deep down. But some of the din it made did, or they would have been bound to have heard us.

So far as I was concerned, I had come down so fast that it was only when I was down that I wondered what I was there for. I was breathless, fogged, muddled. We all were. I was up against a wall of some kind. The captain kept saying :—

"Look down. We shall be falling into some infernal trap if we're not careful."

Considering that we couldn't see our feet beneath us, it was all very well for him to talk of looking down. I was glad enough to be able to grope my way along without stumbling. The wall came to an end. Coming round the corner revealed a gleam of light. Apparently there was a break in the wall, and an open doorway. The gleam came from within. We were so taken by surprise—the sudden light after the utter darkness—that we none of us knew what to do. We stood looking round the corner like a lot of stupid sheep. I can safely say that no sheep ever felt more stupid than I did that night. The captain was the only one who seemed to keep his head. Apparently he was on one of the excursions he was fond of.

"I'm going to have a look inside that door. You men stop here and keep still."

Orders or not, we weren't taking that ; at least, I know I wasn't. If he went on and did the peeping by himself, and got himself spotted, where should we come in?

"If you don't mind, sir," I said, "I'll come with you."

"All right, then, come—all the lot of you, if you choose. Only don't make more noise than you can help."

Luckily—there was a good deal of luck about it—noise wasn't of much importance.

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Just as he spoke that shell went off. In face of the row it made, while it was doing its best, it wouldn't have mattered if we had yelled ourselves hoarse, which was what somebody else seemed to be doing inside that building. When we could hear something except the shell, a lot of voices seemed to be shouting together. They belonged to men who were on the other side of that open doorway. They seemed to be enjoying themselves in their own fashion, quite satisfied that no one could hear them—nor, so far as that went, could anyone see them either, although the door was open. That was partly owing to the position in which it stood—at the bottom of a hollow surrounded by rising ground—and partly to the way in which it was constructed. The entrance I was peeping through, with the captain and Ormiston, and as many more as could manage, was merely a break—one of several—in what seemed to be a sort of sliding wall, which in its turn was screened by a much taller wall, which stood perhaps four or five feet away from it, so that there was a sort of passage between the two. Whether the passage was closed at either end I cannot say; I hadn't much chance of getting beyond a guess. My impression is that when that sliding door was closed there were two distinct buildings, the one which contained the real battery being hidden in the huge outer shed.

As, just then, as many of us as could peeped in,



"AS BEFORE, A GREAT FLAMING BALL, CUTTING THROUGH THE

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BLACKNESS, MOUNTED UPWARDS TOWARDS THE SKY."

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the noise which was going on inside was funny. What it meant I cannot say. I fancy that the progress of that shell had been watched from somewhere, and that the result of the explosion was causing great excitement. Possibly it represented some feature which was the last thing in shells, and great interest was taken in its behaviour. I could imagine no other reason why all the members of the garrison seemed to be shouting together.

We slipped through the opening without a soul attempting to stop us. Captain Newstead spoke in his ordinary tones; it was not the least necessary to lower them.

"Straight ahead, men; keep your guns handy. Fire if necessary. If you can manage without firing, use your bayonets."

It was a biggish sort of place we were in. What purpose it served I cannot say, possibly some sort of anteroom. Everything in it looked brand-new. A narrow wooden table was on the opposite side; stools were round it which looked as if they had been recently in use. What Captain Newstead meant by "straight ahead" I can't say. I noticed four entrances to the place, not one of w ich could have been described as straight ahead. In consequence we hesitated; some of us turned to the left, some to the right, some seemed disposed to stay where they were. Probably some of them were in my position, and didn't know what they did, or why. I found myself looking into an apartment in which were a lot of what seemed telephones. I fancy it was a sort of machine-room, in which a good deal of the working of the place was done. But there certainly were some telephone receivers on a sort of shelf up against a wall. Someone came into the room and went to them. I must have been in the queerest state of mind, because as he moved I thought of what Ormiston had said, about the kind of noise made by a dynamo, as we stood listening on the edge of the ridge above; what I was hazily telling myself was that he was probably right—the whole place was a blaze of electric light. The throb, throb, throb of the dynamo was heard even above the noise made by the men.

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"THE BIG, HEAVY GERMAN REELED AND FELL."

The new-comer was an enormous man; in comparison I was a pygmy. There were no signs of unusual excitement about him. Obviously he was unconscious that anything uncommon was in the air. It struck me that he had entered the room in the ordinary course of his duty. Glancing casually round, he saw me. I must have taken him by surprise, but he allowed nothing to escape him which suggested it. His bearing could not have been cooler. Casually he reached for a receiver. I had sense enough to realize what it might mean if he used it to send a warning message.

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Before he could get it to his lips I shot him dead. The action, so far as I was concerned, was automatic rather than intended. As he moved to do something which in the ordinary course he was in the habit of doing a hundred times a day, my rifle stirred, as if of its own accord, the trigger moved, the big, heavy German reeled, fell, and stayed where he had fallen.

The sound of my gunshot was heard above all the other noises of the place. There was just a moment's silence, as if, taken by surprise, people wondered what the noise was caused by, then the rush of trampling feet, followed by startled exclamations. The rightful occupants of the building had discovered the liberty which had been taken with their premises. No doubt very much to their amazement, they found that we had entered uninvited. From where I was I could see nothing; I did not require to be told to know that the fun had begun. Guns were fired, blows were struck, men struggled. A hand-to-hand fight was taking place. Each side was doing its best to dispose of the other. Someone pushed me from behind; I swung round, thinking I had been taken unawares. It was Ormiston, who seemed beside himself with excitement.

"Get a move on you!" he shouted. "Don't stand there going to sleep."

I was very far from going to sleep, but I admit I was at a loss what to do. Ormiston rushed me across the room. As he did so someone appeared at the entrance through which the big German had come. His only weapon, or, at any rate, his handiest, seemed to be a revolver, one of those huge ones which some German soldiers carry. He raised it, pointed it at us, fired—and missed. He did not have a second chance. Ormiston seemed to be without a gun of any sort. What he had done with his rifle I don't know; possibly he had dropped it as we had come helter-skelter down the slope. Anyhow, he was empty-handed. He looked about for something to throw. I moved my rifle, and, as in the case of the big German, it went off. The man with the revolver went down. I was conscious of Ormiston shouting approbation.

"Bravo, Sam! That's finished him. Let's see what they've got round here."

He made a dash towards an entrance on our extreme right. I tried to check him, to bring him to a consciousness of his defenceless condition.

"Take the man's revolver from him while you have the chance. Anyhow, it'll be better than nothing."

The man I had shot lay sprawling on the floor. As he went down his revolver had dropped to the ground. All Ormiston had to do was to stoop and pick it up to have some sort of weapon. If he understood what I had said to him I have never been able to decide. He paid no heed to me if he did.

"Ormiston, you idiot," I shouted, "take his revolver! What good can you do without anything to fight with?"

Stooping myself to pick it up, I hurried after him with the weapon in my hand. I believe that the excitement had sent him off his head; he had rushed through that entrance, still empty-handed, yelling what, for all I could tell, were curses in German. When I tore after him, again shouting out to him to take the revolver, for an instant I could not make out where he was. Somehow I seemed to have got out of the main building into the open air. A breeze was blowing against my cheek. Another entrance was just in front, on the left. There was Ormiston on the other side of it, in a sort of cupboard. It might have been a pantry, with wide shelves which were filled with what looked to me like balls, grey rubber balls, perhaps six inches round. There were two other men in the cupboard, Germans, who were doing their best to hustle him out. They were biggish men; but he was too much for the pair. He slipped away from both. He yelled like a wild Indian, made a grab at one of the shelves, and caught up a ball in either hand. Out-yelling him, they moved back, as if his action in touching the balls had filled them with feelings to which they were quite unable to give proper expression. Another entrance at the back led into an inner room, into which they endeavoured to force their way. He was too quick for them again. Raising both hands at once, he threw, in spite of all they could do to prevent him, the two balls he held into the inner room. So far as he was concerned, that was the end of the world. Knowingly or not, he had fired the magazine.

There was a noise like no noise I had ever heard before, shaking the earth to its foundations, rending it to its core, tearing the solid ground into a million pieces. I had a feeling that I was being borne into space—up, up, up, into another world. To say that sense left me is to say nothing; I was conscious that I was dead. Then I knew that through endless space I had come back to earth with what was distinctly a bump which shook every bone in my body. In what sort of position I was I could not make out. How long I

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"I HAD A FEELING THAT I WAS BEING BORNE

remained motionless I cannot say; then, all at once, it dawned on me that I was in the open air. Above me were what seemed like myriads of stars. Presently I realized that I was not so dead as I thought; I was still in the same old world. The discovery of my actual position came with a second shock, which was almost as great as the first had been. It was strange how clear the realization was.

I was feet upwards and head downwards in some sort of tree, into which I had been thrown at the moment the battery had been destroyed. It had been torn from its root by the force of the explosion, with me lodged in its branches, borne through the air, to be deposited with comparative gentleness in a tangle of underwood at the end of an adventurous journey. Scrambling myself free, I

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INTO SPACE—UP, UP, UP, INTO ANOTHER WORLD."

found myself on very tottery feet, torn, scorched, bruised, still more dead than alive. I heard voices; I knew they were English voices. I heard someone exclaim—I still had my wits about me to recognize an English voice—in accents of startled surprise:—

"Who in the name of all that's wonderful is this?"

I staggered a few steps in some direction—I didn't know which; I slipped—over the edge of the trench I myself had had a hand in taking, to be caught in stalwart arms, which saved me from what might have been death indeed.

"Sergeant Briggs," I gasped; "come to report."

[*Another thrilling story in this series will appear next month.*]

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Making a Giant Pumpkin.

Written and Illustrated by S. LEONARD BASTIN.

TO grow something bigger than has ever been produced before seems to be the ambition of the average gardener. A large flower, a huge fruit, or a particularly corpulent vegetable is certain to catch the eye of those impartial gentlemen who act as judges at the show, and a "First Prize" label is affixed to the exhibit. Now, if you want to stagger the horticultural world, you cannot do better than follow the advice given in this article, by means of which a pumpkin of colossal proportions may be grown. The experiment is a most fascinating one, as the writer can testify.

Pumpkin plants are, of course, raised from seed each year. Garden books say that the best plan is to sow the seeds separately in small pots in April. A certain amount of heat is needed, and if this is not available the seeds might be raised for one by a professional gardener. The plants will be ready for putting out of doors when there is no further fear of frost, say towards the end of May. A raised bed of rich soil is desirable, and a sunny position should be chosen. With the coming of the warm days the pumpkin plants will start to grow very rapidly, and it will not be long before they are in flower. As the fruit sets, plenty of water should be supplied if the weather is dry, and everything needful done to secure a free growth.

When the pumpkins have grown to about the size of one's fist, a healthy fruit may be taken in hand. To get very large examples it is a good plan to allow only two pumpkins to



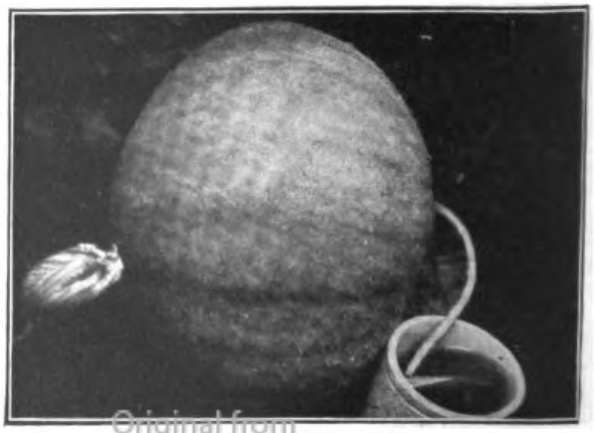
THE FIRST DAY OF THE SUGAR TREATMENT.



THE THIRD DAY.



THE FIFTH DAY.



THE EIGHTH DAY.

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each plant; all the rest should be prevented from growing by nipping them off as soon as they appear. Now prepare a strong sugar solution. This is quite easily done by heating some water just to the point at which the sugar will dissolve. Put the sugar in until the water begins to thicken, but do not boil the mixture or it will become syrupy. When you think you have secured a really strong solution, place this aside in a jar to cool. The next thing is to get some round lamp-wick, or any thick lengths of cotton substance would answer the purpose as well. The sugar solution must now be put into one or more jars, and these are grouped into convenient positions round the pumpkin. Now cut up the cotton wick, or whatever the material may be, into lengths which will reach from the stalk of the pumpkin to the sugar mixture in the jars. With a penknife bore a hole into the flesh of the stalk, just large enough to take one end of the wick. When this is inserted, the other end must be immersed in the sugar solution. You will thus have a complete connection between the stalks of the pumpkin and the sugar solution. As has been indicated, two or even more jars may be placed round the pumpkin, and from each a connection can be made. Naturally the stem of the fruit should not be cut about too much, as this might affect the well-being of the gourd. Some idea of the manner of carrying out the plan may be gathered from a glance at the photographs on the preceding page.

Given a spell of nice warm weather, you will receive a daily shock when you go out into the garden to see how the pumpkins are getting on. The rate of growth is simply astonishing, and this is, of course, chiefly due to the fact that the pumpkins are sucking up the sugar solution as fast as they can through the cotton wicks. Now and again it is a good plan to stir the mixture in the jars, and, of course, the ends of the wicks must always be immersed. As the solution disappears, fresh sugar and water must be added. Meanwhile the pumpkins go on growing until they become positively colossal. Indeed, within certain limits it is difficult to say how large a pumpkin might not become under this treatment.



THE KING AND LORD KITCHENER—ARE THEY ALIKE?

The above portrait of Lord Kitchener appeared in a recent number of this magazine. A correspondent was struck by its likeness to King George and, by adding the King's beard, produced the portrait on the right. Otherwise, the portraits are *identically the same*. The result is a portrait of His Majesty which we feel sure no reader would ever mistake for anyone else, while at the same time few people would have suspected that any likeness between the two faces existed at all.

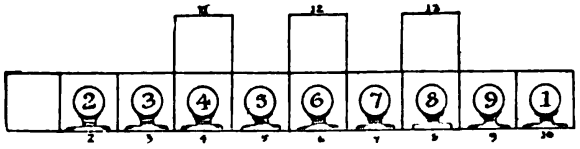
Photo. Cribb.

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PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

251.—NINE MEN IN A TRENCH.



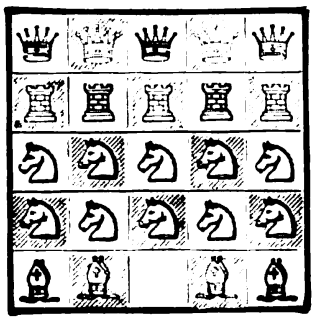
HERE we have nine men in a trench. No. 1 is the sergeant, and he wishes to place himself at the other end of the line—at point 1—all the other men returning to their proper places, as at present. There is no room for men to pass one another in the trench itself, and for a man to attempt to climb over another or get out of the trench would be fatal, considering the watchfulness of the enemy. But those three recesses, 11, 12, and 13, each of which will hold one man, make the feat possible. In fact, it is quite easy to accomplish, and the puzzle is to do what is required in the fewest possible moves. A man may go any distance that is possible in a move.

252.—A PUZZLE IN BILLIARDS.

ALFRED ADDLESTONE can give Benjamin Bounce 20 points in 100 and beat him; Bounce can give Charlie Cruikshank 25 points in 100 and beat him. Now, how many points can Addlestone give Cruikshank in order to beat him in a game of 200 up? Of course, we assume that the players play constantly with the same relative skill.

253.—MUTUAL ACCOMMODATION.

REPLACE these twenty-four pieces on the reduced chess-board, 5 by 5, so that no queen shall attack another queen, no rook attack another rook, no knight attack another knight, and no bishop attack another bishop. When all are placed, each group of similar pieces must be considered *alone* as to that question of attack; the interposition of other pieces is of no concern. Probably the reader will find his difficulty lie almost wholly in placing his fourth bishop.



254.—A WORD SQUARE.

MY *first* are very lovely to the eye,
Though superstitious men refuse to buy.
My *second*, too, is beauteous to behold,
When closed or when it happens to unfold.
Those who, perchance, have fallen into sin,
Should try to do my *third*, their peace to win.
My *fourth's* a weapon soldiers bear to-day,
Though used by ancient warriors in the fray.
To be exposed before my *last*, you'll say,
Is not delightful, any time of day.

255.—THE PRICE OF APPLES.

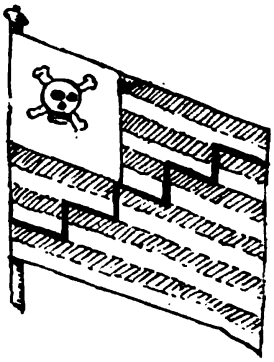
"How much did you pay for those apples, Mary?" a lady asked her maid the other day.

"Well, ma'am, I paid a shilling for the lot, but they were so small that I made the man throw in two extra apples. I find that made them cost just one penny a dozen less than the first price he asked."

How many apples did Mary receive for her shilling?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

246.—THE PIRATES' FLAG.



THE illustration will show that the flag need only be cut in two pieces—along the zigzag line. If the lower piece is then moved up one step we shall get a flag with the required ten stripes.

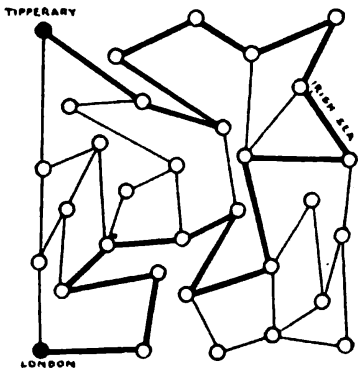
247.—A COW'S PROGENY.

NOTE the following series of numbers, first considered by Leonardo Fibonacci (born at Pisa in 1175), who practically introduced into Christian Europe our Arabic numerals:—

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34 . . . 46,368.

Each successive number is the sum of the two preceding it. The sum of all numbers from the beginning will always equal 1 less than the next but one term. Twice any term, added to the preceding term, equals the next but one term. Now, there would be 0 calf in the first year, 1 in the second, 1 in the third, 2 in the fourth, and so on, as in the series. The twenty-fifth term is 46,368, and if we add all the twenty-five terms or years together we get the result, 121,392, as the correct answer. But we need not do that addition. When we have the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth terms we simply say (46,368 multiplied by 2) plus 28,657 equals 121,393, from which we deduct 1.

248.—THE WAY TO TIPPERARY.



THE thick line in the illustration shows a route from London to Tipperary in eighteen moves. It is absolutely necessary to include the stage marked "Irish Sea" in order to perform the journey in an even number of stages.

249.—A REMARKABLE PLANT.

TOBACCO.

250.—A LITTLE TWO-MOVER.

WHITE plays Q to R square, and whatever Black does he is mated by Q to R 8. The solver is apt to consider that as a defence Black may castle, and so defeat the key-move, but this is impossible because, as neither of his pawns has moved, it is clear that he must have moved either his king or his rook last move, which would deprive him of his right to castle.

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The Sea Goblins

FROM THE SWEDISH

Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson

ONCE upon a time there was a blacksmith, who had a strapping son of a very adventurous nature and remarkable strength. The lad, however, possessed such an alarming appetite that there came a day when his father made up his mind that he could no longer feed him. So the blacksmith went to the Royal Court and asked if the chief cook were in need of a scullion.

"Why, certainly," replied the master cook; "I am now looking for one. Send your son to me, and the sooner the better."

The father returned in great delight to his house, saying to himself, "At the Court my boy will find food to satisfy even his hunger."

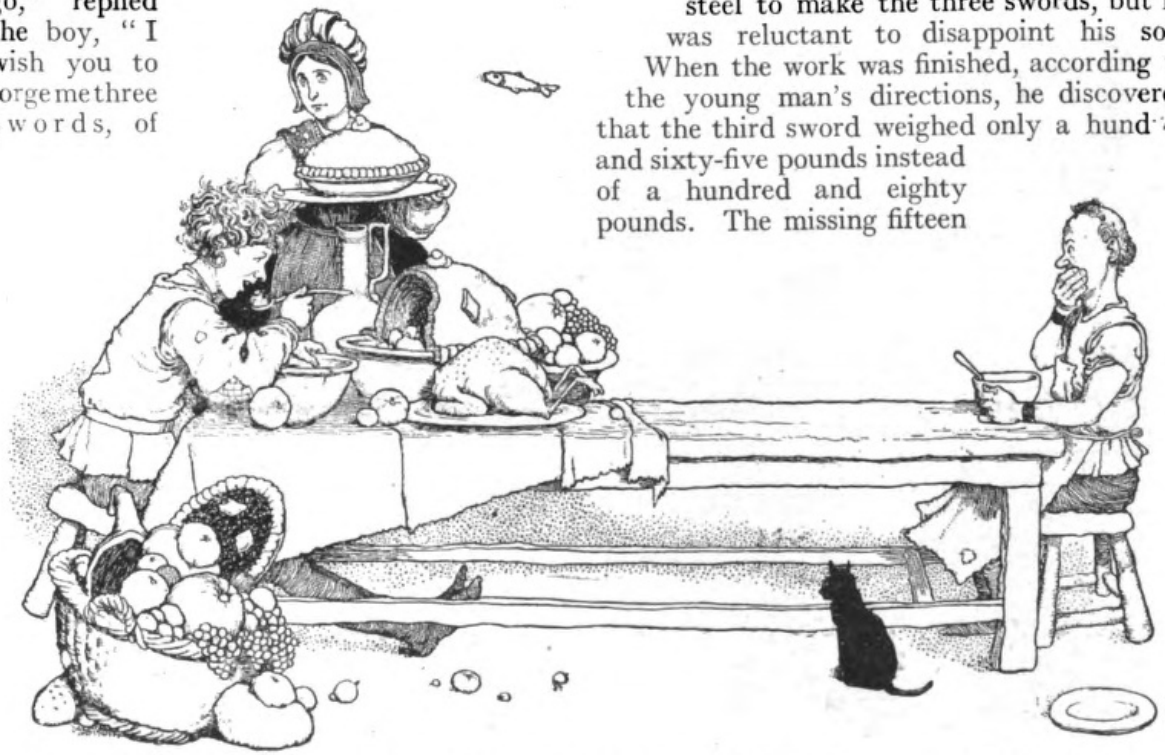
He duly informed the young man of the success of his application.

"Before I go," replied the boy, "I wish you to forge me three swords, of



which the first must weigh forty-five pounds, the second ninety pounds, and the third a hundred and eighty pounds. Then you must give me three linen shirts. Do as I beg, and you will find that I shall presently become so rich that for the rest of your life you can leave the forge for good."

The poor blacksmith had considerable difficulty in getting together the necessary amount of iron and steel to make the three swords, but he was reluctant to disappoint his son. When the work was finished, according to the young man's directions, he discovered that the third sword weighed only a hundred and sixty-five pounds instead of a hundred and eighty pounds. The missing fifteen



"THERE CAME A DAY WHEN HIS FATHER MADE UP HIS MIND THAT HE COULD NO LONGER FEED HIM."

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pounds of metal had been melted in the fire during the progress of the work. The lad took the three swords and the three linen shirts, and hid them under a tombstone. Then he went to the Court and entered the service of the Royal kitchen.

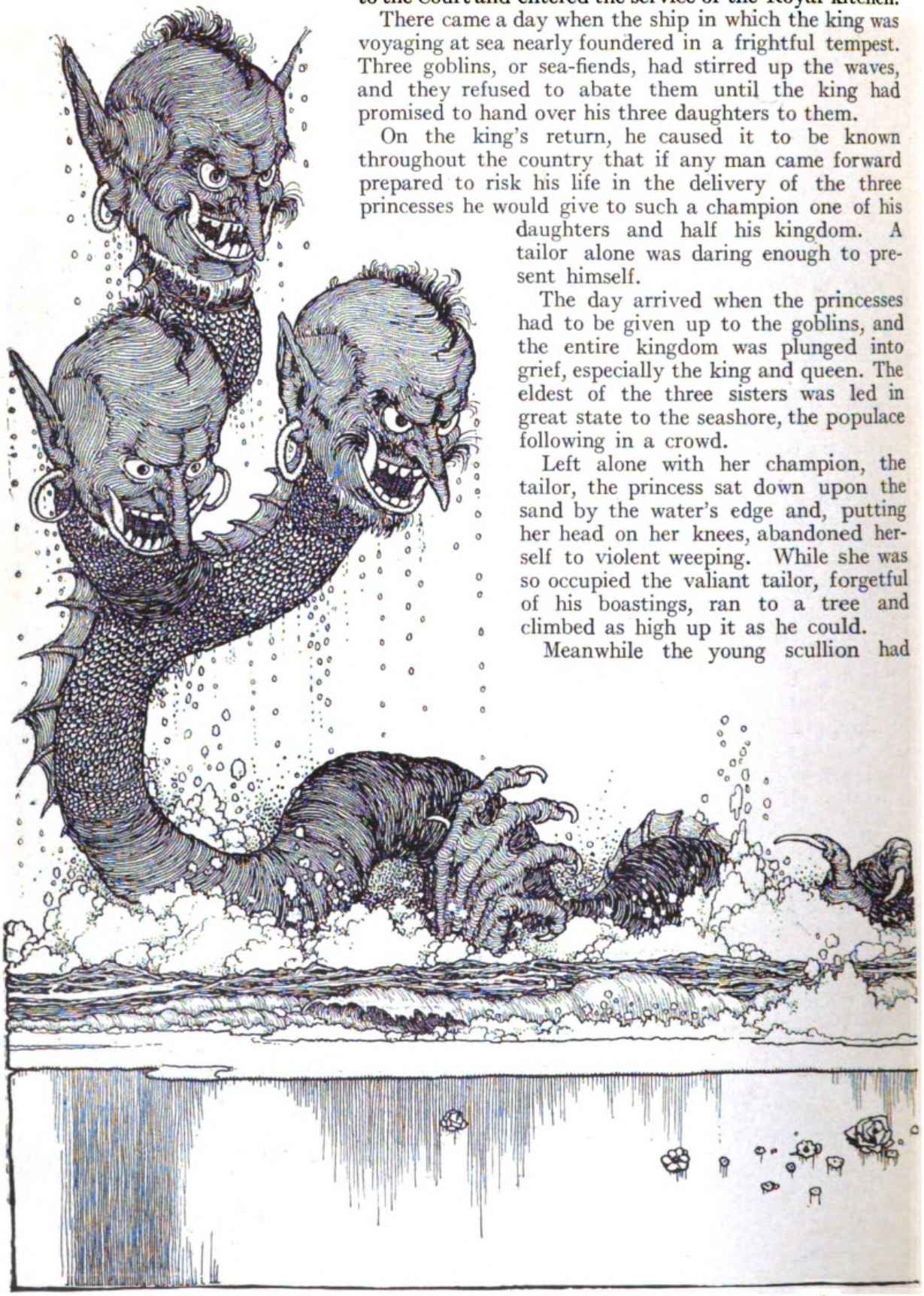
There came a day when the ship in which the king was voyaging at sea nearly foundered in a frightful tempest. Three goblins, or sea-fiends, had stirred up the waves, and they refused to abate them until the king had promised to hand over his three daughters to them.

On the king's return, he caused it to be known throughout the country that if any man came forward prepared to risk his life in the delivery of the three princesses he would give to such a champion one of his daughters and half his kingdom. A tailor alone was daring enough to present himself.

The day arrived when the princesses had to be given up to the goblins, and the entire kingdom was plunged into grief, especially the king and queen. The eldest of the three sisters was led in great state to the seashore, the populace following in a crowd.

Left alone with her champion, the tailor, the princess sat down upon the sand by the water's edge and, putting her head on her knees, abandoned herself to violent weeping. While she was so occupied the valiant tailor, forgetful of his boastings, ran to a tree and climbed as high up it as he could.

Meanwhile the young scullion had



"'WOULD YOU JEST WITH ME, YOU PITIFUL LITTLE OBJECT?' SAID THE GOBLIN."

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approached his chief and asked for leave to go and amuse himself in the town. His master gave permission, but told him not to remain too long away. The young man hastened at once to the spot where he had hidden the swords, and took out the lightest one, which weighed forty-five pounds. He then donned one of the linen garments and ran to the water's edge.

"Why are you here, beautiful princess, alone and troubled?" he asked, courteously saluting the king's daughter.

"Alas," she replied, "I have good reason to be troubled. My father, under stress of danger, promised me to a frightful goblin. I fear that he will shortly appear, and I am greatly frightened."

"But is there not a single man throughout the kingdom who will deliver you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "there is a tailor in that tree who has promised to do what he can."

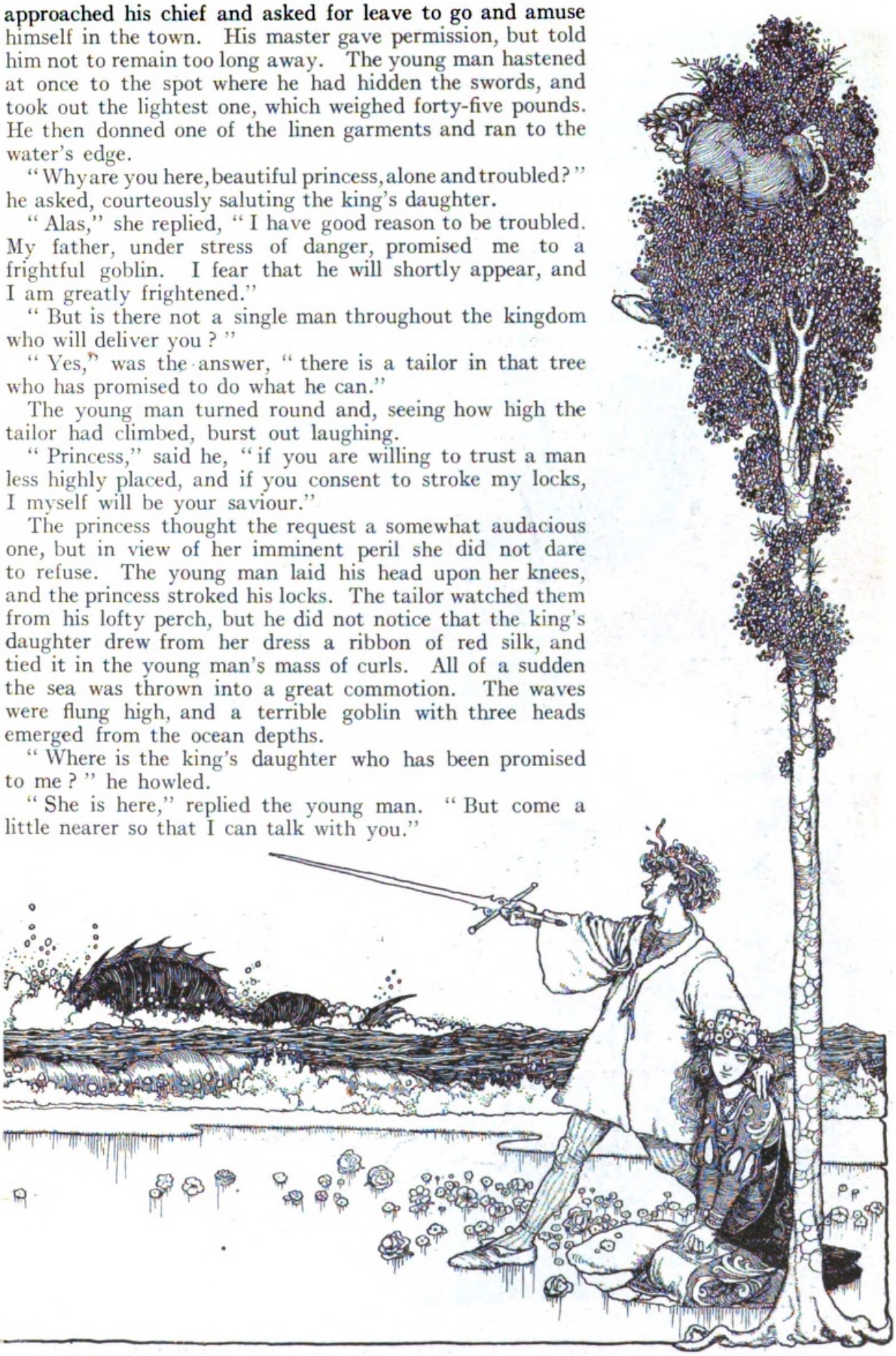
The young man turned round and, seeing how high the tailor had climbed, burst out laughing.

"Princess," said he, "if you are willing to trust a man less highly placed, and if you consent to stroke my locks, I myself will be your saviour."

The princess thought the request a somewhat audacious one, but in view of her imminent peril she did not dare to refuse. The young man laid his head upon her knees, and the princess stroked his locks. The tailor watched them from his lofty perch, but he did not notice that the king's daughter drew from her dress a ribbon of red silk, and tied it in the young man's mass of curls. All of a sudden the sea was thrown into a great commotion. The waves were flung high, and a terrible goblin with three heads emerged from the ocean depths.

"Where is the king's daughter who has been promised to me?" he howled.

"She is here," replied the young man. "But come a little nearer so that I can talk with you."



"'NO,' WAS THE ANSWER; 'I HAVE COME TO FIGHT WITH YOU FOR THE PRINCESS.'"

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"Would you jest with me, you pitiful little object?" said the goblin.

"No," was the answer; "I have come to fight with you for the princess."

The young man threw himself on the monster, brandishing the sword that weighed forty-five pounds, and cut off the three heads, which fell into the sea.

The maiden, who had watched the combat, uttered a cry of joy.

"Saved!" she exclaimed. "I am saved!"

She begged her unknown champion to go with her to the king's Court, that he might receive the honours and rewards which so great a service deserved. He refused, however, declaring that she made too much of his intervention, and hastened back to his kitchen.

The tailor had not budged from his tree, where he had awaited in an agony of apprehension the result of the fight. When the danger was over, and the victor had gone, he jumped down from the tree, drew his sword, and forced the princess to swear to him that she would proclaim him her saviour. They then returned to the palace.

It is easy to imagine the shouts of joy which greeted the return of the king's daughter safe and sound. A great banquet was held, and the tailor, seated at the king's right hand, was accepted by all the courtiers as a very gallant knight.

The following day the second daughter of the king had to be delivered to the second goblin. The people were plunged anew into grief. It was thought by some that the tailor, who had already saved one daughter, would perhaps deliver this one also. All hopes centred upon him, and indeed he did not fail to give utterance to very fierce and bellicose sentiments.

The young princess, followed by the populace, was led to the water's edge, where she sank down, weeping bitterly. The tailor deemed it imprudent to remain in her company, and, as on the former occasion, quickly hid himself in the tree.



"THE YOUNG PRINCESS, FOLLOWED BY THE POPULACE, WAS LED TO THE WATER'S EDGE, WEEPING BITTERLY."

The young scullion, however, had once more approached his chief.

"Master," said he, "permit me to go and amuse myself in the town. I had hardly time to get there yesterday."

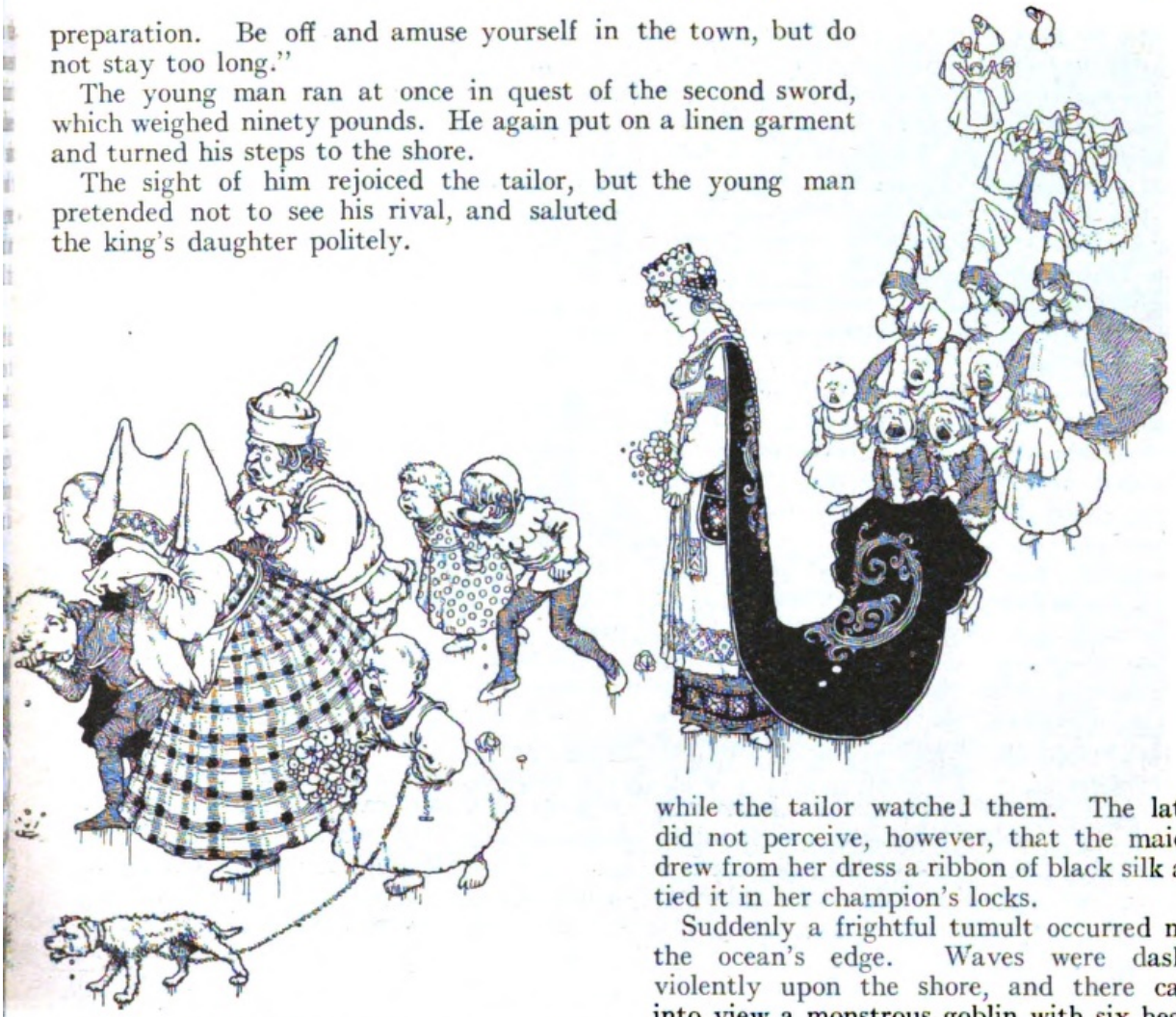
"If the tailor wins another victory over the goblin," replied the chief cook, "there will be a great banquet this evening, and I have no one to assist me in its

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preparation. Be off and amuse yourself in the town, but do not stay too long."

The young man ran at once in quest of the second sword, which weighed ninety pounds. He again put on a linen garment and turned his steps to the shore.

The sight of him rejoiced the tailor, but the young man pretended not to see his rival, and saluted the king's daughter politely.



" Beautiful maiden, why are you sitting here alone and mournful ? "

" I have good cause for weeping," she replied. " Under stress of peril, my father promised me to a horrible goblin, and I tremble at the thought that he is coming to take me away."

" Is there no one, then, throughout your father's kingdom who will face danger to save you ? "

" Yes, there is a valiant tailor who has promised to deliver me, as he has already delivered my sister."

The young man turned his head and saw the tailor at the top of the tree.

" Do not rely too much, princess," he said, with a laugh, " upon a champion perched so high. If you are willing to stroke my locks, however, I will deliver you."

The king's daughter was displeased by this request, but considering the peril in which she was, she had no choice. With as good a grace as possible, therefore, she did as he asked. The young man placed his head upon her knees, and the princess stroked his hair, while the tailor watched them. The latter did not perceive, however, that the maiden drew from her dress a ribbon of black silk and tied it in her champion's locks.

Suddenly a frightful tumult occurred near the ocean's edge. Waves were dashed violently upon the shore, and there came into view a monstrous goblin with six heads.

" Where is the princess who was promised to me ? " howled the goblin.

" She is here," was the answer. " But you must come nearer that I may talk with you."

" What ! Do you think of fighting with me, you contemptible little object ? "

" That is precisely the reason for which I am here."

The young man drew his sword, darted upon the goblin, and the monster's six heads fell into the sea.

When the princess saw what had happened, she was overjoyed, and cried, " I am saved ! "

She wished to lead her saviour to the Court, but he refused, as on the first occasion, saying that what he had done was of small account, unworthy of the fuss that she made of it. He returned to his kitchen.

During the fight the tree swayed to and fro, owing to the frightened tremblings of the tailor, but when the danger was over the latter came down and drew his sword. Threatening the princess with his weapon, he forced her to swear that she would name him as her champion. The maiden was

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reluctant to do so, but she feared for her life and dared not refuse. She therefore took the tailor to the Court, where they were received with joy. Another banquet was served, more magnificent than the last, and everybody toasted the valour of the tailor.

On the third day the youngest daughter of the king had to be delivered to the goblin. At the Court, and throughout the kingdom, everybody was in tears, for the princess was greatly beloved for her beauty and gentleness. The populace led her to the water's edge, where she sat down. The tailor alone remained with her, but he ran away and hid himself in the very topmost branches of the tree—even more quickly than on the previous occasions, for he had gained practice in climbing.

Meanwhile the scullion asked permission to seek amusement in the town, adding that this would be the very last time. His master did not refuse him.

"Get along with you," he said, "but do not stay too long, for if the tailor carries off the victory there will be a great banquet this evening."

The lad ran home and took the third sword, the one which should have weighed a hundred and eighty pounds, but only weighed a hundred and sixty-five. When he balanced it he found it very light.

"Heaven grant that I return," he cried, "and that I do not meet my death in the fight."

He girded on the sword, again donned a linen shirt, and went towards the water's edge.

The tailor was rejoiced to observe his arrival, but the young man, without looking at him, walked up to the princess.

"Beautiful maiden," he said, saluting her courteously, "why are you sitting here, and why are your cheeks all wet with tears?"

"There is reason for my tears, for my father, under stress of peril at sea, promised me to a goblin. The latter is now coming to take me, and I am terrified."

The young man's heart was softened, for he had never seen a woman so beautiful. He asked if none had come forward to defend her.

"Yes," said the princess, "there is a brave tailor in that tree who has promised to deliver me as he has already delivered my two sisters."

The young man raised his head and, seeing the tailor up in the tree, burst out laughing.

"Princess," he said, "if you are willing to confide your destiny to a champion less highly placed, and consent to stroke my locks, I will risk my life for you."

"I will do so very willingly," said the maiden, charmed by her champion's good graces.

The young man placed his head upon the knees of the princess, and slept for a moment while she toyed with his locks. She noticed the silk ribbons which her sisters had tied, and drew another, scarlet in colour, from her gown, which she knotted in the youth's hair.

Suddenly a horrifying noise arose from the sea.

"It is time for us to arise," said the young man. "Give me your apron, fair princess, I have need of it."

The king's daughter obeyed, and her champion cut the apron into twelve pieces.

The noise from the sea increased, the waves were hurled far inland, and presently there appeared a most frightful goblin with twelve heads, each more horrible than the last.

"Where is the princess who has been promised to me?" howled the goblin.

"She is here," was the answer. "But you must draw nearer that I may talk with you."

"Perhaps you fancy, you miserable little object, that you can kill me as you have already killed my two brothers?"

"That is precisely the purpose for which I am here."

The young man hurled himself on the goblin and cut off all twelve heads together, so that they fell into the sea. But the monster possessed a magic power. When one of his heads was cut off, it took a new lease of life, provided it fell into the sea-water, and of its own accord regained its place.

As soon as the young man perceived this he cried out to the king's daughter, "Noble princess, each time I cut a head off, place quickly one of the pieces of your apron on the monster's neck before it can come to life again."

He then manœuvred the fight in such a manner that the heads fell on the ground and not into the sea, while the maiden did as he directed. In this manner he cut off three heads, then a fourth, and each time the princess placed a portion of her apron on the severed neck. When the seventh head fell the goblin began to plead for mercy.

"Enough," he cried. "Put up your sword, for I renounce all claim to the young princess. Only let me get away from here."

"Think not to get away alive," replied the young man. "Mine is the victory."

He waved his sword, and cut off the remaining heads, one after another, while the princess placed the pieces of her apron on

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"PERHAPS YOU FANCY, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE OBJECT, THAT YOU CAN KILL ME AS YOU HAVE ALREADY KILLED MY TWO BROTHERS?"

the wounds. They did not pause until the twelfth head had fallen.

When the fight was over the king's daughter cried joyfully, "I am saved!"

A thousand times she thanked her deliverer, and begged him charmingly to go with her to the palace. But he refused, declaring that such a trifling service was not worth further mention, and after bidding a tender farewell to the princess he went away.

Thereupon the tailor who was so clever at climbing trees came down from his place of refuge, drew his sword, and threatened the maiden with death if she did not name him as her saviour. She refused indignantly, for she in her turn felt tenderly towards the courageous champion who had risked his life for her.

In the end she was obliged to yield to the tailor's threats, and together they took the road to the palace, the young girl sad and downcast, the tailor as proud as if he had been the most mettlesome of fighters. The king saw them coming from afar and was overjoyed, for he had feared he would never see his daughter alive again.

When the hour appointed for the banquet arrived, however, the dishes were not to be seen upon the table. The king, in much annoyance, told his youngest daughter to go and see why the feast was not ready. The master cook offered the excuse that his assistants had left him, and he had been obliged to prepare it by himself.

As the princess passed a young scullion she noticed that he appeared stupefied, and avoided her glance. She scanned him carefully and recognized the brave fighter who had risked his life for her. She ran at once to tell her sisters, and while the three of them were talking the king overheard their conversation. His surprise was great, and he bade his daughters tell him the whole truth. The youngest related everything from beginning to end, and the two elder ones told the same story. Aroused to indignation by the tailor's crime, the king sent for the cook's youthful assistant.

The latter was afraid to come before the king, but was obliged nevertheless to obey. When he appeared the king and his guests were seated at table, and the tailor, who was placed at the sovereign's right hand, turned green at sight of the conqueror of the goblins. Turning to the young man, the king asked, in a loud voice, "Are you not he that delivered my three daughters?"

"Everybody will tell you," said the young man, "that it was not I but the tailor."

"Not so," cried the king's daughters, with one voice. "You are the man, and here are the silk ribbons we tied in your locks when you placed your head upon our knees."

They ran to him, laid hold of his head, and discovered the ribbons amongst his curls. In this way the truth was made known to all.

"Since you," said the king, "are the man who has delivered the princesses, you shall receive the promised reward. I give you my youngest daughter in marriage, and the half of my kingdom."

The banquet was resumed, and the brave scullion was seated at the king's right hand in place of the tailor, who had disappeared, no one knew how.

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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



CHECKMATE !

THE WAR ON THE CHESS-BOARD.

AT last the Kaiser is mated and done for—on paper. I leave the readers of THE STRAND to judge how far my little chess-game illustrates the facts of the war as they are likely to take place.

But first a word as to the ostensible cause of the war. Austria, here the Black Bishop, wished to annihilate Servia, the Knight in the next square south-east—and in this she might have succeeded but for the protection of the White Russian Queen. Now as to the outcome of the war. France, who has retreated for strategical purposes (with her Government for a while at Bordeaux), has now attacked Germany with a will and calls out mate ! I may point out that the five nations fighting in Europe for the cause of civilization are *all* necessary to achieve their object. Also that each piece stands in its own country, and that the map of Europe has not been distorted. The Allies, who fight for justice's sake, are White, while Black stands for the perfidy of Germany and Co. Partly for strategical reasons and partly to portray the truth, Belgium and France, who have suffered so much in their churches, are represented by Bishops ; also Austria, because, being under a properly anointed sovereign, she *ought* to have known better.

The Black King cannot escape from his check by France. He cannot go west and *annex* Belgium, for Great Britain is close at hand with her " contemptible little Army " ; nor can he go north-west and do much damage in the so-called German Ocean—his men-of-war are afraid of the White King's fleet. He is debarred from the four squares, N.E., E., S., and S.W., either by France or by the Russian Queen, who is watching him from Petrograd. Retreat to N. is equally impossible ; woe to his cause when he relaxes his hold on Belgium ! Her brave little army, then free to move, will join with the other Allies in following him home. Remains the square S.E., that brings him into the heart of Austria, and draws down upon him the arms of the Servian and Montenegrin Knight.

So much for the Kaiser, but his two friends are equally undone. Turkey is a useless piece on the board, and, as in the real war, can have no influence on the final result. As to Austria, being only able to move on the diagonal—her ways have always been very crooked—she can be of no use to her Machiavellian ally ; S.E. she is blocked by Servia, while moving N.E. (and also N.W.) she comes under the Russian Queen ; S.W. would bring her into the Adriatic, where her fleet is already weakened, and by moving farther on that square she would be infringing the neutrality of Italy ; the latter is not one of those " small countries " that the enemy is free to violate.

B. K. WHITE.

MONKEY CARVED FROM A PEACH-STONE.



TO one who is skilled in the art of carving with the penknife there are great possibilities even in the humble peach-stone, as I think the accompanying illustration will show. In the making of this little monkey nothing but a penknife was used, except a piece of sand-paper for the purpose of polishing. I had to carve quite a number before I made one as good as this, but think, with a little perseverance, I could do still better.—Mr. George Johnston, 96, Inkerman Street, London, Ontario, Canada.

CURIOUS SYMBOLS OF VICTORY.

ITSUKUSHIMA, one of the most beautiful places in Japan, is noted for its shrine, at which the Samurais used to worship and offer paddles as symbols of victory after their triumphal return from battle. General Barnardiston, who commanded the British troops at Tsingtao, visited Japan soon after the fall of the German fortress to pay his respects to the Mikado, and on his way to Tokio he paid homage at the shrine, and, in accordance with Japanese custom, offered a big paddle as a symbol of victory.—Mr. Y. Hashizume, Iwabuchi Cho, Yamada, Japan.



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A Night Surprise for the Germans

COUPONS.

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give
FULL
VALUE
in their
Cocoa

See Page 22.

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New Non-Fray Spiral (Patented)

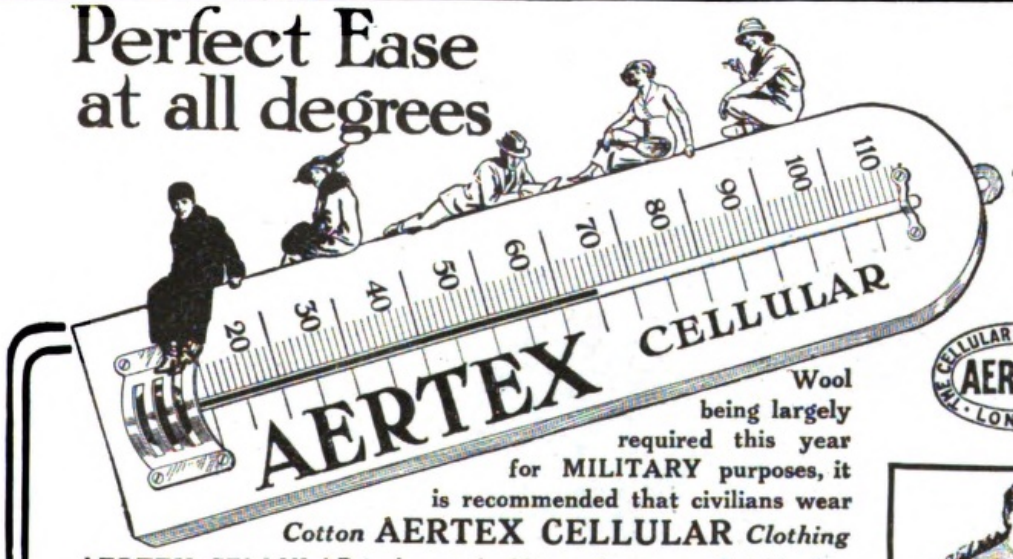
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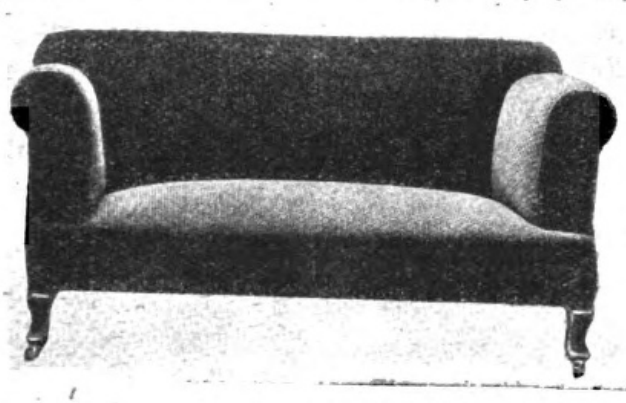
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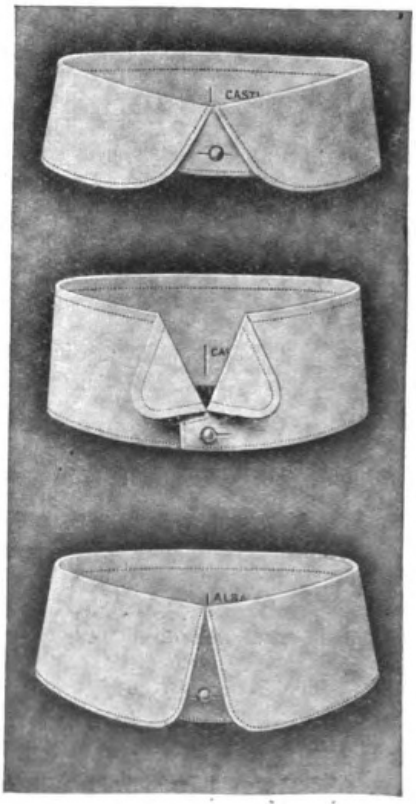
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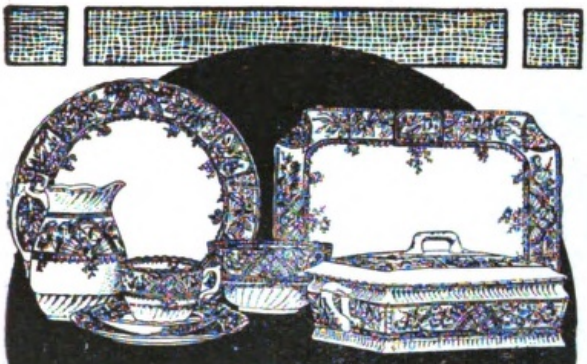
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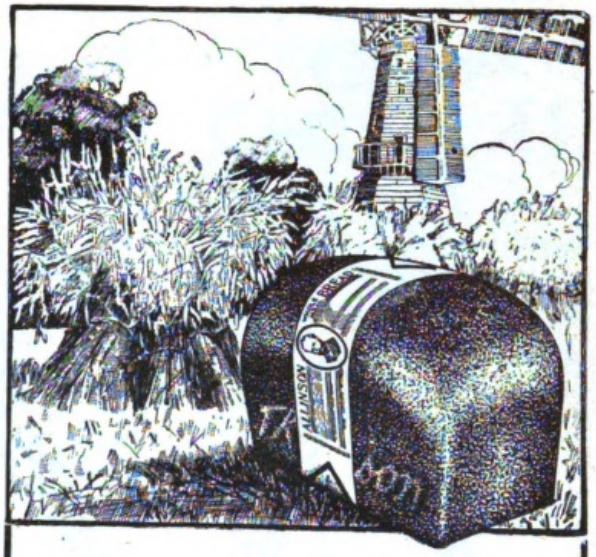
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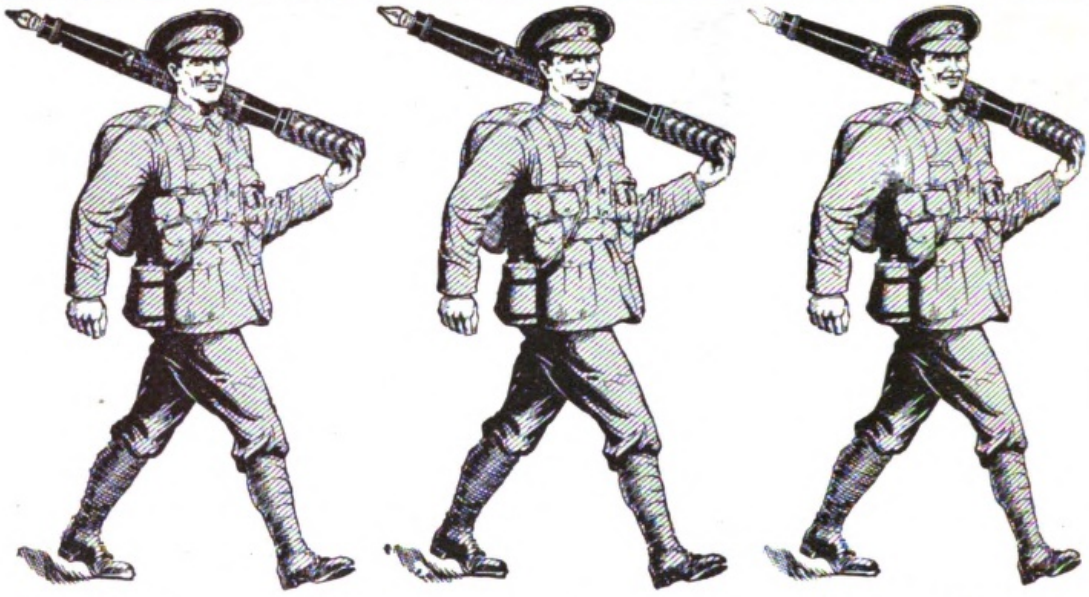
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I remain, yours obediently,

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A Cheap and Infallible Remedy.

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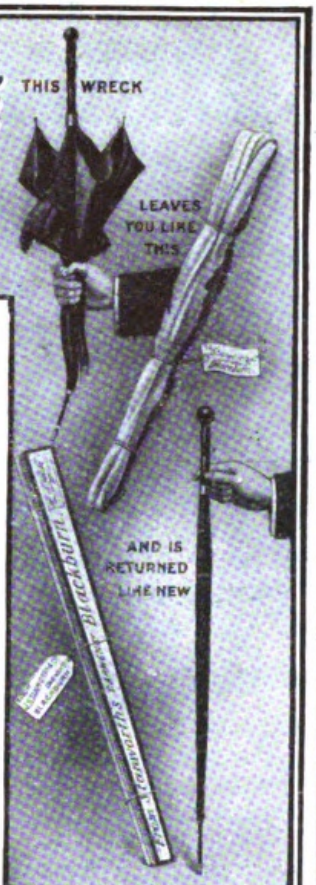
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STANWORTHS' "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS.



Just Wrap Your OLD UMBRELLA in paper and post to us to-day with P.O. for **5/-**. By next post it will come back "as good as new," re-covered with our No. 18 "Defiance" Silk Union, and securely packed in strong cardboard box.

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J. STANWORTH & CO.,
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"HOMETTE" WOOD STAIR RODS

CRACKNELL'S PATENT
WITH NEAT METAL ENDS.



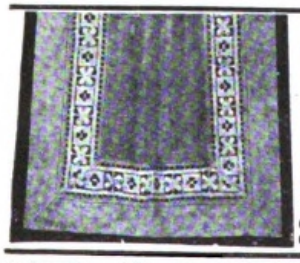
A new idea for refined homes. Give a touch of dignity and refinement to the home. Look better, keep better, and are easier to fit than ordinary Stair Rods. All "Homette" Wooden Stair Rods are made in seasoned timber, and will not warp and split.

Every Rod is Guaranteed.

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BATHS OF NATURAL BRINE.
Radio-Active and Radio-Emanative.
Unequalled for Rheumatism, Gout. Sciatica, &c.
Illustrated Booklet of Establishments, Lovely District, Amusements, &c. (free), from
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2½ yds. long, **8/9** per pair.
Frilled Butter Muslin, Hemstitch Frills, **8/3**; Plain, **6/9** per pair. Samples on approval.
Casement Curtains, Cretonnes, Blinds. Art Carpets from **10/6.** Samples sent. Lists free.
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The "Kitchener Army" Song Book.
128 Favourite Songs, with Music.
Prepared for the use of the Troops in Camp and Field.
Pocket Size 6d. net.
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BILLIARD TABLES
have had preference of selection for the
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of 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, & 1914.



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The Dulcitone **A Portable Tuning Fork Piano.**
(Machell's Patent)

The Dulcitone has keys and touch like an ordinary piano, but never requires tuning, as the sound-producers are tuning forks instead of strings. It is so light (about 30 lbs.) that it can be easily carried from one room to another, and is thus a boon to children practising in the chilly days, or for the invalid confined to his room. The charming harp-like tone and portability make it specially well suited for use in schools, etc. *In the Colonies and abroad* the Dulcitone is in great demand, as, apart from the tone being permanent, it resists conditions which would ruin any ordinary piano.



Compass 3½, 4, & 5 Octaves. Prices from £12 net.

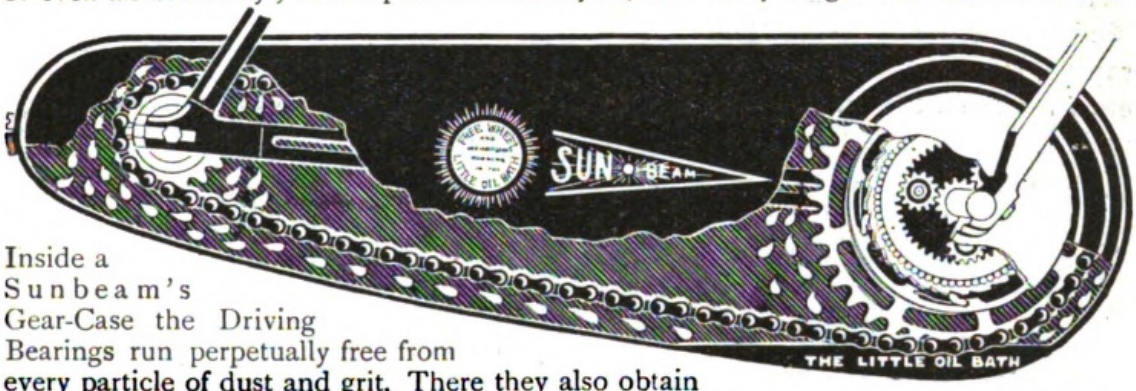
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THE SUNBEAM BETTER SUITED FOR IT
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A Cycle designed for All Weathers is a very different thing to one that only has an all-weather finish. And that is where the Sunbeam is supreme.
The Sunbeam is designed to suit its world-famous Little Oil Bath Gear-Case. Its Component parts are Little Oil Bath Components. The Gear-Case is not a makeshift or even an accessory; it is a part of the bicycle, and everything else is built to suit it.



Inside a Sunbeam's Gear-Case the Driving Bearings run perpetually free from every particle of dust and grit. There they also obtain continuous and automatic Lubrication of the most ideal character, and that quite irrespective of what the weather is outside. This construction is essential to a genuine All-Weather Machine, and this is what distinguishes the All-Black Sunbeam from every other bicycle in the world. The 1915 Sunbeam Catalogue is sent free on application to—

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If so, let us allow for it towards a "SWAN."

Send your pen and say what price "Swan" you require and we will quote allowance. We offer more towards higher priced pens than the 10/6 size.

Remember that an unsatisfactory fountain pen, no matter what it cost, is an irritation and loss.

"Swans" are all that pens should be. Every pen a pleasure!



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"Swans" are made in London. Sold by Stationers & Jewellers.

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Shall I let you into a secret? I always use a Zepto Antiseptic Pencil, because I find my toothbrush is not sufficient to properly remove *all* the Tartar. Zepto gets into the little chinks where the brush can't go.

Your teeth will always be a credit to you—pearly white—you will never be troubled with decay, and its effect on your health if you will invest in a Zepto Pencil and use it periodically after you have cleansed your teeth in the ordinary way is most beneficial.

ZEPTO, the ANTISEPTIC TARTAR REMOVER

Lasts many months — costs but 9d.

Use it always for dental plates.

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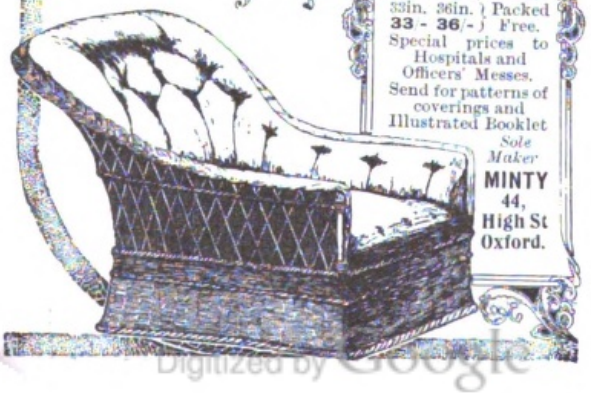
is prepared especially to remove all trace of nicotine, and prevent tainted breath. *NO* other Powder is like it, or so good for the purpose.

The best Tooth Powder for All Purposes.



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THE IDEAL LOUNGE.

Prices according to length of seat.
25in. 27in. 30in.
23/- 27/- 30/-
33in. 36in. } Packed Free.
33 - 36/-
Special prices to Hospitals and Officers' Messes.
Send for patterns of coverings and Illustrated Booklet

Sole Maker
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GOLF SHOE Reg.

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Also the "Classic," *Regd.* Superior Quality, **18/6**



Price Post Free. Foreign Orders must include Postage.

Write to-day for our Illustrated Booklet. *Dept. P.*

Experience has demonstrated that the Brogue Shoe is the most serviceable pattern for Golfing and long-distance Walking, and amongst the range of Shoes stocked in this department we have many new and attractive designs, perfect both in fit and construction.

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"baby very small—Woodward's soon gave her the start."

One of many such letters constantly being received.

2, Wallington Heath, Bloxwich, nr. Walsall.
Sept. 20th, 1914.

Dear Sirs,—I have given my baby Woodward's Gripe Water since she was three days old, when I thought I should not rear her, for she was so small when she was born, but your Gripe Water soon gave her the start, and I am proud of it. I feel I must write and tell you what a lot of good your Gripe Water has done for my baby. She is six months old and weighs 16½ lbs., and she sleeps well. I recommend the Gripe Water to every mother I know who has got a baby. Please use this letter in whatever way you please, as too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the merits of Woodward's Gripe Water in relieving suffering babies.

Yours, (Mrs.) L. COOPER.

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING

For three generations it has nourished and strengthened infant vitality. It contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium, or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

Of all Chemists and Stores, price 1/1½. Registered Trade Mark, ***"GRIPE WATER."***

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TO MAKE YOUR SKIN AS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL

PRESCRIBED FOR MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

Supplied to Her Majesty Queen Mary's Royal Naval Hospital,
To Her Royal Highness The Princess Louise's Hospital,
The British Red Cross Society's Hospitals, etc., etc.

Grand Complimentary Distribution

OF ONE MILLION FREE PACKAGES OF THE MORNING INVIGORATOR

Kutnow's Powder

The Famous British Remedy

MADE IN ENGLAND ONLY

TRY IT—BEFORE BREAKFAST—FREE OF COST

To Eliminate Internal Poisons: Your internal organs require cleansing and clearing every now and then just the same as any locomotive machinery. If you neglect to clear your system periodically, then the internal organs will get clogged up with poisonous *débris*, and you'll soon suffer. To avoid this pollution of your system take a dose of Kutnow's Powder.

The Benefit of the First Dose: The first experimental dose of your free package of Kutnow's Powder will make you feel gloriously fit and well. It will clear your head, reduce blood pressure on the brain, banish headache and brain fag, and get rid of dullness and depression almost instanter.

Clearing the Stomach: Directly you drink your tumbler of Kutnow's Powder, hot or cold, it at once cleanses your stomach, clearing away all the sour fermentations and inducing an active flow of gastric juice. Within ten minutes it sharpens the stomach nerves, and gives you a splendid appetite for breakfast.

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Flushing the Kidneys and Bowels: Any doctor will tell you that the way Kutnow's Powder flushes the kidneys, bladder, and bowels must make you feel refreshed, exhilarated, and invigorated, to say nothing of the benefit of getting rid of distressing ailments and disorders. Health and strength follow naturally.

HOSPITAL WAR SERVICE
FREE OF CHARGE.

Doctors, Nurses, and Hospitals are invited to apply at once for Physicians' Sample Bottles of Kutnow's Powder for the use of the sick and wounded, both at the front and at home. All applications will be dealt with promptly, and supplies sent carriage paid. Applications to be made by letter, envelopes should be marked—

Hospital War Service, and addressed to
Messrs. S. Kutnow & Co., Ld.,
41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

To Improve Your Complexion: What would you give to have a skin as clear as crystal, and a complexion flushed with Nature's most attractive colour? You need not give anything! Simply send in the free trial Coupon below and obtain a free sample package of Kutnow's Powder, post paid. You can soon acquire a fresh, rosy complexion by virtue of a purified blood circulation.

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To Banish Your Skin Eruptions: The only way to get rid of Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, and Eczema is to clear the blood of the poisonous matter which is clogging up the pores of your skin. Kutnow's Powder — before breakfast — clears your blood and makes your skin as clear as crystal.

To Make You Bright and Cheerful: Young girls who are looking dull, sickly, anæmic, and lifeless would give anything for Kutnow's Powder if they only knew how soon it would improve their facial appearance and mental vivacity. It invigorates the whole system.

A FREE TRIAL

To Clear Your Skin, To Improve Complexion,
To Banish Pimples, Acne, Boils, and Eczema.

To S. KUTNOW & CO., LD.,
41, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

I should like to try the effect of clearing the blood with Kutnow's Powder—free and post paid.

NAME .....

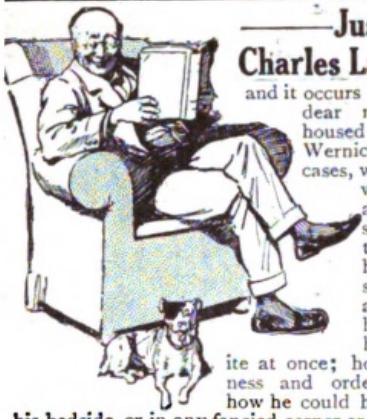
ADDRESS .....

STRAND MAGAZINE, June, 1915.
If posted in open envelope you need only affix ½d. stamp.

AFTER FREE TRIAL *Kutnow's Powder should be obtainable at any Chemist or Stores at 2/9 per bottle, or you can get it post free for 3/- from Kutnow's London Office to any place in the U.K. Reject any suggested substitutes.*

TO GIVE YOU A FRESH, ROSY COMPLEXION

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——Just turned up Charles Lamb's Essays

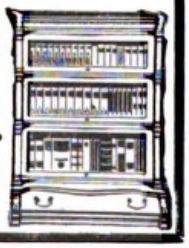
and it occurs to me that if the dear man could have housed his books in Globe-Wernicke 'Elastic' Bookcases, what a fine essay he would have written about them. We should have been told how he kept his literary treasures free from dust and tarnish; how he could put his hand on any favourite at once; how there was neatness and orderly arrangement: how he could have a bookcase by his bedside, or in any fancied corner or room; and how he could add to it as required, unit by unit. Oh, yes, we should have been greatly charmed by Lamb's essays on the

Globe-Wernicke 'Elastic' Bookcases

the famous bookcases which are "always complete but never finished." You build them as you like, and you can always alter the arrangement without disturbing the books. Dust-proof and beautifully finished.

Ask for free copy of Booklet 5B.

Packing Free. Orders of £2 Carriage Paid to any Goods Station in the British Isles.



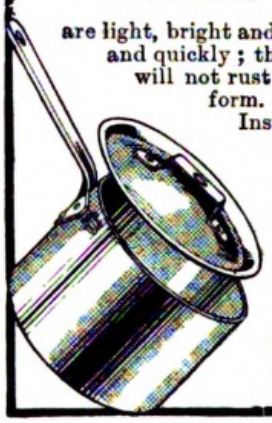
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War Time Wedding Gifts.



Your marrying friends will now be particularly partial to *practical* presents. Give them Aluminium Utensils which by their lasting merit will continually convey pleasant recollections of the giver.

"DIAMOND" Brand
ALUMINIUM
COOKING UTENSILS



are light, bright and strong. They heat evenly and quickly; they are easy to clean; they will not rust or chip, nor can verdigris form. The Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene has been awarded the manufacturers of this Ware; therefore look for the "Diamond" ALL-BRITISH Trade Mark on the Utensils you buy.

Of Ironmongers, Stores, &c.

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LONDON ALUMINIUM CO., Ltd.,
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Kilspindie
ALL WOOL SCOTCH KNIT **Sports Coats**

AT MAKER'S PRICES.

"Kilspindie" 1915 Sports Coats combine attractiveness and good taste with utility, comfort, and durability; and afford best value for your money. Newest styles and most popular colours.



The "KENILWORTH"
(as sketch).
A handsome new model in smooth ribbed texture, with smart sash belt. A very attractive and useful style.
Colours: Turquoise, Saxe, Navy, Rose, Scarlet, Silver, Old Gold, Fawn, Browns, Greens, Purple, &c. Price **21/-**
Sports Cap to match, **2/6** each.

The "KESWICK"
Same style as above, but with fleecy finish. A handsome and cosy fitting Coat. **21/-**
Many new models from **13/6** upwards.

Post your order NOW. Money returned if not satisfied. Post Free in United Kingdom—abroad extra. Shade Webs for inspection on request.

FREE. "Kilspindie" Sports Wear Booklet of newest 1915 styles for Ladies, Children, and Men.

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

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"IT IS GOOD TO HAVE SOMETHING TO DO."

There are many of our men in the various hospitals and Convalescent Homes who would benefit largely by having something to occupy their minds; a mind employed has no time for pessimism, and it is the optimistic patient that gets well quickest. If you are interested in any of these brave fellows send them some Plasticine. Organise some small Competitions among them—who can make the best animal, the most amusing figure, the best fort, or who can model the best set of Trenches, all in Plasticine; give them something interesting to do, and the days will be all too short.

Plasticine is 1/- per lb. six colours, parcels to the value of 10/- carriage paid. We will tell you how to arrange these competitions if you like. They would be little trouble to you, but what a boon to those whose days pass slowly.

1/- Harbutt's Plasticine, Ld., 1/-
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OF 3,000 BARGAINS.

It contains, too, splendid lists of

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FULL MONTH'S TRIAL

SEND YOUR POSTCARD NOW!

HALF-HOOP RING.
4 Diamonds and 3 Sapphires in 18-ct. Gold half-hoop claw setting. **27/6**

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH & COMPASS.
An ingenious invention of the utmost usefulness. Perfectly reliable Watch, with lever movement, 15 jewels, combined with Compass, both luminous and quickly read in the dark, handsome Nickel Case, strong strap. **Invaluable to Officers at the Front.** **30/-**

10/6



GOLD PHOTO PENDANT.
Charming new design, set with 8 fine lustrous gems.
10/6
(With Dainty Gold Necklet, **17/6.**)

Colonial Orders receive the prompt attention of a special manager.

Catalogue mailed free.

30/-



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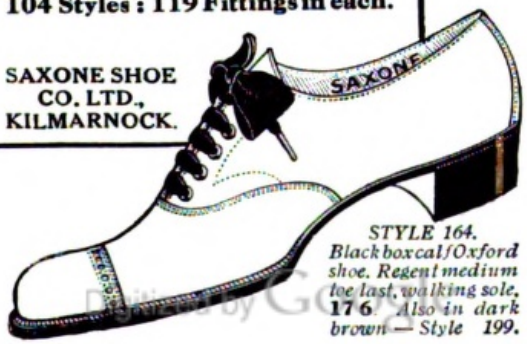
And at over 70 Branches throughout the Kingdom.

Saxone
British Shoes for Men

Now is the time of the year when Saxone smartness and style show to the best advantage. Saxones are always appreciated for their comfort and value-for-money, but their shapeliness and perfect fitting are more welcome than ever for cool wear in warm Summer days. Call to see especially the smart Saxone *shoe* models.

Regular Styles 17/6
104 Styles : 119 Fittings in each.

SAXONE SHOE CO. LTD., KILMARNOCK.



STYLE 164. Black box calf Oxford shoe. Regent medium toe last, walking sole, **17 6** *Also in dark brown — Style 199.*

***Economy** will be the rule in thousands of homes in 1915, and many luxuries dispensed with by everybody.*

***Necessaries** must of course be procured, and to all seeking Carpets at a very moderate cost we would recommend our celebrated*

ABINGDON "CORD" CARPETS

BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

Patterns free and interesting booklet of 25 other kinds of Carpets. Here are the prices of

ABINGDON CORD SQUARES:

Art Shades, Seamless, Reversible.

2 x 2	2 x 2½	2 x 3	2½ x 2½	2½ x 3	2½ x 3½	2½ x 4
7/6	**9/-**	**10/6**	**11/6**	**13/6**	**16/6**	**19/6**
3 x 3	3 x 3½	3 x 4	3 x 4½	3½ x 3½	3½ x 4	3½ x 4½
16/-	**18/6**	**21/-**	**24/6**	**22/6**	**25/-**	**28/6**

3½ x 5	4 x 4	4 x 4½	4 x 5	4 x 6
33/6	**29/6**	**32/-**	**35/6**	**42/-**

4 x 7 yards, **49/6** each. (Carriage paid.)

Also made in all widths for Stairs, Landings, and Passages.

ABINGDON CARPET MFG. CO., Ltd., 106, THAMES WHARF, ABINGDON-ON-THAMES.

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TRADE Gillette MARK

Shave Yourself.

Where is the man who can't shave every day? Let him get a Gillette Safety Razor and the keen Gillette Blades—let him lather well—and he'll find his beard slips off smooth, every day, without the slightest irritation. British made.

Gillette Standard Sets. One Guinea.——Sold Everywhere.
Write for illustrated and descriptive booklet. Mention this magazine.
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Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

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MACKINTOSH'S

TOFFEE DE-LUXE

MINT DE-LUXE



There's pure delight in every bite—for it is pure, wholesome, and nourishing—good for all children from two to eighty.

The Mackintosh Habit

is *some of both* every week-end for the home.

4-lb. tins 5/-; or 1/4 per lb. loose from all confectioners.

Md11

It's De-Luxe Toffee deliciously blended with real English Mitcham peppermint—and very, very nice. Changes liking-a-little into longing-for-more.

Off to the Front.

Your "Tommy" friend will have difficulty in getting his Mackintosh "somewhere in——"—but *you* can send it to him. Don't disappoint the brave boy.

"Like it, not 'arf—keep on sending it."

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The Oils of Beauty

FROM the mystic East comes Palm Oil—famous for its beauty-giving virtues—and this combined with Olive Oil, extracted from the Olives that grow in the Groves of Italy and Spain—noted for its wonderful skin-health-giving qualities—saponified by a special process, becomes:

PALMOLIVE

PALMOLIVE is that exquisite super-soap that beautiful women are now using the world over.

It is far superior to mere soap, because it not only cleanses, but it also nourishes and preserves the skin.

Made from these two beautifying oils—double milled so as to eliminate all impurities and free alkali—it is unrivalled for the complexion.

Doctors and nurses recommend PALMOLIVE for the baths of newly born babes, as well as for children and adults. No finer endorsement of its merits is necessary.

PALMOLIVE contains no artificial colour. Its creamy lather soothes and restores the face and hands when tender or inflamed through exposure to sun or wind. It is economical to use, and to ensure skin-health, skin-comfort, and skin-beauty, PALMOLIVE Soap is what you need for your daily bath and toilet.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the chemist's for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps with name and address.

THE B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 124, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

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PEACH'S CURTAINS

GUIDE BOOK FREE. Model Windows shown. **LACE CURTAINS, IMPERIAL HEM CURTAINS, NETS, CASEMENT FABRICS, LINENS, LACES. ALL BRITISH MANUFACTURE.** Send direct to Actual Makers. *Sherwood Forest Lace Curtains, 3½ yds.,* **7/9** *pair.* *"Wisteria" Imperial Hem Curtains, 3 yds.,* **11/6** *pair. Chippendale Lace Curtains, 3½ yds.,* **12/-** *pair.* *"Sunfast" Cyprus Casement Cloth,* **8½d.** *yard.* All fully described in List. Write NOW for the BEST BOOK for CURTAINS.

SAML. PEACH & SONS, 112, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM





The Slightest Sound is Manifest.

DEAF NO LONGER

Think what that means to one who has been deaf!! New life, new hope, the return of usefulness and happiness. You need be deaf no longer by using the

"AURIPHONE,"

the most perfect aid to the deaf on the market.

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE. Weighs but a few ounces. Practically invisible in use. FREE BOOKLET sent post free on application. Get it at once. A card will do.

Auriphones, Ltd., 20, Walter House, 418, Strand, W.C.
Or 75, New Street, Birmingham.

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SAVE POUNDS

and make your Cycling **all** pleasure by riding a "Court Royal," the only All-British

COVENTRY-BUILT CYCLE

offered to the public at **Trade Prices** for Cash or Easy Payments. 10 Days' Approval. Highest Grade Tyres, Lamps, Bells, and Bags. Complete from **£3 15s.** Cash. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. Save shop profits. Write now for our Catalogue of biggest bargains ever offered.

J. LLOYD COURTS & CO., Coventry.



FROM **5/** MONTHLY

Trial Bottle **6D.**



To Colour GREY HAIR

SHADEINE, guaranteed permanent, washable, harmless, free from grease. Contains no lead, silver, mercury, sulphur. Will not burn the hair or produce unnatural tint. Detection impossible. **Trial Bottle, 6d.,** post 7d.; 1s. size, post 1/2; 3/6 size, post 3/9. (Secretly packed.) State colour required.

S. T. ALEXANDRE (Est. 1861), 58, Westbourne Grove, London, W.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

"It Worked Like a Charm"

writes a clergyman who had suffered from Asthmatic affection for fifty years.

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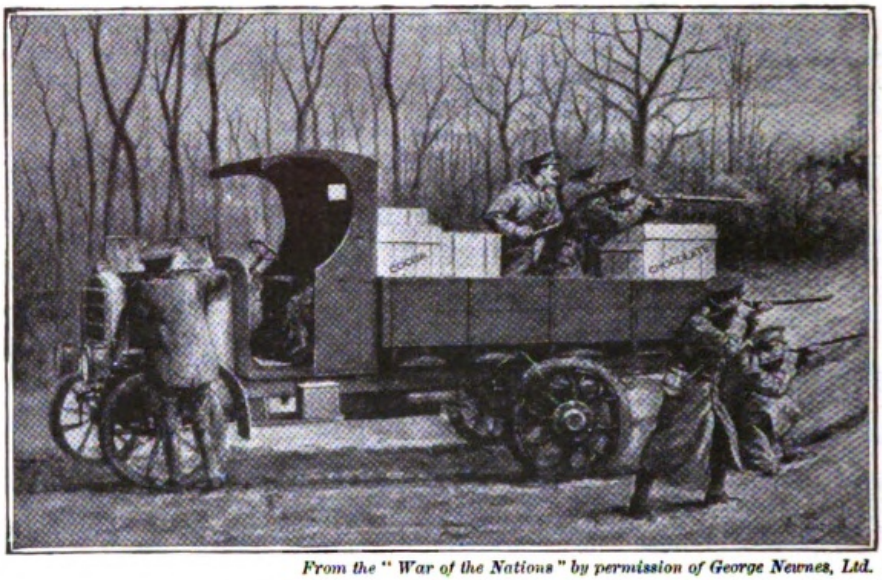
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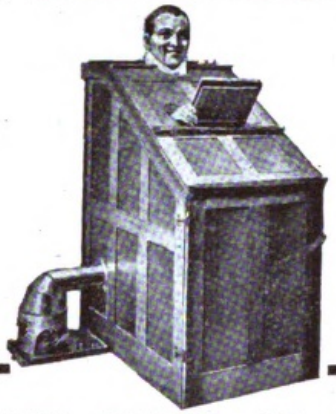
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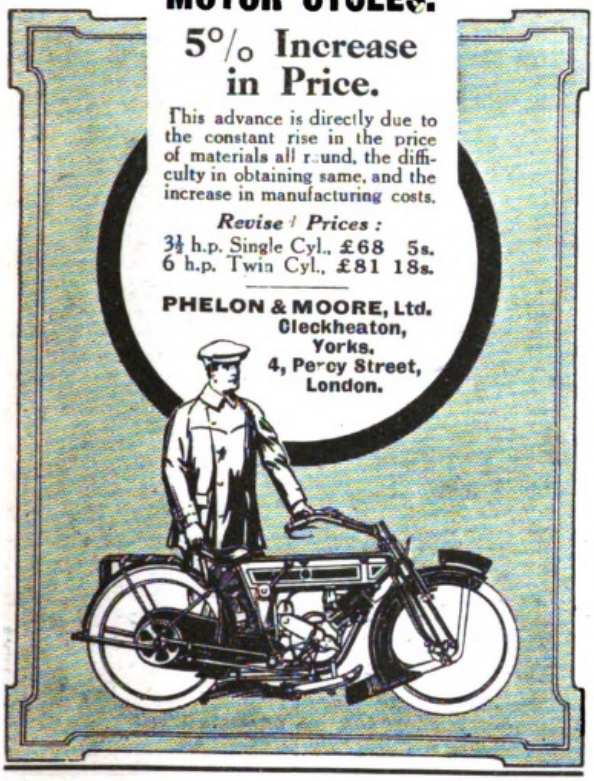
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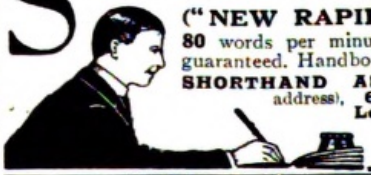
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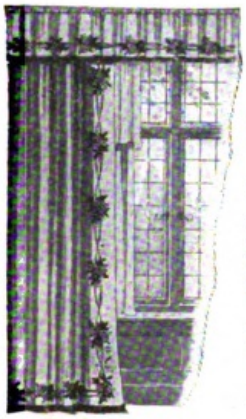
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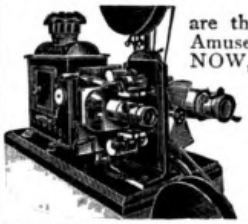
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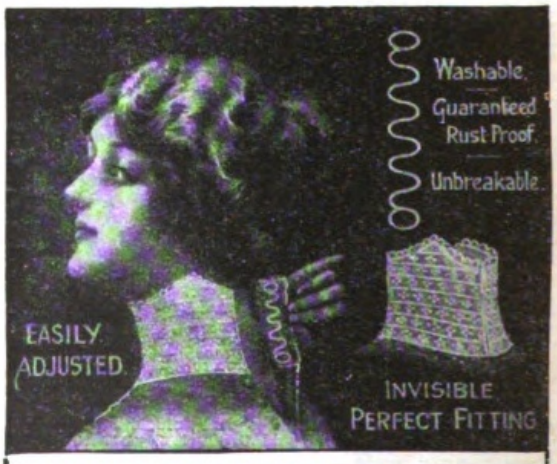
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Contents for June, 1915.

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Frontispiece: "He clasped her firmly in the crook of his arm, drew her towards him, and gave a sideways heave."

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BEFORE THE MIRROR.

By "JEANNETTE."

"Jeannette," the well-known writer on Beauty Culture and author of "The Book of Beauty," will be pleased to help and advise any reader on matters of the Toilet. Queries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, and directed to "Jeannette," c/o "Before the Mirror," 43, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

These are, undoubtedly, days of exceptional nervous strain for one and all of us. Anxiety, with its beauty-destroying influence, is casting its shadow over the lives of many of us women, and while, perhaps, a few—the more stoical amongst us—can avoid worrying over past and prospective events, we may all, with a little care and forethought, succeed in preventing the results of worry from being noticeable in our appearance. To these fortunate few, this little chat will, however, be as interesting and instructive as to those who stand in real need of help in toilet matters, and may be the means of bringing to their notice some hitherto unknown method of retaining, or regaining, that beauty of face and figure which is the birthright of every woman. Some of the ingredients mentioned below are, at present, not generally known to the public, but any good chemist will usually be found to have a small quantity in stock.

Wrinkles, and How to Remove Them.—Worry, late hours, or the passing of old Father Time, may cause those ugly little lines which so detract from the freshness and charm of a woman's face; but the cure is always the same. Feed the tissues beneath the skin, and massage them with a reliable skin food, which, while nourishing the fatty tissues, will not coarsen the skin, nor grow hairs upon the face, as so many inferior creams do. To remove the wrinkles, bathe the face with hot water, wipe it dry, then, while it is still warm, smear a little mercolized wax over the whole face, carrying it well down on the neck, and, with the tips of the fingers, rub it gently into the pores, working in an upward and outward direction. Wipe off any superfluous wax, leaving a little on the skin all night. In the morning, wash off with warm water and Pilenta soap. The use of the wax not only feeds the skin, but removes the dead, outer cuticle, giving the fresh, young skin beneath an opportunity to breathe and show itself.

Beautiful Hair—How to Shampoo.—Whether the hair is luxuriant and glossy, or thin and lanky, depends very largely upon the care bestowed upon it. To keep the hair in good condition, it should be shampooed once in every two or three weeks. Before shampooing, massage a little pure olive or almond oil into the scalp, then mix one teaspoonful of stallax granules in a cup of hot water, fill a basin with warm water, into which the ends of the hair can fall, and shampoo the stallax mixture into the scalp in the usual way. Rinse, and dry by fanning with a palm fan, or in the open air, if the weather permits. Should the hair be naturally very greasy, the oil massage should be omitted. Stallax can be bought at any chemist's in quarter pound sealed packages; it keeps indefinitely, and one package contains sufficient for twenty-five or thirty shampoos.

The Question of Powder.—Powder should never be used by anyone with a tendency to wrinkle, for it fills up the lines on the face, and tends to deepen and accentuate the wrinkles. In the place of powder get about one ounce of cleminite from any chemist, and dissolve it in four tablespoons of warm water. Place it in a bottle, and apply to the skin with the finger tips, allowing it to dry on the face. This gives the skin a soft, peach-like bloom, and prevents that unbecoming, greasy appearance which is the bane of so many a woman's life.

A Tonic for the Hair.—During the spring and early summer, the hair generally needs a little stimulant to its growth, in the form of a tonic. To make a simple and inexpensive one, at home, take four ounces of bay rum, and add to it one ounce of boranium. Shake thoroughly, and leave for thirty minutes, then strain, and add sufficient water to make half-a-pint. At night, massage the scalp for ten minutes, then dab the mixture into the roots with a soft sponge. Five minutes' brushing in the morning will be found beneficial in giving an added gloss to the hair.

A little Colour to the Cheeks.—A slight dusting of colliandum rubbed over the cheeks imparts just that touch of colour which gives an added brilliancy to the eyes, and brightens the whole face. Colliandum, unlike ordinary rouge, is quite undetectable, and, as the colour deepens when the heat of the room increases, its use gives a perfectly natural appearance.

To Wave the Hair.—Hot irons, when employed to wave the hair, not only make it harsh and brittle, spoiling colour of fair or auburn hair, but induce a tendency towards greyness. To give a wave to straight hair, damp it with silmerine and either plait, tying the ends, or arrange in waving pins for a short time. A couple of ounces will last quite a long time.

A Greasy Skin and Blackheads.—Blackheads are absolutely fatal to beauty, for they give a coarse, dirty look to the face which no cosmetics can ever hide. The way to remove blackheads quickly and effectively has only recently been discovered. For many years those who suffered in this way were restricted in their diet, denied sweets, and had to suffer other privations. Modern science has, however, provided a simple, effective, and quick remedy. Dissolve one stymol tablet in a glass of hot water, and when the effervescence has subsided, dip a small, soft sponge into the liquid, and bathe the face. Leave for a few minutes, then dry with a towel, and the blackheads will come off. For a greasy skin, bathe the face three times a week with stymol, and spray with cold water every morning, using a vulcanite throat spray.

To Improve the Eyebrows and Eyelashes.—Long, curling eyelashes make the most indifferent eyes look attractive, and while no one can alter the colour, shape, or size of the eyes, all may possess luxuriant eyelashes and well shaped eyebrows. To increase the growth of the eyelashes, rub a little mennaline into the roots, very gently, every night. Mennaline is a perfectly harmless and delicate pomade-like substance which may be obtained at any chemist's. For the eyebrows, smear a little of the mennaline on a small soft brush, and brush into the eyebrows in a straight or arched direction, according to how you wish them to grow. A month's treatment should see a marked improvement.

To Reduce the Figure.—With the present fashions, even more than with the tight skirts, it is imperative that the woman who wishes to look smart should be slim. To reduce one's weight without injuring one's health is no easy matter, and can only be done by taking some specific which will counteract the natural tendency towards putting on flesh. A few clynol berries, eaten regularly, will speedily transform the fat, ungainly figure into one of slim and graceful proportions, without any inconvenience whatever, and in a very short time. Clynol berries are quite pleasant to the taste, having a marked peppermint flavour.

To Restore Grey Hair to its Original Colour.—Streaks of grey, whether in fair or dark hair, are always unbecoming, and prove a cruel tell-tale of age. It is not generally known that an ounce of tammalite, which can be bought at any chemist's, mixed with four ounces of bay rum, makes a most satisfactory lotion for restoring grey hair to its natural colour. Apply the lotion night and morning with a soft toothbrush, and, after a few days, the hair will be found to be gradually returning to its original shade.

Superfluous Hair—Its Cause and Cure.—Superfluous hair is invariably the result of using inferior soap or bad face creams. To remove the hairs, apply a little powdered pheminol mixed to a paste with cold water, and applied to the skin with a bone knife. The skin should be dusted with powdered alum before applying the pheminol, and the paste removed after being left on for two minutes. This treatment is recommended not only to remove the growth temporarily, but to eventually kill the roots.

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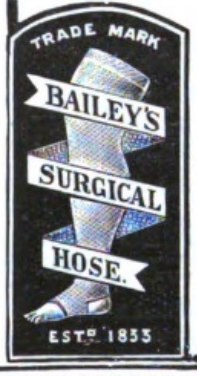
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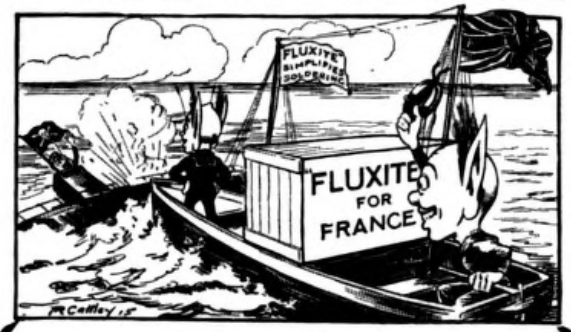
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